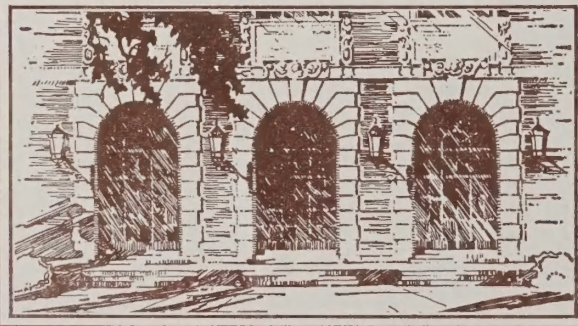




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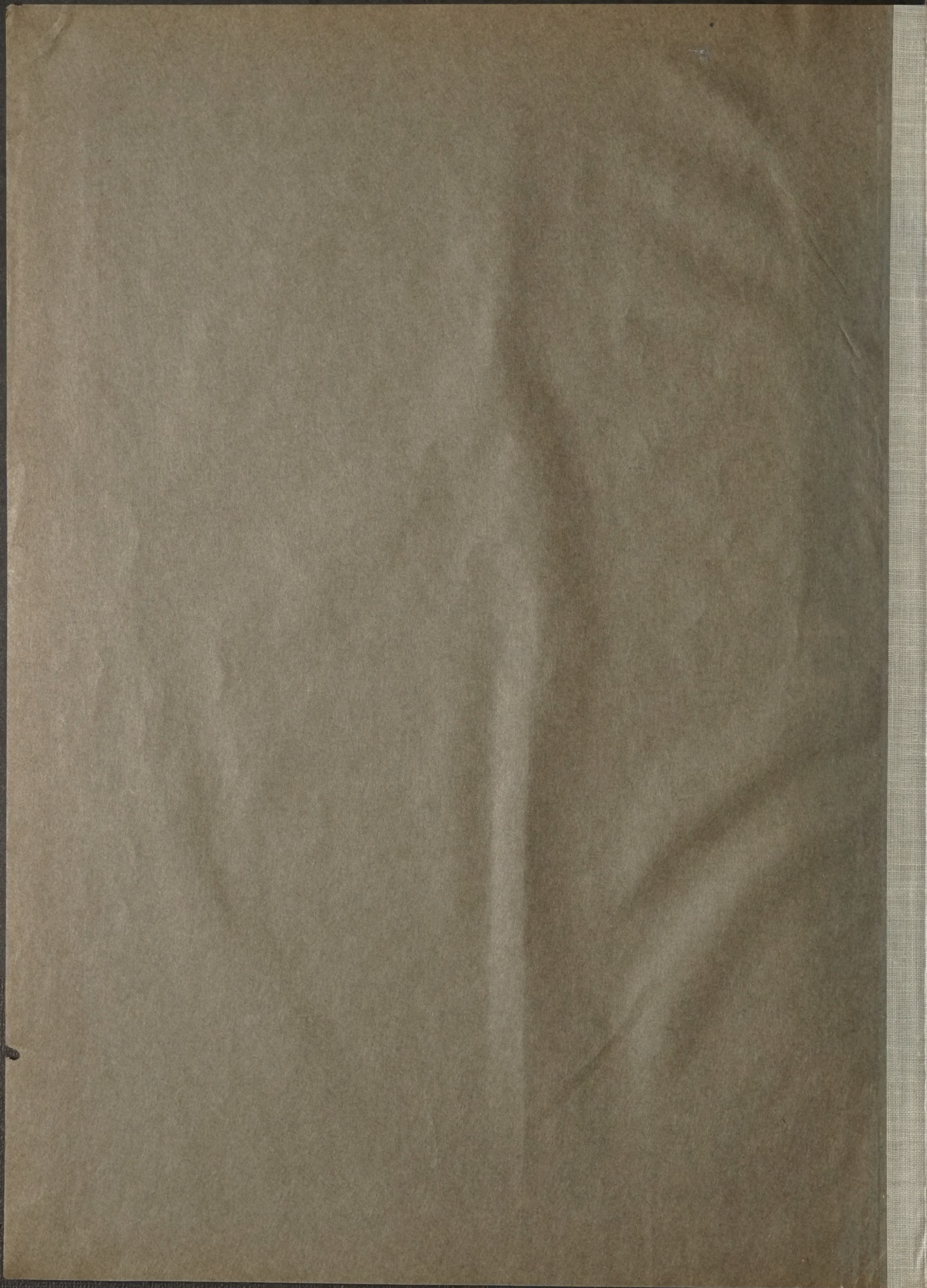
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OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

HISTORIANS say that Vasco Nuñez Balboa waded in almost up to his waist before he discovered the Pacific Ocean. One glance at "The Girl of the Golden West" on the front cover completely explains this hitherto inexplicable fact. With his head turned by one of the Pacific Coast beauties, the explorer quite naturally walked right off the American continent before he remembered his duty to the good Queen of Spain.

IT IS only fair to say, however, for the benefit of those of us who are so unfortunate as to dwell in the East, that had Balboa waited to see "The Girl of New New York" on Hearst's for February he never would have remembered the Queen.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS?

ALTHOUGH it would appear a subscription has expired," writes a Tennessee maiden, "I am really not without Hearst's. It comes to my address still, but in my father's name, as I gave it to him for a Christmas present."

WHY the Red Rose Blushes—Poison in our Daily Bread—How to Burst a Barrel. Science of the Month. See page 46.

AS WORKS of art they are all right!" writes from Atlanta an indignant critic of some of Baron de Meyer's recent photographs. "But as illustrations they are good violin solos!"

ALL Atlanta art criticism is admittedly vigorous, but is it accurate? On page 21 the Baron illustrates "Starfish and Sea Lavender." Or doesn't he?

JUST a line to express my appreciation of Hearst's in general," writes an enterprising newsdealer in New Martinsville, "and your 'Book of the Month' in particular. That page always sells for me from 4 to 10 copies of the book each month. Don't try to make it better."

OUR artistic ambition bows once again to the vested interests. But, L. R. B., won't you turn over to page 45 and see if it really isn't an improvement? And, L. R. B., if that page doesn't sell 10 Silent Men for you, we promise never to change it again.

I THINK so, Your Honor," admitted the policeman. "Anyway, I found him waiting at the stage entrance of the moving-picture theater with a bunch of flowers for the leading lady." Those soberer citizens who read "The Woman God Changed" in Hearst's for February will, we predict, soon be waiting at the front door of a moving-picture theater.

AS SOON as you finish reading this Donn Byrne 3-part story—which begins next month—you will be able to see it again as a really great motion picture.

THE modest old lady in the thin calico dress who hurriedly left the hall when the Medium began to read a newspaper through a half-inch plank would be thoroughly uncomfortable in the presence of the new thought-reading machine described by F. Britten Austin in Hearst's for February. Watch next month for "The Red Rays of Ahmed Hassan."

IN EXAMINING the photographs of actual spirits on pages 14, 15, 78 and 79, please remember that these are enlargements made from half-tones already published in European books and, therefore, slight retouching should not weigh against their probable veracity.

"HEARST'S," writes an apt advertising man, "has shown more artistic originality in developing page composition layout and enhancing the value of articles and stories through the accompanying art work than all the other magazines put together."



DONN BYRNE at bay! Photographed by a daring camera man just at the moment your Editor ventured to suggest that his new story—beginning in Hearst's for February—might not be much better than "Susan Lennox," "The Fighting Chance," and "Treasure Island" all rolled into one.

IN THIS NUMBER READ:

Three Daughters of Cadriano

W. L. GEORGE

Page 8

The Absolute Proof of Life-After-Death

A. CONAN DOYLE

Page 14

The Little Red Foot

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Page 26

How to Advertise for Enemies

WALT MASON

Page 54

The Master of Man

HALL CAINE

Page 16

Jagamohan the Atheist

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Page 34

HAVE been sentenced to four years in the State Prison," writes one who must remain anonymous. "Going to do my best and take a deserved punishment as a man should. To help me I am asking if you will please loan me a year's subscription. Seems to me if I can have the companionship of reading and study through the first days in that new life I can hope to come to the end with good courage and high heart."

PADEREWSKI'S Carload of Cuffs—Mischa Elman's Encore—Caruso as a Volunteer Valet. See page 30.

HE FOUND her on the cover of a magazine!" writes the Idler in the bright "Lantern" of Ohio State University. "Usually the Idler is very far from enthusiastic over the girls who occupy that prominent position. But this girl is different. . . . If she doesn't win your heart, you haven't any. Take a look at her on the outside of Hearst's Magazine for November."

FOR OUR friend, Penrhyn Stanlaws, and his most charming model, we thank the Idler. Next to meeting each month a beautiful new girl is to watch the news-stands for the new Hearst's. Watch next month for "The Girl of New New York."

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN

HEARST'S is a perfect meal to me," writes a friend from Broken Bow, Oklahoma. "The continued stories are the bread and meat. Short stories, editorials, and articles are the cake and pie that go with the meal. The whole would be hard to improve."

"THE MASTER OF MAN," writes a courteous citizen of Calumet, "alone is, I think, worth the price you ask for Hearst's. But why not have a 'Dolf' story every issue and an issue every week?"

DOLF thoroughly appreciates the enthusiasm of her Michigan admirer, but unlike the Leading Lady who tripped on the stairs and afterward played in two pieces, her possibilities of expansion are limited. Nevertheless Dolf will appear, in person, in "If Three Should Play" in Hearst's for February—next month.

IS CUBA West of Pittsburgh?—Solid Granite vs. Swiss Cheese—To Steer a Ship by Ear. See page 46.

THE articles by K. C. B., writes a courteous Kansasette, "are in my opinion the best things in the magazine." (Don't miss his "A Club for Children's Smiles" over on page 50 of this number.)

"I HAVE been a subscriber ever since Hearst's was published," writes the president of an Illinois manufacturing concern. "It was one of the first I took on, and I never let my subscription run out."

HEARST'S is not a "popular" magazine—it should never be confused with those publications edited to attract at any cost great miscellaneous circulations to sell in mass to advertisers.

HEARST'S—on the contrary—is a magazine of the choicest art and literature money can buy, popularly presented, and seeks only those readers that such art and literature would naturally attract.

ALL of which affords you an opportunity for a double favor; select your most cultured friend—one who would most appreciate H. G. Wells, Clemenceau, Arnold Bennett, the Art-Book—Science of the Month—and ask him—or her—coldly to compare Hearst's for February—out on January 20th—with any other magazine in the world.

HEARST'S for JANUARY, 1921

Vol. XXXIX, No. 1

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The Athletic Union Suit with Closed Seat Side leg opening. Rockinchair provides supreme comfort in warm weather. Makes friends of its wearers. For men, women and boys.





WHAT order and what marvelous equilibrium did not the western civilization present in that epoch so near and yet so remote, the first decades of the Twentieth Century! It had instilled the peoples of Europe and America with an activity, a desire for knowledge, a discipline, an obedience, a spirit of order of which history has no parallel.

THE civilizations that existed before the French Revolution—even the most brilliant and glorious—had been undermined by two incurable evils: ignorance and idleness. But few people studied, even in the centuries that vaunted their culture. Only a minority worked seriously and well, and these preferred, whenever it was possible, to work independently and individually, having to obey no masters save tradition. Further, they respected authority and, not daring to criticize it, they were dumbly obedient. Yet it was tradition and custom they obeyed rather than the laws. They would not pay taxes; they objected to military service. Hence the governments had to rest satisfied with their respect and could command but little.

ALL this changed in the Nineteenth Century. Men held themselves entitled to criticize human and divine authority, to scrutinize the past and the present, heaven and earth.

But industrialism imprisoned them in factories, and the State imprisoned them in barracks.

All, men and women, young and old, learned how to work indefatigably, rapidly, in masses—not each according to his good pleasure or his caprice, but under an iron discipline of absolute masters.

Western civilization grew enslaved by the iron giants, fed by fire, which Industry had created under the illusion that these machines would prove its docile slaves.

AT THE same time the State imposed upon all social classes, from the poorest to the richest, heavy taxes and an infinite number of petty laws.

During the Nineteenth Century in Europe and America every man became an indefatigable and disciplined worker, a docile and obedient citizen, and in Continental Europe also a soldier. Here in the century of liberty man was clothed with three disciplinary robes: economic, political and military.

THE order born of these tremendous constraints was one of the marvels of history. Until 1914 the world resembled an immense machine, silent, perfect, precise, formidable, untiring.

At every hour of the day and night millions and millions of men found everything ready that was needful for their life and work—bread to nourish them, amusements to divert them, the task to be accomplished, the chief whom to obey.

A million million of small efforts dovetailed into each hour and day so perfectly that social order seemed mortised as a part of the cosmic scheme.

ALMOST insensibly Industry and Agriculture were able to satisfy the growing needs of swarming humanity. Almost insensibly, too, the States were able to impose,

all seemed perfect, yet that civilization contained an inner defect, hidden but terrible—Pride.

THE States that governed these laborious and obedient peoples thought themselves as omnipotent as God. Precipitated into a terrible struggle, they all clamored for complete victory over the enemy, and to obtain it they believed they could demand every sacrifice from the masses, impose all obligations.

Because the peoples responded docilely to the call to arms, the States believed that they could remove all the men from the age of eighteen to forty-five from their families and from their occupations, and throw them, armed, into the midst of the horrors and terrors of the most bloody and awful war ever waged.

And as the peoples were ready to obey docilely, the States subjected them to the most arbitrary of tyrannies, disposing with high carelessness of their peoples' property and lives, dissipating, in a brief four years, the fortunes painfully accumulated through four generations, mortgaging the future with an enormous burden of debt.

SINCE the people believed in the wisdom and might of the States, the States deceived them, falsifying that equation of work and of recompense, which is bullion, flooding them with a colossal emission of paper money and arousing, through this immense apparent wealth, hopes and greed which the impoverished world could not satisfy.

SO LONG as the war endured, the people obeyed and believed. Now that the war is ended and the people recognize how they were misled, they resist, rebel, and will no longer obey.

YOU Americans, who are yet relatively immune from this awful malady, study it with care, so as to be able to defend yourselves in time! That which has happened to Europe is the suicide of power. The great States of the Old World have all been thunderstruck, because in a terrible delirium they aspired to Omnipotence.

Russia, Germany, Austria, have not succumbed to the blows of their enemies but to their own power and its unrestrained abuse, imposing superhuman sacrifices upon their peoples.

Italy, England, France still stand, although much weakened, not because they were victorious, but because they were parts of an alliance superior in numbers and riches, and also because they were ruled by weaker and more timid governments that abused the power of their people somewhat less. But they too abused them; hence they also are suffering from their victories as the other nations from their defeats.

WHAT an appalling lesson! Havoc repeats to mankind the truth which the ancient wisdom never wearied of repeating: man is not omnipotent.

There is a limit even to power. If this limit is overstepped it becomes weakness and destroys itself.

European civilization has thoughtlessly overstepped these bounds and the chastisement has not been long delayed. The trials that Europe is now enduring are the expiation of this new and insensate sin of Pride.

The Suicide of States

By Guglielmo Ferrero

with a word or a sign, upon millions of men their ever more complicated commands, to accumulate every year treasure a million times more fabulous than that of the King of Persia, to recruit armies compared to which those of Xerxes were tiny.

Everything was theirs: men, riches, obedience.

AND now all this marvelous and indestructible organism is only a vanished dream. In seven years it has dissolved into an apocalyptic chaos.

All lights are extinguished in the skies and all authority is trampled underfoot. The churches are deserted; even the women abandon them.

The most ancient crowns and scepters have been thrown into the mire by an infuriated populace.

Parliaments have lost their authority and are despised as are the crowns.

Children no longer obey their parents, women will not be dependent on men, citizens rebel against the State, workmen against their masters, soldiers against their officers, employees against their chiefs.

WHO has a right to command? Who has the duty to obey? No one knows. Those who seven years ago commanded are no longer sure of their rights. Those who till seven years ago obeyed now laugh their duty to scorn.

The masses still work, but carelessly and capriciously, according to the whim of the moment, and they exact higher wages for curtailed production. As production diminishes, everyone desires more.

No one does his duty. Everything is topsy-turvy.

Women grow masculinized and men grown effeminate. Governments and parliaments fix the price of coal and the miners in the depths of the mines decide concerning war, peace, and alliances. Sages are held up as lunatics and lunatics are deemed sages.

HOW could an order that seemed so stable become chaos in so brief a time? Whence was born this horrible disorder? Alas, out of this very order itself! It



WE ALL remember that age of innocence, when children dance wildly and clap their hands in joy whenever they see a railway train go by. When I was myself at this angelic stage, I remember that there were white-bearded patriarchs who said that they remembered when railways were first introduced. The novelty had so far worn off, however, that none of these old gentlemen seemed ever to dance at the sight of a passing train. I have since noticed the same neglect on the part of railway directors and the rest, who all in a marked manner decline to dance; which shows how absurd it is to regard them as authorities on railways.

But these old gentlemen told me many stories about the early resistance offered to railways, and how they gradually progressed in spite of prejudices against them. They regarded it as self-evident that the spread of scientific machinery and modern industrialism had been a huge benefit to humanity; which again proves that they were not entirely without that childlike innocence which is often one of the charms of virtue.

Among the stories that they told me was one about the famous George Stephenson, the pioneer of railroads, who had to answer various doubts and queries about the new invention. One critic said, it will be remembered:

"Wouldn't it be very awkward if a cow got in front of the railway train?"

And George Stephenson, who seems to have been a man of some humor, answered:

"It would be very awkward for the cow."

THOSE patriarchs little knew how terrible a parable they were uttering against themselves. That anecdote contains the whole colossal crime and blunder of the nineteenth century, for which land and labor and capital and common right are suffering.

The inference is that we do not want cows so long as we have railways; but a short experience of a milk famine would show that a child who wants a glass of milk will not accept as a substitute even the varied pageant of Clapham Junction. It is not feasible to milk a steam-engine; and the most patient milkmaid, with the most modern appliances, would after a time desist from the attempt. We can not even cut up a steam-engine into steaks; and it is vain to call up a vision of the future, in which the son of the soil shall merrily at morning drive his team of trains afield; or Mary shall go and call the engines home across the sands of Dee. A machine is not a mammal, and can never be a substitute for

a mammal. A machine is only a machine; you can not get milk out of it; on the contrary, you have to put water into it; you can not get meat out of it; on the contrary, you have to put meat into the men who work it. These are primitive truths; but they are enough to establish the superiority of primitive as compared with secondary possessions. As the poet Goldsmith has beautifully expressed it, in words that we all remember:

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where trains accumulate and cows decay.*

AND in another and a deeper way it was a word calling down doom. The industrialist was content to say that it would be very awkward for the cow; it never even occurred to him to consider that it would be rather awkward for the man who owned the cow. The insolence which was the evil side of his innocence dismissed altogether the old tradition of local rights and small possessions. He certainly never thought of the idea of three acres and a cow. When he was a good man, he assumed that in England the cow would only be one of countless herds belonging to a squire or a great farmer. When he was a wicked man, he saw before him a vista of progress and enlightenment, in which small properties were destined to disappear before larger systems.

In other words, he was quite ready, apart from certain legal technicalities, to see the railway train run over a man as well as a cow.

But multitudes of much more well-meaning people would find it very difficult to think of an ordinary man, especially a poor man, in modern England, having any natural relation with so large a form of live stock. Yet all the oldest and most popular stories in the world would show them that the relation is really quite natural.

I HAVE referred before in this place to the very representative fairy-story of Jack and the Beanstalk; and indeed I could easily have made the tale a sort of text for all the series of suggestions made here.

I began with a plea for reason, or knowing how many beans make five. I went on to imagination or mythology, suggesting that it is better at least to speculate on whether a beanstalk ever reached the sky than to have all speculations stopped by a dull and confused impression that a

The Communist

By Gilbert K.

bean evolved all by itself into a cow. And that is about as near as most modern people get to any scientific study of evolution.

I proceeded to plead for the use of more plain and popular words; for calling beans beans, instead of calling them beefsteaks, as they do in the vegetarian restaurants.

I should like to pass on now to the first problem of practical politics: the food and livelihood of the people.

Much of the rather priggish economic discussion of this also might well remind us of the vegetarian restaurant, which may be humane but is something less than hearty. It might be designed to show that a bean-meal is not necessarily a bean-feast. But the first fact of this social inquiry can be found in the first words of the fairy-tale. Properly understood, the tree that grew to the stars, or the giant that tumbled from the sky, are not so extraordinary in relation to modern England as the plain opening sentence that begins: "There was a poor woman who had a cow."

THERE was a quiet and prosaic story that I once tried to write, full of the gray tones of suburban realism, about a demure spinster of somewhat literal or even legal mind who obtained permission from her landlady to keep a bird—and turned up on the doorstep accompanied by an ostrich.

It was to have been a sober idyll of everyday life, as I have said, and free from that touch of the extravagant with which my little tales have been very reasonably reproached; but it would have been impossible to avoid suggesting a slight flutter in the suburban lodging-house on the advent of the African bird. Yet the flutter would hardly have been altogether soothed and silenced, if the same old lady had turned up with a cow.

WHEN I myself was a tolerably poor person, and lived in a little flat, there was actually a clause in the lease saying that I must not keep a cow in it; and I can proudly say that I was loyal to my engagement, and did not permit the smallest trace of any cow on the premises. But this was part, of course, of some original lease referring to the land; and therefore it did really date back



and The Cow Chesterton

to some earlier restrictions for the direct discouragement of such cattle. It was part of a policy that had operated in England in hundreds of ways for hundreds of years; and which had gradually separated the poor from all those natural possessions which are sometimes called the means of production. So that to say suddenly in modern London, "There is a poor woman who has a cow" would sound like saying, "There is a boot-black who has an elephant" or "There is a housemaid who has a giraffe."

There would seem to be something monstrous and disproportionate in the relation with which the old story begins as something normal and natural. Nor is it merely the accident of urban externals and environments; the sense that in a modern model cottage or suburban villa there would be no more room for a cow than for an elephant or a giraffe. It goes deeper than that; it is a real sense of the improbability of anybody so impoverished as the old woman in the tale possessing or having ever possessed so solid a form of property.

In short, it is not merely a matter of artistic incongruity but of real economic improbability. We may rather say that to talk of the poor woman who had a cow is like talking of the poor man who had a gold-mine, of the pauper who owned the crown jewels, or of the beggar who owned the race-horse.

It is more than a paradox, and is almost a contradiction in terms.

TO STUDY this extraordinary state of things is today the chief business of economics and ethics.

We have already noted that by the middle of the nineteenth century it was practically assumed in England that if any poor old woman still, by any chance, had a cow, the railway train might just as well run over it.

But what is perhaps even more interesting, nobody really contemplated such needy individuals possessing the new iron and machinery any more than the old land and live stock. If it was unlikely that the old woman would own a cow, it was even less likely that she would own a steam-engine. She might receive wages for helping to make some small part of the steam-engine; but she

would never own the smallest share of the most insignificant steam-engine.

THE reason of this is a simple matter of historical fact. It was because the poor had already lost all property in land and cattle; and it was naturally the rich, who could afford the land and cattle, who could alone afford the new experiments in iron and steam.

Watt and Stephenson went to the capitalists, simply because nobody else had any capital.

BUT it is not necessary in the nature of things that only capitalists should have capital. It was not true in the guilds of the Middle Ages, for instance, that only capitalists had capital. It is not true in the cooperative peasantries of modern times that only capitalists have capital.

If the steam-engine had been invented in a civilization of guilds or peasantries, there is no reason whatever why it should not have been owned and worked in a cooperative fashion. In the Middle Ages it might even have been designed and decorated in an artistic fashion. There is no reason whatever why a steam-engine should not have been as beautiful as a ship, endowed with as poetic a personality or dedicated to equally poetic personalities.

WHAT prevented this was not that the poor were poor and had little; but that the poor were ruined and had nothing. If they had had small capital, they could have clubbed it together into large capital; if they had had small properties, they could have cooperated and become a great power. If the woman had still owned a cow, it could have gone to graze with the other cattle in the morning and returned to her own shed in the evening, as is the corporate habit of human peasantries everywhere.

The point of the modern development was that the woman had no cow, and could only become a milkmaid for somebody else's cow.

Thus arose the phenomenon of universal proletarianism, or, in plainer words, of wage-earning on the enormous scale on which it exists today. Hence arose what we now call Capital and Labor, and the deadly quarrels with which they now endanger the state.

IT IS easy to ask in an ideal sense whether this wage system is human in the sense of being humane. The vital point to seize is that it is not even human in the sense of being historical. It is not merely that it can not be the ideal condition of the future; it is not even the real condition of the past. Apart from being the theory of humanitarianism, it is not even the practice of humanity.

There have been rich and poor in all ages, and quarrels of rich and poor in all ages. But the rich meant those who had many cows, and the poor those who had few cows—not those who could never by any chance have any cows.

It is not normal in any case for the average man to go out *looking* for a job; it is not natural for the milkmaid to be looking for a cow, or for the engineer to be looking for a steam-engine.

In other words, we may talk about Industrial Unrest; but the truth is that there has never been any such thing as Industrial Rest. Industrialism is itself an unrest. Unemployment on a large scale is inhuman, but largely because employment on a large scale is inhuman.

The historic human being did not look for a job. He was a peasant and had his own job, even if he made the best of a bad job. Or if he did not have the security of a peasant, he had the security of a slave.

THERE is indeed another condition which is the historical exception to this. A condition in which large masses of men may form part of the household of another man, and be supported by him while they work at his orders. That has existed in various places and periods, with considerable appearance of contentment and solidity.

But that was not capitalism; that was slavery. That did not mean that the milkmaid wandered about, looking for a cow to milk, and starved if she could not strike a bargain allowing her to milk it. That meant that the farmer owned the milkmaid in the same sense that he owned the cow. And as the face of the average cow does not suggest that she is revolving serious economic problems, it is equally true that life was in many ways simplified for the milkmaid who was forced to do the milking, but who was provided by the same law with the cow and the pail and the stool.

She was not as free as the woman in the fairy-tale, who milked her own cow, sitting on her own stool. But at least the stool was not suddenly taken from under her, as it is in the humiliating horseplay of unemployment. The slave sat firm on somebody else's stool; he did not, like the starving free laborer, fall between two stools.



Two girls like handsome young men . . . and one like a languid Spanish flower! What could it mean?

Three Daughters of Cadriano

By W.L. George

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

AS THE little *Miraflores* groaned and sweated oil and pitched off the Bahamas Islands, then groaned and sweated oil and rolled through the Gulf towards the Mexican coast, Holbeck thought:

"It may be rather sport."

It sounded like sport, this unusual quest of a mining engineer about to investigate a property held, not by rough prospectors in high boots, with handy revolvers at their side, but by—girls! He smiled. For a moment the chatter of the Mexican family with the two hundred children (it sounded like two hundred), that was arguing round the German commercial traveler, scattered his thoughts. He chased Francisco away from his lemon squash.

HIS thoughts returned to the strange quest, to the words of Mr. Stanton—"Foxy Stanton," the chairman of his corporation—as together they inspected the assay plans:

"Looks good," said Mr. Stanton. "what with the assay plans and what with these specimens. They don't generally show so much free gold. Still, we won't deal, Holbeck, until you've sampled the Mezquitlan mine throughout."

"Yes," said Holbeck. "we'd better. This chap Cadriano seems to have done a lot of work. One doesn't, as a rule, find a man starting a third level from a prospecting shaft. He's dead, you say? Who holds the claims? His partners?"

Stanton giggled: "No, his daughters."

"His daughters?" replied Holbeck.

"Yes," said Stanton. "Old Cadriano seems to have been knocking about Mexico all his life and trailing his girls behind him. So much the better for us. I should say. We ought to do a better deal with a lot of girls."

HOLBECK did not reply, except to say that he would sail for Tampico by the next boat. He did not like Stanton's remark, his obvious intention

to cheat three poor, ignorant, helpless little girls out of their small fortune. It wasn't like men. Men could look out for themselves. And he liked it no better now, as he sulkily sipped lemon squash.

This tall, broad, fair Englishman of thirty-four, with good gray eyes and close-cropped hair, had the sensitiveness of an elephant; being an Englishman, he called this having common sense. This had procured his success, because it had made him too cautious to do the wrong thing, too obstinate to turn back before he had done the right one. Yet, through that, ran a strange, romantic strain; he held the belief in women's sweet inferiority which makes an Englishman so charming and prevents him from ever understanding the woman he loves.

So this quest offended his sense of romance, until the reaction of his youth made him realize that it might be rather sport. As the train meandered more and more slowly from Potosí to Aguascalientes, it grew hotter and hotter. Dust and dirt lay so thick in the railway carriage that a passenger rising from his seat left a visible trace upon the cushions. As Holbeck approached his destination his excitement grew.

"MEZQUITLAN," said the peon, pointing to the horizon.

Holbeck saw nothing save a ridge of rocks glittering in the sun like burnished silver. A torrent, broken by boulders, appeared through a narrow corridor of basalt cliffs, roofed by the blazing purple vault of the sky. This was exciting. At last, his destination, after five days' riding.

Leaving the peons with the mules that carried the stores and the sampling outfit, he rode on towards the glowing horizon. It came no nearer, so clear was the

air. Only after an hour did he discern details upon the ridge, hear the distant thunder of the torrent at the base.

Suddenly upon the ridge, not half a mile away, he saw two mounted men.

"So," he thought, disappointed, "this isn't a girls' camp after all."

As he rode through the cleft in the range, the watchful riders moved only to take their rifles from their shoulders and put their horses to a walk. Holbeck heard the clatter of stones under the hoofs, as the riders cantered towards him along the mule track, then stopped.

"*Buen día, señores,*" said Holbeck, removing his sombrero.

After a pause one replied in English: "You are Mr. Holbeck?"

The engineer started. The high and not unmelodious voice, which hailed him in such good English, could not be a man's voice. Jabbing at their horses with their knees, the riders came closer.

HE WAS facing two women, both tall and rather bulky in loose men's shirts and Mexican jackets—not uncomely either, with fine blue eyes and tanned faces. Under one sombrero he saw a mass of sandy-red, bleached hair; under the other, a splendid red mane, thick and vigorous as that of a horse. They were singular and compelling; strong, shapely brown hands carelessly held the rifles across the saddles.

"You're late. Expected you days ago," said the sandy-haired one. "Still, come along."

They turned, and the engineer obeyed the ungracious invitation, pulled up at a long stone hut where a starved-looking half-caste girl took charge of his horse. The living-room was empty, save for a table, some benches; there were no ornaments except a heap of raccoon skins in a corner, lassos and riding whips on the wall. With an air of ceremony, the sandy-haired girl picked out a bottle from the dirty pots and pans on the table, and poured out three large doses of whisky.

"Here's luck to Mezquitlan," she said, and both girls swallowed the whisky at a gulp.

After a moment Holbeck said: "Well, let's introduce one another. I'm Robert Holbeck, acting for Mexican Explorers, Ltd. Here are my credentials."

The girl read them.

"My name is Sarah Cadriano," she said.

She had removed her sombrero, and he noted her fine features, tanned the color of yellow brick. She looked absurdly like a well-known actor-manager.

"My name is Maggie Cadriano," said the other girl.

She, too, was like a very handsome young man, but her hands were smaller, her eyes bluer, her lips finer-cut; under the low-lying waves of red hair, he saw a strip of brilliant white skin.

MAGGIE stretched herself, strong and lazy as an enormous cat. "I'll show you your shake-down," she said. "Come on."

She led him to the back of the hut, leaving Sarah to pour herself out another dose of whisky, and opened the door of an empty shack. Nothing had been done for him except to fit a mosquito curtain against the window. So the engineer, his escort having arrived, put out his sleeping-bag and sampling tools, and sent the peons away. Soon he was jerked into action by a violent blow against the wall and a shout:

"Want your grub?"

It was a strange meal. They ate part of the roast haunch of a small deer, poor oranges, and some splendid scarlet *granadillas*. There was little talk. To his remarks on local geography, animals, drought, Sarah said "Yes," or "No," or nothing. Maggie was less curt yet not loquacious.

By degrees Holbeck grew conscious of something hidden. Did he hear rustlings behind the partition? And were his hostesses self-conscious? Sarah had looked towards the door. Still he heard little noises, as if somebody was watching. They were concealing something.

Melodramatic ideas began to form in Holbeck. Were these viragoes hiding a monster—the third sister?

Not a word was spoken. The crude-oil lamp was lighted. He smoked, and gave Sarah a fill for her corn-cob pipe, while Maggie chewed a long black cigar.

SUDDENLY a new feeling formed in Holbeck, a feeling of awareness. He sat up, and Sarah clenched her handsome fists upon her knees. Then the door opened, framing a slim girl, clad in yellow silk. This gave him a greater shock than a third pair of breeches. She was dainty, delicate, crowned with heavy, black hair. Her eyes were immense, soft and dark as those of an antelope; her mouth parted, red and languid. He started as she glided towards him. Then, without haste, she curtsied. It was exquisitely incongruous, this ancient, formal, Spanish salutation. "So," she said, "you are M. Holbeck, the English engineer. You seek treasure. Ah! That is an experience very—*romanesque*, *monsieur*, very *romanesque*."

Holbeck glared. He felt like a fool. Curtsies and French surprised him.

"Sit down, Dolores," said Sarah. "Mr. Holbeck's here on business."

But Dolores took no notice. She carefully arranged herself on the raccoon skins and, talking only to the Englishman, described the Mexican starry nights, shuddered at the beasts.

"You have been in Mexico City?" she said. "What kind of hats were the ladies wearing? And did you go to the theater as you passed through?"

He was bewildered. The Frenchified old Spanish culture was foreign to him. Then, wielding a fan in a long, olive hand, she sang little Spanish and French songs. Her red-silk shoes fascinated him, and she pillowed her head on a hand slim as the fore-paw of a greyhound, while the bad light brought out a golden sheen on her bare arm.

Holbeck, embarrassed, looked toward Sarah, puffing at the corn-cob, at Maggie on the bench, her legs crossed, both like handsome young men. He wondered if he had drunk too much whisky. And when at last he went to the shack for the night, Sarah grunted, Maggie said good night, and Dolores, keeping her somber eyes upon his, trusted that his guardian angel might watch over his slumbers.

Sport? Yes. But he felt nervous.

WHAT was this languid Spanish flower doing in the wilderness? He wondered, as he methodically chipped sections of quartz from the lode. Why did both girls speak—what was it? North-country English? And Dolores like a Spaniard? He could not help thinking of it, though he was in continual danger because the timbering of the mine was very bad, and all the time the hanging wall might come down. The picture of Dolores would not leave him.

On the second day he went back to the shack to fetch a new chisel. Nobody was to be seen on the tableland, broken only by boulders and thirst-racked scrub. But, as he came out, he saw Dolores leaning against the door-post, this time in a red garment and abandoned like a tropical creeper. He was about to go on, touching his sombrero, but she called to him: "Hél Bon jour, Mr. Holbeck. Have you found much gold?"

"Not yet." He rubbed himself. "Your quartz is hard. I shall be black and blue today, like a leopard."

She laughed: "Oh, you are not a leopard, Mr. Holbeck. Too big. More like a lion."

Her suave, caressing admiration thrilled him. He listened as she told him that soon they must go when their father's savings were spent. That was why they must sell the mine.

"Oh, of course!" said Holbeck.

What a shame to listen to this! Foxy

Stanton would take advantage of their poverty

"Yes," sighed Dolores, "we must go soon. I was so happy when my father was alive. He was kind to me. Oh, my sisters are kind, too, but they are not quite my sisters."

"Oh! I thought so," said Holbeck. "You look different."

SHE smiled rather sadly. "My father married twice. His first wife was Scotch. But I"—she charmingly drew herself up—"I am a *Castillana*. My poor father!" she whispered. Then, in consequence: "What else can we do?"

The gesture of the small olive hands was beautifully appealing, and as Holbeck

went back to the shaft he felt crude. He felt, too, that something intimate, something delicious surrounded and drew him. His sentimental English heart contracted as he reflected on the anxieties of this gracious, forlorn beauty.

THE sampling was an almost impossible proposition. Cadriano, lacking hauling machinery, had driven the first level from an adit out of the side of

the range, and had left the floor of the level littered with fragments over which the engineer and his peons tripped and fell. Still he worked on, and only on the second level, so badly blasted that it emulated the shape of a corkscrew, did the worst troubles begin. The floor was full of holes, the lode was lost. Holbeck tried to rejoin the ore-shoot by a new blast, but this only let out a stream which flooded the level. On the third day the roof itself threatened to cave in. Holbeck rushed up to find a prop. There were no props.

As it happened, the three sisters were lounging outside, and Sarah was amusing herself by firing at crows; she was a good shot.

"In trouble?" asked Maggie, smiling.

He liked the strong girl, who often had helped him to carry buckets from the torrent. She lacked the heady charm of Dolores, but the frank ways of this handsome virago had induced him to share with her a few hearty laughs of comradeship.

"Yes," he said, "I want a prop. May I cut down that little tree?" He pointed to a prickly pear by the torrent and went to the shack, returning with an ax.

"That'll take some cutting, Mr. Holbeck," said Maggie, laughing.

Sarah merely looked grim, and Dolores flung him a soft look, as if to say: "You can cut that down, Mr. Holbeck; you can."

Flattery and defiance fired him. He felt the ax. Then he saw that it was a terrible little tree, wiry, made of twisted and knotted fibers. But his pride was touched. He drew himself up, and with one swing drove to the heart of the tree, the force of his blow dragging him almost face to the ground. Wrenching the steel out, he struck again. With a crunch the tree fell.

Sarah said nothing. She was Scotch and could not give praise, but Maggie cried out: "Well done, man!"

And this flattered him more than the exclamations of Dolores extolling his strength. Yes, she was generous and just, Maggie Cadriano.

THE sampling went on. Now he had filled three sacks, but heat and exhaustion were telling on him so that he could not sleep.

He listened to the hum of mosquitoes against the net; he was intolerably awake. At last he had to go out into the blazing moonlight, into the silence broken only by the torrent and the distant cry of a coyote.

Then he saw a light at the last window, and with a beating heart recognized the profile. He had to come closer.

There sat Dolores in a filmy red robe, in a wicker chair, reading. She thrilled him, and her surroundings, silver-backed combs, bottles of scents, a little pot of vivid red paste the use of which he did not know.

A long time he stared, enchanted, through the mosquito net, while she read on, from a book of French poetry. Suddenly she looked up, met his eyes, and, quick upon the passage of a fleeting fear, a strange expression came over her features.

Slowly she stood up, came to the window, so close that he could feel upon his cheek the freshness of her breath. She whispered to him, and it was like a spell. He said vague things. She prattled:

"My sisters . . . they are good to me . . . they did not want me to meet you. They are afraid of nothing themselves, and so they protect me. They are like men. They are my fathers." She made a helpless gesture. "For I am only a little girl."

He found himself murmuring that nothing should harm her. The situation was stirring, tumultuous and indefinably pathetic.

The next night when once more he came to her window, he knew that he was under the sway of witchcraft, ready for all things only to gain Dolores. And this time his lips touched through the net the smooth warmth of her shy cheek. As he stumbled away, too stirred to tread lightly, he saw a shadow at his feet and he looked up. Brightly blazing in the moonlight, her red hair unbound and rolling in thick waves below her cowboy's belt, stood Maggie, peculiarly smiling and her rifle still more peculiarly resting upon her hip with its muzzle pointing towards him.

FOR some seconds these two looked at each other without speaking. Then Maggie, having doubtless observed that he was unarmed, stood her rifle upon the ground and crossed her hands upon the barrel. "Well, Mr. Holbeck," she said, cheerfully, "can you give me any reason why I should not shoot you?" "Shoot me?" said Holbeck, in uncomprehending tones.

"Of course," said Maggie, amiably; "we always shoot them here. You're not the first. Three girls alone in Mexico—well, they've got to be careful. We've had five—let us say visitors—and they'll never call again. Sarah killed two," she added, inconsequently, "but I only got the last one in the leg."

She was quite bitter in her self-reproach.

Holbeck had now grasped the situation. There was something to say for Maggie's point of view, and for a moment he was inclined to argue, but he did not.

Instead he remarked: "Well, shoot me if you like, Miss Cadriano; but, as I haven't finished the sampling, it would not be business."

Maggie's smile showed splendid white teeth.

"No," she said, thoughtfully. "I suppose it would not be business. Besides, so far as I can see, you've kept the mosquito-net between yourself and a bullet. It's not much, but I suppose it's just enough."

CURIOUSLY, Holbeck talked for an hour with this wild girl, talked easily, abundantly, of London, of New York, his business and, still more curiously, of his ambition, of his desire to create his own firm. She was equally frank, and soon Holbeck had a picture of the disreputable old Mexican prospector who, after losing the Scotch wife he had picked up in a Guatemalan port, had trained his two daughters to be strong as men and to watch over the little flower whom her Spanish mother had later given him.

Maggie had no fear, and yet, later in the night, when her features formed before his eyes, Holbeck thought not of a brave man, but of a brave woman. He had an impression of ease, of clean energy, and when at last he left her, after shaking the hand that gripped hard as his own, he carried away with him, to mingle with the incredible softness of his dream of Dolores, the vision of a strong, shapely forearm that had gleamed as white wax in the light of the moon.

BUT in spite of Maggie's threat he went again to the veiled window, for time was short and his heart desirous of the promise of love. He had finished the second sorting. At last the four leather bags, corded and sealed with the seal of the company, lay in the shack. And he was excited, for the ore looked rich, gleamed with touches of yellow.

That night Dolores had forbidden her window, but all was said and she would follow him. He lay entranced, made pictures of the life opening for them. He could not sleep. Then, outside, he heard a crunching noise. Footsteps? They died away. But soon he heard them again outside his own door. Somebody was listening.

At last the latch was lifted very slowly; a line of light formed between the door-post and the door. As it grew, impulse bade him leap up, and caution told him to wait. But he needed all his self-control as Dolores tiptoed in, shading a tallow dip with one hand. Sarah followed; they came in stealthily as panthers . . . but it was Dolores who stood at his bedside, holding a revolver six inches from his forehead. Through his closed lids he felt the weight of her gaze. She bent down, as if to measure the regularity of his breath as he lay taut and wary. Content at last, she turned away, from the bed, and through his eyelashes he watched. (Continued on page 84)



A sense of Maggie's rugged splendor and great nearness flooded through him.



Great men sought Margot Gilholme . . . in light, brief loves.

What Became of M. Gilholme?

By Donn Byrne
Illustrated by Will Foster

HOW much do we really owe our fellow-men? Is a woman's duty to the State superior to her duty to the man she loves? Was Margot Gilholme right—and, even so, did the Governor of another State, thirty years later, owe her such a recognition?

BECAUSE never a Sunday had passed in his incumbency of the rectorship in which she had not been at service; because she had been invaluable, in her quiet way, in the organization of church social affairs, bridge parties, rummage sales, afternoon teas, what not; because everybody liked her, including himself; and lastly, and unreasonably, because he felt that her request was her right, the rector hated to refuse Mrs. Fraser the letter of introduction to the governor of the State of New York.

SHE sat opposite him in the chill reception-room of the little rectory, a smiling, self-contained figure—sixty years old if a day, her face wrinkled like a ripe apple of the smaller kind, rosy; with two brown eyes glowing out of it dramatically, but repressed, as all of her was. Her mouth was small and still well-colored. Her tiny hands were folded demurely in her lap. Her microscopic feet peered like mice from the edge of her black dress. A small hat hid her plentiful gray hair. "Just a note of introduction, Dr. Crosby," she repeated with her dogged persistence. "Just so he will see me—that's all."

"But the governor's time is taken up, every min-

ute," the rector argued kindly. "He is not even like other governors. The greatest man in America. There is nothing you can have to say to him, dear Mrs. Fraser. Now, tell it to me—"

"I must see the governor," the old lady insisted. "Just a line," she pleaded.

IT WAS all very strange, Crosby thought, and it sounded a little as if she were out of her mind, but there was nothing to indicate that. The little millinery store on the main street of Patchogue, with models as chic as those in any New York establishment, was run with efficiency. Her dress, her manner, her speech were the same as ever in the twelve years he had known her, repressed, refined, but studiously avoiding the drawing of attention in any way. There was nothing out of the way about her except this crazy desire to have an interview with Stephen Godyn, the Governor of New York.

"Does your daughter Jean know of this, Mrs. Fraser?" the rector asked.

Mrs. Fraser's big daughter, with the ugly, attractive face, and the level Scot's common sense and the strong Scot's religion, was a person Crosby admired. There was no room for crazy notions in that girl's head.

"She does not, Dr. Crosby," the widow answered, in a voice whose charm no plenitude of years could destroy, nor studious cultivation disguise—a voice that seemed to sing as it spoke.

SHE had always been a puzzle to the ascetic rector. She was out of place somehow, with that dignity, with those looks she had always repressed. He had

known her for twelve years, and for eighteen before that she had been in Patchogue, keeping a little millinery store, and fighting often against heavy adversity. There were many who remembered her when she had come there thirty years ago—a self-contained woman with a baby on her arm, hardly three months old. She vouchsafed no news of herself, no news of her husband, strange though her position was. She was too good, too honest, the villagers had decided, to be a wanton woman. There was too much dignity, too much fearlessness in her face for a betrayed girl. The wife of some wastrel of good family, who had suddenly cut loose from him and had come to America to fashion for herself a new way of life. She neither affirmed their belief nor denied it. They received her good-naturedly, and gratefully she accepted the reception.

And now after thirty years of repression, after thirty years of sanity, she had burst out with the absurd request for an interview with Stephen Godyn, whom scores of million peoples regarded as little less than a new Evangelist of democracy, for all his wealth and his patrician blood. Crosby, the ascetic cleric, one of the Governor's most fervent admirers, an old acquaintance and by way of being a friend of the great man's could not have been more surprised had she demanded an interview with the Archangel Michael.

WHAT could she have to say, this aged, ladylike repressed old resident, who owned a little millinery shop, run by herself and her daughter, to the governor of the Empire State, to the next President—barring

the cogent politics of death—to the man the world looked to for the shaping of a new destiny for the continent? And yet, in her voice, in her eyes, in her manner, there was something that said that this request was not a vain thing though his reason told him it must be so.

He reached for pen and paper. "Well, then, Mrs. Fraser," he acceded. "But for a small tradeswoman," he grumbled to himself, "to see Stephen Godyn—"

STEPHEN GODYN is dead now, and there is nothing my pen can write to add to the eulogies of the great men who have spoken of him. Young or old, gentle or simple, who is there can forget that great bulk of a man, like a great statue, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with his heavy patrician features. A man who knew nothing of his family could easily have placed him as a descendant of one of the lords of the soil who held their patents in New Netherlands. A rich man, a great statesman, with a heart for the poor.

A liar could never have faced him, nor a traitor. There was an uncanny feeling that he saw through flesh and bone to the antlike workings of the human brain. He had been proven time and time again before he was elected to the governorship of the state. All his life had been spent in public service. As clerk in the Embassy at London, as assistant in the State Department in Washington, he knew more of the secret history of his day than is good for the ordinary man to know. He knew of the weaknesses of kings, and why wars are started and by whom, and he understood the accent of the thunderous thing called the voice of the people—a gift given few. A great man, God rest him! A great man and a very gallant gentleman.

THE day had been a hard one, and Stephen Godyn was sitting, taking his ease before dinner, in his study at the house in Albany, reading with the gusto of a boy. "The Lives and Bloody Exploits of the Most

Hated Pirates" was on his knees before him and he was enjoying an interchange of courtesies between Captain Sillanny and Captain Baer of Boston. Randall, his dapper young secretary, came knocking in.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, but there's a woman here will see you. She has a letter of introduction from a rector in Patchogue, Long Island."

"The good Crosby," Godyn smiled.

"She won't say what her business is," Randall went on. "I asked her if it were a personal matter, and she said not; if it were a matter of state, and she was uncertain. Dr. Crosby's letter is very vague. She hardly seems a crank, sir."

"I'll see her," Godyn decided.

You might have known from Randall's face that it was against his inclination to allow her in. Godyn was a hard-worked man, and such leisure as he could snatch should not be at the mercy of cranks. But, still and all, there was an air of deference about him to the old woman's dignity.

"Thank you, Randall." Godyn had risen with the eternal courtesy he showed to the poor and the old.

HE LOOKED at the demure figure before him and fingered the rector's introduction.

"Mrs. Fraser?"

"Margaret Fraser," went the fleeting voice of the old lady, "Margot Gilholme, that was the 'Heather Belle.'"

"The Heather——" Godyn was at a loss. And yet the name Margot Gilholme was familiar to him. Where? When? In what connection, now? "The 'Heather——'"

"Margot Gilholme, the 'Heather Belle.'" There was a subdued light in the old lady's eyes, and in her voice a subdued note of pride, like far-off bugles.

A few seconds' groping while the old lady still smiled, and suddenly, like the inspiration that solves

a puzzle, the allusion came to him, and left him nearly gasping. Margot Gilholme! In England a name as well known once as poor Anna Held's was here. The "Heather Belle," a *nom de théâtre* affectionately bestowed by a sentimental public as inspiring in its less exalted plane as that of the "Swedish Nightingale."

"Sit down, Mrs. Fraser."

He pulled a chair for her. And as he did this simple courteous service there ran through his head the pageantry of a great time; he had never known her, but when he was in England ten years later at the Embassy he had heard older men speak of her, and wonder what had become of her. He could see her as she must have been then, in a flash of thought, a beautiful woman surrounded by admirers: princes; magnificent guardsmen; foreign royalties; country squires, patrons of the Fancy and the race-course—a full-blooded, riotous assembly.

"People wondered what became of you."

"I have been on Long Island for thirty years."

AS HE carried on the desultory, wandering conversation the shadowy remembrances in his mind took substance and line and color, and he recollected hearing of her work in the music halls, her Scotch ballads, haunting nostalgic rhythms, where she trod bravely to the footlights in Highland tartan, singing the old Jacobite melodies: "Cope sent a message frae Dunbar," and "Over the wave with Charlie!" "How things have changed since then!" thought Godyn in platitude.

"All that time in Patchogue?"

"Myself and my daughter, Jean."

But that had been a small part of her career, Godyn remembered, and he thought of the great men whose names had been coupled with hers in light and brief loves. There had been the Grand Duke Vassili, who had built her a castle in Little Russia; and a Balkan



"I think it rather foolish of you to have lavished so much money on the ceremony," the rector complained.



"It will not take place, Colin," said I steadily, to that fine big man with his eyes flashing fire."

royalty. There had been a Prime Minister of England, dear to the late prim, little queen. There had been an American, a titan of the financial world, in the good days when a million dollars gave rights to the title. There had been this one and that one—a full score. This prim little woman, with the subdued voice and the luxurious gray hair, who had a daughter in Patchogue: "And now what can I do for you, Mrs. Fraser?" asked Stephen Godyn.

"MY DAUGHTER Jean is going to get married next month to a young lawyer in New York—John Atkinson, his name is—and I should like her to have a good wedding. She should have things to bring to a house—linen and the like—and business has not been good for a long while, so—"

"I shall be only too glad to help," the Governor said. There was a little shadow on his face—not that of disappointment, but a sort of puzzled expression as though he could not understand why she came to him.

"It is not charity I am asking," the old lady said, "but, in a manner of speaking, my rights."

Stephen Godyn looked at her blankly. Was it possible, after all, that his visitor was merely an old woman with delusions? He had not asked her for proof of her statements, for to his mind, which could see clearly, her voice, her air, the crumbling fabric of old-time beauty which must have led men as the pillar of fire led the Israelites, all these were evident. Yet this statement.

"Because you are, as it were, the leader of the peo-

ple—the hope, as a paper said, and prophet of new democracy—I came to you. I once did something big for the common people."

Stephen Godyn said nothing. He turned and waited for her to explain.

"Your Excellency has heard of Colin Fraser—Colin Fraser of Dundee?"

THROUGH the Governor's mind there flickered again the panoramic memory of bygone days, but this time there was no trouble in placing a great name.

"Not Fraser, the member of Parliament who was called the Uncrowned King of Scotland?"

"My good friend and the father of Jean," she said simply.

(Continued on page 58)

The Absolute Proof of Life After Death

IN HIS late work "Life After Death," James H. Hyslop, who was formerly Professor of Logic at Columbia University and up to the time of his death the chief American authority upon matters psychic, has a sentence which sounds rather intolerant. It runs: "Any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either ignorant or a moral coward."

The words are literally true, yet what removes the sting is that there is really no reproach up to now in being ignorant. Much of the final absolute proof is very recent and is contained in works which have not been translated and which are expensive and difficult to get.

It is true that we have Crawford's splendid work at Belfast, and Crookes's researches of fifty years ago, but both of these needed the corroboration and elucidation of the Continental observers to bring out their full meaning. I have all the documents before me and I will try in this article to show any man who is capable of adapting his mind to fresh facts that this tremendous issue is no longer a fair subject for debate, but has been definitely settled up to a certain point—a point which gives us a solid basis for the researches of the future.

ALL recent discoveries, whether they be of aviation, wireless telegraphy or other material novelties, are insignificant beside a development which shows us a new form of matter with unheard-of properties, lying latent in all probability within each of us. By a strange paradox the searchers after spirit have come to know more about matter and its extraordinary possibilities than any materialist has learned.

It should first be stated that the development of psychic phenomena was a gradual one, and that it was some years after the Hydesville outbreak* that actual materializations of spirit were reported. During the 'sixties and 'seventies they became more common, lending themselves greatly to fraud, as people had little critical knowledge as yet and darkness was a physical necessity for their production.

Apart from the frauds, however, discriminating observers were aware that there was a large residuum of cases which were undoubtedly genuine.

IN EXAMINING and reporting these cases the witnesses averred that certain people, whom they called "materializing mediums," had the strange physical gift that they could put forth from their bodies a viscous, gelatinous substance which appeared to differ from every known form of matter in that it could solidify and be used for material purposes, and yet could be reabsorbed, leaving absolutely no trace even upon the clothes which it had traversed in leaving the body.

This substance was actually touched by some enterprising investigators, who reported that it was elastic and appeared to be sensitive, as though it was really an organic extrusion from the medium's body.

*See Hearst's for Octo'er, 1920.



Photograph of ■ materialized spirit face ■ formation, showing the unused viscous stuff called ectoplasm that issued from the medium "Eva" to create these ghostlike forms. Photographed by Dr. Geley of Paris.

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

I HAVE all the documents before me, and, in this article, I will try to show any man capable of adapting his mind to fresh facts that the existence of discarnate spirits is not only no longer a fair subject for debate, but that up to a certain point it has been definitely settled.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

These views were naturally much ridiculed by scientific men, who disposed of them easily upon anatomical and also on general physical grounds. Later investigation has, however, shown, as I hope to demonstrate in this article, that in this as in other matters the early spiritualists were the pioneers of truth, and that they had come upon the most singular manifestation of matter with which we have any acquaintance.

MADAME ALEXANDRE-BISSON, a French lady with a scientific bent, set herself in the year 1900 to study this phenomenon, having as her

subject a woman named Eva, who had the power of forming this substance, which Charles Richet, the great French physiologist, has named ectoplasm. She had as collaborator a German doctor, Schrenck Notzing, who afterward collected the notes of the sittings and had them published in French with Madame Bisson's name appended, under the title "Les Phénomènes dits de Matérialisation."

A single sentence from the preface gives the gist of the book. The author says:

We have very often been able to establish that, by an unknown biological process, there comes from the body of the medium a material, at first semi-fluid, which possesses some of the properties of a living substance, notably that of the power of change, of movement, and of the assumption of definite forms.

One might doubt the truth of these facts if they had not been verified hundreds of times in the course of laborious tests under varied and very strict conditions.

Could there be a more complete vindication of those early spiritualists who for two generations bore with patience the ridicule of the world?

Schrenck Notzing ends his dignified preface by exhorting his fellow-worker to take heart.

Do not allow yourself to be discouraged in your efforts to open a new domain for science either by foolish attacks, by cowardly calumnies, by the misrepresentation of facts, by the violence of the malevolent, or by any other sort of intimidation. Advance always along the path that you have opened, thinking of the words of Faraday, "Nothing is too amazing to be true."

THE methods of these wonderful experiments were as follows: All conceivable precautions were taken against fraud. Eva,

the medium, seems as far as one can trace her career to have been no worse if she was no better than her fellows.

A fierce controversy had raged round a previous series of experiments with her conducted in 1906 in Algiers, but Charles Richet and other observers had found no flaw in them. However, nothing was left to chance. The key of the séance room was kept in Madame Bisson's own pocket. Eva was compelled to change into a special dress when in that room, undressing again when she emerged. She submitted to physical examinations at the hands of doctors. The illumination of the room was gradually increased until six strong, red, electric lamps were at work—red being, as in photography, the one bearable color. Most important of all, a number of cameras, eight in the last period, were directed upon the medium from all angles, and these were operated by flashlight without warning so that no motion upon her part could be unobserved.

Altogether, 201 photographs were taken and reprinted in the book. The sittings lasted with intervals for four years, and were witnessed not only by Madame Bisson and the German doctor, but by a number of scientific observers whose names are given.

THE results are in my opinion the most notable of any investigation which has ever been recorded. It was testified by witnesses, and shown

by the photographs, that there oozed from the medium's mouth, ears, nose, eyes and skin this extraordinary gelatinous material.

The pictures are strange and repulsive, but many of nature's processes seem so in our eyes. You can see this streaky, viscous stuff hanging like icicles from the chin, dripping down onto the body and forming a white apron, or projecting in shapeless lumps from the orifices of the face. When touched, or when undue light came upon it, it writhed back into the body as swiftly and stealthily as the tentacles of a hidden octopus. If seized and pinched, the medium cried aloud. It would protrude through clothes and vanish again, leaving hardly any trace upon them. With the assent of the medium a small piece was amputated. It dissolved in the box in which it was placed as snow would have done, leaving moisture and some large cells which might have come from a fungus. The microscope also disclosed epithelial cells from the mucous membrane in which the stuff seemed to originate.

IT SHOULD be explained that the usual spiritualistic habit of putting the medium into a confined space formed by curtains was followed. This is called the Cabinet. She sat therein upon a chair, but her hands always protruded, as an additional safeguard against fraud. The reason for the Cabinet is that some condensation of material, which we can best describe, perhaps, as a heavy vapor, is necessary before you get the ectoplasm. The methods call for clearer scientific definition, but in practice it is found that anything which will make an inclosed space and conserved force is of great importance. Those curious, curbing draperies which are seen round spirit photographs are the means which the control upon the other side adopts for this end, and I have often observed that the spirit lights at a séance are hooded and flanked by some fine, filmy material for the same reason.



A typical uncompleted "thought form" before the face of the medium. Taken August 5, 1909 by Madame Bisson

THE production of this strange ectoplasm is enough in itself to make such experiments revolutionary and epoch-making, but what follows is far stranger, and will answer the question in every reader's mind. "What has all this to do with spirits?"

You must know then, utterly incredible as it may appear, that this substance, after forming, begins in the case of some mediums (Eva being one) to curdle into definite shapes, and those shapes are human limbs and human faces, seen at first in two dimensions upon the flat, and then molding themselves at the edges until they become detached and complete. Very many of the photographs exhibit these strange phantoms, which are often much smaller than life.

Some of these faces may represent thought forms from the brain of Eva taking visible form, and some rough resemblance has been traced between some of them and pictures which she may have seen and stored in the memory. One, for example, looks like an extremely rakish President Wilson with a mustache, while another resembles a ferocious rendering of M. Poincaré. One of them shows the word "Miroir" printed over the head of the medium—which some critics have claimed as showing that she had smuggled in the journal of that name, though what the object of such a proceeding could be has not been explained. Her own explanation was that the controlling forces had in some way, possibly by apport, brought in the legend in order to convey the idea that these faces and figures are not their real selves, but their selves as seen in a mirror.

EVEN now the reader may see no obvious connection with spiritualism, but the next stage takes us all the way. When Eva is at her best—and it occurs only at long intervals and at some cost to her own health—there forms a complete figure; this figure is molded to resemble some deceased person, the cord which binds it to the medium is loosened, a personality which either is or pretends to be that of the dead takes possession of it, and the breath of life is breathed into the image so that it moves and talks and expresses the emotions of the spirit within.

The last word of the Bisson record is:

"Since these séances and on numerous occasions the entire phantom has shown itself, it has come out of the Cabinet, has begun to speak, and has reached Madame Bisson, whom it has embraced on the cheek. The sound of the kiss was audible."

Was there ever a stranger finale of a scientific investigation? It may serve to illustrate how impossible it is for even the cleverest of the materialists to find any explanation of such facts which are consistent with his theories, that the only one which Mr. Joseph McCabe in his recent public debate with me could put forward was that it was a case of the regurgitation of food! He seemed to me unaware that a close-meshed veil was worn over the medium's face in some of the experiments without in the least hampering the flow of the ectoplasm.

THESE results, though checked in all possible ways, are none the less so amazing that the inquirer has a right to suspend judgment until they are confirmed. But this has been fully done.

Dr. Schrenck Notzing returned to Munich and



A life-sized apparition built up from the ectoplasm emanating from the medium "Eva." One of 201 photographs taken by Mme. Bisson and Dr. Notzing, 1909-12.

there he was fortunate enough to find another medium, a Polish lady, who possessed the faculty of materialization. With her he conducted a series of experiments which he has recorded in his book "Materialisation-phänomene." Working with Stanisława, the Polish medium, and adopting the same strict methods as with Eva, he produced exactly the same results. His book overlaps that of Madame Bisson, since he gives an account of the Paris experiments, but the most important part is the corroboration furnished by his check experiments in the summer of 1912 in Munich.

THE various photographs of the ectoplasm, so far as they go, are hardly to be distinguished from those already taken, so that any theory of elaborate fraud upon the part of Eva postulates the same fraud on the part of Stanisława. Many German observers checked the sittings. In his thorough Teutonic fashion Schrenck Notzing goes deeper into the matter than Madame Bisson. He obtained hair from one of the materialized forms and compared it microscopically with hair from Eva (this incident occurred in the French series), showing by several tests that it could not be from the same person. He gave also the chemical result of an examination of a small portion of ectoplasm, which burned to an ash, leaving a smell as of horn. Chloride of soda (common salt) and phosphate of calcium were among the constituents. Finally, he actually obtained a cinematograph record of the ectoplasm pouring from the mouth of the medium. Part of this is reproduced in his book.

IT SHOULD be explained that though the medium was in a trance during these experiments she was by no means inanimate. A separate personality seemed to possess her, which might be explained as one of her own secondary individualities, or as an actual obsession from outside. This personality was in the habit of alluding with (Continued on page 78)



"You have disappointed and deceived me, Victor. You are not the man I took you to be," said Fenella.

The Master of Man

By Hall Caine

Illustrated by Walter Louderback

WHEN the Court resumed, Gell rose, with a haggard face, to make an announcement. In accordance with the suggestion of His Excellency, the accused had been seen during the adjournment (though not by him), with the result that she had confessed to having given birth to a child and being the cause of its death.

"Under these circumstances," he said, speaking in a husky voice, "I have taken the only course open to me—that of advising her to revise her plea—and with the permission of the Court she will now do so."

There was a moment of agitation in which the Court was understood to assent, and then Bessie was called upon to plead again. But hardly had she risen at the call of the Deemster when she broke down utterly, and sob followed sob at every question that was put to her. At length she bowed her head, and that was accepted as her plea of "Guilty."

Then Gell rose again and said:

"Although the prisoner pleads guilty to causing the death of her child, she says she did not do so willfully. Therefore I propose to put her back in the box to prove extenuating circumstances."

Once more the Court agreed, but when Bessie was removed from the dock to the witness-box she broke down again and not a word could be got out of her.

WILL any sensible woman throw away her chance of a lifetime of happiness with the man she loves for the sake of Justice—and another woman? Lovely Fenella Stanley, betrothed to young Victor Stowell, Deemster of Ballamoar, is keenly interested in the trial of Bessie Collister, a simple, ignorant country girl accused of killing her own child. But when Fenella hears from Bessie's own lips that Victor, who now dares to act as Judge, was actually the father of her child—will Fenella keep silent, for the sake of her own happiness and Victor's, or will she denounce him publicly?

"It is only natural," said Gell, "that she should feel shame at having to take back what she said yesterday."

The Deemster bowed, and speaking with an obvious effort he appealed to the girl to answer the questions of her Advocate. But still Bessie sobbed and made no answer.

"The Court has nothing left to it but to go on to judgment," said the Attorney-General.

AT THAT moment, when the trial seemed to be brought to a standstill, Fenella (sitting near to the witness box) was seen to lean over and whisper to

Gell, who rose and asked to be allowed to make a suggestion—that inasmuch as the accused was unable to answer for herself, somebody else, who knew what she wished to say, should be empowered to answer for her.

The Deemster, seeing what was coming, seemed to catch his breath, but after a moment he agreed. The course proposed, although unusual, was not contrary to the interests of justice or altogether without precedent—a deaf and dumb witness always gives evidence by a speaking proxy. Therefore if the Attorney-General did not object—

"Not at all," said the Attorney.

"In that case," said Gell, "I will ask the lady who received the prisoner's confession to speak on her behalf—Miss Stanley."

IT WAS said afterwards, when the events of that day had a fierce light cast back upon them, that when Fenella stepped up to the witness-box, and stood side by side with the prisoner, ready to take her oath, the Deemster seemed scarcely able to recite the familiar words to her.

"Please tell the Court, as nearly as possible in her own words, what the prisoner told you," said Gell.

THERE was a deep and concentrated silence. Never before had anybody witnessed so strange a scene. Speaking calmly and firmly, Fenella told Bessie's story as Bessie herself had told it—her journey from the south of the island, the birth and death of her child and the burying of it under the *Clagh-ny-Dooiney*.

When she had finished, and Bessie, who was stifling her sobs, had bowed her head in reply to a question from Gell (that she assented to what had been said on her behalf), the Attorney-General rose to cross-examine.

"Does the prisoner deny," he said, "that when she returned home she did not tell her mother of her condition?"

"No, her mother knew nothing about it."

"Does she deny that by keeping her condition secret from the person most proper to know of it, she deliberately intended to put her child away by violence?"

"No, she does not deny that either, but says that when her baby came the instinct of motherhood came too, and from that moment onward the idea of taking its life was far from her heart."

"Does the prisoner wish the Court to believe that—in spite of her subsequent conduct in concealing the birth and death of her child and in secretly burying it?"

"Yes, she does, and if a court of men can not believe it, a court of women could, because—"

But the Attorney-General, with a look of triumph, sat down quickly, and Fenella, flushing up to her flaming eyes, stopped suddenly.

There was another moment of deep silence in court, and then Gell, who had to struggle with his emotion, rose to re-examine.

"Does the prisoner say that when she killed her child she did so unconsciously and under the influence of fear?"

"Yes, under the influence of fear—fear of her stepfather, who had behaved like a brute to her."

"Does she think that however lamentable her act, she was moved to it by pardonable motives?"

"Not pardonable motives merely," said Fenella, flaming up again, "but nobly unselfish ones."

"Nobly unselfish motives!" said the Attorney-General, rising again. "Will the witness please tell the Court what she means by nobly unselfish motives in a case like this?"

"I mean," said Fenella, hesitating for a moment, looking up at the Deemster and then (before she could be stopped) speaking with passion and rapidly, "I mean that this girl was betrayed at the time of her sorest need by one who should have protected her, not taken advantage of her. I mean, that falling in love afterwards with another man—a good man who was willing to make her his wife—she committed the crime solely and only in an effort to cover up her fault and to save her honor in the eyes of the man who loved her. I mean, too, that the real guilt belongs not so much to this poor creature who sits here in her shame, but to the man who used her, caring nothing for her, and then left her to bear the consequences of their sin alone. Shame on him! Shame on him! May no good man own him for a friend! May no good woman take him for a husband! May he live to—"

THE irregular outburst was interrupted by a cry from the Advocate's benches. Gell had risen with wild eyes. He seemed to be trying to speak. His mouth opened but he said nothing, and after looking first at Fenella and then at the Deemster he sank back to his seat. And then Fenella, as if recalling what she had done, sat also.

There were some moments of uneasy silence, and then the Attorney-General rose for the last time.

"It is impossible," he said, "not to be moved by what we have just heard, however improper on legal grounds it may have been. But the Court will not allow themselves to be carried away by their feelings. It is the natural consequence of great crimes that they

should bring great suffering. The prisoner has confessed to a great crime. She has failed to establish proof of extenuating circumstances. Therefore, for the protection of human life, as well as the good name of this island, I ask for the utmost penalty of the law."

After that there was a long pause, broken only by some whispering on the bench. It was observed that the Deemster took no part in it, except to bend his head when the Governor and the Clerk of the Rolls leaned across and spoke to him. At length, with a manifest effort and in a low voice (so low that the people in court

"Remove the prisoner," cried the Governor sharply . . . and the next moment the constables were carrying Bessie, screaming and sobbing, out of court.

had to lean forward to hear him) he began to address the Jury.

"WHEN a prisoner pleads 'Guilty,'" he said, "it is usual for the Court to proceed at once to the sentence. But in the present unhappy case it has been thought right that the Judge, in directing the Jury to find a formal verdict, should indicate the grounds on which the Court has based its judgment.

"The prisoner has pleaded guilty to taking the life of her newborn child. She has confessed that down to the hour of its birth she had the deliberate intention

of making away with it, and the Court is unhappily compelled to find in her conduct only too many evidences of that design.

"But she has also said that after her child's birth, under the divine love and compassion of awakened motherhood, she repented of her intention of killing it, and that it came to its death by accident—the accident of semi-consciousness and the consequences of her fear. The Court would gladly accept this explanation if it could be corroborated by the evidence. Unfortunately it can not.

"On the contrary, the prisoner's subsequent behavior points to an entirely different conclusion. Therefore the Court has nothing before it but the prisoner's confession that she intended to take the life of her child, and the fact that she did indeed take it."

THE Deemster paused (Gell had risen and was seen crushing his way out of court); then he continued:

"How her child came by its death is between God and her conscience. It is not for me, or perhaps for any man, to read the secret of a woman's heart in the dark hour of the birth of her misbegotten child. Into the cloud of that mystery only the eye of Heaven can follow her. But I should fail in my duty as a judge if I did not try to show that the Court is fully conscious of the physical weaknesses and spiritual temptations which lie in the way of a woman who is in the position of the accused."

Then followed, during some breathless moments, such speaking as nobody present had ever heard before except from Stowell himself, and only from him on the day when he snatched from the gallows the rag of a woman who had killed her husband.

It was a contrast of the conditions attending the birth of a child born in wedlock, and of a child born illegitimate. They all knew the first. The beloved young wife watching with a thrilling heart for the signs of that coming event which is to complete her joy; the happy months in which she is shielded from all harm; the tender solicitude of her husband; her own sweet and secret preparations for the little stranger who is to come; the guesses as to its sex; the discussions as to its name—until at length, in the fullness of its appointed time, the child born in wedlock comes, like an angel floating out of the sunrise, into a world that is waiting for it to take it into its arms.

But the child born out of wedlock—what of that? The poor mother, betrayed, perhaps abandoned, perhaps bereft of the love she counted upon, living for months in fear of every accusing eye, in dread of the being in her own bosom who is coming to shame her, to drive her from her home, to make her an outcast and a byword among women—until at last she creeps away to hide herself in some secret place, where, alone, in the darkness of night, distraught, amid the groans as of a thunderstorm, she faces death to bring her fatherless babe into a world that wants it not.

"What wonder if sometimes," said the Deemster, "in the pain of her body and the disorder of her soul, a woman (all the more if she has hitherto borne a good character) should be tempted to escape from her threatening disgrace by killing the child who is the innocent cause of it."

BUT, rightly or wrongly, the law could take no account of such temptations. In the great eye of Justice the issues of life and death were in God's hands only. Life was sacred, and not more sacred was the life that came in the palace, with statesmen waiting in the antechamber, the life of the heir to a throne, than the life that came in the hovel and under the thatch, the life of the bastard who was to run barefoot on the roads.

"It may be thought to be a hard law which takes no account of temptations to which women are exposed when Nature demands that penalty from them which it never demands from men. But we who sit here have nothing to do with that. Judges are sworn to administer the law as they find it, whatever their own feelings may be. Therefore the Court has now no choice but to direct the Jury to find a verdict of guilty against the prisoner."

There was a deep drawing of breath in court, and everybody thought the Deemster had finished, but after another short pause, in a tremulous voice which vibrated through all hearts, he continued:

"But the Jury has a right which the Judges can not exercise—they can go beyond the law. And if, having heard the evidence in this case, and having God and a good conscience before them, the Jury, in finding their formal verdict, can come to a conclusion favorable to the prisoner's story, they may recommend her to the mercy of the Crown, and thereby lead, perhaps, to the lessening of her punishment, and even to the wiping of it out altogether. If not, the law must take its course, at the discretion of the Governor as the representative of the King."

When the Deemster's tremulous voice had ceased, the jurymen put their heads together for a moment. Then one of them rose to ask if they might retire to their own room to consider the point left to them by His Honor.

"The Court agrees," said the Governor, and the jurymen trooped out.

The Judges and the advocates went out also, and the prisoner (who had been clinging to Fenella's hand) was removed. Only the spectators remained in their places. They were afraid to lose them for the concluding scene.

IN A small unventilated room overlooking the Keep the Jury considered their share of the verdict.

"Gentlemen," said one (he was an auctioneer and a town commissioner), "you heard what the Deemster said. We can't let her off but we can recommend her to mercy."

"Why should we?" said another (a tall landowner with a bad reputation about women). "She killed her child. Let her swing, I say."

"But she said she didn't intend to and that she was out of herself and frightened by her stepfather," said a third—a fat butcher who was sitting astride on a chair and making it creak under him.

"Chut! That was only an afterthought," said a fourth—a little baldheaded grocer.



"The person who is really guilty of this crime," cried Fenella defiantly, look-

"Still and for all, we know what Dan Baldromma is," said the butcher, "—an infidel who believes neither in God nor the devil."

"He's devil enough himself," said the grocer.

"His father was the hangman."

"That was his uncle," said the butcher.

"No, but his father. They called him Dan the Black, and after the hanging of Patrick Kelly of Kentraugh—"

"Question! Question!" cried the town commissioner. "Let's keep to the point, gentlemen. Are we to recommend the girl to mercy—that's the question."

"Why shouldn't we?" said the butcher. "Hundreds and tons of girls have done as much before now, and nobody a penny the wiser. Why make flesh of one and fowl of another?"

IF WE show mercy to women of this sort we'll only encourage them in their bad conduct," said the landowner.

This led to a random discussion on the question of "Women or Men—which were the worst?" The

landlord was loud in denunciation of women; the butcher was more indulgent.

"Look here," said the butcher. "This isn't a game a woman can go into a corner and play all by herself, you know. For every bad woman there's a bad man knocking about somewhere."

"A man isn't always filling his house with by-children, anyway," said the landowner.

"No," said the butcher, "but he is sometimes filling other people's, though."

"That's personal, and I won't stand it," cried the landowner; and then there were loud shouts with much smiting of the table.

In the midst of the tumult a quiet voice was heard to say:

"Hadn't we better lay this matter before the Lord, brothers?"

It was a north-side farmer and local preacher, who (not always to his financial advantage) had made it the rule of his life, whether in the reaping of his corn or the sowing of his turnips, to wait for Divine guidance. In another moment he was on his knees,



IN THE darkness of her cell, with no light on her tortured face except that of the candle behind the grill, Bessie, breaking into another fit of hysteria, was reproaching Fenella with deceiving her.

"You told me that if I confessed the Deemster would let me off. But he is going to condemn me. Why couldn't you let me be? What for did you come here at all? I didn't ask you, did I?"

It was as much as Fenella could do to be kind to the girl in spite of the struggle that was going on in her own soul.

"Be calm," she said, "and I will explain everything."

After a while Bessie regained her composure and then she asked for forgiveness.

"I beg your pardon. Sometimes I don't know what I am saying. It has been like that all through the time of my trouble. It was very wrong to forget how you spoke up for me in court. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

And then Fenella, though sorely in need of comfort herself, comforted the girl and reassured her. The Court might be compelled to sentence her, as it had sentenced other girls for similar crimes, but the sentence would not be carried out. It never was in these days.

"Besides," she said, "the jury will recommend you to mercy, and then the Judges will exercise their discretionary power to reduce your punishment."

Bessie's eyes began to shine.

"You must really forgive me. . . . And Alick—do you think Alick will forgive me, too?"

"Yes, when he sees that what you did was done out of your love for him."

"How good you are! . . . And shall we be able to leave the Isle of Man and go away somewhere?"

"Perhaps—some day."

"Oh, how good you are! I don't know what I've done, for you to be so good to me. I didn't think anybody except a girl's mother could be so good to her."

She was like a child again. Her face, though still wet, was beaming. In the selfishness of her suffering it had not occurred to her before that her comforter had been suffering also, but now, in some vague way, she became aware of it.

"If they ask me who he was," she said, in a whisper (meaning who had been her fellow-sinner), "I'll never tell them—never!"

Fenella's humiliation was abject. "When we go back to court," she said, "you must be brave, whatever happens."

"Will you let me hold your hand?" said Bessie. And Fenella, scarcely able to speak, answered:

"Yes."

(Continued on page 59)

ing straight at Victor, "is not this poor girl here . . . but the man who betrayed her and left her!"

and one by one his fellow-jurymen, including the long landowner, had slithered down after him.

When they rose they were apparently of one opinion—that inasmuch as nobody except God knew why Bessie had killed her child (being alone and under the cloud of night), the only thing to do was to leave her to the Lord.

MEANTIME, Gell, with restless and irregular footsteps, was striding about in the Keep. Fenella's outburst had fallen on him like a flash of lightning in the darkness. Everything had suddenly become clear—all the vague fears that had haunted him so long, the suspicions he had thrust behind his back, the facts he had been unable to understand. What a blind fool he had been!

Stowell! His lifelong friend, on whose word he would have staked his soul! There must have been a conspiracy to deceive him. Both Stowell and Bessie had been in it—Stowell to get rid of the girl he no longer wanted, and Bessie to cover up her disgrace by marrying him. What a plot! The woman he had

loved and the man he had worshiped! He saw himself hoodwinked by both of them, lied to, perhaps laughed at. His life, his faith, his love had crashed down in a moment. It was too cruel, too damnable!

THE air was chill, though the sun was shining, but Gell took off his wig and carried it in his hand, for his head seemed to be afire.

After a time the hatred he had felt for Bessie became centered, with a hundred-fold intensity upon Stowell. Even if Bessie had begun with an intention of betraying him, she must have repented of it afterwards, and committed her crime, poor girl, because (as Fenella had said) she had come to love him. But Stowell had carried on his deception to the last moment. He was carrying it on now, when he was sitting in judgment on his own victim. He meant to sentence her to death, too. Yes, under all his fine phrases it was easy to see that he meant to sentence her. But if he did Gell would murder him.

"Yes, by God, I'll murder him," he thought.

Gold from the Golden Rule

CAPITALISTS have been more responsible than workers or agitators for the intense labor unrest and dissatisfaction in the last few years. Capitalists' autocracy in the past is mainly responsible for the socialistic outcroppings of the present. Thirty years ago I warned American employers that they were following a dangerous path and urged them to stop their callous, tyrannical attitude toward workers and make earnest, painstaking efforts to establish more friendly relations. I was laughed at and scorned. I withdrew from an association of manufacturers as a protest against their persistency in a shortsighted, inhumane policy."

So says John H. Patterson, an employer who has been called "the Father of Welfare Work in America." And his statement was based on a long and intimate study of the facts.

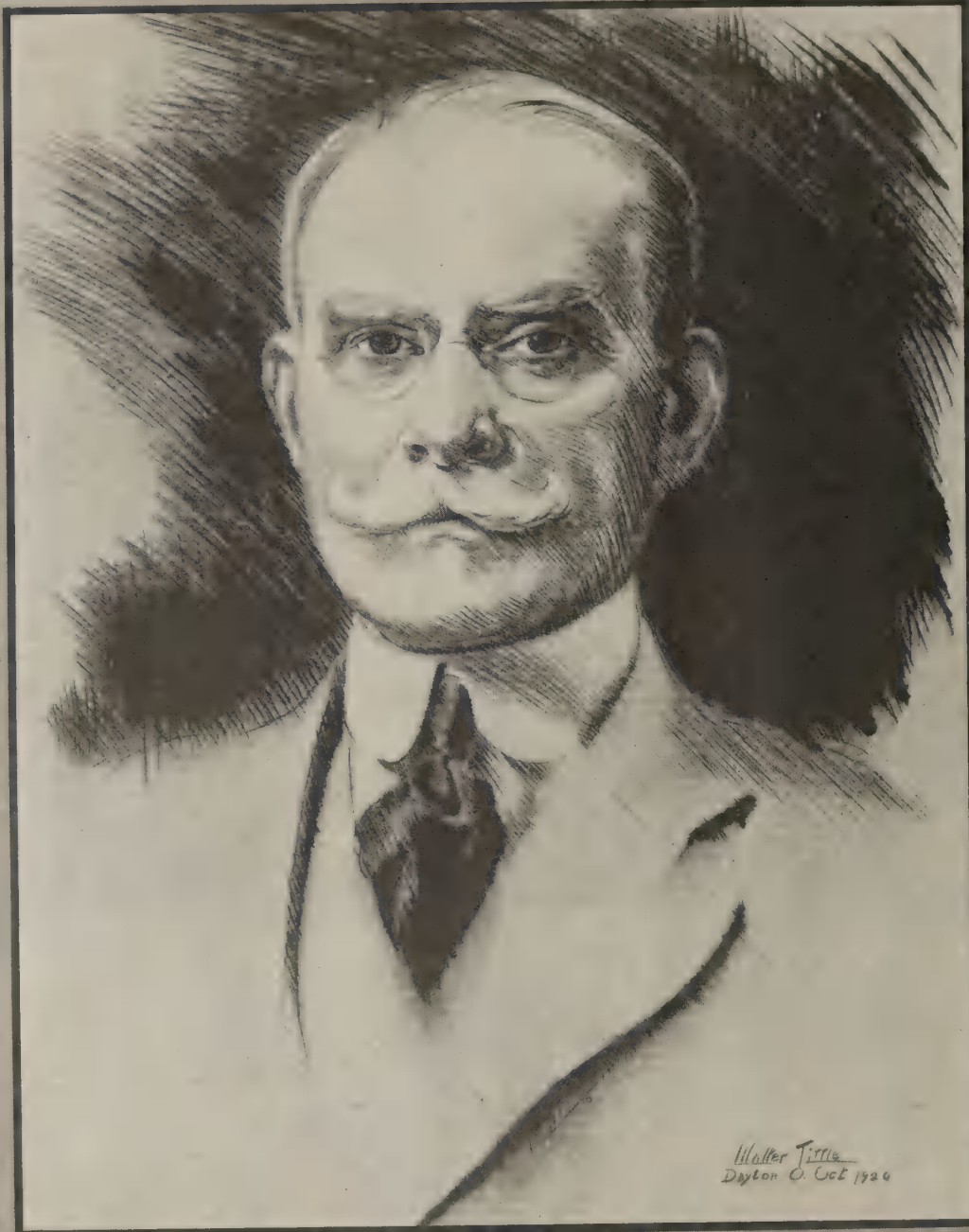
THE steps we took to better the working conditions, the living conditions and the whole environment of our workers," he continues, "were ridiculed by some and condemned by others who feared that if we greatly improved the lot of our people, workers would desert them and come to work with us, where they could enjoy sanitary, hygienic conditions inside the works, attractive houses with well-kept gardens, facilities for recreation, education and self-improvement as well as medical, dental and other services not then furnished by employers. I saw then that it was both justice and sound business to treat workers with consideration, to treat them as human beings rather than as mere 'hands' to operate machines.

FORTUNATELY, many other employers now see the light, but their enlightenment has been dangerously slow, with the consequence that the nation has suffered from disturbance after disturbance which could easily have been averted had employers only been a little more thoughtful, a little more humane, a little less selfish and a whole lot less autocratic.

"At our place we now have, in addition to everything else, an advisory board elected by the 6,000 workers themselves, to take up all matters direct with the management; and we also have a fifty-fifty sharing of the profits.

"Since we started profit-sharing our output has been doubled without any increase in the number of employees and with only a moderate increase in the amount of machinery."

SUCH is the clear-cut declaration made to me by the founder and head of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, and its associated companies, with selling forces covering almost the entire civilized world. Mr. Patterson for thirty years has been as keenly interested in experimenting with plans for the well-being and happiness of his workers as Edison has been in experimenting with inventions. And like all pioneers who blaze new trails, he occasionally found himself moving in a wrong direction. Instead of feeling discouraged whenever a well-intentioned plan met with opposition from those it was intended to benefit, he philosophically profited by his mistake and redoubled his efforts to discover the best means of progressing towards the goal he had constantly in view—the establishment of ideal working and living conditions for his people. He has succeeded per-



John H. Patterson Increases Profits through Doing Good By B.C. Forbes

EMPLOYERS can prevent Bolshevism by giving a square deal—more justice and less law; by making better conditions in home and industry; by helping elect good men; by working for education and Americanization; by taking men into their confidence and sharing profits with them.

John H. Patterson

haps beyond any other employer in the United States.

A publication not long since conducted a contest on "Who Is The Best Employer in America?" The first prize went to Mr. Patterson's organization. How well he has succeeded in transforming the whole section of the city where his plant is located, from a dilapidated and neglected neighborhood to a garden-spot, can be glimpsed from the fact that real estate there has risen from \$150 to \$2,000 a lot. His "Palaces of Industry," as the National Cash Register works have been termed, are the Mecca of employers from all parts of the world who aspire to make their plants models.

BRIEFLY, the National Cash Register Company's profit-sharing plan which has wrought such notable results may be outlined as follows:

After the payment of six per cent on the money invested by the owners, all the profits (as determined by an outside firm of accountants) are divided equally between the owners and the employees. It is stipulated that the owners' fifty per cent of the profits will be largely used for: erecting new buildings; buying new machinery; inventions and improvements; enlarging the business; safeguarding it against unforeseen and unusual losses like foreign exchange, loss of foreign business, or flood.

THE employees' fifty per cent is divided equally between what might be called the managerial groups and the rank-and-file workers. The managerial or supervisory employees are subdivided into three groups, A, B, and C. Some fifty executives at the top get 12 per cent of the profits, 85 next in rank get 5 per cent among them, and 400 foremen, job foremen, and other executives get 8 per cent of the total 25 per cent allotted these groups.

The 6,000 or more other employees get 25 per cent among them, each worker's share being based on his or her earnings.

The profits are distributed each six months and are put in an envelope separate from the regular pay envelope. No employee receives profits unless he has been with the company six months after becoming eligible as a profit-sharer. Every new employee is engaged on probation, so to speak, and must work a month before being put on a profit-sharing basis. He must also, if he wishes to get a share of the profits, sign the following pledge:

In consideration of being made a profit-sharer, I promise to do all I can to eliminate waste and loss of all kinds, increase production and improve my efficiency.

A SHARE of the profits is not meant as a substitute for good wages. In announcing the plan, Mr. Patterson made this specific statement: "It is the intention, independent of the profit-sharing plan, to pay all employees a salary or rate at least equal to the high prevailing rate in this section of the country for like lines of work."

Ten results were aimed at by the adoption of profit-sharing, namely: to reduce labor turnover; to create closer cooperation; to increase efficiency; to stimulate the desire for promotion; to make everyone realize he is a partner in the business; to promote thrift; to increase production and decrease costs; to make better living conditions; to reduce waste of material, time and labor; to increase the profits.

Profit-sharing was first inaugurated in 1918 but on a different basis. In 1919 a straight 10 per cent bonus was added to all wages. Starting from this point, the present plan, which has worked admirably, was introduced. The workers now feel that the size of their half-yearly profit-sharing envelope depends largely upon their own efforts, and it is a significant fact that the increase in efficiency during the last eighteen months is computed at 100 per cent. It should be explained, however, that the company estimated the efficiency of its working force at only 3 per cent after the war. By the middle of 1920 efficiency was rated at 70 (Concluded on page 57)



For the next forty-eight hours Dodo was either fast asleep or dozing pleasantly.

Starfish and Sea Lavender

Another Dodo Story

By E.M. Benson

Illustrated by Baron Gayne de Meyer

DODO was lying in bed, just aware that a strip of sunlight on the floor was getting broader. She was not precisely watching it, but, half consciously, she knew that it had once been a line of light and was now an oblong. That seemed something of a discovery and, having arrived at that conclusion, she went to sleep again.

She dreamed—the dream being about as vivid as her waking consciousness—that she was a chicken, and was being put up to auction in the operating theater. Two bidders were interested in her, but they could not buy her till she awoke. One of the bidders was Jack, who stood on the left of her bed, the other the hospital doctor, on the right, before whose advent she was not allowed to get up. Then her dream was whisked off her brain in the manner of a blanket being pulled from her bed, and becoming wide-awake, she was aware that this disconcerting dream was, as the retailers of incredible stories say, “largely founded on fact,” for there was Jack on one side of her bed and Dr. Ashe on the other. They did not look like bidders at an auction at all, nor, as her waking consciousness assured her, did they look at all anxious. Dr. Ashe seemed to have said “Fine sleeper!” and Jack, as Dodo opened her eyes, remarked—rather ironically, so she thought—“Good afternoon, darling.”

This annoyed her. “Why afternoon?” she asked. “Don’t be silly!” Then, looking at the patch of sunlight again, which seemed the only real link with the normal world, she

saw it had become narrow, and was on the other side of her bed.

“Very well, then, it’s afternoon,” she said. “Why shouldn’t it be? I never said it wasn’t.”

“Of course you didn’t,” said Jack in an absurdly soothing manner. “And now you’ll have a talk with Dr. Ashe.”

DR. ASHE was not in need of great explanations, for, being the hospital doctor, he was already in possession of the main facts of the case.

For the last month Dodo had been increasingly irritable, and increasingly forgetful. He had urged her many times to go away and have a complete rest; he had warned her of the possible consequences of neglecting this advice, but she had scouted the idea of being in need of anything except strenuous employment. Then, only yesterday afternoon, she had suddenly fainted and, recovering from that, had simply collapsed. She now accounted to Dr. Ashe for these unusual proceedings with great lucidity.

“I forgot about dinner,” she said, “and that came on the top of my being rather tired. I only wanted a good night’s rest, like everybody else, and I’ve had that. I’m quite well again.”

Dr. Ashe slid his hand onto her wrist.

“For your own peace of mind,” he said, “I want you to answer me one question.”

“Go ahead,” said Dodo. “I hope it’s not crashingly difficult.”

“Not a bit. Supposing I told you to get up at once, do you feel that you would be able to get through a couple of hours—on oath?”

“I’m not sure,” she said, “because I feel so odd. But I think that if you told me to stand up, I should fall down. I can’t be certain; that’s only what I think. What’s the matter with me?”

A dreamlike voice answered her.

“You’ve got what you asked for,” it said. “You wouldn’t take a holiday when you could, and now you’ve got to. You’re just broken down.”

This sounded so alarming, Dodo had to make a joke.

“I’m not going to break up, am I?” she asked.

“Of course you’re not. Not a chance of it.”

“What’s to happen to me, then?” she asked.

“You’re to spend two or three days in bed,” said he. “After that we’ll consider. Limit yourself to that for the present.”

Something inside Dodo approved strongly of that.

“That sounds quite nice,” she said. “I shall sleep, and then I shall sleep, and then I shall sleep.”

THAT anticipation proved to be quite correct.

Dodo was roused for her meals, resented her toilet, and for the next forty-eight hours was either fast asleep or at the least dozing in a vacancy of brain that she found extremely pleasurable. At the end of that time she entered with zest into future plans with the doctor and Jack.



"Very well, then, it's afternoon," Dodo admitted hastily. "Why shouldn't it be? I never said it wasn't!"

"I'm getting brilliant," she said. "I am beginning to know what I want. I want to go somewhere where there isn't anybody or anything. Isn't there some place where there is just the sea—"

"A voyage?" asked Jack.

"Certainly not! I should like the sea to be there, but there mustn't be any bathing-machines, and I should like a great flat place without any hills. The sea and a marsh, and nobody and nothing. Isn't there an empty place anywhere?"

IT APPEARED, fortunately, that Jack had once spent a couple of weeks in November at a small Norfolk village near the sea. The object of the expedition had been duck-shooting. But apart from duck, the village of Truscombe had promising features, in view of their present requirements, for Jack was not able to recollect any feature of the slightest interest about it. It squatted on the edge of marshes; there was the sea within a mile of it; he supposed there were some inhabitants, for there was a small but extremely comfortable inn. Now in July there would not even be any intending duck-shooters there: it promised to be an apotheosis of nothing at all.

DODO roused herself to take an interest in this, as the colorless account of it proceeded and even under cross-examination Jack could not recollect anything that marred the tranquillity of the picture. Yes: there was a post office where you could get a daily paper if you wanted one, but on the other hand if you did not want one, he hastened to add, you needn't; there was also a windmill, the sails of which were always stationary. There were no duck; there was no pier; there was no band; the nearest station was four miles away. Really, in fact, there wasn't anything. The lust for nothingness gleamed in Dodo's eyes.

"It sounds delicious," she said. "Telegraph to the

inn, Jack, and engage me a couple of rooms. Oh, my dear! I feel in my bones that Truscombe is just what I want. They will meet me at the station with a very slow old cab, or better still with a dog-cart. It sounds just precisely right. Shall I call myself Mrs. Dodo of London? It's all too blessed and lovely."

THREE evenings later, accordingly, Dodo arrived at Holt. She found a dog-cart waiting for her, exactly as she had anticipated, and a whisper of north wind off the sea. Her driver, a serene and smiling octogenarian, began by talking to her for a little, and his conversation reminded her of bubbles coming up through tranquil water. The crops were doing well, though the less said about apples the better. After this information he sank into a calm sleep, and so did the pony, which walked in its sleep.

THE Leicester Arms stood on a curve of the sole street through the village, and Dodo entered as into a land full of promise. An old setter lying in the passage thumped her a welcome with his tail, as if she were already a familiar and friendly denizen, just returning from some outing. She dined alone at a plain, good hospitable board, and presently strolled out again through the front door, which stood permanently open, into an empty street.

It was night now, and the sky was set with drowsy stars that glowed rather than sparkled; and up the street there flowed, not in puffs and gusts but with the current of a tide, the salt sweetness of the marshes and the sea. Very soon her strolling steps had carried her past the last houses, and in the deep dusk she stood looking out over the empty levels. A big grass-grown bank built to keep out high tides from the meadows zigzagged obscurely towards the sea, and there was nothing there but the emptiness of the land and a star-studded sky. She waited just to see

the moon come up over the eastern horizon, and its light confirmed the friendliness of the huge solitude. Then, returning, she found a candle set ready for her, which was a clear invitation to go to bed; and, looking out below her blind, she saw in front a stretch of lowland with pools of water reflecting the stars. Six geese, one behind another, like a frieze, were crossing it very slowly in the direction of the salt-water creek that wound seawards.

FOR the next week Dodo pursued complete and intentional idleness with the same zeal which all her life had inspired her activities. She got up very late after long hours of smooth, deep sleep and, taking a book and a packet of sandwiches in her satchel, strolled out along the bank to the ridge of loose shingle that ran east and west along the edge of the sea. Sometimes, for form's sake, she opened her book, read a paragraph or two, wondered what it was about, and then transferred her gaze to the sea. An hour or so passed swiftly in stupefied content, and then, shifting her position, she probably lay down on her book.

By and by hunger dictated the consumption of her sandwiches, and, refreshed and revived, she would begin a penciled note to Jack. But after a few words she usually found that she had nothing to say, and watched the sea-gulls (she supposed they were sea-gulls) that patrolled the edge of the breaking waves for food, and dived like cast plummets into the water. Then on the retreat of the tide, the ebb disclosed stretches of hard sand tattooed with pebbles. Overhead the gulls slid and chided, balancing themselves on stiff pinions against the wind, or, relaxing that tense bow of flight, were swept away out of sight across the flats. For miles there was but one house set on a spit of stony land, and even that seemed an outrage against the spell of solitariness till Dodo discovered that it was undwelled in, and therefore innocuous.



Dodo's bent wasn't strictly ecclesiastical, but she read Jack a quantity of chapters out of Ecclesiastes . . . for the first lesson.

FOR half a dozen days it was ecstatically enough for her to sit on the edge of the shingle or stroll through the sea-lavender of the marshes, hardly recording the sounds and the sights that made up the spell, but merely lying open to the dew of their silent enchantments.

She was almost sorry when her mind, stained deep with those indelible years of unrelieved hard work in her hospital, began to show signs of its own color again. Mental fatigue, too, had stricken her with a far severer stroke than had been laid on her body, and it was with something of a shock that she began to be interested in her surroundings instead of merely observing them.

What started this first striving occurred during a walk along the upper ridges of the beach outside the sand-dunes. There had been shrill scoldings and screamings in the air above her from certain sharp-winged birds which clearly resented her intrusion, and, at this moment, she had suddenly to check her

foot and step sideways in order to avoid treading on a clutch of four eggs with brown mottled markings that lay on the protective coloring of the shingle. A couple of yards farther on was another potential nursery, and soon she found that the whole of this ridge was a populous nesting-place.

IT WAS natural to connect these aerial screamings from the hundreds of birds that hovered above her with the treasures at her feet, and Dodo's interest, as opposed to her contemplation, awoke. Someone had told her that a very high tide in June had washed away the eggs of hundreds of sea-birds; and here they were again, industriously raising a second brood. . . . Had there been, instead of birds, hundreds of human mothers and fathers yelling at her to take care not to tread on their babies, she would have fled from adults and infants alike. But, though still shunning her own kind, she adored these shy wild things that gabbled at her, and wondered what they were.

On her way home she noticed a crop of transparent erect stalks growing thickly from a mud-bank. It looked like some emerald-green minute asparagus. Then what was the shrubby stiff-stemmed thing that seemed to imitate a Mediterranean heath? And a pink-streaked convolvulus that, behaving as no known convolvulus had ever behaved, flowered out of the sand. Really if you wanted to avoid human beings, it might be as well to make acquaintance with these silent companions of solitude.

SO, THINKING to start with a known specimen, Dodo picked a sprig of sea-lavender, and stepped into a remarkably deep bog-hole. Thereupon her leg, as far as her knee, wore a shining stocking of rich black mud, and it was necessary to cross the bank of shingle, wash it in the sea, and leave the shoe to dry. For the sake of symmetry she pulled off the other shoe and stocking, and she paddled about, rinsing out the mud, in the tepid water. (Continued on page 68)



My Son a Man

By Mary Carolyn Davies

HE HAS grown into my world; he is a man,
My son, an equal of the men I know,
The women with whom I talk and laugh and
plan.

How shall I make him now my friend? They say,
These other mothers, that their sons outgrow them
And are amazed because they do not know them
But find their son a stranger—or a foe.

THE boy in him will always for the sake
Of motherhood revere me; but to make
The man in him acknowledge me and give
Me glimpses of the way he means to live
And why—his dreams, his hopes, ambitions, creed—
How can I make him know me not a mother
Alone, but comrade, friend, like any other?
I must win the friendship of this man anew,

Patiently tactful, wait, as mothers do,
Not smother him with what he does not need;
Not burden him with my anxiety,
My worry for him; but have faith that he
Can order his life well apart from me.
Then, equals, we may strive to understand
Life's puzzles, not apart, but hand in hand.



Drawing by Norman Price

Every artist has strange experiences with temperamental members of his audience . . . from autograph collectors to slushy, sentimental admirers.

Paderewski's Carload of Cuffs

On Tour with Temperament - I
By Charles D. Isaacson

TEMPERAMENT has been described by some as a combination of temper and more temper. It has been ascribed to musicians in particular, who delight in the appellation, although they give it a slightly different definition. Among those who worship and those who are worshipped, temperament is believed to be a pretty pique which is a special privilege of genius—a right to encounter and respond to conditions in a unique manner not permitted ordinary individuals.

*Caruso as a Valet
Frieda Hempel used Slang
Mischa Elman's Encore*

ACCORDING to many, genius excuses all things. If a man can do something infinitely well, we will overlook his whimsicalities and oftentimes childish sulkeness and pettiness. At least, it is my hope that the little incidents which I here record of genius will only serve to prove that the littleness is all part of the bigness of the great musicians and composers.

In a book of Cesare Lombroso, called "Genius," he says that "genius is an extraordinary appetite for doing different things, and things in a different way." Then he proceeds to point out the peculiarities of some famous musicians.

He proves that Mozart would cut his fingers while carving meat and that Händel had epileptic fits; Paganini was subject to catalepsy; Nourit, the dancer, committed suicide; Chopin imagined himself dead, drowned in a lake with drops of frozen water on his breast; Chopin, moreover, wished to be buried in a

white tie and short knickerbockers; Donizetti composed a sobbing air after beating his wife; Schumann was pursued by turning tables; Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Händel never married, while Haydn was unhappily married; Beethoven and Mozart were also very small; Malibran, the singer, swooned for great music; Rossini, while conducting an opera, didn't notice that the public had walked out during that time, and continued until the end.

As a matter of fact, a friend of the Frenchman Lully summed it all up when he said:

"Pay no attention to him. He has no common sense; he is a genius."

OF COURSE, that is just a pleasantry. Behind all the temperament is a brilliant thing. Affectation is a rarity; our famous performer is never a poseur; he is all self, not self with an exaggerated ego, but self with a profound and infinite confidence.

IN THE case of Nicolo Paganini, the eccentric violinist of the last century, trains were an abomination and food was almost unnecessary. A slow stage-coach was Paganini's preference; a bit of chocolate and a cup of milk were sufficient nourishment. No luggage, no special clothes—just the old ragged apparel and the violin-box.

Eduard Grieg, the Norwegian composer, who wrote of the Vikings and the great ocean, who sang, "And it was Olaf Trygvesson and he sailed the north sea wide"—Grieg could never enter a boat, because it made him deathly ill. Although money was a badly needed asset in the Grieg household, all the contracts at fabulous prices which American managers offered him were refused, because a boat-ride would have killed the Ocean-Musician.

When Giuseppe de Luca, now the leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, was a young man, he wanted to travel, to see the world. A great trip had been arranged. Now, whenever anything happened at De Luca's school, he was blamed for it, though in reality he was a model of propriety. Some classmates threw cherries at the passers-by. Young Giuseppe was caught, innocently reading a book. For punishment he was made to stay at home.

RUDOLPH GANZ, the Swiss pianist, has a distinct antipathy to traveling. Sometimes he wonders if it's at all worth while—the rush for the trains, the uncomfortable (Continued on page 72)



"I want no woman to touch me; if I need a surgeon, bring him here!" In fury I forced my body upright . . . and crumpled back in an agony of pain.

The Little Red Foot

A Romance of the Revolution

By Robert W Chambers

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

THAT was a wild-brant chase indeed! And although there were good trackers among us, the fleeing Canienga took to the mountain streams and traveled so, wading northward mile after mile, which very perfectly covered their tracks, and finally left us traveling in circles near Silver Lake.

Now, my orders being to stop the Sacandaga trail, there seemed no better way than to cut this same trail with a ditch and plant in it a chevaux-de-frise; and then so dispose my men that even a scout might remain in touch by signal and be prepared to fall back behind this barrier if Sir John crept upon our settlements by stealth.

Fish House could provision us, or the Point, if necessary; and any scout of ours in the Drowned Lands ought to see smoke by day or fire by night from Maxon's nose to Mayfield.

MY SCOUT of four and I passed in wearily between the rough low redoubts at Fish House, after sunset, and gave an account to Peter Wayland, the captain commanding the post, that the northward war-trail was now clean as far as Silver Lake, and that I proposed to block it and watch it above and below.

Twilight was deepening when we came to John Howell's deserted log-house on the Vlaie, and heard the owls very mournful in the tamarack forests eastward.

It was plain to me that my Indians meant to make a night of it—even those who, dog-weary, had but now returned with me from the futile brant chase, and sat eating their samp.

The French trappers squatted in a row, smoking

JACK DROGUE—a fiery young Tory and a born leader of men—forsook the King's cause to turn Patriot. In charge of a small patrol he is ordered to guard the Sacandaga trail down which the fierce Indian allies of the Britishers will come sweeping. With the help of a few friendly Oneidas and the little Indian sorceress Tahion—all of them wearing the brilliant Red Foot—Drogue and his men meet a war party of hostile Iroquois flaunting the scalps of white women and children, slay a great number of them and drive the rest of the terrified braves so deep into the wilderness that they never again come back to Big Eddy!

their pipes and looking on with that odd sympathy for any savage rite which, I think, partly explains French success among all Indians.

Firelight glimmered red on their weather-ravaged faces, on their gaudy fringes and moccasins.

Near them, lolling in the warm young grass, sprawled Nick and Godfrey. I sat down by them, my back against a log. My Saguenay crept to my side.

I gave him to eat and, for my own supper, ate slowly a handful of parched corn, watching my young Oneidas around the fire, where they moved in their slow dance, singing and boasting of their first scalps taken.

An hour passed; my Indians still danced and sang and bragged of deeds done and deeds to be accomplished; my young sorceress sat asleep, her head fallen back against me, her lips just parted. At her feet a toad, attracted by the insects which came into the fire-ring, jumped heavily from time to time and snapped them up.

An intense silence brooded over that vast wilderness called the Drowned Lands; not a bittern croaked, not a wild duck stirred among the reeds. Very far away in the mist of the tamaracks I heard owls faintly hallooing; and it is a melancholy sound which ever renders me uneasy.

I WAS lonely. I looked at the scalps, all curing on their hoops hanging in a row near the fire. I glanced at Nick. He lay on his blanket, sleeping. . . . The head of the little Athabasca sorceress lay heavy on my shoulder; she made no sound of breathing in her quiet sleep. Both her hands were doubled into childish fists, thumbs inside.

I caught Godfrey's eye, motioned him to relieve Joe, then dropped my head once more in somber meditation, lonely, restless, weary, and unsatisfied. . . . And now, again—as it had been for perhaps a longer period of time than I entirely comprehended—I seemed to see darkly and, mirrored against darkness, the face of the Scottish girl . . . and her yellow hair and dark eyes . . . and that little warning glimmer from which dawned that faint smile of hers. . . .

That I was lonely for lack of her I never dreamed then. I was content to see her face grow vaguely; sweetly take shape from the darkness under my absent gaze.

I WAS asleep when Nick touched me. Thiohero still slept against my shoulder; the Yellow Leaf and the Oneidas still danced and vaunted their prowess, and they had set a post in the soft earth near the shore, and had painted it red; and now all their hatchets were sticking in it, while they trotted tirelessly in their scalping dance, and carved the flame-shot darkness with naked knives.

Wearily I rose, took my rifle, reprimed it, and stumbled away to take my turn on guard, relieving Nick, who, in turn, had replaced Godfrey, whom I had sent after Joe De Golyer.

They had dug our ditch so well that the Vlaic water filled it, making, with the pointed staves, an excellent abatis against any who came by stealth along the Sacandaga trail.

Behind this I walked my post, watching the eastern stars, which seemed paler, yet still remained clearly twinkling. And no birds had yet awakened, though the owls had become quiet in the tamaracks, and neither insect nor frog now chanted its endless tunes of night.

Shouldering my rifle, I walked to and fro, listening, scanning the darkness ahead; and, presently, not lonely, for a slim phantom kept silent pace with me as I walked my post—so near, at times, that my nostrils seemed sweet with the scent of apple bloom. . . . And I felt her breath against my cheek and heard her low whisper.

Which presently became louder among the reeds—a little breeze which stirs before dawn and makes a thin ripple around each slender stem.

THE sky next day was softly blue, and the water, too; and a gentle wind aided our paddles, which pierced the stream so silently that scarce a diamond-drop fell from the sunlit blades.

I could see the Summer House, and a striped jack flying in the sun. The green and white lodge seemed very near across the marshes, yet it was some little time before I first smelled the smoke of camp-fires, and then saw it rising above the bushes.

Presently a Continental on guard hailed our canoe. We landed. A corporal came, then a sergeant—one Casper Quant, whom I knew—and so we were passed on, my Indian and I, until the gate-guard at the Point halted us and an officer came from the road-side—one Captain Van Pelt, whom I knew in Albany.

Saluted, and the officer's salute rendered, he came curious to see the fresh scalps flapping at my Saguenay's girdle and the new war-paint and the oil smelling rank in the sweet air.

But I told him nothing, asking only for the Commandant, who, he gave account, was a certain Major Westfall, lodging at the Summer House, and lately transferred from the Massachusetts Line, along with other Yankee officers—why?—God and Massachusetts knew, perhaps.

SO I passed the gate and walked toward the Lodge. Sir John's blooded cattle were grazing ahead, and I saw Flora at the well, and Colas busy among beds of flowers, spading and weeding under the south porch.

And I saw something else that halted me. For, seated upon a low limb of an apple tree, her two little feet hanging down, and garbed in pink-flowered chintz and snowy fichu, I beheld Penelope Grant, knitting.

And by all the pagan gods!—there in a ring around her strolled and lolled a dozen Continental officers in buff and blue and gold!

There was no reason why, but the scene chilled me. One o' these dandies had her ball of wool, and was unwinding of it as he sat cross-legged on the turf, a silly, happy look on his beardless face.

Another was busy writing on a large sheet of paper—verses, no doubt!—for he seemed vastly pleased with his progress, and I saw her look at him shyly under her dark lashes, and could have slain him for the smirk he rendered. Also, it did not please me that her petticoat was short and revealed her ankles and slim feet in silver-buckled shoon.

I was near; I could hear their voices, their light laughter, and, rarely, her voice in reply to some pointed gallantry or jest.

NONE had perceived me advancing among the trees, nor now noticed me where I was halted here in the checkered sunshine.

But, as I stirred and moved forward, the girl turned her head, caught a glimpse of me and my painted Indian, stared in silence, then slid from her perch and stood on the grass, her needles motionless.

All the young popinjays got to their feet, and all stared as I offered them the salute of rank; but all rendered it politely.

"Lieutenant of Rangers Drogue, to report to Major Westfall," said I bluntly, in reply to a Continental captain's inquiry.

"Yonder, sir, on the porch with Lady Johnson," said he.

I bared my head, then, and walked to Penelope. She curtsied; I bent to her hand.

"Are you well, my lord?" she asked in a colorless voice, which chilled me again for its seeming lack of warmth.

"And you, Penelope?"

"I am well, I thank you."

"I am happy to learn so."

That was all. I bowed

again. She curtsied. I replaced my mole-skin cap, saluted the popinjays, and marched forward. My Indian stalked at my heels.

God knew why, but mine had become a troubled mind that sunny morning.

I HAD been welcomed like a brother by Polly Johnson. Claudia, too, made a little fête of my return, unscathed, from my first war-trail. And after I had completed my report to the Continental Major, who proved complacent to the verge of flattery, I was free to spend the day at the Summer House—or, rather, I was at liberty to remain as long a time as it took a well-mounted express to ride to Johnstown with my report and return with further orders from Colonel Dayton for me and my small command.

A Continental battalion still garrisoned the Point; their officers, as I had been forced to notice in the orchard, were received decently by Lady Johnson.

Enemy officers, if gentlemen, she treated with quiet, dignified civility and no mention of politics or war was suffered to embarrass anybody at her table.

All, I noticed, paid her a deference both protective and tender, which, in gentlemen, is instinctive when a woman is in straits so melancholy.

Each day, now, it appeared, Lady Johnson retired for an hour's repose whilst Claudia read to her; and that hour had arrived.



Just then my Indian leaped on his shoulders from behind . . . and down they both went into the soft mud, my Saguenay atop.

"You dine with us, of course," said Lady Johnson, going, and looking at me earnestly. Then there was a sudden flash of tears; but none fell.

"My dear, dear Jack!" she murmured, as I laid my lips against both her hands. . . . And so she went into the house, Claudia lingering, having shamelessly pressed my hand, a devil laughing at me out of her two eyes.

She drew too near me, but I had no mind for more trouble than now possessed me, so let her pretty hand lie lightly on my arm, and endured the melting danger of her gaze.

She said, while the smile died on her lips: "I jest with you, Jack. But you *are* dear to me."

"Dear as any trophy," said I. "No woman ever willingly lets any victim entirely escape."

"You do not guess what you could do to me again, if you would," she said.

"No. But I guess what you could do to me again, if you had an opportunity."

"Jack!" she sighed, looking up at me.

BUT the gentle protest alarmed me. And she was too near me: and the fresh scent of her hair and skin were troubling me.

And, more than that, there persisted a dull soreness in my breast—something that had hurt me unperceived—an unease which was not pain, yet, at times, seemed to start a faint, sick throbbing like a wound.

Perhaps I assumed that it came from some old memory of her unkindness; I do not remember now, only that I seemed to have no mind to stir up dying embers, and so, looked at her unbelievably.

There was a silence; then a bright flush stained her face and she laughed, but as though unnerved, and drew her hand from my arm.

"If you think all the peril between us twain is yours alone, Jack Drogue," she said, "you are a very dolt. And I think you *are* one!"

And she turned her back and walked swiftly into the house.

I TOOK my rifle from where it stood against a veranda post, settled my war-belt, with its sheathed knife and hatchet, readjusted powder-horn and bullet pouch, and, picking up my cap of silver mole-skin, went out into the orchard.

Behind me padded my Saguenay in his new paint, his hooped scalps swinging from his cincture, and the old trade-rifle covered carefully by his blanket, except the battered muzzle which stuck out.

I walked leisurely; my heart was unsteady, my mind confused, my features, unless perhaps expressionless, were very likely grim.

I went straight to the group around the twisted apple tree, where Penelope sat knitting, and politely made myself a part of that same group, giving courteous notice of my attitude and presence that I, also, had a right to be there as well as they.

All were monstrous civil: some offered snuff; some a pipe and pouch; and a friendly captain man engaged me in conversation—gossip of Johnstown and the Valley—so that, without any awkwardness, the gay and general chatter around the girl suffered but a moment's pause.

The young officer who had writ verses, now read them aloud amid lively approbation and some sly jesting:

IN PRAISE

*Flavilla's hair,
Beyond compare,
Like sunshine brightens all the earth!
Old Sol, beware!
She cheats you, there,
And robs your rays of all their worth!*

*Important blaze!
I shall not praise
Your brazen ways,
Nor dare compare
Your flaming gaze
To those sweet rays
Which play around Flavilla's hair.*

*For lo, behold!
No sunshine bold
Can hope to gild or make more fair
The living gold,
Where, fold on fold,
In glory shines Flavilla's hair!*

There was a merry tumult of praise for the poet, and some rallied him, but he seemed complacent enough, and Penelope looked shyly at him over lagging needles—a smile her acknowledgment and thanks.

"**SIR**," says a cornet of horse, in helmet and jack-boots—though I perceived none of his company about, and wondered where he came from—"will you consent to entertain our merry council with some account of the scout which, from your appearance, sir, I guess you have but recently accomplished?"

To this stilted and somewhat pompous speech I inclined my head with civility, but replied that I did not yet feel at liberty to discuss any journey I may have accomplished until my commanding officer gave me permission. Which mild rebuke turned young Jack-boots red, and raised a titter.

An officer said: "The dry blood on your hunting shirt, sir, and the somewhat amazing appearance of your tame Indian, who squats yonder, devouring the back of your head with his eyes, must plead excuse for our natural curiosity. Also, we have not yet smelled powder, and it is plain that you have had your nostrils full."

I laughed, feeling no mirth, however, but sensible of my dull pain and my restlessness.

"Sir," said I, "if I have smelled gun-powder, I shall know that same perfume again; and if I have not yet sniffed it, nevertheless I shall know it when I come to scent it. So, gentlemen, I can not see that you are any worse off in experience than I."

MY FRIEND Jack-boots now pulls out a bull's-eye watch with two fobs, and tells the time with a sort of sulky satisfaction. For many of the company arose, and made their several adieux to Penelope, who suffered their salute on one little hand, while she held yarn and needles in t'other.

But when half the plague of suitors and gallants had taken themselves off to their several duties, there remained still too many to suit young Jack-boots. Too many to suit me, either; and I moved forward to the tree where she was seated on a low-swinging limb.

"Penelope," said I, "it is long since I have seen you. And if these gentlemen will understand and pardon the desire of an old friend to speak privately with you, and if you, also, are so inclined, give me a little time with you alone before I leave."

"Yes," she said, "I am so inclined—if it seem agreeable—to all."



The door of the burning cabin splintered and burst open, murderous blow. . . . Then

I am sure it was not, but they conducted civilly enough, save young Jack-boots, who got redder than ever and spoke not a word with his bow, but clanked away, pouting.

And there were also two militia officers, wrapped in great watch cloaks over their Canajoharie regimentals, and who took their leave in silence. One wore boots, the other black spatter-dashes that came above the knee in French fashion, and were fastened under it, too, with leather straps.

Their faces were averted when they passed me, yet something about them both seemed vaguely familiar to me. No wonder, either, for I should know, by sight at least, many officers in our Tryon militia.

Whether they were careless, or unmannerly through taking offense at what I had done, I could not guess.

I LOOKED after them puzzled, almost sure I had seen them both before; but where, I could not recollect, nor what their names might be.

"Shall we stroll, Penelope?" I said.

"If it please you, sir."

Sir William had cut the alders all around the point, and a pretty lawn of English grass spread



and Tom Dawling rushed me with his rifle clubbed high. I stumbled to my knees under his someone came to the window and shot me through the body.

down to the water north and west, and pleasant shade-trees grew there.

While she rolled her knitting and placed it in her silken reticule, I, glancing around, noticed that all the apple bloom had fallen, and the tiny green fruit-buds dotted every twig.

Then, as she was ready, and stood prettily awaiting me in her pink chintz gown, and her kerchief and buckled shoon, I gave her my hand and we walked slowly across the grass and down to the water.

Here was a great silvery ironwood tree a-growing and spreading pleasant shade; and here we sat us down.

BUT now that I had got this maid Penelope away from the pest of suitors, it came suddenly to me that my pretenses were false, and I really had nothing to say which might not be discussed before others.

This knowledge presently embarrassed me to the point of feeling my face grow hot. But when I ventured to glance at her she smiled.

"Have you been in battle?" she asked.

"Yes."

After a silence: "I am most happy that you returned in safety."

"Did you ever—ever think of me?" I asked.

"Why, yes!" she replied in surprise.

"I thought," said I, "that being occupied—and so greatly sought after by so many gallants—that you might easily have forgotten me."

She laughed and plucked a grass-blade.

"I did not forget you," she said.

"That is amazing," said I, "—a maid so run after and so courted."

SHE was still busy with the grass, and I watched her, waiting to see her dark eyes lift again!—and see that tremor of her lips which presaged the dawning smile.

It dawned, presently; and all the unrest left my breast—all that heavy dullness which seemed like the flitting shadow of a pain.

"Tell me," said I, "are you happy?"

"I am contented. I love my Mistress Swift. I love and pity Lady Johnson. . . . Yes, I am happy."

"I know they both love you," said I. "So you should be happy here. . . . And admired as you are by all men—"

Again she laughed in her enchanting little way, and bent her bright head. And, presently:

"John Drogue?"

"I hear you, Penelope."

"Do you wish warm woolen stockings for your men?"

"Why—yes!"

"I sent to Cayadutta Lodge for the garments. They are in the house. You shall choose for yourself and your men before the Continentals take their share."

I was touched, and thanked her. And now, it being near the noon hour, we walked together to the house.

THE partition which Sir John had made for a gun-room, and which now served to inclose Penelope's chamber, was all hung with stout woolen stockings of her own knitting; and others lay on her trundle-bed. So I admired and handled and praised these sober fruits of her diligence and foresight, and we corded up some dozen pair for my white people; and I stuffed them into my soldier's leather sack.

Then I took her hands and said my thanks; and she looked at me and answered, "You are welcome, John Drogue."

I do not know what possessed me to put my arm around her. She flushed deeply. I kissed her; and it went to my head.

The girl was dumb and scarlet, not resisting, nor defending her lips; but there came a clatter of china dishes, and I released her as Flora and Colas appeared from below, with dinner smoking, and clattering platters.

And presently Lady Johnson's door opened, and she stepped out in her silk lavete, followed by Claudia.

"I invited no one else," said

Lady Johnson, "—if that suits you, Jack."

I protested that it suited me, and that I desired to spend my few hours from duty with them alone.

And so we spent a very happy hour there—three old friends together once more, and a young girl stranger whom we loved already. And I did not know in what degree I loved her; but that I did love her now seemed somewhat clear to my confused senses and excited mind—though to love, I knew, was one thing, and to be in love was still another. Or so it seemed to me.

A FRESH, wild breath of blossoms grew upon the breeze—the enchanting scent of pinxters. From the mainland, high on a sugar-maple's spire, came the sweet calling of a meadow-lark.

Truly, war seemed far away; and death farther still in this dear Northland of ours. And I fell a-thinking there that if kings could only see this land on such a day, and smell the pinxters, and hear the sweetened whistle of our lark, there would be no war here, no slavery, no strife where liberty and freedom were the very essence of the land and sky.

My Lady Johnson wished to rest; and there was a romance out of France awaiting her in gilt binding in her chamber.

She went, when the board was cleared, linking her arm in Claudia's.

Penelope took up her knitting with a faint smile. "Will you tell me a story to amuse me, sir?" she said in her shy way.

"You shall tell me one," said I.

"I? What story?"

"Some story you have lived."

"I told you all."

"No," said I, "not any story concerning this very pest of suitors which plague you—or, if not you, then me!—as the suitors of the first Penelope plagued Telemachus."

NOW she was laughing, and, at one moment, hid her face in her yarn, still laughing.

"Does this plague you, John Drogue?" she asked, still all rosy in her mirth.

"Well," said I, "they all seem popinjays to me in their blue and gold and buff. But it was once redcoats, too, at Caughnawaga, or so I hear!"

"Oh! Did you hear that?" (Continued on page 62)



"Start the tune, boys: 'Sweet Christmas time has come!'" the Captain ordered . . . and there was no gainsaying him.

The Fisherman's Christmas

By Johan Bojer

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

WE HAD been out with the fishing fleet until nearly Christmas time, and we were not able to start homewards until the day before Christmas Eve. Our station was many miles out at sea, but with such a favorable wind it would be a small matter to outstrip the post steamer and reach the mainland in twenty-four hours.

It was early gray dawn when our good Lofoten boat left the harbor of the outlying station under full sail, heavy with fish and cod's liver. A long spell of wind had stirred up the sea till it was a wide landscape of green rolling mountains. Our boat seemed but a speck, helpless among the mountains, tossed towards the sky one moment only to be pitched headforemost into an abyss of darkness with a speed that caused the sail to hang slack against the mast. Then the next wave would bury us in an avalanche of water, making us hold on to anything to escape being thrown overboard. There was a wailing in the rigging and a groaning of the hull, before the boat steadied herself for a fresh climb uphill. Slowly, oh, so slowly we crawled up, the wave carrying us part way.

WHAT daylight there was at the top, and what a view over the roaring, rolling, foaming spray-covered sea under a yellow sky hidden by stormy clouds! Far away we perceived another wave more threatening than the others. It was as if even the boat herself lost courage. Would she withstand even this one?

The captain had no mercy. A movement of the tiller pressed the full sail even more taut. The boat reared like a frightened horse, and then took her plunge. We in the stern felt that we were sinking, sinking, but in a little while we mounted another spray-driven wave-top, only by then everything in the boat was afloat and we had to bail, bail again. After all, it was nothing but sailing in an open boat in an ordinary high sea.

WE WERE a crew of four. Two were above sixty and two still in their teens, but the shapeless oilskins made us all very much alike. Peter, our captain, standing in the pit throwing the tiller from side to side above his head, looked most of all like a bearded seal. His jaws were busy chewing tobacco, his eyes kept darting from sea to sail. There is another wave; look out!

He gave a command, and we were not slow in obeying. The other old man stood near him in charge of the sheets. His name was Lars Syversen. He was a stooping little man with a gray face, a gray untidy beard, and red-rimmed gray eyes. On the banks his work was to unhook the fish from the lines, and his fingers were constantly bleeding from being torn by hooks and fish gills. He could never heave a fish on board without oaths and profane language. Big cod, haddock, torsk—each got its separate sulphuric denomination, but worst fared the red mullet, with its sharp dorsal fins.

Hour after hour, we foamed across the sea. When daylight began to wane, we had not yet had time to swallow a bit of food because we had been bailing continuously. We were as wet with perspiration from within as with salt water from without.

AS NIGHT advanced we expected to hear the well-known command "Lower topsail." But the command did not come, and throughout the long winter's night we tumbled on before the same awful press on the sails in the reeking darkness. Bailing, bailing. There was no time to get tired. If your back seemed broken into little bits, there was no way of easing it. If your arms were paralyzed, you had to wait until later to think about them—bail! bail!

At last dawn came, a gray light oozing up some-

how from the wide sea. "It is Christmas Eve," we thought, and bailed a little faster. Far away under the yellow sky a lighthouse gleamed. "Hurrah!" There was land; there was the mouth of the fiord. In a few hours we should be able to anchor at our own boathouse. "Hurrah!"

AND then we were tricked by the powers controlling the weather. The wind died down. We plunged through one wave after another, endlessly, without moving forwards, until the sail flapped against the mast before a puff of wind from another direction. Before we realized it we were in the heart of a strong shore wind coming out of the fiord.

We heard Lars Syversen swearing as if he had a fish-hook in his finger. After a while the captain sang out: "Ready about."

"Ready about," we repeated, hauling the heavy sail forwards for tacking. The boat lay quite still for a second as if to reflect, then turned and began her mad dance across the huge waves.

The downright meaning of this was plain enough. We should not reach home in time for any Christmas Eve supper, and we should have to seek shelter ashore for the night wherever we could find it.

THE wind grew to be a storm from ashore, and to back against it in a heavy sea for a whole day was work enough for four weary men. Peter, our captain, was angry, and he sailed like an angry man. He wanted to get forwards; he wanted to get home; he wanted to defy the weather and he did not care whether he sailed her full of salt sea-water. Let the youngsters bail. Well, the youngsters did bail. The boat must be kept empty though blisters sprang up where the handle lay in our palms. The blisters broke and raw sores chafed against the bailing scoop. But we went on bailing, bailing, bailing.

Towards evening at last we dropped anchor behind a headland on the outskirts (Continued on page 74.)

Paul Goes to Greendale

In the Fires of Spring - III

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Illustrated by H.R. Ballinger

DOES the ultramodern attitude toward love and marriage make for happiness in the long run? Down to Greenwich Village from Puritan New England came Dorcas March—to study art. Tempted by the carefree gaiety of the life there, and won by the genuine devotion of Paul Mora. Dorcas casts aside her conventional scruples. Now, after three years—what?

PAUL MORA and I were happy together in the studio for three years.

As I look back upon the first twelve months they seem like a beautiful dream.

I had never before had anyone devote himself to me. In all my life I had never

had showered upon me the affectionate epithets and endearing terms to which most women are accustomed from their babyhood. My aunt had not been a demonstrative person. I do not doubt that she loved me. She seldom told me so.

I WORKED intermittently during the first year of my sojourn in Greenwich Village. I painted and sold one portrait. It was of a child, the nephew of Drake Hoagland. The cartoonist had dropped into the studio one day to see my work, and after inspecting several studies of children's heads which I had done at the Association said:

"You do good work. Some-time I'd like you to try painting Jack—my brother's kid. What do you say?"

I was grateful for the opportunity. I was even more grateful when the result was a success that satisfied the fond uncle.

Paul Mora was pleased that I had done so well, but he did not encourage me to spend many hours at my easel.

"You will have lots of time for that kind of thing," he reminded me. "Let's take life leisurely for a while. Spring comes only once a year, you know, and the spring of life sometimes comes but once to a man and woman."

"But," I argued, "you work pretty steadily."

"Yes," he admitted. "I do work every morning—for I have arrived. You have not, and are just beginning. Why be in a hurry to get into the harness and stay there?"

His reasoning was agreeable to me, for I found existence very happy at this juncture.

EACH day Paul and I would have our breakfast in his studio; then I would busy myself putting the rooms to rights so vigorously as to awaken the affectionate amusement of my companion. Clad in a huge painting apron, a cap over my short hair, I washed dishes, dusted, and swept with a relish I had never known in Aunt Emily's house.

"I am combination general houseworker and artist," I said one day to Paul as he watched me.

"And the dearest, jolliest chum any man ever had!" he exclaimed, catching me about the waist and kissing me.

"You mean that, Paul?" I asked eagerly. "You are not tired of the experiment?"

"Tired!" he repeated. "Darling, you are more necessary to me with each passing day."

I knew he meant what he said. At that time his love satisfied my craving for affection. I was fond of him too, in a calm, controlled way. I told myself that my New England nature was not capable of the ardent love common to the Latin races.

After what I termed my "housework" was finished, I would remove my cap and apron, put them away, then go over into my small studio to paint a little, or, more often, to do some bit of mending for Paul.

"We are free, you and I . . . and that makes us satisfied."

This last task I enjoyed. I had a feeling of domesticity as I darned his socks and sewed buttons on his clothes.

"Almost as if I were his wife," I mused. "Only," I added quickly, "we are both so much more independent than if we were married."

I COULD not see that the change in our way of living made any difference in the demeanor of the denizens of Greenwich Village whom we knew. No mention was made of our combined *ménage*; indeed, it seemed to be taken for granted by the new neighbors who came to see us.

Paul did not encourage intimacy with any of the people whom I met at restaurants and places of amusement.

"We have each other," he would say. "What do we need men and women for, except as they are of use to us in our work?"

In the evenings we usually dined at some restaurant—sometimes going up to the fashionable part of the

city, oftener preferring one of the numerous eating-places in the neighborhood of Washington Square. Then we would "take in" some theater or moving-picture show, or—and this Paul liked even better—we would return to the studio, and he would stretch himself out on the divan and smoke while I read aloud to him.

PAUL was a great walker, and on Sundays we would cross by ferry to New Jersey, then tramp for hours along the Palisades—or, taking the trolley up into Westchester, wander for miles through the woods. One of my delights was to prepare a dainty lunch for these excursions—a lunch which would surprise Paul by its toothsome-ness. His bright smile and his exclamation of loving appreciation brought a real glow to my heart. I had not had many words of praise in the old Greendale days.

And always, when we returned to Paul's rooms, the picture of the happy girl with the apple-blossoms and blue sky was waiting to welcome us.

"I could never part with that—never!" Paul avowed repeatedly. "I do not want to praise my own work—and yet why should I not? For it is you to the life, darling, and you grow more like that all the time."

I had a strange feeling about the girl in the picture. She was another self—the true *me* that only Paul and I knew. I used to declare secretly that I would never change, but would be just like that girl always.



And it was Paul who had awakened me to the appreciation of true beauty and joy. No wonder I was grateful to him.

"IT WILL last forever, Paul, won't it?" I asked him suddenly one day as I stood looking at the painting of which we were both so fond.

He was at work upon a landscape, and glanced around absent-mindedly at my question.

"What?" he queried. "What under the sun are you talking about, Dorcas? I was away off—in the heart of these woods I am painting. You brought me back to the present with a jump."

"Excuse me!" I laughed apologetically. "I was looking at 'The Fire of Spring.'"

"And what was your question?" he interrogated.

I was ashamed of my sentimentality. I had never felt just that way with Paul before. I was sure it was his absorption in the task which I had interrupted that made me suddenly self-conscious.

"Oh, never mind!" I said confusedly.

"But since you asked me something, I want to know what it was," he insisted.

I repeated awkwardly the inquiry I had put to him so impulsively a moment earlier.

"Things last just as long as they serve their purpose," he replied. "The purpose of our present life is happiness and congenial companionship. When those cease to be spontaneous, we will want them no longer. That is why marriage is such a mistake. One must keep up the bondage or have a public break and scandal."

It was foolish of me, but I was so astonished that I caught my breath audibly. Until now, Paul had never spoken in such a practical way of our union, and I felt as if cold water had been dashed over me.

HE HAD turned back to his unfinished painting, but at the sound of my sharply indrawn breath he wheeled about swiftly, and, catching sight of the expression on my face before I could hide it, he flung down his palette and brushes and took me in his arms.

"Darling!" he exclaimed. "Don't look like that! I did not mean to hurt you. You know how happy you make me, and what our life together means to me. Why need I tell you when you know it so well?"

"Oh, that's all right!" I assured him, smiling up at him, determined that he should not know that he had wounded me. "I understand all about it, Paul."

"Of course you do!" he agreed. "So you know that I spoke as I did only because my thoughts were deep in my work."

"Yes—and I should not have interrupted you when I saw you so absorbed," I apologized.

"Well, this picture promises to be a big thing," he explained. "I hope to have it on the line at the Spring Exhibition."

Again he turned back to it, and was soon engrossed in his task. I stood watching him for a few minutes. He had two sides to his life, I reflected. One side concerned me; the other side concerned his work.

That was a man's way. Why might it not be a woman's way also?

I had my profession, as Paul had his. I had neglected it. All at once I wanted to paint as I had not wanted to since I had come down to Greenwich Village.

I WENT softly out of the room and across the hall; as I left Paul's studio I glanced back. He did not even know that I was going. His lips were pursed in the low whistle that was the accompaniment of his most interesting tasks.

In my own little studio I looked about me. Studies of heads of children—for I had made children my specialty—hung on the walls.

I remembered how successful I had been in the portrait of Drake Hoagland's nephew. I would write Hoagland at once. He was a fellow artist. He would understand. I would ask him to mention my name to any friends with children whose portraits I might paint.

I wrote this letter on the impulse of the moment. I did not regret it when, a few days later, the cartoonist's reply came. He said not only that he would mention my name, but that he had suggested to his brother that he allow his nephew's picture to be exhibited at a certain fashionable art gallery on Fifth Avenue. This might bring me more work.

Hoagland knew whereof he spoke. In a short time I received an order for the portrait of a little girl living on the upper West Side, and by the time this picture was done two more commissions came.

I realized with a thrill that I was making a reputation for myself. While life was less deliciously amusing than before, it began to hold for me an intense interest that I had not known hitherto. Every morning I would hurry through my household tasks then go to my small studio so that I would be ready to paint my subject when he or she should arrive. Needless to say, I did not mention to any of my patrons that I lived right across the hall from my studio. It was nobody's affair but mine and Paul's.

ONE day the mother of one of my little sitters brought with her to my studio an older girl whom she introduced as "my young friend, Faith Dinsmore."

Miss Dinsmore looked at me eagerly as she grasped my hand in greeting.

"I am awfully glad to meet you!" she said heartily. "I have always wanted to know some of the famous artists in Greenwich Village, but the set in which I am unfortunate enough to move doesn't sympathize with my aspirations!"

Her chaperon, Mrs. Horton, smiled apologetically.

"Faith is always enthusiastic about something new," she explained. "So when I told her that I was bringing my small daughter down here to be painted by a rising young artist, she begged to come, too."

"I am glad she did," I said.

For a moment I had a strange qualm of nostalgia for the atmosphere in which this impulsive girl unquestionably moved—the atmosphere of conventional respectability. Then I reminded myself how it had bored me when I was in it.

"I—I beg your pardon!" I stammered as I became aware that my new visitor had asked me a question to which I had paid no heed.

Faith Dinsmore smiled. "Never mind! I suppose your thoughts were on Art with a capital A! What I was saying was that I wondered if you would let me come down to your studio—and if you would, sometime when you are not pressed by work, show me a few of the places down here? I have never even been to a restaurant south of Delmonico's and I would not care to go slumming with an outsider. But perhaps—with an engaging smile—"later you may like me enough to chum with me a little, and pilot me to some of the artistic resorts in the neighborhood."

My face probably showed the warmth my heart felt.

"I would love to have you come down to see me," I assured her. "It would be great fun to take you to any of the restaurants that are worth while. Some of them are rather horrid," I added. "But some are very interesting and unusual."

"Their names certainly are," she laughed.

FAITH did not linger long that day, but on two other occasions



"You know how happy you make me, dear . . . and what our life together means to me!"



I realized with a thrill that I was making a reputation for myself. Drake Hoagland liked my work!

she came with Mrs. Horton, and each time reminded me of our arrangement.

"I am not going to trouble you until this portrait is done," she said one day. "But later on—you will keep your promise to me, won't you?"

"I shall be glad to," I replied honestly.

For some reason, I did not tell Paul of Faith Dinsmore. As I have said, he did not encourage outside intimacies, and he could not know that sometimes I longed for the companionship of a girl of my own kind—I mean the kind that I had once been.

Not that I regretted the change in my life and ideals. I did not. Only Paul could not be with me always—and youth craves youth.

Paul, just now, was busier than ever. As he had hoped, his picture was hung on the line at the Spring Exhibition. It received favorable notice. He was already a full-fledged artist, rapidly gaining fame. I was but a beginner, making my name. But I was satisfied.

PAUL and I talked less sentiment than during our first year together. We scarcely noted this change. I knew that he was much occupied, that his growing fame brought him many new acquaintances. He was sometimes absent from his studio in the evening, for he must keep in touch with certain wealthy patrons.

At such times, I was content to stay at home and read. Occasionally some struggling artist, to whom Paul and I had been kind, would drop in and insist that I go to a moving-picture theater with him. I accepted, and I always told Paul I had done so. He did not voice any objection to this. A year ago he would have demurred. I reminded myself that he was sure of me now, that all married couples reach the same attitude of mind that he and I had attained. The first wild thrill must always pass, and in its place comes something much less exciting, but more stable. With this, husbands and wives are content. So

should Paul and I be. Indeed—I repeated it often—we were content.

I did not detect in these arguments any special pleading. Truly I was so much interested in my work that it was only occasionally that I took time to muse long upon the state of affairs.

AT THE beginning of my third year as a resident of Greenwich Village, Paul burst into my studio late one morning, his face flushed and his eyes bright.

I was working hard at a portrait upon which I was putting the finishing touches, and I looked up, startled. Paul's free and easy assumption that it was always quite convenient for me to stop work and talk to him annoyed me a little. He had taught me long ago that when he was intent upon his painting he must be undisturbed. But he did not think of applying this rule to my work. So now I looked up without a smile. (Continued on page 72)



"I have no belief in blessings . . . yet I can not help blessing you when I see your face."

Jagamohan the Atheist

By Rabindranath Tagore

Illustrated by W.T. Benda

WHEN I first met Satish he appeared to me like a constellation of stars, his eyes shining, his tapering fingers like flames of fire, his face glowing with a youthful radiance. I was surprised to find that most of his fellow-students hated him for no other fault than that he resembled himself more than he resembled others. But with men, as well as with some insects, taking the color of the surroundings is often the best means of self-protection.

JAGAMOHAN was Satish's uncle. He was a notorious atheist of that time. It would be inadequate to say that he did not believe in God. One ought rather to say that he vehemently believed in no God. As the business of a captain in the Navy is rather to sink more ships than to steer, so it was Jagamohan's business to sink the creed of atheism, wherever it put its head above the water.

The order of his arguments ran like this:

- (1) If there be a God, then we must owe our intelligence to him.
- (2) But our intelligence clearly tells us that there is no God.
- (3) Therefore God himself tells us that there is no God.

"Yet you Hindus," he would continue, "have the effrontery to say that God exists. For this sin, thirty-three million gods and goddesses exact penalties from you people, pulling your ears hard for your disobedience."

JAGAMOHAN'S younger brother, Harimohan, was the father of Satish. Harimohan's nature was so exactly the opposite of his elder brother's that people might suspect me of fabricating it for the purpose of writing a story. But only stories have to be always on their guard to sustain their reader's confidence. Facts have no such responsibility and laugh at our incredulity. So, in this world, there are abundant instances of two brothers, the exact opposites of one another—like morning and evening.

Harimohan, in his infancy, had been a weakly child. His parents had tried to keep him safe from the attacks of all maladies by barricading him behind amulets and charms, dust taken from holy shrines, and blessings bought from innumerable Brahmans at enormous expense.

When Harimohan grew up, he was physically quite robust, yet the tradition of his poor health lingered on in the family. He never allowed his family to forget for a moment that life in his case was more fragile than in most other mortals. Thus he managed to divert towards himself the undivided attention of all his aunts and his mother. He was never allowed to forget that he was under the special protection, not only of his aforesaid mother and aunts, but also of the countless gods and goddesses presiding in the three regions of earth, heaven and air. He thus acquired an attitude of prayerful dependence towards all the powers of the world, both seen and unseen—to sub-inspectors, to wealthy neighbors, to highly placed officials, let alone sacred cows and Brahmans.

JAGAMOHAN'S anxieties went altogether in an opposite direction. He would give a wide berth to men of power, lest the slightest suspicion of snobbishness should cling to him. It was this same sentiment which had greatly to do with his defiance of the gods. His knees were too stiff to bend before those from whom favor could be expected.

Harimohan got himself married at the proper time—that is to say, long before the time. After three sisters and three brothers, Satish was born. Everybody was struck by his resemblance to his uncle, and Jagamohan took possession of him, as if he were his own son.

At first, Harimohan was glad of this, having regard to the educational advantage of the arrangement; for Jagamohan had the reputation of being the most eminent scholar of that period. He seemed to live within the shell of his English books. It was easy to find the rooms he occupied in the house, by the rows of books about the walls; just as it is easy to find out the bed of a stream by its lines of pebbles.

HARIMOHAN petted and spoiled his eldest son, Purandar, to his heart's content. He had an impression that Purandar was too delicate to survive the shock of being denied anything he wanted. His education was neglected. His marriage was arranged, though nobody could keep him within the connubial limits. If Harimohan's daughter-in-law expressed any disapprobation of his vagaries in that direction, Harimohan would get angry with her and ascribe his son's conduct to her want of tact and charm.

Jagamohan took entire charge of Satish to save him from similar paternal solicitude. Satish acquired a mastery of the English language while he was still a child, and the inflammatory doctrines of Mill and Bentham set his brain on fire, till, like his uncle, he too began to burn like a living torch of atheism. Jagamohan used to discuss with Satish subjects which are usually kept out of sight in conversation. If people objected to this plainness of speech with one so young he would say that you can only drive away hornets by breaking in their nest. So you can only drive away the shamefulness of certain subjects by piercing through the shame itself.

WHEN Satish had completed his college course, his father Harimohan tried his best to extricate him from his uncle's sphere of influence. But when once the noose is fixed round the neck, it only grows tighter by pulling at it. Harimohan became more and more annoyed at his brother, the more Satish proved recalcitrant. If this atheism of his son and elder brother had been merely a matter of private opinion, Harimohan could have tolerated it. He was quite ready to pass off dishes of fowl as "kid curry." But matters had now become so desperate that even lies became powerless to whitewash the culprits. What brought things to a head was this:

The positive side of Jagamohan's atheistic creed consisted of doing good to others. He felt a special pride in it, because doing good, for an atheist, was a matter of unmitigated loss. It had no allurements of merit and no deterrents of punishment in the hereafter. If he was asked what concern he had in bringing about the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," he used to answer that his best incentive was that he could expect nothing in return. He would say to Satish:

"Baba,† we are atheists. And therefore the very pride of it should keep us absolutely stainless. Because we have no respect for any being higher than ourselves, therefore we must respect ourselves."

ing about the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," he used to answer that his best incentive was that he could expect nothing in return. He would say to Satish:

HARIMOHAN, on the other hand, had great faith in the selfish sanity of prudence in human nature. He was certain that the savor of good living would tempt his son Satish back into his golden trap, away from the empty nest of Jagamohan. But Satish gave another proof that he had inherited neither his father's conscience, nor his sanity. He remained with his uncle.

Jagamohan, for his part, was so accustomed to look upon Satish as his own that he was not surprised to find him remaining on his side after the partition.

But Harimohan knew his brother's temperament very well. He went about talking to people, explaining that the reason why Jagamohan did not let go his hold on Satish was that he expected to make a good thing out of Satish's presence, keeping him as a kind of hostage.

Harimohan almost shed tears while he said to his neighbors: "Could my brother ever imagine that I was going to starve him? Since he is cunning enough to concoct this diabolical plot against me, I shall wait and see whether he is cleverer than I am."

Harimohan's talk about Satish reached Jagamohan's ears. Jagamohan was surprised at his own stupidity in not anticipating such a turn of events.

He said, "Good-by, Satish."

Satish had been absolutely certain that nothing could make Jagamohan change his mind, yet he had to take his leave, after having spent his eighteen years of life in his uncle's company.

*In Bengal kid curry is often eaten without blame. But fowl curry would come within the prohibited degrees.

†A term of endearment, literally "father."

WHEN Satish had put his books and bedding on the top of the carriage and driven away, Jagamohan shut the door of his room and flung himself on the floor. When evening came, and the old servant with the lighted lamp knocked at the door, he got no answer.

Alas, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number! The estimate in number is not the only estimate in human affairs. The man who counts "one" may go beyond all arithmetic when the heart does the sum. As soon as Satish took his departure, he at once became infinite to Jagamohan.

One day, after a very long interval of absence, Satish came to Jagamohan. Jagamohan embraced Satish and led him to a chair and asked him for the news.

There was news indeed!

A girl named Nonibala had taken shelter with her widowed mother in the house of the mother's brother. So long as her mother lived, there was no trouble. But a short time ago her mother had died. Her cousins were rascals. One of their friends had taken away this girl. Then, suspecting her of infidelity, after a while he made her life a constant torture. This had happened in the house next to the one where Satish had his tutorship. Satish wanted to save her from this misery, but he had no money or shelter of his own. Therefore he had come to his uncle. The girl was about to give birth to a child.

JAGAMOHAN, when he heard the story, was filled with indignation. He was not the man to calculate coldly the consequence of his deeds, and he at once said to his nephew:

"I have the room in which I keep my books. I can put the girl there."

"But what about your books?" Satish asked in surprise.

Very few books, however, were now remaining. During the time when the religious activities of Harimohan and Purandar had made it impossible for Jagamohan to secure an appointment, he had been obliged to eke out a living by selling his books.

Jagamohan said: "Bring the girl at once."

"She is waiting downstairs," said Satish. "I have brought her here."

Jagamohan ran downstairs, and found the girl crouching in the corner, wrapped in her *sari*, looking like a bundle of clothes.

Jagamohan, in his deep bass voice, said at once:

"Come, little Mother, why do you sit in the dust?"

The girl covered her face and burst into tears. Jagamohan was not a man to give way to emotion, but his eyes were wet as he turned to Satish, and said:

"The burden that this girl is bearing is ours."

Then he said to the girl:

"Mother, don't be shy on my account. My school-fellows used to call me 'Mad Jagai,' and I am the same madcap even now."

Then, without hesitation, he took the girl by both her hands and raised her. The veil dropped from her face.

The girl's face was fresh and young, and there was no line of hardness or vice in it. The inner purity of her heart had not been stained—just as a speck of dust does not soil a flower. Jagamohan took Nonibala to his upper room, and said to her:

"Mother, look what a state my room is in! The floor is all unswept. Everything is upside down; and as for myself, I have no fixed hour for my bath or my meals. Now that you have come to my house, everything will be put right; and even this mad Jagai will be made respectable."

Nonibala had never felt before, even when her mother lived, how much one person could be to another, because her mother had looked upon her, not so much as a daughter, but as a young girl who had to be watched.

JAGAMOHAN employed an elderly woman servant to help Nonibala. At first Noni was afraid, lest Jagamohan should refuse to take food from her hand, because of her impurity. But it turned out that Jagamohan refused to take his meals unless they were cooked and served by Noni.

Jagamohan was aware that a great wave of calumny was about to break over his head. Noni also felt it was inevitable, and she had no peace of mind. Within a day or two it began.



"Why do you sit here, crouched in the dust? Come . . . little Mother!" said Jagamohan, gently.

The servant who waited on her at first had supposed that Noni was Jagamohan's daughter. But she came one day and said hard things to Noni, and resigned her service in contempt. Noni became pale with fear, thinking of Jagamohan.

Jagamohan said to her: "My little Mother, the full moon is up in the horizon of my life, so the time is ripe for the flood-tide of revilement. But, however muddy the water may become, it will never stain my moonlight."

An aunt of Jagamohan's came to Harimohan's quarters and said to him:

"Jagai, what a disgrace! What a disgrace! Wipe off this stain of sin from your house."

Jagamohan answered, "You are pious people, and this advice is worthy of you. But, if I try to drive away all relics of sin, what will become of the sinner?"

Some old woman of a grandmother came to him and said, "Send this wench away to the hospital. Harimohan is ready to bear the cost."

Jagamohan said, "But she is my mother. Because

someone is ready to pay expenses, should I send my mother to the hospital?"

The grandmother opened her eyes wide with surprise, and said: "Who is this you call your mother?"

Jagamohan replied: "Her who nourished life in her womb and risks her life to give birth to children. I can not call that scoundrel-father of the child 'Father.' He can only cause trouble, keeping himself safely out of it."

HARIMOHAN'S whole body shrank with the utter infamy of the thing. That a fallen woman should be sheltered only on the other side of the wall, and in the midst of a household sacred to the memory of generations of mothers and grandmothers! The disgrace was intolerable.

Harimohan at once surmised that Satish was mixed up in this affair, and that his uncle was encouraging him in his shameful conduct. He was so sure of his facts that he went about, spreading the news. Jagamohan did not say a single word to contradict him. (Continued on page 75)



"We've given you your chance; we've made you!" Barney gritted at her. "And now you want to throw us down!"

Children of the Whirlwind

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Armand Both

WHEN Maggie sped away from Cedar Crest in the low seat of the roadster beside the happy Dick—away from the gracious, unsuspecting Miss Sherwood who had given Maggie her first bewildered sense of what a real lady might be—away from Hunt and Larry, one an old acquaintance, the other a flouted lover, who had gravely gone through the afternoon without betraying that they had ever met before—Maggie felt herself more of a criminal than at any time in her life, and a criminal that miraculously was making her escape out of an incapable set of circumstances.

NEAR Roslyn they swung off the turnpike into an unfrequented shady road. Dick steered to one side beneath a locust tree and silenced the motor.

"Why are you stopping?" she asked in sudden alarm.

"So we can talk without a piece of machinery roaring interruptions at us," replied Dick with forced lightness. And then in a voice he could not make light: "I want to talk to you about—about my sister. Isn't she splendid?"

"She is!" There was no wavering of her thoughts, as Maggie emphatically said this.

"I'm mighty glad you like her. She certainly liked you. She's all the family I've got, and since you two hit it off so well together I hope—I hope, Maggie—"

And then Dick plunged into it, stammeringly but

IS HONESTY really the Best Policy? Larry Brainard, an accomplished young crook, believed that it was and decided to go "straight." Yet even with the help of the wealthy Sherwoods, Larry finds it harder to be an honest man than he ever found it to be a crook! His pals turn against him, the girl he loves laughs at his scruples and announces that these very Sherwoods who have befriended him are to be the victims of her first big adventure—unless Larry chooses to interfere!

earnestly. He told her how much he loved her, in old phrases that his boyish ardor made vibrantly new. He loved her! And if she would marry him, her influence would make him take the brace all his friends had urged upon him. She'd make him a man! And she could see how pleased it would make his sister. And he would do his best to make Maggie happy—his very best!

The young super-adventuress—she herself had

mentally used the word "adventuress" in thinking of herself, as being more genteel and mentally aristocratic than the cruder words by which Barney and Old Jimmie and their kind designated a woman accomplice—this young super-adventuress, who had schemed all this so adroitly, and worked towards it with the best of her brain and her conscious charm, was seized with new panic as she listened to the eager torrent of his imploring words, as she gazed into the quivering earnestness of his frank blue-eyed face. She wished she could get out of the machine and run away, or sink through the floor-boards of the car. For she really liked Dick.

"I'm—I'm not so good as you think," she whispered. And then some unsuspected force within her impelled her to say: "Dick, if you knew the truth—"

He caught her shoulders. "I know all the truth about you I want to know! You're wonderful, and I love you! Will you marry me? Answer that. That's all I want to know."

HE HAD checked the confession that impulsively had surged towards her lips. Silent, her eyes wide; her breath coming sharply, she sat gazing at him. . . . And then from out the portion of her brain where were stored her purposes, and the momentum of her pride and determination, there flashed the realization that she had won! The thing that Barney and Old Jimmie had prepared and she had so skillfully worked towards, was at last achieved! She had only to say "Yes," and either of those two plans

which Barney had outlined could at once be put in operation—and there could be no doubt of the swift success of either. Dick's eager trusting face was guarantee that there would come no obstruction from him.

She felt that in some strange way she had been caught in a trap. Yes, what they had worked for, they had won! And yet, in this moment of winning, as elements of her vast dizziness, Maggie felt sick and ashamed—felt a frenzied desire to run away from the whole affair. For Maggie, cynical, all-confident, and eighteen, was proving really a very poor adventurer.

"Please, Maggie!" his imploring voice broke in upon her. "Won't you answer me? You like me, don't you? You'll marry me, won't you?"

"I like you, Dick," she choked out—and it was some slight comfort to her to be telling this much of the truth—"but—but I can't marry you."

"Maggie!" It was a cry of surprised pain, and the pain in his voice shot acutely into her. "From the way you acted towards me—I thought—I hoped—" He sharply halted the accusation which had risen to his lips. "I'm not going to take that answer as final, Maggie," he said doggedly. "I'm going to give you more time to think it over—more time for me to try. Then I'll ask you again."

THAT which prompted Maggie's response was a mixture of impulses: the desire, and this offered opportunity, to escape—to escape in any way so that it be at once; and a faint reassertion of the momentum of her purpose. For with one such as Maggie, the set purposes may be seemingly overwhelmed, but death comes hard.

"All right," she breathed rapidly. "Only please get me back as quickly as you can. I'm to have dinner with my—my cousin, and I'll be very late."

Dick drove her into the city in almost unbroken silence and left her at the great doors of the Grantham, a-bustle with a dozen lackeys in purple livery. She stood a moment and watched him drive away. He really was a nice boy—Dick.

As she shot up in the elevator, she thought of a hitherto forgotten element of that afternoon's bewildering situation. Barney Palmer! And Barney was, she knew, now up in her sitting-room, impatiently waiting for her report of what he had good reason to believe would prove a successful experience. If she told the truth—that Dick had proposed, just as they had planned for him to do, and she had refused him—why, Barney—

She seemed caught on every side!

MAGGIE got into her suite by way of her bedroom. She wanted time to gather her wits for meeting Barney. When Miss Grierson told her that her cousin was still waiting to take her to dinner, she requested her companion to inform Barney that she would be in as soon as she had dressed. She wasted all the time she legitimately could in changing into a dinner-gown, and when at last she stepped into her sitting-room she was to Barney's eye the same cool Maggie as always.

Barney rose as she entered. He was in a smart dinner jacket; these days Barney was wearing the smartest of everything that money could secure. There was a shadow of impatience on his face, but it was instantly dissipated by Maggie's self-composed, direct-eyed beauty.

"How'd you come out with Miss Sherwood?" he whispered eagerly.

"Well enough for her to kiss me good-by and beg me to come again."

"I've got to hand it to you, Maggie! You're sure some swell actress—you've sure got class!" His dark eyes gleamed on her with half a dozen pleasures: admiration of what she was in herself; admiration of what she had just achieved; anticipation of results, many results; anticipation of what she was later to mean to him in a personal way. "If you can put it over on a swell like Miss Sherwood, you can put it over on anyone!" he exclaimed. "As soon as we clean up this job in hand, we'll move on to one big thing after another!"

AND then out came the question Maggie had been bracing herself for: "How about Dick Sherwood? Did he finally come across with that proposal?"

"No," Maggie answered steadily.

"No? Why not?" exclaimed Barney sharply. "I thought that was all that was holding him back—waiting for his sister to look you over and give you her O.K.?"

Maggie had decided that her air of cool, indifferent certainty was the best manner to use in this situation with Barney. So she shrugged her white shoulders.

"How can I tell what makes a man do something, and what makes him not do it?"

"But did he seem any less interested in you than before?" Barney pursued.

"No," replied Maggie.

"Then maybe he's just waiting to get up his nerve. He'll ask you, all right; nothing there for us to worry about. Come on, let's have dinner. I'm starved."

ON THE roof of the Grantham they were excellently served; for Barney knew how to order a dinner, and he knew the art, which is an alchemistic mixture of the insinuated power and purpose of murder, of handling head-waiters and their sub-autocrats.

Having no other business in hand, Barney devoted himself to that business which ran like a core through all his businesses—paying court to Maggie.

When Barney wished to play the courtier, there were few of his class who could give a better superficial interpretation of the rôle; and in this particular instance he had the advantage of being in earnest.

He forced the most expensive tidbits announced by the dinner card upon Maggie; he gallantly and very gracefully put on and removed, as required by circumstances, the green cobweb of a scarf Maggie had brought to the roof as protection against the elements; and when he took the dancing floor with her, he swung her about and hopped up and down and stepped in and out with all the skill of a master of the modern perversion of dancing.

Barney was really

good enough to have been a professional dancer, had his desires not led him towards what seemed to him a more exciting and more profitable career.

Maggie, not to rouse Barney's suspicions, played her rôle as well as he did his own. And most of the other diners, a fraction of the changing two or three hundred thousand people from the South and West who choose New York as the best of summer resorts, gazed upon this handsome couple with their intricate steps which were timed with such effortless and enviable accuracy, and excitedly believed that they were beholding two distinguished specimens of what their home papers persisted in calling New York's Four Hundred.

MAGGIE got back to her room with the feeling that she had staved off Barney and her numerous other dilemmas for the immediate present. Her chief thought in the many events of the day had been only to escape her dangers and difficulties for the moment; all the time she had known that her real thinking, her real decisions, were for a later time when she was not so driven by the press of unexpected cir-



Dick's eager torrent of words threw Maggie, super-adventuress, into a new panic!

ARILLAND BORTH

cumstances. That less stressful time was now beginning.

What was she to do next? What were to be her final decisions? And what, in all this strange ferment, were likely to germinate as possible forces against her?

She mulled these things over for several days, during which Dick came to see her twice, and twice proposed, and was twice put off. She had quiet now, and was most of the time alone, but the clarity which she had expected, that quickness and surety of purpose which she had always believed to be unfailingly hers, refused to come.

She tried to have it otherwise, but the outstanding figure in her meditations was Larry: Larry, who had not exposed her at the Sherwoods', and whose influence had caused Hunt also not to expose her; Larry, who without deception was on a familiar footing at the Sherwoods' where she had been received only through trickery; Larry, a fugitive in danger from so many enemies, perhaps after all undeserved enemies; Larry, who seemed to be making good on his boast to achieve success through honesty; Larry, who had again told her that he loved her. She liked Dick Sherwood—she really did. But Larry—that was something different.

And thus she thought on, drawn this way and that, and unable to reach a decision. But with most people when in a state of acute mental turmoil, that which has been most definite in the past—instinct, habit of mind, purpose, tradition—becomes at least temporarily the dominant factor through the mere circumstance that it has existed powerfully before, through its comparative stability, through its semi-permanence. And so with Maggie. She had for that one afternoon almost been won over against herself by the workings of Larry's secret diplomacy. Then had come the natural reaction. And now in her turmoil, in so far as she had any decision, it was instinctively to go right ahead in the direction in which she had been going.

BUT on the sixth day of her uncertainty, just after Dick had called on her and she had provisionally accepted an invitation to Cedar Crest for the following afternoon, a danger which she had half seen from the start burst upon her without a moment's warning. It came into her sitting-room, just before her dinner hour, in the dual form of Barney and Old Jimmie. The faces of both were lowering.

"Get rid of that boob chaperon of yours!" gritted Barney. "We're going to have some real talk!"

Maggie stepped to the connecting door, sent Miss Grierson on an inconsequential errand, and returned.

"You're looking as pleasant as if you were sitting for a new photograph, Barney. What gives you that sweet expression?"

"You'll cut out your comic-supplement stuff in just one second," Barney warned her. "We both saw young Sherwood awhile ago as he was leaving the Grantham, and he told us *everything*!"

Persiflage did indeed fail Maggie. "Everything?" she exclaimed. "What's everything?"

"He told us about proposing to you almost a week ago, and about your refusing him. And you lied to us—kept us sitting round, wasting our time—and all the while you've been double-crossing us!"

THOSE visitors from South and West, especially the women, who a few nights before on the roof had regarded Barney as the perfect courtier, would not have so esteemed him if they had seen him at the present moment. He seized Maggie's wrists, and all the evil of his violent nature glared from his small bright eyes.

"Damn you!" he cried. "Jimmie, she's yours, and a father's got a right to do anything he likes to his own daughter. Give it to her proper if she don't come across with the truth!"

Jimmie stepped closer to her and bared his yellow teeth. "I haven't given you a basting since you were fifteen—but I'll paste you one right in the mouth if you don't talk straight talk!"

"You hear that!" Barney gritted at her. He believed there was justice in his wrath—as indeed there was, of a sort. "Think what Jimmie and I've put into this, in time and hard coin! We've

given you your chance; we've made you! And when, after hard work and waiting and our spending so much, everything comes out exactly as we figured, you go and throw us down—not just yourself, but *us* and *our* rights! Now you talk straight stuff! Tell us, why did you refuse Sherwood when he proposed? And why did you tell me that lie about his not proposing?"

Maggie realized she was in a desperate plight, with these two inflamed gazes upon her. Never had she felt so little of a daughter's liking for Old Jimmie, as now when she looked into his lean, harsh, yellow-fanged face. And she had no illusions about Barney. He might love her, as she knew he did; but that would not be a check upon his ruthlessness if he thought himself balked or betrayed.

JUST then her telephone began to ring. She started to move towards it, but Barney's grip checked her short.

"You're going to answer me—not a telephone! Let it ring!"

The bell rang for a minute before it stilled its shrill-clamor. Its ringing was in a way a brief respite to Maggie, for it gave her an additional minute to consider what should be her course. She realized that she dared not let Barney believe at this moment that she had turned against him. Again she fell back upon her cool, self-confident manner.

"You want to know why?"

The answer is simple enough. I thought I might try out an improvement of our plan—something that might suit me better."

"What's that?" Barney harshly demanded.

"Since Miss Sherwood fell for me so easy, it struck me that she'd be pretty sure to fall for me if I told her the whole truth about myself. That is, everything except our scheme to play Dick for a sucker."

"What're you driving at?"

"Don't you see? If she forgave me being what I am (and I rather think she would) and with Dick liking me as he does—why, it struck me as the best thing for yours truly to marry Dick for keeps."

"What?" Though Barney's voice was low, it had the effect of a startled and savage roar. "And chuck us overboard?"

"Not at all. If I married Dick for keeps, I intended to pay you a lump sum, or else a regular amount each year."

"No, you don't!" he cried in the same muffled roar.

"Perhaps not—I haven't decided," Maggie said evenly. "I've merely been telling you why I did as I did, as you requested me. I refused Dick, and lied

to you, so that I might have more time to think over what I really wanted to do."

Instinctively she had counted on rousing Barney's jealousy in order to throw him off the track of her real thoughts. She succeeded.

"I CAN tell you what you're going to do!" Barney flung at her with fierce mastery.

"You're not going to put over a sure-enough marriage with any Dick Sherwood! When there's that kind of a marriage, I'm going to be the man! And you're going to go right straight ahead with our old plan! Dick'll propose again if you give him half a chance. And when he does, you say 'Yes'! Understand? That's what you're going to do!"

There was no safety in openly defying Barney. And as a matter of fact, what he had ordered was what, in the shifting currents of her thoughts, the steady momentum of her old ambitions and purposes had been pushing her towards. So she said, in her even voice:

"You waste such a lot of your good energy, Barney, by exploding when there's nothing to blow up. That's exactly what I'd decided



REMAIND BOTH

"So! You're in New York!" Larry felt the life suddenly go out of him.



"You're not going to shoot," said Larry coolly, "and I'll tell you the reason why——"

to do. Miss Sherwood has asked me out to Cedar Crest tomorrow afternoon, and I'm going."

Barney let go the hold he had kept upon her wrists, and the dark look slowly lifted from his face. "Why didn't you tell a fellow this at first?" he half grumbled. Then with a grim enthusiasm: "And when you come back, you're going to tell us it's all settled!"

"Of course—if he asks me. And now suppose you two go away. You've given me a headache, and I want to rest."

"We'll go," said Barney. "But there may be some more points about this that we may want to talk over a little later. So better get all the rest you can."

BUT when they had gone and left her to the silence of her pretentious and characterless suite, Maggie did not rest. She had made up her mind, she was going to do as she had said. But there was still that same turmoil within her.

Again she thought of Larry. But she would not admit to herself that her real motive for suddenly deciding to go to Cedar Crest on the morrow was the chance of seeing him.

DURING all these days Larry waited for news of the result of the experiment in psychology which meant so much to his life. He had not expected to hear directly from Maggie; but he had counted upon learning at once from Dick, if not by words then either from eloquent objection which would proclaim Dick's refusal (and Larry's success) or from an ebullient joy which would proclaim that Maggie had accepted him. But Dick's sober but not unhappy behavior announced neither of these two to Larry; and the matter was too personal, altogether too delicate, to permit Larry to ask Dick the result, however subtly he might ask it.

So Larry could only wait—and wonder. The truth did not occur to Larry; he did not see that there might be another alternative to the two possible reactions he had calculated upon. He did not bear in mind that Maggie's youthful obstinacy, her belief in herself and

her ways, were too solid a structure to yield at once to one moral shock, however wisely planned and however strong. He did not at this time

hold in mind that any real change in so decided a character as Maggie, if change there was to be, would be preceded and accompanied by a turbulent period in which she would hardly know who she was, or where she was, or what she was going to do—and that at the end of such a period there might be no change at all.

SINCE just then Maggie was his major interest, it seemed to Larry in his safe seclusion that he was merely marking time, and marking time with feet that were frantically impatient. He felt he could not stand much longer his own inactivity and his ignorance of what Maggie was doing and what was happening to her. He could not remain in this sanctuary pulling strings, very long and fragile strings, strings which might be the mistaken ones, for a much greater period. He felt that he simply had to walk out of this splendid safety, back into the dangers from which he had fled, where he might at least have the possible advantage of being in the very midst of Maggie's affairs and fight for her more openly and have a more direct influence upon her.

He knew that, sooner or later, he was going to throw caution aside and appear suddenly among his enemies, unless something of a definite character developed. But for these slow irritating days he held himself in check with difficulty, hoping that things might come to him, that he would not have to go forth to them.

He had brought Hunt's portrait of Maggie to Cedar Crest in the bottom of his trunk, and kept it locked in his chiffonier. During these days, more frequently than before, he would take out the portrait and in the security of his locked room would gaze long at that keen-visioned portrayal of her many characters. No doubt of it: there was a possible splendid woman there! And no doubt of it: he loved that woman utterly!

DURING these days of his ignorance, while Maggie was struggling in the darkness of her unexplored being, Larry drove himself grimly at the busi-

ness to which under happier circumstances he would have gone under the irresistible suasion of pure joy. One afternoon he presented to Miss Sherwood an outline for his growing plan for the development of the Sherwood properties on the basis of good homes at fair rentals. He discovered that, in spite of her generous giving, she had much the same attitude towards charity as his own: that the only sound charity, except for those temporarily or permanently handicapped or disabled, was the giving of honest value for honest returns—and that was not charity at all.

The project of reforming the shiftless character of the Sherwood properties, and of relieving even in a small degree New York's housing congestion, appealed at once to her imagination and her sensible idealism.

"A splendid plan!" she exclaimed, regarding Larry with those wise, humorous eyes of hers, which were now very serious and penetrating. "You have been working much harder than I had thought. And if you will pardon my saying it, you have more of the soundly humane vision which big business enterprise should have than I had thought."

"Thank you!" said Larry.

"That's a splendid dream," she continued; "but it will take hard work to translate that dream into a reality. We shall need architects, builders, a heavy initial expense, time—and a more modern and alert management."

"Yes, Miss Sherwood."

SHE did not speak for a moment. Her penetrating eyes, which had been fixed on him in close thought, were yet more penetrating. Finally she said:

"That's a big thing, a useful thing. The present agents wish to be relieved of our affairs as soon as I can make arrangements—and I'd like nothing better than for Dick to drop what he's doing and get into something constructive and useful like this. But Dick can not do it alone, he's too unsettled, and too inexperienced to cope with some of the sharper business practices."

She paused again, still regarding him with those keen eyes, which seemed to be weighing him. Finally she said, almost abruptly:

"Will you take charge of this with Dick? He likes you and respects your judgment; I'm sure you'd help steady him down. Of course you lack practical experience, but you can take in a (Continued on page 76)

What Will Take the Place of Marriage?

A YOUNG woman lawyer was about to be operated on for appendicitis.

She did not like taking ether. She was an individualist. She did not want to surrender her consciousness. The night before the ordeal, however, she read the "Trial and Death of Socrates." If Socrates could drink his cup of hemlock philosophically, she concluded, she could face her fate with equal calmness. So she went to the operating table laughing. But, alas for her pride! When she came out of the ether she was crying lustily:

"I don't want to be a free, independent economic agent; I want to be loved."

YET this young woman did not wish to give up her work. She would be unhappy without it. But deeper than her need for work was her need for love. And one thing is certain: the human heart is hungry for love. Men and women will always live together. If marriage goes, something will come to take its place.

Woman's capacity to love is, in fact, her greatest asset. It is born in her. It is born in all mothers. It is what makes her creative, whether she create children or books, become a mayor or a lawyer. And this woman-love is the element that binds all life together. Real love, to her, is a union of body, mind and spirit.

MAN is different. His love and his work are often distinct. He can put himself into compartments. He has learned to separate body, mind and spirit. In the ancient days of Greece this was recognized. Then men had wives, who were merely the mothers of their children; the "hetærae," who were their intellectual companions; and courtesans, who satisfied their less intellectual interests.

Such an arrangement might satisfy men today; but it would never satisfy the modern self-supporting woman. And the independent woman has come to stay. The woman's age is coming steadily. War has hastened her advancement. Her point of view will grow. She has entered public life permanently. Women are daily holding bigger and more important positions. Already there are women judges, senators, assemblymen, mayors, bankers, architects, doctors, lawyers, editors, authors, besides all the stenographers, factory workers, shopgirls and clerks. In the United States alone there are twelve million self-supporting women. In Europe, the number in proportion to the population is even greater. The death of so many men forced women into industry. There are seven million more women than men—seven million husbandless women, besides all the wage-earning married women.

What effect is this army of economically independent women going to have on marriage?

IT WILL change marriage but not abolish it; the word "obey" will go out of the wedding ceremony. The old-fashioned marriage will vanish. There is bound to be a period of upheaval and experiment. But through all the change, the whole will still persist. The woman will always be seeking her mate. When she no longer needs a wage-earner, she will



By Madeleine Z. Doty

MODERN man and modern woman do not yet understand each other. Ancient customs do not fit. Marriage, as it is, creaks with age, and the strain of meeting after-the-war conditions may twist it pretty fairly out of resemblance to its old self. The old-fashioned marriage will vanish. There is bound to be a period of upheaval and experiment. But through all the change the whole will still persist.

demand a lover. Husbands will have to be lovers. Ultimately a fine and beautiful relation will evolve.

But meantime comes a period of anguish. The modern man and the modern woman do not yet understand each other. The ancient customs do not fit. Marriage, as it is, creaks with age. And the strain of meeting after-the-war conditions may twist it pretty fairly out of resemblance of its old self.

FOR after any great war there is always a period of laxity. In the Middle Ages, war, pestilence and disease from excesses and drunkenness, caused a great shortage of men. In consequence a swarm of women roamed the highways. And with prostitution went unconventionality in the finer relations.

The Duke of Hesse, "Philip the First," had, be-

sides his legitimate wife, a sweetheart. A divorce from his wife, without convincing reasons, would cause a scandal. On the other hand, marriage with two women was, at that time, in that part of the world unheard of. But in the end, Philip decided on the latter course.

His wife gave her consent, provided he did not neglect her. Then he went to Martin Luther for his sanction. Luther in this case gave it. He said: "We are glad that Your Grace is happy on the score of our opinion, which we would fain see kept secret, else even the rude peasants (in imitation of the Duke's example) might finally produce reasons as strong, if not stronger, whereby we might then have much trouble on our hands."

TODAY the situation is fairly similar. There are, in Europe, not enough men to go around. Even though this makes woman's opportunity, woman can not yet command the ideal home she desires. For a man's needs are different. He wants a home, of course. He wants to be looked after, he wants mother-care and devotion. And immediately he wants a satisfaction—of desires—somehow, somewhere—not necessarily where his home is.

This difference in point of view, as in the Middle Ages, results in compromises. Some women will always give up their jobs and accept the old-fashioned marriage. Other women will cling to their work and accept lovers as a substitute for love.

A young English captain, for example, returned from the war. He found his wife no longer loved him. He has two children. For their sake he wants to keep up the home. But he finds himself in love again. The young woman whom he loves is a house-keeper for well-known and wealthy people. She is an honored member of her employer's family. She has been with them since childhood. She shares their life. She is the pivot around which the household revolves. She tells the family of her love. She declares she does not want support, nor does she want the young captain to desert his children, but says, nevertheless, she wants his love. As the wife of the young officer admittedly does not love him, she offers quite logically to take that wife's place. The arrangement is accepted by all.

Another case is that of a young actress. She fell in love with a married man. The man has grown children and his relation with his wife has long been merely that of an old friend. The young actress claims her right to motherhood. Men are scarce and she loves this man. Today she has two children. The man comes but rarely to see her. But she is content. She lives in a little cottage under her own name and supports herself and the children. She has never had another lover and does not want one. The neighbors respect her honesty and have learned to accept her.

ENGLAND and France are full of such cases. Sometimes there are women too sensitive to tolerate makeshift arrangements; then, too, there is often disaster. For instance, there was a well-known woman doctor, who died just (Continued on page 85)



"You should keep your face to home!" says the Bad Man (Holbrook Blinn), fending off the romantic Angela while he invites the unwilling Lucia (Frances Carson) to go to Mexico with him.

The Bad Man

By Porter Emerson Browne

COURTESY OF
WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., PRODUCER

SMITH, (a comedy invalid in a wheel-chair)—Don't shush me, gol darn it! I kep' still long enough. I'm goin' to find out what's what.

Gilbert (his nephew—a fine-looking, likable chap—good-humoredly)—You act as though I were to blame for what's happened.

Smith (lartly)—Well, ain't you? Why did you want to go to war in the first place? That's what started it.

Gilbert (patiently)—Well, somebody had to go.

Smith—Mebbeso. (Turning his wheel-chair around and wheeling away in disgust) But you didn't! You could have asked exemption.

Gilbert (puzzled)—Exemption?

Smith (turning around)—Absolutely—as the sole support of an invalid uncle. And on top of that, engaged in an essential industry—if you can call those rotten steaks you feed us essential. The bones is softer than the meat.

Gilbert (half amused, half exasperated)—Now, Uncle, what's the use of going over all this again?

Smith—What's the use? There's lots of use. Here you go and persuade me to sell the old home in Bangor, Maine, and buy this rotten ranch down here in this God-forsaken country. And just when I, like a darned old fool, take and do it, along comes the war and you enlist and leave me here with nothing but a lot of rotten cows.

Gilbert (protesting)—I left the foreman and the cook.

AS PANCHO LOPEZ, the Bad Man, Holbrook Blinn isn't a player in make-up and grease paint. He is veritably Pancho Lopez . . . not a character but an individual. It is more than mere illusion; it is genius.

Irvin T. Allen

Smith—Yes, Red Giddings playin' the harmoniky until I go almost crazy. An' a Mexican cook that can't cook nothin' but fire-crackers! An' not even them, when you want 'em! Say, ain't we never goin' to have no dinner? I'm hungry.

Gilbert—I'm sorry.

Smith—First you rob me and then you starve me. An' the best you got to say is, you're sorry!

Gilbert—But it isn't getting us anywhere—just to sit around and complain.

Smith—No, but it would if you'd marry Angela Hardy, like I want you to.

Gilbert (patiently)—But I don't love her.

Smith (with canny shrewdness)—What's that got to do with it? Her father's rich, and not even he, mean as he is, would foreclose a mortgage on his own son-in-law. Maybe he'd even lend you some besides!

Gilbert (firmly)—I can't do it.

Smith—Won't, you mean.

Gilbert—No. I mean can't. It wouldn't be fair to her. I can't pretend to love her when I don't.

Smith (triumphantly)—You don't have to. She's so crazy about you she'd marry you anyway.

Gilbert (curiously)—What makes you think so?

Smith (happily)—She told me she would.

Gilbert (puzzled)—She told you! . . . You don't mean you spoke to her about it?

Smith—Why not? Somebody had to do it.

Gilbert (thunderstruck)—Good Lord! What can I do?

Smith (scarcely able to believe that Gilbert is going to refuse to follow up his neat little plan)—You mean you're going to set here and get throwed out into the street and not even try to do something? Well, of all the—it's a darn good thing for you that I'm an invalid! That's all I got to say! Git out o' my way! (Whirls his chair around and wheels rapidly away.) Gol darn the gol darn luck anyhow!

Red (the ranch foreman, in the doorway, looking after the old man as he wheels angrily past him)—Certainly wheels a mean chair, don't he? Got his cut-out open, too!



PORTER EMERSON BROWNE—all dressed up to go scouting for his own particular brand of old-fashioned adventure. Browne's days have been full of hills from the time when, as a youngster, set out from Boston with the one-eyed stain of a ferryboat bound for Florida, in 1916 he met up with Villa's famous d of Columbus, N. M.,—and so brought he Bad Man" to Broadway in 1920.



Morgan Pell (Fred L. Tiden)—The unwritten law works as well in Arizona as other places. Get away from him—or take what's coming to you both.

GILBERT is very much embarrassed—though not at all worried—over Angela's infatuation for him. He knows perfectly well that before this romantic youngster fancied herself in love with him, she had been just as much in love with a traveling man from St. Louis—and before that with a horse-doctor from Albuquerque! . . . And he knows that sooner or later she will give up all her romantic notions and settle down and marry Red. Gilbert is far more concerned for the happiness of Lucia Pell, who with her husband—a very successful Wall Street oil operator come on some mysterious business errand to this out-of-the-way spot on the Mexican border—has been staying on Gilbert's ranch. Gilbert, who was in love with the light-hearted Lucia long before Pell ever saw her, has reason to believe that the girl is not happy in her marriage.

LUCIA (coming in flushed and lovely from a long horseback ride)—Oh, Gil, it's wonderful here—nothing but sky and the golden desert! . . . (Hesitating, she speaks in a tone of farewell, for this is likely to be her last opportunity to talk to Gil alone.) I don't quite know what to say, Gil. I've had a wonderful time. I want to thank you for it.

Gilbert (very earnestly)—Having you here is all the thanks I want.

Lucia (brightly)—I'm glad we happened to meet again. Though it does seem strange, doesn't it—that we should run across each other after all these years! (Pause) Gil . . . why didn't you come to see me before you went away? You went without my knowing—without even coming to say good-by—

Gilbert (slowly)—I was broke and I—

Lucia (in a low voice)—I thought I had done something to offend you. And it's worried me even until now. I didn't do anything to offend you, did I, Gil?

Gilbert (eagerly)—You? You couldn't do anything to offend me.

Lucia (hurt)—It was only pride? Because you were poor! Gil! Did you think so little of me as that?

Gilbert (gently)—I hoped to pick a fortune off a tree somewhere, and come back and surprise you with it. I was going to buy an automobile—one of those low ones as long as a Pullman car—and fill it full of roses, and come dashing up to your front door and take you for a ride through the hills. It was to be autumn. I had even that fixed. And



What's a man to do when a girl as pretty as Angela (Edna Hibbard) swears she's in love with him? Frank Conroy as the tactful Gilbert.

"Do you care so little?" asks Lucia. Whereupon Gilbert says some things he oughtn't to—because she's married now!



ou were
oing to be
o proud of
e! . . . But I
ouldn't find a for-
une tree any-
here. . . .

PELL, Lucia's husband,
stands watching the couple
moment from the doorway, then enters nonchalant-
ly. Lucia and Gilbert draw apart hastily—almost
wildly, for they have no way of knowing how much
he has heard. Pell looks cynically from
one to the other, but makes no comment and shows no
sign of having noticed anything unusual in their mood.

PELL (brusquely)—What about dinner? Good
God, man, it's nearly three! . . . Haven't
got a drink, have you, while we're waiting?

Gilbert (courteously)—Nothing good. But I
think the cook has some tequila. . . . It's a
Mexican drink.

Pell—Has it got a kick?

Gilbert (smiling)—I never heard anybody com-
plain. After two or three of 'em, I never saw
anybody able to complain.

Pell—I'll try anything once and anything to
rink more than once.

Gilbert—I'll get you some if there's any left.
He goes out.)

Lucia (appealingly)—I wish you wouldn't do
that.

Pell (roughly)—Do what?

Lucia—Order a man around in his own house.

Pell—Why not?

Lucia—If you can't see—

Pell—There's no use your trying to tell me. Is
that it? I see what you mean. But I don't
agree. This Jones person is nothing in my life.
And why I should be deprived of my liquor and
forced to eat burnt beans three times a day, I
can't see.

Lucia—But when we are enjoying his hos-
pitality—

Pell—Enjoying? Suffering, you mean.

Lucia (puzzled)—But you seemed very anxious
to come here.

THE motive back of Pell's visit—which he has been carefully con-
cealing from his wife and everybody else—is the prospect of striking
oil on Gilbert's ranch. The fact that Gilbert's business has gone to
rack and ruin during his war service abroad, Pell regards as
great good fortune. Hardy, the local loan-shark, is foreclosing
the mortgage today, and Pell expects to buy up a very valu-
able property for a moderate \$10,000. Smith, the irascible
old uncle in his invalid chair, has no intention of losing
the ranch without making an appropriate fuss about
it. He pleads with Hardy.

SMITH (querulously)—My, but everybody's
so unreasonable today! You make me sick!
Here am I doing my gol darndest to save
the mess and you won't even— Look here.
Ain't there no way out of this thing? It
was my money that bought this ranch,
you know. The last ten thousand dollars
I had in the world!

Hardy (unmoved)—That's your lookout.

Smith (whining)—And you'd throw me,
old and sick, an invalid, out into the
street?

Hardy (smartly)—No. I'd let you wheel
yourself out.

Smith—Say, ain't you got no heart at all?

Hardy—I did have. But it cost me too
much money.

Smith (venomously)—Well, all I hope is
some day you'll go broke and they'll bounce
you out into Main Street.

Hardy—The line forms on the left. You're
the fifth that's had that hope this year.

LUCIA, touched by the querulous old invalid's
hard lot, comes to his defense—and has
reason to regret it. For the shrewd old uncle
from Bangor, Maine, has been watching her
from his chair and has made up his mind
about certain things. (Continued on page 80)



Edna Hibbard is irresistible as the pretty but too-susceptible Angela.



GEORGE HITCHCOCK—a sturdy descendant of Roger Williams—was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1850. Educated at Brown University, he practiced law for a time, but soon abandoned that profession to study art abroad. In Paris he entered Julien's, spent the next winter at the Dusseldorf Academy, and later studied in Holland with Mesdag, and in England. Finally Hitchcock settled in Holland, and thereafter this great pioneer painter of out-of-doors sunlight was devoted to Dutch landscapes exclusively. His "La Culture des Tulipes" received an Honorable Mention at the Salon in 1893; he received a Gold Medal at the World's Columbian Exposition and was—till his death in 1913—a most distinguished member of the National Academy of Design.

A Madonna of America

By Gardner Teall

"**G**REAT Art," said Lionel Johnson, "is never out of date, nor obsolete; like the moral law of Sophocles, 'God is great in it, and grows not old'; like the moral law of Kant, it is of equal awe and splendor with the stars. A line of Virgil—written by the Bay of Naples, in some most private hour of meditation, all those long years ago!—comes home to us, as though it were our very thought: upon which repetition, experience has made it more true and touching. Or some verse of Arnold, written at Oxford or in London, some few years past: it comes home to us, as though a thousand years had pondered it and fanned it true. In beauty and in strength, in beauty of music and in strength of thought, the great artists are all contemporaries: 'Vandyke is of the company,' now and always: an eternal beauty and strength are upon the great works of art, as though they were from everlasting."

IF ONE were to make a list of the best-loved pictures to be found in America, George Hitchcock's "Blessed Motherhood," a painting in the collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art, would stand well towards the beginning of the list.

"Blessed Motherhood" is a picture of exceptional beauty, spiritual significance, dignity, and immediate appeal, a picture which will never be out of date, never become obsolete, possessing as it does the quality of eternal beauty.

We may not be willing to consider this fine painting as one to number with the supreme masterpieces of the world's art, for it does not, but for all that it is both important and inspiring, one of the most beautiful works by a modern painter.

Art, as Bulwer-Lytton put it, is the effort of man to express the ideas which nature suggests to him of a power above nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the Great First Cause of which nature, like himself, is but a cause.

A PICTURE like "Blessed Motherhood" successfully presents the result of such an effort. How wonderfully has the artist worked here with nature at his side, the spirit of beauty and the spirit of the higher things in life guiding his hand!

Simple indeed is the subject he has chosen—a mother with her babe, sitting there on a bench in the field, a row of trees across the



In "Blessed Motherhood" the artist has caught and held that spiritual quality that is the essence of man's natural religion.

background, to the right a cow drinking from a wooden water-trough; simple elements, there, but with what a knowledge of constructive beauty has the artist brought them together! The little flowers at the feet of this modern madonna are almost as lovely as any that Botticelli painted in "La Primavera," as lovely as Leonardo's.

ONE of the most beautiful features of the picture is the effect of the light, culminating in the play of sunlight upon the headdress of the seated figure, suggesting in its aureole the halo of the Holy Mother of the Infant

Jesus as the old masters were wont to paint it. But here is no attempt to paint what is commonly called a religious picture, although it must stand forth as an instance of that spiritual attitude which marks man's natural religion.

WE CAN not look upon this picture without something of awe. It clings to memory with tenacity. Although the subject of motherhood is as old as painting, it is perennially fresh in the interest it holds for the true artist, leading us to recall these lines from James Montgomery:

*A mother's love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above
To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love, that can't grow cold,
This is a mother's love.*

And what mother's love is suggested in the blessed motherhood depicted in this picture! There sits the sweet-faced mother, quiet and serene. But there is no coldness in her meditation, only the wistfulness of her devotion, looking ahead (Concluded on page 68)

The Valley of Silent Men

By James Oliver Curwood

COURTESY OF COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD is a romanticist whose god is Nature and whose novels, set in what he calls God's Country, have that largeness of vision and compelling power which come only to those who really know Nature triumphant. The characters, too, who people his novels, are truly magnificent because theirs is the spirit of the vast out-of-doors where souls grow big. Curwood is more than a novelist—he is a crusader.

Lioud Berrymore

IN THE mind of James Grenfell Kent, sergeant in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, there remained no shadow of a doubt. He knew that he was dying. He had implicit faith in Cardigan, his surgeon friend, and Cardigan had told him that what was left of his life would be measured out in hours—perhaps in minutes or seconds. It was an unusual case. There was one chance in fifty that he might live two or three days, but there was no chance at all that he would live more than three. The end might come with any breath he drew into his lungs.

"And when that sack gives way inside you," Cardigan had explained, "you'll go like that!" He snapped a forefinger and thumb to drive the fact home.

After that it was merely a matter of common sense to believe, and now, sure that he was about to die, Kent had acted.

Bolstered up against his pillows, he did not look the part of the fiend he was confessing himself to be to the people about him. Sickness had not emaciated him. The bronze of his lean, clean-cut face had faded a little, but the tanning of wind and sun and campfire was still there.

THROUGH his window, as he sat bolstered up in his cot, Kent could see the low-moving shimmer of the great Athabasca River as it moved on its way toward the Arctic Ocean. The sun was shining, and he saw the cool, thick masses of the spruce and cedar forests beyond, the rising undulations of wilderness ridges and hills, and through that open window he caught the sweet scents that came with a soft wind from out of the forests he had loved for so many years.

"They've been my best friends," he had said to Cardigan, "and when this nice little thing you're promising happens to me, old man, I want to go with my eyes on them."

So his cot was close to the window.

Nearest to him sat Cardigan. In his face, more than in any of the others, was disbelief. Kedsty, Inspector of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, in charge of N Division during an indefinite leave of absence of the superintendent, was paler even than the girl whose nervous fingers were swiftly putting upon paper every word that was spoken by those in the room. O'Connor, staff-sergeant, was like one struck dumb. The little, smooth-faced Catholic missionary whose presence as a witness Kent had requested, sat with his thin fingers tightly interlaced, silently placing his among all the other strange tragedies that the wilderness had given up to him. They had all been Kent's friends, his intimate friends, with the exception of the girl, whom Inspector Kedsty had borrowed for the occasion. With the little missionary he had spent many an evening, exchanging in mutual confidence the strange and mysterious happenings of the deep forests, and of the great north beyond the forests. O'Connor's friendship was a friendship bred of the brotherhood of the trails. It was Kent and O'Connor who had brought down the two Eskimo murderers from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and the adventure had taken

them fourteen months. Kent loved O'Connor, with his red face, his red hair, and his big heart, and to him the most tragic part of it all was that he was breaking this friendship now.

FOR Kent is proclaiming himself a murderer—is insisting that he and not the stranger imprisoned in the guardhouse is guilty of the peculiarly brutal murder of John Barkley. And in spite of the fact that all of Kent's comrades stubbornly refuse to take his confession seriously, Inspector Kedsty, his chief, seems strangely anxious to believe Kent guilty of the atrocious crime.

"OF COURSE you know what this means to the Service," he said in a hard, low voice. "It means—"



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD—born at Owasso, Michigan, some forty years ago—comes by his love of adventure naturally. For his grandfather was Captain Marryat, the famous English sea captain and novelist, and his great-grandmother was a full-blooded Indian princess! Trapping in the Michigan woods brought Curwood the money that put him through college. Then he got a job on the Detroit News-Tribune, worked up to the editor's desk from a cub reportership—and left to fare forth into the wilds. Mr. Curwood has cut trails throughout British Columbia, the Yukon, and up the "Three Rivers"—the Athabasca, the Slave, and the Mackenzie—to the Arctic. "The River's End" was the first, and this new "The Valley of Silent Men" is the second of his great trilogy of this country.

"Disgrace," nodded Kent. "I know. It means a black spot on the otherwise bright escutcheon of N Division. But it can't be helped. I killed John Barkley. The man you've got in the guardhouse, condemned to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, is innocent. I understand. It won't be nice for the Service to let it be known that a sergeant in His Majesty's Royal Mounted is an ordinary murderer, but—"

"Not an ordinary murderer," interrupted Kedsty. "As you have described it, the crime was deliberate—horrible and inexcusable to its last detail. You were not moved by a sudden passion. You tortured your victim. It is inconceivable!"

"And yet true," said Kent

He was looking at the stenographer's slim

fingers as they put down his words and Kedsty's. A bit of sunshine touched her bowed head, and he observed the red lights in her hair. His eyes swept to O'Connor, and in that moment the commander of N Division bent over him, so close that his face almost touched Kent's, and he whispered, in a voice so low that no one of the other four could hear:

"Kent—you lie!"

"No, it is true," replied Kent.

Kedsty drew back, again wiping the moisture from his forehead.

"I killed Barkley, and I killed him as I planned that he should die," Kent went on. "It was my desire that he should suffer. The one thing which I shall not tell you is why I killed him. But it was a sufficient reason." (Continued on page 82)



In the effort to locate wells vast fortunes are spent in tapping the earth in those districts where oil is waiting (or believed to be waiting) to be converted into money.

Is Cuba West of Pittsburgh?

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

*To Steer a Ship by Ear
Why the Red Rose Blushes
How to Burst a Barrel
Poison in our Daily Bread
Solid Granite vs. Swiss Cheese*

EVER since the onset of the perpetual dry season in the United States, the island of Cuba has assumed new importance in the minds of a considerable portion of our population, if we are to accept the reports of the comic artists and the professional jokemongers as illustrative of public sentiment. Such considerations, however, doubtless did not actuate the authorities of the United States Geological Survey in publishing data with reference to the geological location of Cuba. The information in question is of the kind which is supposed to be possessed by "every school-child." Yet it will probably come to most readers of the report with the force of novelty. The authors of the report are doubtless quite right in saying that "few realize that the island of Cuba if transposed would extend from New York City to Indiana, or that Havana is farther west than Cleveland, Ohio."

When one sails out of New York harbor bound for Cuba, one has the general impression that the voyage is to be in a southeasterly direction; and it is rather surprising on arriving in Havana to be assured that you have traveled in the direction of Chicago. But a glance at the map substantiates the anomalous statement.

Other anomalies noted are that the Panama Canal is due south of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; and that Nome, Alaska, is farther west than Hawaii. Further scrutiny of the map may surprise one with the observation that the bulk of the state of Washington, and the corresponding portions of the states directly east of it as far as Minnesota, lie north of the topmost peak of Maine, which, to casual inspection, seems to project far into the boreal regions, and which is in point of fact far north of Montreal and Quebec and Nova

Scotia and other regions where climatic conditions obtain that are utterly different from those of Washington.

NORTHERNERS FROM SUNNY ITALY
Odd anomalies of geography that most of us have overlooked

BUT this of course only illustrates the familiar truth that, whereas there is a general relation between latitude and cli-

mate, great modifications are produced by ocean currents. The same truth is brought vividly to mind by the recollection that New York, with the winter climate that we all know so well, is almost exactly on the same parallel with Naples, well towards the southern extremity of "sunny Italy"; and that London, where the winters never approach New York standards of severity, is at the level of Labrador and Hudson Bay.

GOOD-BY, GASOLINE

Will the scarcity of crude oil put our motorcars in the storehouse?

AN OFFICIAL Standard Oil bulletin presents some facts and figures, particularly with reference to the Pacific Coast supply of fuel oil and of petroleum products, that should be of interest to every automobile owner.

It appears that the present normal consumption of oil exceeds the abnormal consumption of war-time. Specifically, in 1918 the average daily consumption was 279,576 barrels; whereas the average consumption in 1919 was 292,278 barrels, and in February, 1920, the daily consumption exceeded 300,000 barrels.

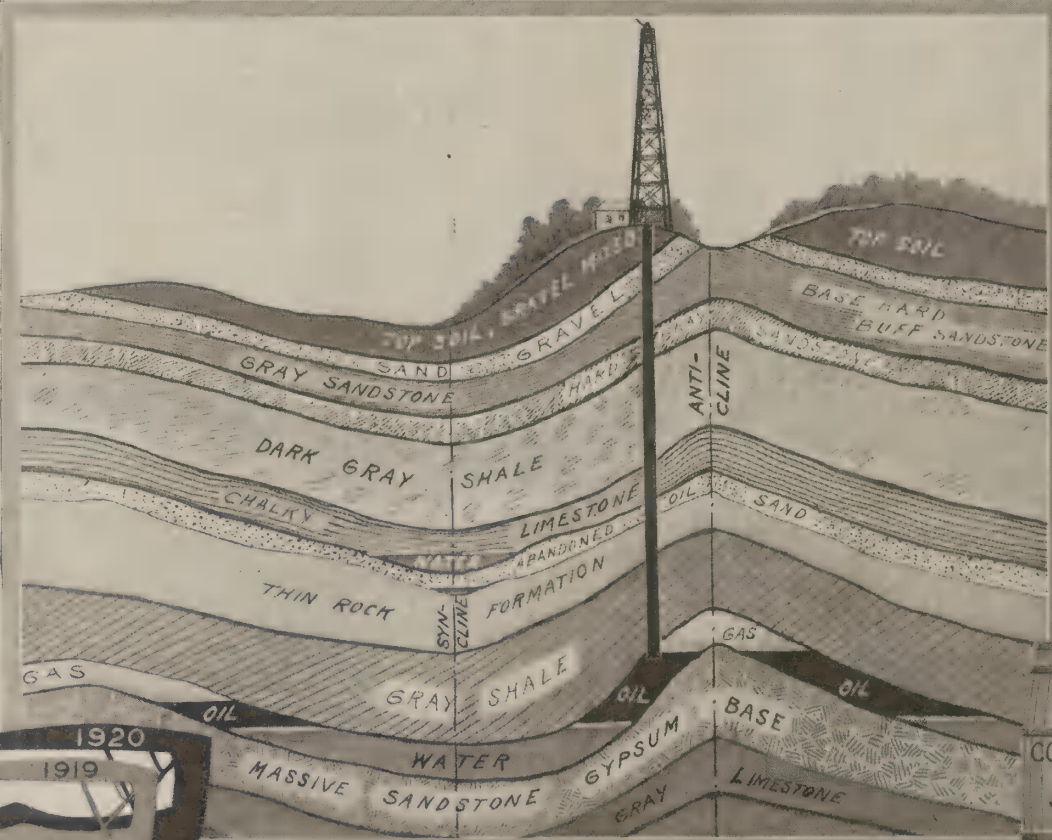
Meantime the use of oil as a substitute for coal in propelling ships has become a very significant factor, the Navy having requisitioned for the present year, on the Pacific Coast, 2,050,800 barrels of oil; and the United States Shipping Board having invited bids for 4,000,000 barrels.

The net result is that the reserve stock of oil decreased from 60,000,000 barrels on May 1, 1915, to a present supply of less than 13,000,000 barrels; and it is predicted that the entire reserve stock will be exhausted within the coming year, thus cutting off the supply of California fuel between 25,000 and 30,000 barrels per day.

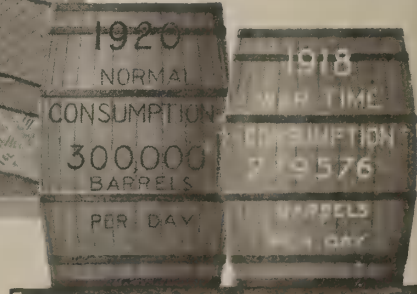
Quite in keeping with the unfavorable auguries revealed by this report is the more general report of the Bureau of Mines, according to which the production of gasoline during the first six months of the present year was only 13 per cent above the production of the corresponding months of 1919; whereas the domestic consumption of gasoline was 28 per cent increased and the total consumption, including exports, was increased by 32 per cent over a year ago.

Our entire reserve stock of oil may be exhausted by the end of this year—and our output is failing.

If the production of crude oil decreases as the consumption increases, what shall we pay for gasoline in 1925?



Some of the difficulties and uncertainties that must be overcome in the search for petroleum may be indicated in this much-condensed diagram, illustrating the operation of the drills shown in the picture at the top of the page.



TO STEER A SHIP BY EAR

A mechanical pilot that may save a liner
\$500 an hour

ABOUT the only difficulty that the transatlantic navigator sailing to and from New York ordinarily experiences is to negotiate the tortuous passage at the outlet of New York Harbor, known as Ambrose Channel.

Until recently the pilot who conducted a vessel through this narrow and winding channel has

Even in the thickest of fogs a vessel entering New York Harbor may now guide its course along the winding Ambrose Channel by feeling its way by means of sound waves emanating from a radio pilot cable.

had to depend upon buoys and lighthouses and distant headlands, all of which were likely to be obscured or rendered invisible in a fog.

Now, however, an apparently successful effort has been made to overcome this difficulty, by introducing a mechanical pilot in the form of a cable sixteen miles long laid in the center of the channel.

It might appear that the ship could follow this cable by putting down a mechanical hand, somewhat after the manner of a trolley car. But the tremendous bulk of the ship and the impossibility of keeping it directly over the cable make this impracticable.

The method actually employed consists in energizing the cable with an oscillating electrical current from the shore. Sound waves are transmitted along the cable, and the ship must be provided with an apparatus called an audiphone attached at either side of the hull. This audiphone consists of coils of small copper wire, which are connected through a switch with a vacuum-tube amplifier which acts on the diaphragm of a telephone receiver that the human pilot of the vessel holds at his ear. The magnetic field about the cable varies in intensity with distance from the cable.

The listener can therefore tell the position of the ship by the intensity of the sound and by the direction from which it comes.

Moreover, the sound is of maximum intensity when the plane of the coil (and therefore the ship itself) is parallel to the cable. So, by correctly interpreting the sounds that he hears, the navigator is able to keep the ship close to the cable, and thus pass through the channel in safety.

THE FEARLESS FOG

What it costs in dollars to be held up on the ocean by the mariners' enemy

TO ILLUSTRATE the value of the new device in dollars and cents, it has been estimated that the cost of equipping a vessel with the receiving coils and other apparatus would be about \$1,200; and the loss to a liner forced to anchor off the port in a fog is probably not less than \$500 per hour. As a matter of course the apparatus, should it prove successful here, will be utilized ultimately in other harbors with narrow channels. Conceivably the method may be extended to dangerous coast lines, like that of Long Island. That would indeed be a boon to the

navigator, who habitually experiences a period of anxiety when he is obliged to approach the Long Island coast by dead reckoning.

HIS MAGIC SPECTACLES

How two paintings on one canvas are revealed by colored glass

ORDINARILY one would not go to a chemical

exhibition with the expectation of seeing works of art. But there was obvious propriety in showing some paintings by Mr. Charles Bittering at a recent exhibition explicitly devoted to scientific exhibits. For in point of fact these paintings are scientific of a unique kind. They represent the possibility of utilizing the optical properties of various chemicals in such a curious way that two entirely different pictures may be painted on the same canvas—one being visible, like any ordinary painting, by daylight, and the other revealed only when the canvas is viewed through red spectacles. The red lenses which reveal the second picture obliterate the first.

One view of the canvas, for example, may show the portrait of a girl in conventional costume; and the other view of the same canvas reveals a landscape with a horse and

WHY THE RED ROSE BLUSHES

The scientific explanation of color values on the human eye

IN PAINTING his pictures Mr. Bittering uses two sets of brushes, with triangular and round handles respectively, to remind him which kind of pigment he is to use for each picture. Elaborate study of the wavelengths of different colors has been necessary, of course, and the selection of various pigments known only to the artist himself. But the general principle involved is as old as the wave-theory of light, which, it will be recalled, dates back to the experiments of the famous Dr. Young in the early years of the nineteenth century. Other aspects of the same principle are utilized in the familiar phenomenon of color-printing, where three successive impressions of yellow, blue, and

red pigments produce a picture in natural colors, including grays, greens, and purples quite unlike any of the original colors.

Still other aspects of the principle are utilized in color photography, notably in the Lumière process, in which starch granules of different colors.

spread evenly on the sensitized plate, act as a filter for light of various wavelengths.

But however familiar the illustrations of the fact that light is merely a vibration in the ether, and

Courtesy of Scientific American

that what we call color is only the eye's interpretation of the fact that different substances absorb and reflect the waves of various lengths differently, the whole thing remains after all wonderful and mysterious. Who can really believe that the redness of a rose is an illusion based on the fact that this particular flower rejects all the longer waves of light and sends them back to our eye to produce the sensation of redness; whereas the flower that we call a yellow rose has absorbed the red rays and rejected the yellow?

The idealist who attempts to convince us that the entire material world is an illusion is refuted by the substantial form of everything we touch or see; but the world of color is an elusive and mysterious fantasy.

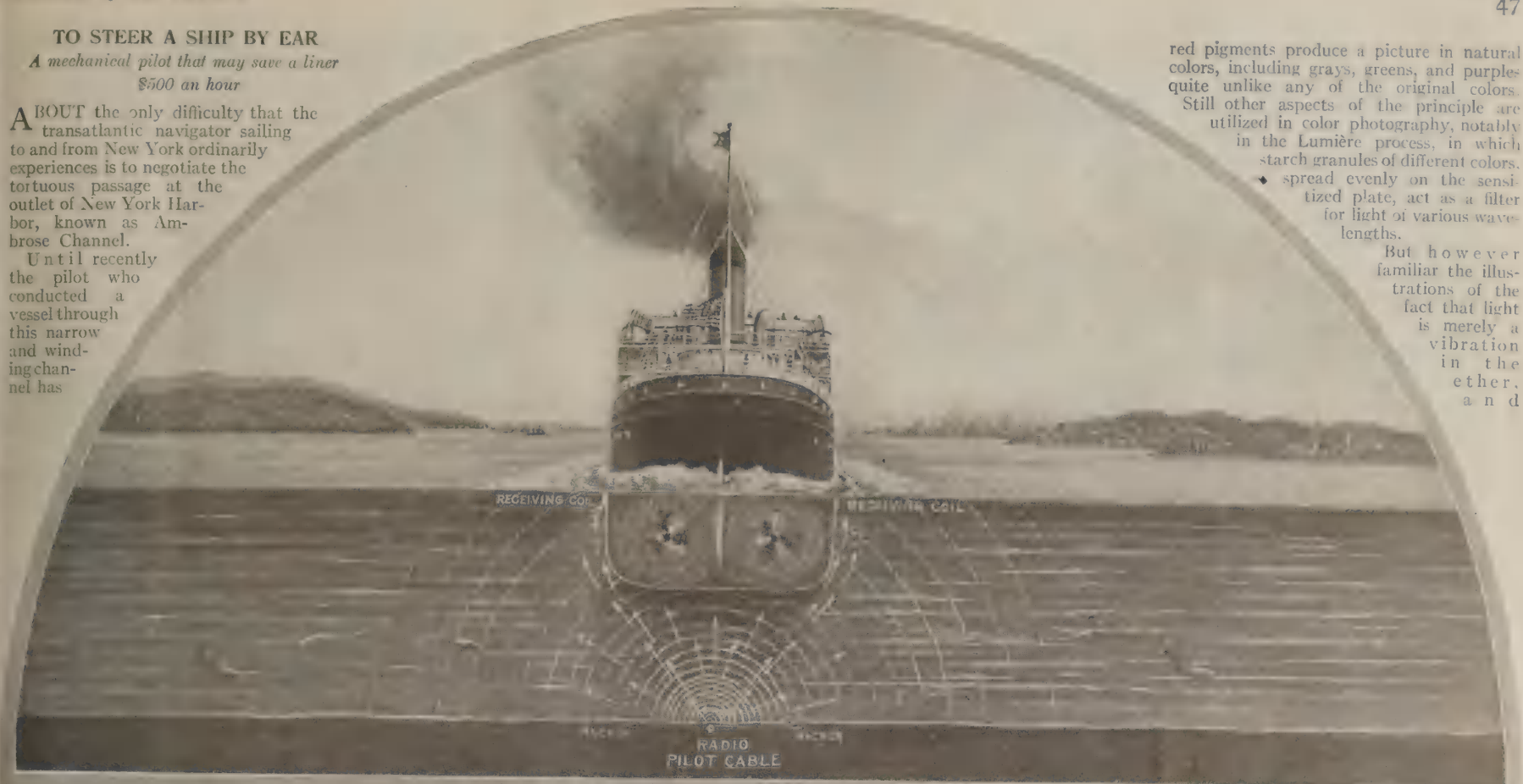
POISON IN OUR DAILY BREAD

Toxic effects from different kinds of common foods vary with the individual

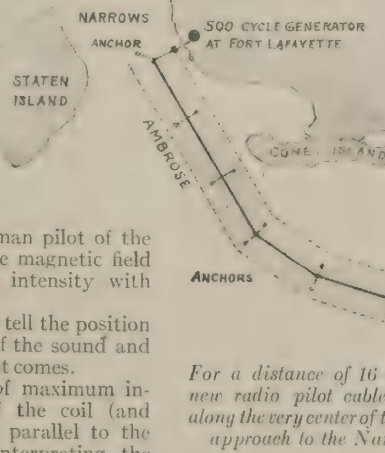
WE FIND here and there an individual who can not eat a single egg without being poisoned, perhaps even getting marked toxic effect from eating a piece of cake or a portion of pudding of which eggs are minor constituents. The degrees of poisoning may vary from a mild disturbance characterized by a redness of the skin, to a marked toxemia indicated by asthmatic effects and by disturbances of the circulation sometimes involving the larynx and threatening life itself.

Poisoning of this type is known to the medical profession as anaphylaxis. The word is not yet familiar to the general public, but will presently become so, as it will be heard more and more.

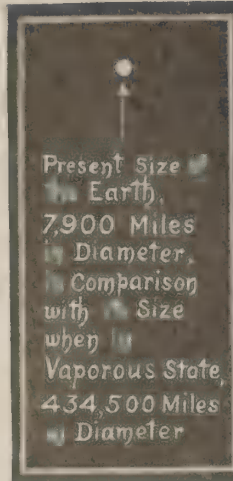
Anaphylaxis may result, in susceptible individuals, from various food proteins that for most people are altogether wholesome. Where one individual is susceptible to egg protein, another may suffer from protein of milk, yet another from protein of wheat. Thus very literally it is true that one man's food is another's poison. And we are learning that poisoning of this character is a much more common phenomenon than has hitherto been suspected.



By means of this audiphone the radio operator learns the ship's position.



For a distance of 16 miles the new radio pilot cable extends along the very center of the tricky approach to the Narrows.



IT IS coming to be routine practice in dealing with various maladies, including asthma, to test the patient as to susceptibility to various food proteins; the test being made by scratching the skin and making an inoculation with a sterile solution of the proteins to be challenged. Sometimes an individual who suffers severely from asthma may be cured merely by the omission of a particular type of protein from the dietary. Sometimes immunity may be developed by successive protein inoculations.

Very recently it has been found that a person who is subject to poisoning by egg-albumin may be protected by predigesting the egg with pancreatic extract. It thus appears that the fundamental difficulty is in the digestive tract—emphasizing from a slightly new angle the old familiar truth that good digestion is almost a synonym for good health.

HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE

Did we really originate in gases emanating from the sun?

ASTRONOMERS and geologists are still a good deal at variance among themselves as to the history of the earth's development. There is a general tendency to accept the essentials of the so-called planetesimal hypothesis of Chamberlin and Moulton, according to which the planetary system developed out of a spiral nebula; but there are many details of the process of evolution that are open to discussion.

According to theory, the spiral nebula itself resulted from the passage relatively near the original gaseous solar mass of another stellar body, the gravitational pull of which resulted in a succession of spurts of matter out of the substance of the sun. Each successive spurt furnished material for the future development of a planet, through slow accretion about nuclei of condensation, until practically the entire mass of the world-stuff had been aggregated into the planetary bodies, including the earth, as they now exist.

OCEAN NOT SO SALT

A novel method of science for estimating the age of the earth

IN EACH of the planetary bodies, in course of construction, a condition of cooling, through the giving out of heat, would obtain; but at the same time a compensatory heating through contraction under the influence of gravitation. Cosmologists are not agreed as to the net results of the operation of these two antagonistic conditions.

Professor Chamberlin is of the opinion that our particular planet, the earth, had reached a stage of essential solidarity before it had gathered to itself much more than half the material which now composes its structure.

This view, however, is opposed by Professor Reginald Daly, of Harvard University, who discusses the matter at length in a recent issue of the *Scientific Monthly*. Professor Daly believes that our earth must have remained in a gaseous or liquid condition till a far later period, probably until it attained its full mass. Among the arguments for this view is at least one of popular interest: namely, the suggestion that if the ocean really began its long life when the earth mass had less than half its present value, it would be far more salty today than it really is. Indeed, in the vast period, the greater part of the sodium of the earth's crust would have entered the oceanic solution, mostly to remain there permanently. But in point of fact only a relatively small part of the soluble salt has found its way to the ocean.

VARIOUS observations as to the dominant character of stone in the strata and the extrusion of molten rock through vast fissures, together with the observed plications through which mountains result, tend to corroborate the supposition that the earth once was largely fluid from the surface downward; and it is permissible to believe that a condition of virtual fluidity still obtains throughout its central mass—a thesis that was familiar in the past, but which the planetesimal theory has been supposed to contradict.

Here, as so often elsewhere in the evolution of scientific ideas, a new and seemingly revolutionary conception may harmonize better than at first supposed with antecedent theories and observations.

HOW TO BURST A BARREL

A novel experiment for proving that water is not compressible

THE use of water-power to transform energy and make it available is as old as civilization. It was early discovered, also, that water could be utilized in the transmission of power, as in the hydraulic press. This apparatus depends for its performance on the fact that water is not compressible, and the further fact that pressure applied at any point is felt correspondingly at each corresponding surface of the entire area of the container.

A familiar illustration of the rather startling results of the operation of this principle is the experiment in which a long tube is inserted into the top of a barrel, and the tube filled with water. As the tube is small, the total amount of water it contains is relatively insignificant, yet the multiplied pressure of the weight of this water may burst the barrel. By a somewhat modified application of the principle, water may be conveyed in a small pipe from a reservoir or lake, and made to exert a tremendous power by turning a small water-wheel of the Pelton type, at a lower level. But such transmissions of power are made by actual motion of the water.

PUSHING POWER AROUND THE CORNER

THERE is another possibility; namely, the transfer of power along a column of water from molecule to molecule without actual flow of the water. Owing to the non-compressibility of water, a thrust applied at one end of a pipe must result in transmitting this thrust at the other end of the pipe somewhat as if you gave a push to the pipe itself. And there is no obvious limit to the length of the pipe when you push against the column of water, though there would be a limit to the length of a pipe or rod used for

Were the Earth and other planetary bodies evolved from a vast, whirling mass—called a "spiral nebula"—caused by gases from the sun? One group of scientists answers yes.

a direct thrust, as metal would presently sag or bend and break. Moreover, the column of water within the pipe would exert its push from molecule to molecule, whatever the shape of the pipe. It could, if desired, transmit power around corners, or in a circuitous path. To be sure the power which is transmitted along the column is also represented by a lateral pressure in all directions, so that the pipe must be made strong; but so long as the pipe does not burst, pressure applied at one end must be felt at the other.

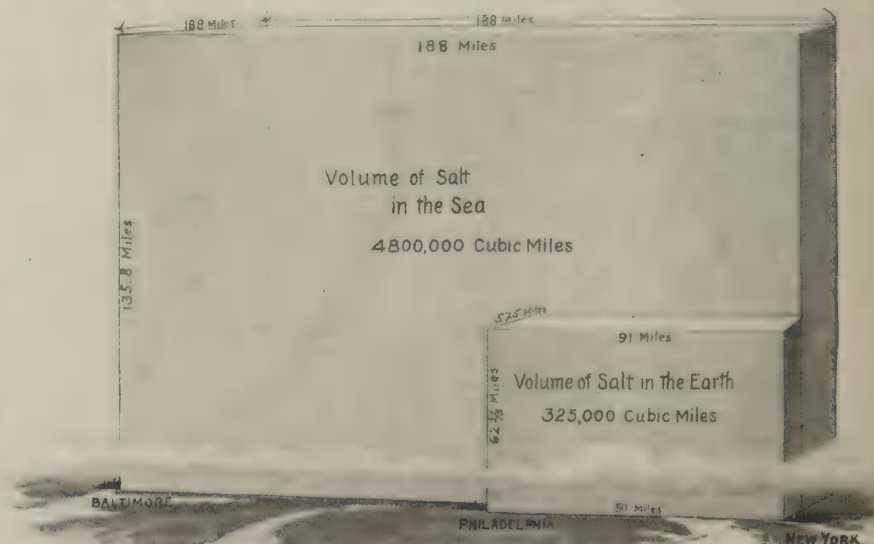
SOLID GRANITE VS. SWISS CHEESE

Remarkable force developed by wave-power

IT IS apparently through practical interpretation of this simple principle, and the elaboration of methods for its application, that an Italian inventor named George Constantinesco has devised a new method of transmitting energy by what is spoken of as

wave-power. The name is perhaps misleading, inasmuch as no actual waves are involved, but only the oscillations of molecules within the column of water. These impulses, or waves, generated by a machine at one end of a pipe at the rate of forty impulses or cycles a second—2,400 a minute—travel through the water at the rate of about 4,770 feet a second. This rate suggests an analogy with the pulsations of sound, which, it will be recalled, travel at the rate of 4,280 feet a second through the air. There is much closer analogy, however, with electrical transmission, inasmuch as water-waves may transmit an enormous amount of energy, which of course is not true of sound-waves.

It is said that the water-wave apparatus, utilized with flexible pipes made to stand a pressure of ten tons to the square inch without breaking, transmits power with an average efficiency of fifty per cent; whereas compressed-air transmission, as now utilized



If all the salt in the earth were concentrated into one solid mass, it would form a colossal block reaching from New York to Philadelphia, while the block representing the salt in the seas would extend to Baltimore and tower 135 miles into the sky.



Farm produce may be transported to market over good roads like this with infinitely less time and cost than—

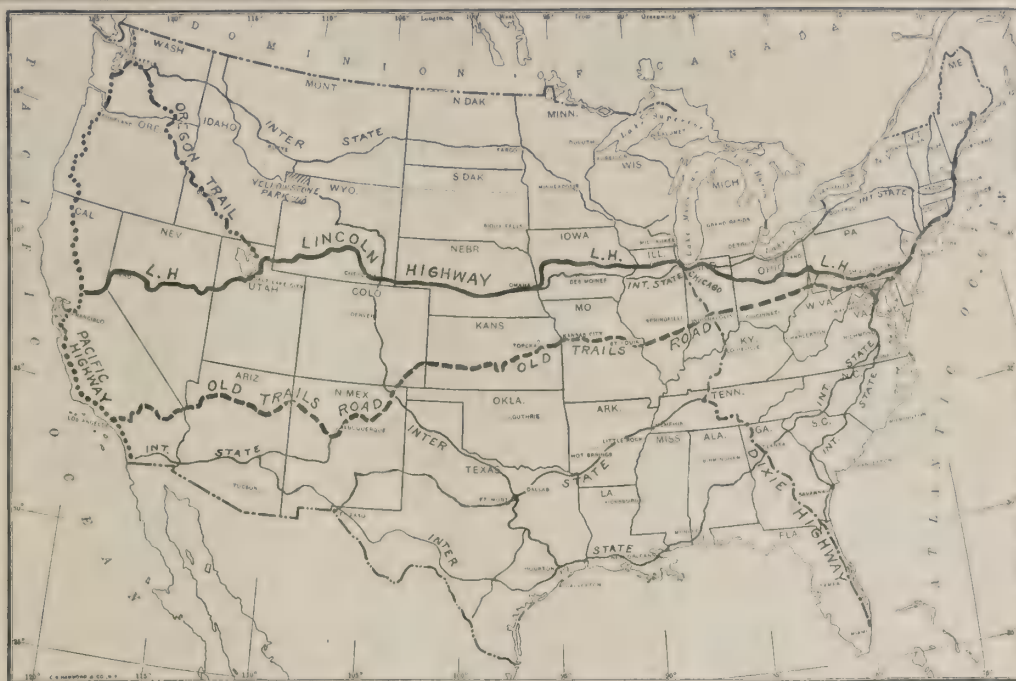
in boiler shops and shipyards and mines, has an efficiency of only ten per cent. That is to say, with the compressed air, if one generates 100 H.P. he delivers only 10 H.P.; whereas with the new apparatus he would deliver 50 H.P. from the same source. It has been asserted that utilization of the wave-power method will save \$2,800,000 a year on the Rand gold-fields in South Africa alone. It is further stated that a wave-power drill goes into hard granite at the rate of five inches a minute.

THERE are curious and technically interesting correspondences between water-wave transmission and electrical transmission. Experts talk of equivalents of volts, amperes, induction, capacity, resistance, condensers and transformers, but these are matters for the technician. The practicalities of the apparatus, on the other hand, concern everyone; for if the mechanism proves as efficient as is claimed, a new implement is in hand, of vast importance in performing the world's work.

\$300,000,000 FOR WORSE ROADS

Bad roads prevent the farmer from bringing produce to market—for which you and I pay

THE president of the North Carolina Good Roads Association tells us that last year's crop of sweet potatoes in that state aggregated about 13,000,000 bushels, of which 6,000,000 bushels were lost to both producer and consumer because of lack of transportation and organization. From another source we learn of an estimate that the farmers of this country lose \$300,000,000 yearly in marketing crops because of bad roads. And let it not be forgotten that when the farmers lose, all the rest of the people lose as well. Notwithstanding the activities of recent years, it is conceded that the ordinary roads



A few of the 22 great National highways that are under construction or planned for early development.

of the United States are the worst to be found in any civilized country. A report of the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture showed

that of 2,500,000 miles of roads of all kinds in this country, only 140,000 were surfaced. In the sixteen Southern states there were only 73,595 miles of surfaced roads at the close of 1914, and only one-third of these were hard-surfaced—that is, faced with concrete, macadam, asphalt, or brick.

Yet it is stated that the United States spends more on a system of inefficient and shiftless highways than would be required to keep up high-class roads under the methods

pursued by European countries.

being done calls for an expenditure of not far from \$2,000,000.

These records are harbingers of a new era in American public highways. They forecast a time when producer and consumer of the all-essential foodstuffs—to say nothing of other commodities—shall have been in effect brought closer together, to the material benefit of both.

BARLEY BETTER THAN WHEAT

Is the king of grains to be replaced by other—and better—cereals?

THE world-wide shortage of this year's wheat crop gives renewed interest to the question of wheat-substitutes. Tests have been made of the relative values of the essential proteins of wheat, barley, oats, and rye. It is explained, however, that these common cereal grains, singly or in combination, are not adequate to afford satisfactory nutrition by themselves, because of the deficiency of specific mineral elements and fat-soluble vitamins. These, however, can be artificially supplied. The entire cereals supply enough water-soluble vitamins. The deficiency in fat-soluble vitamins is readily met by the use of butter.

THE essential proteins of each of the cereals have certain defects as to particular amino-acid constituents, when viewed from the standpoint of general nutrition. Nevertheless, it has been shown that each of the prominent cereals, when the entire grain is used, supplies proteins that are adequate for the growth of the animal under observation, no other type of protein being given.

This has been found to be true not alone of wheat proteins, but of proteins of oats, rye, and barley.

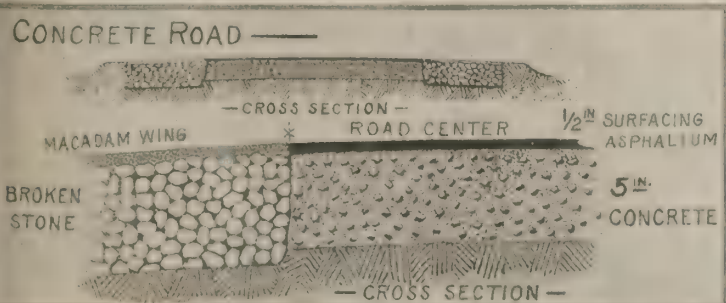
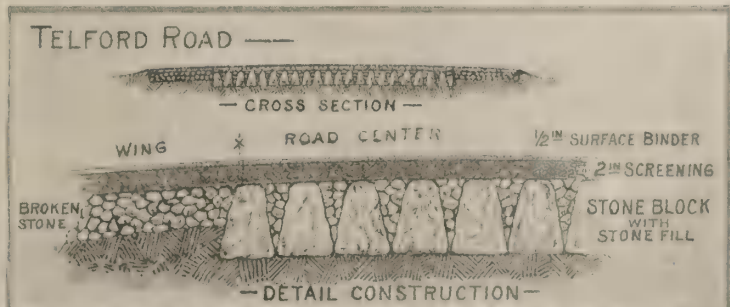
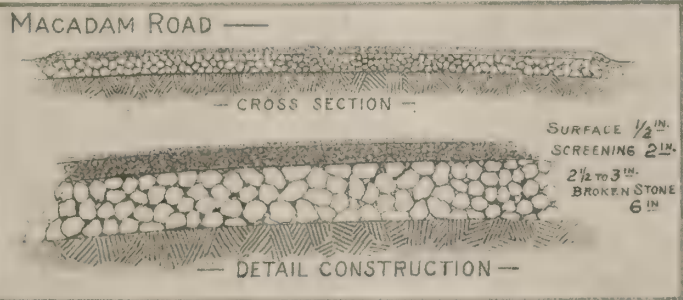
Meantime the provisional conclusion is reached that the proteins of the four prominent cereals, wheat, rye, oats, and barley, are not widely different in their efficiency, the barley-fed animals have grown rather the best of them all.

AUTOS REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING

IT IS comforting to report, however, that as a country we now see the error of our ways, and are keen for reform. Doubtless the automobile has been largely responsible for this; but the benefits will redound to the advantage of the farmer on one hand and of every consumer of farm produce on the other. The Federal Government, the state governments, and the local authorities have joined hands for the greatest good-roads campaign that has ever been undertaken anywhere in the world.

We are told that during the next five years there will be at the disposal of the state highway departments a grand total of not less than \$3,000,000,000. No fewer than twenty-two great national highways are under construction or planned for early development.

The aggregate projects call for the expenditure of \$660,000,000 during the present year.



Here are shown cross-sections of the three most popular types of modern highway construction, which are gradually replacing costly dirt roads.

A Club for Children's Smiles

Foolish Letters to Sensible Men-XIII

To Warren G. Harding

By K.C.B.

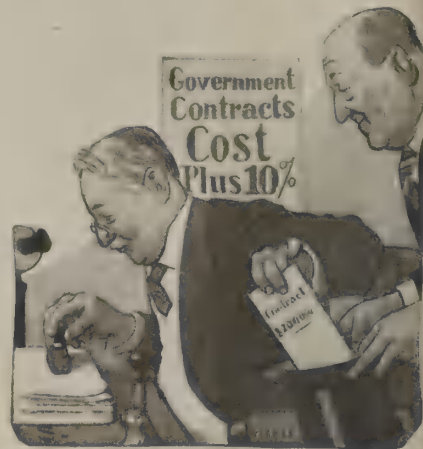


WARREN G. HARDING.
MARION, OHIO.
PRESIDENT-ELECT.

MY DEAR Warren.
IF YOU'D been licked.
I'D HAVE called you Warrie.
AND BESIDES that.
I'D HAVE lost \$4.
BUT NOW you're elected.
WE CAN both afford.
TO BE quite formal.
AND UNTIL next March.
I'LL CALL you Warren.
AND IF you want to.
YOU MAY call me Kenneth.
BUT AFTER that.
IT'LL BE Mr. President.
AND MR. Beaton.
BUT THE business on hand.
IS SIMPLY this.
I'M FORMING a club.
OF ALL the persons.
WHO FOR years and years.
HAVE BEEN sending money.
IN THE guise of taxes.
TO THE city of Washington.
AND ALL the time.
THEY'VE BEEN hollering around.
ABOUT HOW it's spent.
AND IT'S getting worse.

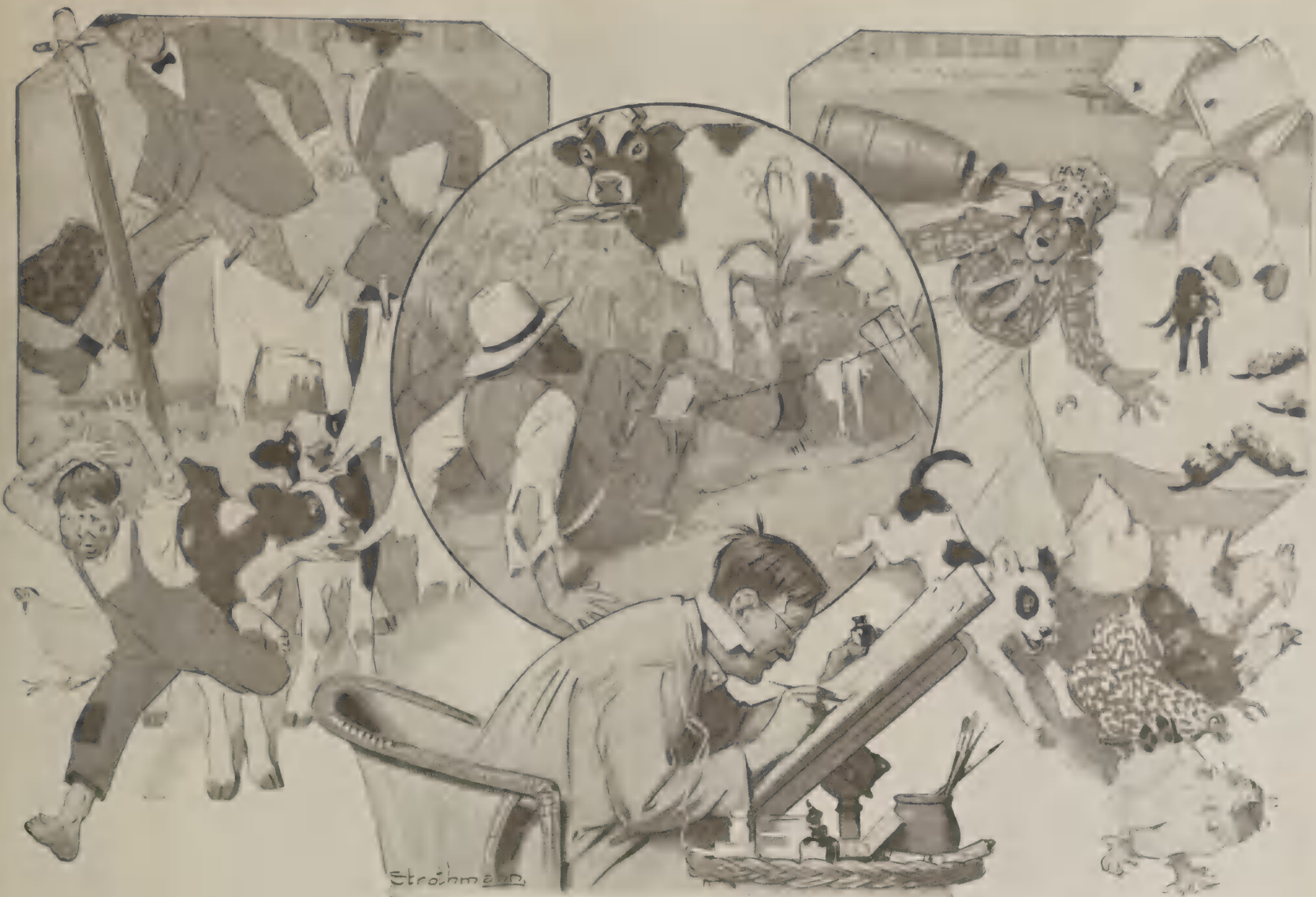
AND RIGHT today.
THEY ARE nicking us.
FOR FIFTEEN millions.
ON EVERY day.
AND WE'VE got to send it.
AND IN all the country.
THERE ISN'T a man.
WHO HAS any idea.
WHERE IT all goes to.
EXCEPTING THE men.
THAT WE pay it to.
AND SOME of them.
CAN'T EVEN think.
ABOVE A few thousand.
AND AFTER that.
IT MEANS nothing to them.
BUT A lot of figures.
BUT BELIEVE me, Warren.
TO THE guy that sends it.
IT'S MORE than figures.
IT'S A suit of clothes.
THAT HE doesn't get.
OR A pair of shoes.
THAT HE just looks at.
IN A shoe-store window.
OR A letter home.
FROM "YOUR loving son."
INSTEAD OF a trip.
OR THE trembling lip.
OF A little kid.
THAT HAS to do.
INSTEAD OF the smile.
THAT MIGHT have come.

WITH A brand-new doll.
OR MAYBE it is.
"IT'S ALL right, dear."
THAT COMES from your wife.
ON A tired night.
WHEN THE bank-book says.
THAT HER last year's suit.
WILL HAVE to do.
FOR ANOTHER year.
I'M GETTING mushy.
BUT YOU know, Warrie.
I MEAN, you know, Warren.
IT'S ALL quite true.
AND YOU also know.
THAT RUNNING the country.
IS JUST the same.
AS RUNNING a newspaper.
IT'S JUST plain business.
AND I'VE heard you say.
THAT the way it's run now.
THERE'S RAMPANT waste.
AND NOW I come.
TO THIS club of mine.
THAT I'D like to form.
AND IT'S going to be.
SUCH A great big club.
THAT I don't quite know.
HOW WE'LL ever meet.
AND SO I think.
I'LL JUST declare.
THE CLUB is formed.
AND HAS chosen me.
FOR ITS president.



AND I come and say.
"LISTEN, WARREN Gamaliel.
"OR WHATEVER it is.
"I AM the East.
"AND I am the West.
"AND I am the South.
"AND I am the North.
"AND I'M mighty sore.
"AND I want to know.
"IF I'LL give you.
"FROM MARCH 4 next.
"TEN MILLION dollars.
"ON EVERY day.
"INSTEAD OF fifteen.
"THAT THEY'RE spending now.
"IF YOU'LL agree.
"TO TAKE the country.
"AND SEE to it.
"THAT IT'S run on that."
AND ALONG about then.
SOME GREAT big guy.
WHO'S GUARDING you.
WILL TAP my shoulder.
AND LEAD me out.
AND DOWN to the jail.
AT MARION, Ohio.
AND SAY to the jailer.
"LOCK THIS nut up.
"HE'S BOTHERIN' Warren."





The Cow Got into the Cornfield

By B.L.T.

WE CLIP the following wheeze from an Indiana journal. It is not original with that paper. We print it for two reasons: (1) We have not printed it before, in spite of its familiarity.

And (2) it ought to keep the Demon Illustrator busy for a couple of days.

Voici le wheeze:

A woman who was too economical to subscribe or her home paper sent her little son to borrow the copy taken by their neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a four-dollar stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty Summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed wire fence ran into it, rearing it down, cutting a handful of flesh from its anatomy and ruining a five-dollar pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating corn. Hearing the racket, the mother ran, upset a four-gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole litter. In her hurry she dropped and broke, past all hope of mending, a twenty-five-dollar set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a twenty-dollar carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off of four fine shirts. All to save \$1.50.

Moral: Subscribe for this paper at once and protect yourself from such calamities.

SUBTLE STUFF

SIR: Lamped in a department-store window: "Lingerie of exquisite finesse." A. E. P.



DESPERATE REMEDIES

MEN are not so particular, so we take it that the manager of the Garvey Hotel in Brainerd, Minn., is a woman. Anyway, a note pinned to a clean scrim curtain in the washroom warns: "Anyone wiping their hands on this curtain will be charged the full price of the curtain."

A BRIEF RESPITE

[From the Leslie, Ark., News]

OUT of regard for the patient readers of the News, there will be no paper next week. They and you have suffered long and complained not, and I forgive you. This day the editor, publisher, printer, foreman, and devil, also the Missus, are going north for a stay of a week and expect to have a dickens of a time. There are five Fridays this month, so after all you will get four issues of the News, and that's about all anybody can stand.

BUT SONNETS ARE EASIER

ON JANUARY 15, according to a lay scientist, one reaches his highest point of efficiency, and we are debating whether to attempt a sonnet or the two cords of wood stacked up in the northwest corner of our estate. The wood is needed more.

ADD CURIOUS DELUSIONS

MY DEAR Sir: Will you not add to the Curious Delusions of the American People the delusion that something awful will happen to a phonograph if someone doesn't jump and turn it off when it has finished a tune?

BUD.

[At the critical juncture referred to by our correspondent it is our practice to engage the owner of the phonograph in lively conversation, hoping to divert her mind from the machine, so that we may see what awful thing will happen; but we are never successful. And we are not bad at conversation—when we try.]

THERE IS NO WAR TAX ON THINKING ABOUT IT

[From the Canton Star]

H. L. CLAYTON is thinking about spending the winter in Florida.

[After you have shoveled away the snow, carried out the ashes, and carried in the wood, it is a real treat to light a pipe and think about spending a winter in Florida.]

TEXAS STYLE

"WHY," a traveler writes us from San Antonio, "is salad served before soup here?"

Custom of the country. It is these little variations which make travel, even at present prices, interesting.

HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW—

IN THE window of a carpenter's shop in Edgemont, S. D., is the warning: "If you want your pictures framed bring them soon for I may be gone again first you know." And inside the shop the further warning: "If you want your pictures framed bring them in soon for I may be gone again." He seems uncertain about "gone" and "again," but he let "pictures" ride. SOLOMON.

A PLEASANT LIGHT OCCUPATION

"THE red-eyed vireo," says John Burroughs, "repeats his strain of three or four notes about every second, which, if he sang only five hours a day, would bring the number up into the tens of thousands, and the season of three or four months would bring it up into the millions."

Our notion of work (as the editor of Hearst's will no doubt agree) is to sit with back against a tree and count the note output of the red-eyed vireo.

(We most emphatically disagree. Our notion of real work is getting copy for this page from B. L. T. It takes more notes than the little red-eyed vireo ever dreamed of. K. M. G.)

GEMS FROM OUR SCRAP BOOK

[Letter from a Ceylon gentleman]

MOST Honoured Sir: Understanding that there were several hands wanted in your dep't, I beg to offer you my hand as advertising clerk. As to my adjustments, I appeared for the metric examination at Cote but failed, the reason for which I shall describe. To begin with, my writing was illegible, this was due to climatic reasons for having come from a warm into a cold climate found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes. Further I had received a great shock to my mental system in the shape of the death of my only fond brother. Besides, Most Honoured Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances, being the sole means of my brother's seven issues consisting of three adults and four adultresses, the latter being the bane of existence owing to my having to support two of my own wives as well as their issues of which, by God's misfortune, the feminine gender predominates. If by wonderful good fortune these few humble lines meet with your benign kindness and favourable turn of mind, the poor menial shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity of yourself as well as your Honour's posthumous olive branches.

SAMMY KELLTHIS.





"I bet you haven't eaten for nearly two hours," remarked his daughter with bitter sarcasm.

The Lure of Love and Lucre

By Bruno Lessing
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

FOR many months an advertisement which has appeared regularly in newspapers and periodicals has annoyed me. It is the announcement of a professor that for fifty dollars he will impart the secret of writing a short story. He does it by correspondence, too, because it is all so simple. He tells of the fabulous prices that editors pay for short stories. But therein he is deceiving his victims. The prices that editors pay for short stories are absolutely ridiculous. You can make much more money selling railroads or mines or battleships.

The professor probably never wrote a short story in his life. I think he is a fraud. I think I shall take the wind out of his sails and drive him out of business. In other words, I purpose to tell all the world how to write a short story, free, gratis and for nothing.

THE first thing you need is confidence. It is a popular delusion that a writer should possess education, culture, imagination, style, and noblesse oblige. Nonsense! All that is required is confidence, a typewriter, and plenty of paper. Any kind of paper will do, but white is considered the best.

The next step is to select your title. The title I have selected for this sample story is a splendid one. It instantly engages the reader's attention because every reader is interested in either love or lucre. It does not necessarily follow that the story contains any reference to either. In fact, I had seriously thought of calling this tale "The Bond of Ooze." As a rule, one title is just about as good as another.

NOW we come to the plot. If you do not happen to have a plot you can easily write a story without a plot. That, however, is a trifle more difficult and is not included in this lesson. Let us, for this sample tale,

weave our plot around those ever-interesting subjects, love and money.

* * * * *

TWAS a winter's twilight. A woman of middle age, whose hair was prematurely tinged with gray, sat in the dimly lighted kitchen of a tenement house, sewing a button on a dainty, pink waist. A kerosene lamp which stood upon a table at her side cast her shadow upon the wall.

Thus, you see, we plunge at once into the environment of our story. The word "prematurely" is used in order to please women readers. When a woman's hair turns gray even at sixty she considers it premature. The dainty, pink waist arouses curiosity. Is the elderly lady going to wear it herself? And that shadow business gives the scene a touch of realism. Of course you might begin the story by describing how a street looks in winter and bring in whirling snowflakes and the street-lamps. But that is crude stuff.

THE door opened and a young girl entered the room. Her cheeks were rosy from the crisp, cold air and her eyes sparkled vivaciously. Slender, of medium height, gracefully built, with hair that gleamed like gold, and delicately chiseled features, Margaret Smith was indeed a vision of girlish beauty.

Of course, the fact that the door opened might be omitted, as there was no other way of entering the room. But the rest isn't bad. You see, you've got to make the girl pretty or the reader loses all interest at once.

It is now necessary, in order to relieve the monotonous appearance of a big wad of type, to record the conversation that ensued.

Were it not for conversation a short story would look just like an article on cultural tendencies. And not only do short, broken

lines make the manuscript look snappy to the editor's eye but they help to string out the story.

"FER heaven's sake!" cried the girl.

"What's the matter?" asked the elder woman, gently.

"Ain't ye got that button sewed on my waist yet?"

"It'll be done in a minute. Where wuz ye?"

The girl took her hat off and tossed it through the doorway of a bedroom which opened upon the kitchen.

"I wuz out with Harry," she replied. "I'm gonna go to a show with him tonight and I gotta wear that waist. Hurry it up, will ye?"

"Pa'll be sore," remarked the elder woman, biting a piece of thread.

"Let him," was the girl's reply. "He's always sore about somep'n."

In this way, you will observe, we have given an insight into the character of these two ladies without having analyzed them. The elder is gentle and the young one is inclined to be fresh. At this point in a short story it is customary to wander off a bit and give a brief history of the characters you have lugged in so that the reader can remember and identify them. Thus:

LIFE had not dealt kindly with Mrs. Smith. As soon as she had graduated from the public school she had gone to work as a waitress in an all-night restaurant. It was here that she first met Thomas Smith, night watchman for a piano factory. They fell in love at first sight. He asked her to marry him and she did. That was nineteen years ago. Their union was blessed with a single child, Margaret, the apple of her mother's eye and somewhat of a nuisance to her father.

Here it might be well to make a few philosophic remarks about those nineteen years. It's really a long span of time, particularly if

you're waiting for someone to die and leave you a fortune.

NINETEEN years! Ah, what changes such a period brings! The acorn develops into the semblance of an oak tree, youth grows to adolescence, and age withers to senility.

Of course, you've got to make it snappier than that but we're merely giving you the idea. At this point in a short story it is always a good scheme to change the scene. Readers of short stories always like a change of scene or even of occupation.

IN FRONT of the employees' entrance to the Tinkle Piano Company's factory sat Thomas Smith, eating his noon-day lunch. After many years of faithful service as night watchman he had been promoted to the post of day watchman so that the officials of the company could keep their eye upon him. As he sat gazing contemplatively into his dinner pail he became aware of a shadow falling upon him and, looking up, beheld Officer Gallagher of the Ninth Precinct.

"Hello, Gallagher!" he exclaimed, cheerfully.

"Hello, Smith!" replied the officer, moodily.

"What's the matter? You look grouchy," observed Smith, curiously.

"There's somep'n I wuz wantin' to tell ye," vouchsafed the policeman, nervously.

The adverbs "cheerfully," "moodily," etc., explain to the reader at a glance how the speaker feels. To use these words properly is very important to a short-story writer, but there are some who never seem to acquire the knack of it. It is a gift. But to continue:

"SHOOT," remarked Smith, dryly.

"It's like this," said the officer, looking up and down the street to see if a stray sergeant happened to be in sight, and then seating himself on the steps beside Smith. "I seen that girl of yours walkin' up the street with that guy Harry Somers. He's no good."

"I agree with ye," replied Smith, as he munched his egg sandwich. "When I git home I think I'll give her a slap in the jaw."

"Girls is pretty independent these days," remarked Gallagher, meditatively.

"Ye said a mouthful," was Smith's only comment.

Thus, you see, we have staged the scene for Smith's home-coming. Neither his wife nor his daughter knows that he is aware that the latter has been out walking with Harry. But the reader knows it and is prepared for the scene that is to come. Whether the reader should always know what is going on is a mooted question. Some of us short-story writers believe in laying all our cards upon the table and putting the reader wise to everything that happens. Another school, however, believes in keeping the reader in ignorance so that, even when he has finished the story, he does not know what it is all about.

Now, the reader expects that Smith will come home and barrel his daughter out. While that must, of course, happen, it should not be allowed to happen immediately. Something unexpected should be interjected. To proceed:

JUST as Mrs. Smith had placed the pork chops in the frying-pan, and while her daughter Maggie was gazing at her features in a mirror, there came a knock upon the door.

"It can't be Pa!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"Not on your life," said Maggie. "He ain't got manners enough to knock on the door."

It was Mrs. Smith who opened the door. Before her stood a pale, red-eyed young man with a faint, downy mustache and a weak chin. He seemed to be about to address her when, over her shoulder, he caught a glimpse of the beautiful, intelligent face of Maggie. He seemed embarrassed.

"I guess I made a mistake," he said. "Mrs. Van Rensselaer doesn't live here, does she?"

"No," replied Mrs. Smith. "She don't."

This slight touch of the mysterious always gives zest to a short story. The reader knows at once that the young man is a villain and wonders what his game is. To carry out the plot of the story—to round it out, as it were—this young man must come back again and explain himself. But there is no hurry about it.

JUST as Mrs. Smith had placed the supper upon the table the door was flung wide open and her husband strode across the threshold.

"You're late," said his wife, gently. "Is supper ready?" he cried. "I'm starved."

"I bet you haven't eaten for nearly two hours," remarked his daughter, with bitter sarcasm.

"I ain't gonna take none of your sass, young lady!" exclaimed her father, threateningly. "I heard you wuz out with that Somers guy this afternoon."

"Well," retorted Maggie, haughtily, "what of it?"

"He's a crook!" cried her father.

Margaret sprang to her feet. Her face flushed with righteous indignation. Her eyes sparkled like stars.

"Don't you dast say a word against him!" she cried, with suppressed fury. "Harry's a real swell and—I love him."

It was a scene for a painter.

There you have a dramatic climax. The more climaxes you can get into a short story the better the editor likes it. Some writers get three or four climaxes into every thousand words but that is going some. This particular scene can easily be extended. When you get to the point where you get paid at the rate of so much per word, you would naturally elaborate such a passage. You would describe how Maggie's bosom rose and fell with the vehemence of her emotions. Such phrases as "a tigress defending her young," and "loyal defense of her lover's honor," help to string it out. Let us carry on:

HER father shrugged his shoulders. "He'd steal pennies from a blind man," he said. "I seen Officer Gallagher today and he thinks the same is me."

"Officer Gallagher?" sneered Maggie. "He's a bum."

"Shet up, Maggie," interrupted her mother, gently. "Let Pa eat his supper."

By harping on the gentleness of Maggie's mother, you see, we gradually make quite a lovable character out of her. That is where art comes in. No matter what Mrs. Smith does, she must do it gently. Then, if she ever becomes excited and breaks loose, it will be more effective by contrast.

AS SOON as supper was finished, Maggie put on her hat and started towards the door.

"Where ye goin'?" asked her father.

"Out," replied Maggie, nonchalantly.

"I bet ye're going out to meet that Somers guy," said Smith, significantly.

"You win," replied Maggie with a disdainful toss of her well-shaped head.

Hardly had she closed the door behind her when Smith turned to his wife and shook his finger at her.

"One o' these days," said he, fiercely, "I'm gonna give that gal a slap in the jaw."

"She's young," remarked his wife, gently.

That's all that happened that day. The novice in the art of short-story writing frequently finds himself embarrassed in passing from one day to another. He seems to hate to go to bed. There are various time-honored ways of surmounting this difficulty. One is to run in a few asterisks. After a line of asterisks nothing surprises the reader. You can jump a day or a century. Another way is to take the bull by the horns and write, "A day went by." The method employed by the best writers, however, is to make a few philosophic remarks. This sort of browns the reader off the continuity of the story and he doesn't care whether he finishes it or not. Thus, for instance:

He was young! With that, all was said. O Youth! how many raw deals are handed out in thy name!

Do you catch the idea? Then, if you look up the word "youth" in a compendium of practical quotations you will find a whole raft of ideas in rhyme from the very best poets, from which you can select one that best fits the situation. Never quote more than one poem at a time or more than eight to a whole story. The editor is apt to get sore. When you have gone into sufficient philosophic spasms over youth you may then go on.

UPON the following day, after her husband had gone to watch the piano factory and Maggie had gone to have her hair waved, Mrs. Smith was alone in her flat. To kill time she was scrubbing the floor, gently, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Smith hastily dried her hands and opened the door. There stood the pale, young man who had appeared the day before.

"Madam," said he, "you have worked hard all your life, have you not?"

"I have," said Mrs. Smith, emphatically.

"And you have never had much luck, either, I presume," continued the young man. He had a sweet, oily voice.

"That's a fact," agreed Mrs. Smith.

"But now," the young man went on, plausibly, "I think your luck has changed. I have here some shares in the Great Eldorado Oil Company which I can let you have at \$1 per share. In a few years these shares will be paying \$10 each in dividends. Our wells are producing more oil than we know what to do

with. You would never have had this chance excepting for the fact that my old friend Mrs. Van Rensselaer has moved away and I can not find her. I would suggest that you buy a thousand of them."

"I only got about \$800 in the bank," said Mrs. Smith. "It's took my husband ten years to save it."

"In that case," said the young man, "you will only get \$8000 a year in dividends. Now if you will put on your hat I will go with you to the bank and you can give me the money. Our company only does business on a cash basis."

"That's the best way," said Mrs. Smith, hastily flinging a shawl over her shoulders. "Come along."

THE plot, as you see, now begins to thicken. Care must be taken, however, that it does not become too thick. Here, too, is another chance to give the reader's brain a brief resting spell, by making a few remarks about get-rich-quick suckers. In that way, also, you avoid going into the details of Mrs. Smith and the young man walking to the bank, the money passing from hand to hand, and Mrs. Smith's return. All the reader wants to know is that the young man got Mrs. Smith's \$800 and that Mrs. Smith got a beautifully engraved stock certificate. It might not be a bad scheme to end your digression with a French or Latin quotation. You will find plenty of them in the back of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and they

always give the reader an impression that you went to college. But, to resume:

WHEN Mrs. Smith reached home, clutching her stock certificate in her hand, she found her daughter lying upon the floor, sobbing hysterically.

"My God!" she exclaimed, gently. "What is it, Maggie?"

"Harry!" cried the girl. "Oh, it's terrible! My heart is broke!"

"What is it? What did he do?" cried her mother, in anguish.

"He got pinched," sobbed the unhappy girl. "His boss put some marked money in the till and Harry took it. But I swear he is innocent."

"Your father always said he was a crook," murmured Mrs. Smith, gently, as she patted her daughter's head.

"He may be a crook, Mother," said Maggie, gazing unflinchingly into the gentle eyes that were fixed upon her, "but he certainly is a swell dresser."

The effect of a pathetic scene such as the foregoing can be heightened by the judicious use of pauses and references to the furniture in the room. Thus, after "I swear he is innocent," you might go on like this:

MRS. Smith stood speechless, dazed. She gazed around the room. Everything seemed the same as when she had left it. There stood the table, with the breakfast dishes not yet removed. The chair with one caster missing stood in its usual place. Yet everything seemed different. In the flash of a moment her whole outlook upon life had somehow changed.

Editors usually like this kind of stuff because it is easy to cut out in case ads come in at the last moment. You must now bring in your heaviest dramatic scene. Always bear the sequence in mind: a snappy beginning; then the introduction of your characters and a little flub-dub; then a touch of pathos; and, after that, the smashing, tragic climax. When you have got this climax off your chest you can easily coast downhill to the finish and wind up with some pert remark or a merry jest. Now for the tragic.

A HEAVY tread was heard in the hall; the door was flung wide open and, before the astonished gaze of wife and daughter, stood the husband of the former and the father of the latter.

Of course it was the same person—namely, Mr. Smith—but if you put it as we have done, the reader has to go over it twice in order to make it out. You have got to make your reader feel tragic.

"WHAT brings you home at this hour?" asked his wife, gently.

"I got fired," explained Mr. Smith.

"Fired?" repeated his wife.

"Fired?" repeated his daughter.

"Fired," said Mr. Smith, simply.

"What for?" asked his daughter.

"If that manager thinks I got nothing to do but hang around that factory all day long, he's got another think coming," said Mr. Smith, scowling.

"Let him keep his old job!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, gently.

"We don't need it any longer. Look! I bought 800 shares of the Great Eldorado Oil Company. We'll have \$8000 a year to live on."

"Where'd you get the money?" cried her husband, huskily. "You didn't take it out of the bank?"

His wife nodded. A piercing yell burst from the man's lips. (Concluded on page 84)



"I ain't got no use for foreigners," Mrs. Smith retorted. "My grocer is a foreigner!"



How to Advertise for Enemies

By Walt Mason

IT IS probable that some of the merchant princes of Hutchinson, Kansas, stood aghast when they saw F. Dumont Smith's card in the newspapers one fine morning a few weeks ago.

I don't know just what sort of stunt standing aghast is, but I have heard the expression all my days, usually applied to people who were shot to pieces; and if the Hutchinson merchants didn't stand aghast they probably sat aghast, which amounts to the same thing. I never had much sympathy for those sticklers who quibble over every little curve of our language.

F. DUMONT SMITH is a leading citizen of Hutchinson and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the state. He is a man who spends his money freely, and, as he earns a lot of it, his trade is much desired by all Napoleons of commerce. In his newspaper card he stated that he was in the habit of parking his car hard by the town pump during office hours, and when he climbed into it, to drive home, he nearly always found the vehicle cluttered up with handbills and dodgers and such things, announcing bargain sales and similar events. He had grown weary of the nuisance, and he therefore gave due notice, in the county and state aforesaid, that from that time forth he would never spend a cent with any merchant whose handbill or dodger was thrown into his car.

His position was so eminently correct, and his card voiced the sentiments of so many suffering citizens, that the merchant princes had reason to walk aghast, which they did.

It soon became evident that many citizens were going to adopt the masterly policy of Mr. Smith, and the consequence is that the handbill imposition has been suppressed in one Kansas town. It is the first revolt I have heard of, but it points the way to freedom, and the day is coming when the people will rise as one man or, at least, as a pair of twins and protest against all the pernicious forms of advertising which now offend the eyes and lacerate the spirit, and cause us to lie aghast at night wondering why the people endure evils so long and so patiently.

IT IS surprising how little sense some advertisers seem to have. It isn't long since the "sandwich man" was a familiar figure in every town. Some poor old human derelict was chartered to pace the main street with a big sign on his breast and another on his back, these signs announcing that Dr. Faker's sulphur soap was guaranteed to grow hair on bald heads and cure spavins and ringbones. The sandwich man never walked a step without shocking the sensi-

HAND-PAINTED LANDSCAPES

OH, WE yearn for things of beauty, for the picturesque and grand, as we drive our motors tooty up and down the sun-kissed land. And our souls are hot with longing for Dame Nature's smoothest goods, when in summer we go thronging to the seashore or the woods. And Dame Nature's lavished treasures, triumphs in her line abound, but some fiend has spoiled our pleasures, painting legends all around; he has put a message ghastly on the noblest of the hills: "You'll be feeling better, vastly, if you take nine Beeswax Pills." On the cliff beside the river he has placed this wordy crime: "Try Smith's Capsules for your liver—they will get there every time." On the mountain tall and stately he's inscribed these base remarks: "Johnson's Dope will help you greatly—it is made of buds and barks." Must we stand for this forever? Must we suffer and endure? Will no Congress make endeavor to provide a drastic cure? When the summer heat's, the sorest, we go flying from the grads, but to find in dell and forest boosts for someone's liver pads.

Walt Mason

bilities of some worthy citizen who believed that human beings were created for a higher and nobler purpose; and the worthy citizen would rather die of a bald head than spend a nickel for Faker's soap.

It used to be said that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him; but it is a worse business to load him with signs and send him forth into the teeming marts. For a man may retain some dignity at the end of a rope, but the sandwich man was not only ridiculous himself, but a reproach to his sex and race, and the innocent bystanders resented such a use of a human being.

SOME advertisers haven't progressed since the days of the sandwich man; they think that any spectacular way of bringing their names or their wares before the people is a good way; but the kind of advertising that offends any considerable number of people and causes them to lean aghast, is a poor proposition.

Southern California is a wonderful and beautiful country where multitudes of people go to rest up and forget the cares that infest their business. The majority of these people have all kinds of imported and domestic money, including the Roman denarius and the Russian ruble. They can buy anything they want, and go ahead and do it.

One glance at the country will convince the

observant stranger that it was created for just such people. The climate is perfect; you may drive for hundreds of versts on ideal roads overlooking the sea, and in the other direction real mountains invite the attention of the critical. And all this country is being made absurd by the huge wooden signs erected by misguided advertisers. They are everywhere, these signs, inviting people to buy certain tin automobiles and somebody's can-openers, and somebody else's stomach bitters. Often they shut out some particularly attractive view, and travelers have to leave their cars and crawl under or over the signs to get a fair look.

And the comments of these travelers would make some of the advertisers do an aghast stunt if they could hear them. I have heard a hundred incensed tourists say they would never buy anything advertised that way; and I know some who are keeping a list of the sign advertisers in their notebooks for future reference. An official citizen of Los Angeles is now busy organizing an association of disgusted people who are pledged to buy nothing advertised in that way.

IT IS a foolish sort of advertising, aside from the fact that it enrages so many people. On a sign of that sort the advertiser has no space to call attention to the merits of his goods; he can merely paint, in large letters, the announcement that you

should buy Gumbo's Dye for the Whiskers or whatever he is boosting. He can advance no reasons why you should take the chance of ruining your whiskers in this manner. In a magazine or newspaper advertisement he could present all the facts, showing that his dye was used by all the crowned heads of Europe, and that it kept whiskers free from weevil, mildew, and other pests. People sit by the fireside and read magazines and newspapers, and they have the time and inclination to see what the advertisers have to say of their wares; but you never saw the head of a family seated by the blazing hearth with a big wooden sign in front of him, reading its pregnant message to the children.

ADVERTISERS must present their message in such a pleasing and reasonable way that it offends nobody, if they would get real results. And, first of all, they must tell the truth; unless the stuff they are selling is as good as they claim, they are wasting money. A big advertising campaign may put a thing across for a while, but unless the thing has merit, it will soon prove a lemon.

Some years ago the Sidewinder automobile was heavily advertised as the mechanical wonder of the age. Thousands of people bought the car, and many of them died of broken hearts. The car was absolutely the worst gold brick ever put together. Hundred and hundreds of the people who bought it had been saving for years, a dollar at a time, to buy a family car; and it was a dirty business, taking their money for worthless junk.

The car had one big year; then the president of the company got out, and went to another company, and then to another—and he has been a hoodoo to every organization he has joined. For the people who were stung do not forget; and they will never buy any car put out by a company with which that man is associated. Each victim has his circle of friends, and he warns them against buying a car with which that man has anything to do.

This true story shows how a reputation for untruthful advertising will cling to a man, worse than the stain of custard pie to your Sunday suit, after a picnic in the dell.

THE automobile people comprise some of the best and worst advertisers in the business. Some of the auto ads might be accepted as models by students of publicity. They are direct and simple, going right to the point, making no absurd claims, but presenting the strong points of the car in such a forceful way that your memory absorbs every word, and the next time you figure on buying a bus you investigate the car that was advertised so ably and probably buy half a dozen copies.

Then there are auto ads so long and windy they merely bore you; (Continued on page 67)



A happy resolve

The trouble with most New Year's resolutions is they're too negative, too much "I will not" about them. You give up something you like. There's no joy in it. But here's a resolution that says "I will!" And you can be happy over it.

"I will eat good soup at least once every day!" Not a very big sounding resolution but it is big in results if you keep it. For good soup eaten daily supplies a distinct need of the human digestive system in a way that no other food can exactly duplicate.

Make this resolution today. Stick to it through the year. It means better digestion, sounder health, more of the real joy of living.

21 kinds

15c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Saving and Investing

are the two direct roads to financial independence.

If you can save regularly an exceptional opportunity is at hand.

Prices of thoroughly seasoned bonds and preferred stocks are now available at prices to return

8% to 10% annually on the investment.

Such chances for the advantageous placing of funds as are now offered may not be presented again for years.

Let us tell you

How to Buy

sound securities at present attractive prices and pay for them over a period ranging from one to two years.

Write Dept. HM-19 for booklet — *Thrift - Savings - Investment*, together with sample copy of *The Investment News*. Sent gratis.

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66 Broadway, - New York
TELEPHONES: RECTOR 4663-4

Why Not

Invest that Christmas bonus in

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Why not use our **Monthly Instalment Plan?**

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Investment Securities

43 Exchange Place New York
Telephones 8300-16 Hanover

FORMAN FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

Nature is Provident

Esquimo dogs bury a part of their scant daily ration; squirrels store up nuts and the grizzly puts on a heavy layer of fat before his long winter sleep; the camel takes a week's drink at a time. Prudent men, too, provide against the day of want by building up a strong financial reserve. And the best way to do it is by investing in safe, non-fluctuating securities such as Forman Farm Mortgage Investment, netting 7% interest.

Write today for our booklet showing how easy it is to save by means of the Forman Payment Plan

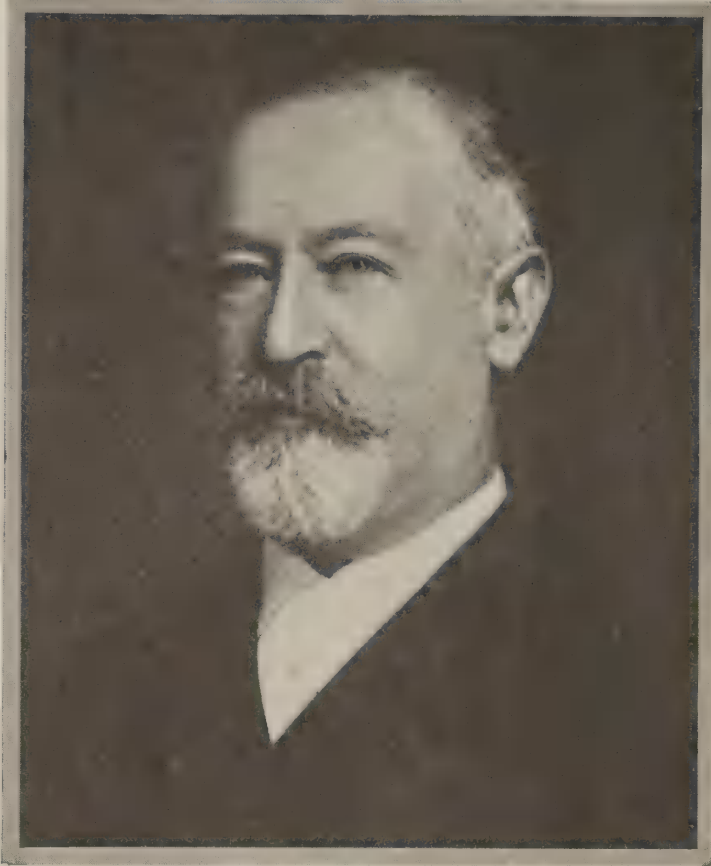
35 years Without Loss To A Customer

George M. Forman & Company
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
(ESTABLISHED 1885)

11 So. La Salle St. - Chicago, Ill.

COUPON
H.M. Jan. 1921
Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way, please send copies of your tax booklets.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

How Big Business Men Grew Rich



He did not regard any man as a good "risk" until he had demonstrated his ability to save up and handle capital of his own.

XV-Jacob H. Schiff By B. C. Forbes

THE biggest men in America liked to consult Jacob H. Schiff, for the reason that his judgment was extraordinarily sound and his foresight so keen as to be almost uncanny.

These faculties enabled Mr. Schiff to accumulate an enormous fortune, notwithstanding that he gave away millions in gifts for worthy purposes.

What importance did he attach to the careful saving and investing of money?

Although worth millions, Mr. Schiff preserved the unused sheets of all letters he received, allowed them to accumulate, and then furnished them to others in his office to be used as scratch pads.

He did this, not so much because it paid him to take the time to save a few cents or a few dollars in this way, but because he hoped that this homely example of thrift would inculcate in the minds of those about him due regard for economy and influence them against forming habits of wastefulness or extravagance.

EARLY in life, when he was merely a clerk, Mr. Schiff realized that the saving and accumulating of capital was essential to preparing the way for business success on any large scale. He aspired to making an honorable place for himself in the world. He was not content to contemplate spending his whole life as a clerk or an ordinary employee.

While no man in America took more pains to help the penniless, Mr. Schiff attached the greatest importance, in backing men, to their habits in the matter of saving money and employing it intelligently. He had sympathy for unfortunates who lost out in the battle of life and almost daily handed out money for their relief. But he had scant faith in any man, no matter how able or ambitious, who did not have, as Mr. Schiff saw it, the elementary common sense to accumulate all the capital possible from his salary or earnings through modest living and intelligent utilization of his funds.

The head of a very large financial institu-

tion once pointed to a very big business man and remarked, "There's Blank. He's a very able man, but I don't want to lend him any money because he spends too much on himself."

That reflects Mr. Schiff's attitude towards business men who approached him with financing propositions and, indeed, his attitude towards executives in the various concerns with which he was associated. Extremely simple in his own mode of living and, as we have already noted, painstaking in avoiding useless waste, he felt more or less distrustful of supporting financially, or promoting, men who were blind to the wisdom of accumulating capital carefully, consistently, and perseveringly.

MR. SCHIFF learned through many years of eventful experience that the man who did not have a proper appreciation of the part that saving and investing played in the attainment of success, was a dangerous "risk." The late J. P. Morgan once remarked that, in considering the granting of a loan, he paid more heed to the prospective borrower's character than to the collateral he might offer. Jacob H. Schiff took a similar attitude, because he had so often discovered that it was unsafe to advance capital for business purposes to any man who had not demonstrated that he knew how to handle his own capital.

MR. SCHIFF'S conception of this whole subject of the relationship of saving to success might be summed up thus:

"Capital is essential to success in business. Mr. Carnegie recognized this while still in his teens. So did Mr. Rockefeller. So did Mr. Hill. These men, accordingly, devoted most careful attention to accumulating capital even when their salaries were only a few dollars a week. In this way they were able to strike out for themselves at an early age. Had they failed to save, they would not have been able to avail themselves of the opportunities which the possession of some means brought within their reach.

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THE rules for achieving success are no different today from the rules of fifty years ago. The spendthrift stood as little chance of getting anywhere then as he does now. Capital is the life-blood of business, and the man who fails to recognize this and to shape his conduct accordingly is little likely to become an important figure in the business world. While it is true that the ambition of every progressive young man fifty years ago was to start business on his own account, whereas today many, if not most, of the opportunities are to be found by becoming identified with some large corporation which utilizes the savings of many people, nevertheless the importance of accumulating capital is as great today as it ever was.

DID you ever stop to consider how many of our big companies and corporations today are but oaks which grew from acorns planted by energetic individuals and nurtured by them until they became big enough to be turned into incorporated companies?

"Not so many companies are floated on a large scale to start some entirely new business. Most of them began by acquiring one or more existing plants which owed their birth and growth to some one man. These individuals, in turn, could not have built up important organizations had they not first found the wherewithal.

Gold from the Golden Rule

(Concluded from page 20)

cent. Both output and earnings doubled in this period, without, as already stated, any appreciable increase in the number of employees, although there was a drastic weeding out of incompetents who were taken in during the war.

THE election by the workers themselves of an advisory board to confer once a week or at other intervals with the management, occurred at the beginning of 1920.

On this board are twenty-two men and three women, each representing approximately two hundred and fifty workers. Such "works committees," as they are called in Britain, are not new; but John Patterson could be depended upon to do no other employers one better in this as in other matters pertaining to his working people. He first suggested that they go off on a tour of investigation, visiting Detroit, Niagara, and other industrial centers with the purpose of finding out how things are handled by other large concerns and of broadening the representatives' understanding of industrial conditions. On their return, these representatives were given opportunity to address their constituents on what they saw and learned. The burden of their message was that, after inspecting many plants, they had returned feeling tremendously well satisfied with the N. C. R. Somewhere, they reported, had they found better working or living conditions or more opportunities for self-improvement, general or technical education, vocational training for youths, or half so many facilities for healthful recreation.

I was recently closeted with these twenty-five representatives for two and a half hours. They expressed amazement at the number and magnitude of the steps being taken by our employers to enhance the well-being of their workers. They asked me: "Why are they doing it? Why are some of them dividing their profits with their employees?"

I explained that the day of autocracy, whether in government or in industry, had passed, that tyranny had everywhere proved failure, and that most employers now realize that it is not only good morals but good business to treat their workers with every consideration and to meet them at least halfway in adopting the Golden Rule.

ONE man of socialistic leanings was selected to this advisory board. Some of the workers predicted fireworks. Mr. Patterson was delighted at his selection, for he knew that once this workman grasped the sincerity of the company's intentions he could change his attitude. Today he is the most enthusiastic rooter on the company's whole pay-roll, and he is out to correct previous misapprehension and misjudgment prevailing among the type to which he formerly belonged.

NO WORKER can be fired by a foreman or anyone else until such drastic action is reviewed and sanctioned by the personnel

THERE are two phases of gaining wealth:

First, there is the saving of capital—usually a slow, even painful process in the early stages, when saving can be effected only at the cost of foregoing many little and some big things in which other people indulge.

"Second—and not less essential to attaining big results—is the proper employment of the capital thus saved.

"This is really less of a problem today than it was fifty years ago. Investments were then few and, outside of Government bonds, there were not many securities which the people knew anything about. Today opportunities for investing money safely and profitably abound on all sides. High-grade investment houses take unlimited pains to make sure that the securities they sponsor are worth buying.

"Investment in dependable securities is the best way to employ savings for the majority of people, and it is the best way even for those who plan to start some business of their own—that is, the best way until the time comes for utilizing the capital to launch into business."

THE phenomenal growth and success of Mr. Schiff's own firm were attributable largely to the judgment Mr. Schiff exercised in sponsoring both men and security flotations. It was Mr. Schiff who enabled E. H. Harriman to become a dominant figure in the railroad world.

department. Every worker who leaves the company is interviewed by this department, and a careful record is compiled of the reasons for the worker's withdrawal. As this department is headed by a workman who has been almost twenty-five years with the company, it can see things from the employee's point of view. This same department interviews every new worker, explains the duties about to be undertaken, the importance of "quality first, quantity second" (the guiding motto of the company), and outlines how promotion can be earned. Comprehensive watch is also maintained throughout the whole works for men worthy of advancement. Whereas the common practice in industrial plants is to keep men in one department year after year, the N. C. R. seeks to promote meritorious workers from one department to another department where the wages are higher and the opportunities for development are greater.

MR. PATTERSON is an ardent believer in keeping men as well as things moving. Progress, he holds, is essential to the fullest life, whether of the individual or of the organization. He is surrounded by more wide-awake, keen, on-the-trigger young men earning high salaries than any other executive I know. The N. C. R. man who exhibits merit and initiative, whether he be on the bench or on the road or holding an executive position, is promptly and handsomely rewarded. No company in America, for example, gets or pays for so many suggestions from its workers. In the six months ending July 1, 1920, the amazing total of 8,850 suggestions was received and no less than \$7,200 was distributed in the form of prizes. The winner of first honors was an electrician, who was promptly made a foreman. Ten thousand dollars will be paid for suggestions for the last six months of this year.

IT WAS not always thus at the National Cash Register Company. In its earliest days the plant was as unsightly as many industrial plants are today. Patterson, too, was typical of the employer of those dark days: his thought was merely to make money. Of course, his employees paid him back in his own coin; just as he tried to get all he could out of them, for as little as possible, so they tried to get out of him all they could for as little work as possible. The cash register is a delicately constructed machine, and the result was that the workers found many opportunities for doing slipshod work. Machines were returned galore, as being unsatisfactory.

Then Patterson saw the light. He moved his desk into the center of the factory, mingled with his workers, investigated the working conditions, found many things that could be improved for the benefit of his people, and began to carry them out. Among his early innovations—and it was a revolu-

The systematic saving and the prudent investment of money not only are essential to the gaining of a competency but are becoming more and more a factor in influencing bankers when approached for financial backing as well as an important factor in influencing large employers when selecting men for responsible positions.

MR. SCHIFF was one day attending a company meeting. The head of the company was away. Mr. Schiff proposed that a certain other executive take the chair at the meeting, remarking, "By and by he will preside at all our meetings." This prophecy was fulfilled in a few years. Mr. Schiff had dug into this executive's record, had discovered not only that he was a very able business man, but that he had always handled his own affairs efficiently. This man now occupies one of the highest business positions in America.

Each man is, so to speak, a corporation. How he runs his own corporation, whether he gets ahead of the game or fails to get ahead of the game, is apt to determine whether he will succeed or fail to become an important factor in the affairs of any other corporation or firm.

The returns available on trustworthy investments today are greater than they have been at any time during the last generation. It is a good time to make profitable investments.

tionary one in those days—was the provision of a hot lunch for the women employees at a cost of five cents each. Today the company daily feeds thousands in spotless dining-rooms, to the accompaniment of an orchestra. He became interested in helping the workers better their education. The N. C. R. schoolhouse of today is a building of classic design. Not only are technical and other classes carried on there, but motion pictures are shown every noon, music is furnished, and often distinguished speakers and musicians appear.

"TO DO good is our religion," Mr. Patterson tells his people. He tells them not merely by his lips, but by his acts. Years ago he threw open his 300-acre estate to the public, where golf, tennis and other amusements can be enjoyed and where quaint picnic lodges are available, supplied with all necessary utensils. Not content with that, he later turned the whole park over to the city of Dayton as a gift. His own home, while beautifully situated among giant trees, is an unpretentious, old-fashioned frame building, and here Mr. Patterson keeps open house. While gathering material for this article, I visited Mr. Patterson's home and noticed two men playing golf immediately in front of the main entrance. I assumed that they were his guests, but they were not. They were two strangers who were using the five-hole golf-course on his lawn.

"THE ostentatious rich, who extravagantly parade their wealth in front of the people, are the most undesirable and dangerous class in this republic," declares Mr. Patterson. "They are the breeders of Bolshevism—they and employers who grind their work-people."

"I recently prepared a chart on industrial unrest—its cause and its cure, in which I made these statements:

"The common people have long been exploited by the greedy few. They have toiled all their lives for a bare existence. They have starved as they watched rich men flaunt their wealth. They have seen legislatures corrupted, trusts dishonestly formed, public utilities looted, and natural resources gobbled. They have asked for justice and at best have received charity."

"But they now know their power and importance. Nothing but a fair share of the good things in life will satisfy them. They realize that God never intended the few to have all—the many nothing. They respect law and order but are dissatisfied with conditions. They are fertile ground for seeds of class hatred sown by the Bolsheviks."

"The cure? Employers can prevent Bolshevism by giving a square deal—more justice and less law; by working for better conditions in home, industry, and community; by helping to elect good and capable men to office; by working for a better plan of education and the Americanization of foreigners; by taking workers into their confidence and sharing profits with them."

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What Became of M. Gilholme?

(Concluded from page 13)

"He was killed," Godyn recalled. "He was shot in his rooms in London," Mrs. Fraser amplified.

"One of the great London mysteries. The murderer was never discovered."

The old lady called Mrs. Fraser grew a little white as this was mentioned; her fingers crisped, her voice faltered. She winced, as a soldier might wince at the probing of an old wound.

"I want to tell Your Excellency about Colin Fraser," she said. "I came back from Russia in '86. I was there on a visit," she explained pathetically. And Stephen Godyn knew it was to the affair with the Grand Duke Vassili she was referring.

"I met him at the Derby."

YOUR EXCELLENCY must have seen pictures of Colin Fraser, a huge man, fit to handle any crowd. Great size to him, and a huge red beard; he was little over forty. His eyes were big and glazing. And I was considered very good-looking."

Stephen Godyn could well believe that—that wrinkled, ruddy face, it might once have been smooth and transparent as fine silk, the pressed lips full and darkish-red like strawberries. Her gray hair must have once trailed behind her, a mantle magnificent enough for a queen. Her hands and feet were like those of the little women whom *Gulliver* knew in Lilliput.

"Colin Fraser looked at me, and I looked at Colin Fraser, and we both thought, as we saw each other: 'Here stands Destiny.'"

"In the summer of '86, Your Excellency may have heard, Colin Fraser was not popular outside of Scotland. He was too arrogant, too sure of himself. He had hit landed property very hard, in his agitation about crofters' rights, and that speech of his"—her eyes glinted proudly—"about the eviction of Highland tenantry to make deer forests for English brewers, Burke never equaled that! No! He was not liked, Colin Fraser! He was too big, too dangerous!"

THEY only saw him—the public did—high on a pinnacle, great as a king; but I saw him differently, I did!" She shook her head. "He was as human as anyone. He could be as nervous as a girl and as heartbroken. Many's the time he has cried on this bosom of mine, the great big red-blooded man! He had a hard life of it, Your Excellency. His wife, you must know, was a poor madwoman, in a private place in Surrey—no fault of his. A big man must have someone to lean on, as a little man must. And Colin Fraser had me."

"I loved Colin Fraser; I did so," she told Stephen Godyn; "and Colin Fraser loved me. I had no kith or kin ever to worry about, and I was brought up careless, like the child of strolling players; so it didn't matter when I went to the house Colin Fraser got me—a little place in St. John's Wood. And I was proud to be loved by him. And Colin Fraser was proud of me, too. He made no secret of it. So big a man was Colin Fraser"—she raised her eyes to Stephen Godyn—"that it didn't matter. What would have killed the career of another man was merely incidental in him. He was like the king—above ordinary law."

AND for two years I lived there very happy with Colin Fraser. I had my house—the prettiest house in London. I had a little carriage with two ponies and a tiger to jump from the back seat and run to their heads when I stopped. I rode in the Row regardless of any eyes, looked at, envied by all, for I was loved by Colin Fraser," she told Stephen Godyn proudly; "and Colin was the greatest man in the land."

"And for two years Colin Fraser and I lived very happily there; and one day I told him that he was going to have a baby, and Colin was happy at that, for you see, Your Excellency, Colin knew he was the only one I loved, and that the others meant nothing, but the fault of my upbringing, being the child of strolling players." Stephen Godyn nodded his wise, leonine head. "Life for me began only when I met Colin Fraser."



This great red-blooded man—whom the public saw high on a pinnacle, great as a king—was weeping on Margot's breast!

"And all this time Colin Fraser grew bigger. He could have been anything in the land except King; and that there might be a higher one in the land than him irked Colin Fraser. Every man has his faults, the great men included, if Your Excellency will pardon me; and Colin's fault was ambition."

THERE is one man in English history who was higher than a king: Warwick, who made and broke kings. And God forgive Colin, but his ambition rose as high as Warwick's duty. Smooth-shaven, tricky men—foreigners mainly, French and Italian—kept coming to see Colin, and it was a long time before I knew what was afoot; but, when I understood it, my heart sank in me. In Scotland where the Highland people are, and in Ireland among the old gentry, and in Wales parts, too, and in England, there are a host whose traditions are bound up in old days when the Stuarts were kings in England.

THERE is more to this than meets the eye, as Your Excellency can well see. The Stuarts left are the royalty of Bavaria, and behind a sentimental uprising there would be great force of arms—a dangerous affair, when you look into it. And I saw into it, because, for reasons, I knew something of State affairs."

Here her manner became strained and

Stephen Godyn lowered his head sympathetically, for she was speaking of those great intimates of hers before Colin Fraser came.

"But the poor, exalted gentry never saw inside of the scheme. They thought only of the cavaliers, of white roses, of new glorious days. And there was as I said, a host of them—all through the Highlands of Scotland, in Edinburgh even, through the Kingdom of Fife; north among the people who talk the Gadhlig, and through the islands on the coast. And in England there was many a thousand involved, for the thing looked feasible. In Ireland there was a great many; they have fled overseas since on account of it, for in Ireland there is always a traitor, to sell names. There was O'Hanlon Roe, and the Master of the Rosses, and the Earl of Glenties, and Sir Firdarragh Campbell—very honest gentlemen, all of them, very noble; they cared nothing for their lives."

THE scheme went ahead, and grew fast.

It is strange how revolutions come up unnoticed. They rise and burst in a day, like a storm. These men had plans laid for ships of war to slip from the Continent and hammer England unexpectedly. There was to be a landing in Scotland as there was in '45 and a march on London. There were Highland regiments disaffected, only too ready to march out, pipes skirling under the ancient

banner. In Ireland the Fenians were powerful, though still in hiding after '67. The canny Welsh were ready to jump, if they saw it to their profit. And there was great money spent, and cogent figures shown. And Colin Fraser was the mainspring of the movement. He was to be the new Warwick, the new General Monk.

"I heard of it. I knew of it. I spoke to Colin."

"Are you daft, Colin Fraser?" I said.

"You'll mind your own affairs, lassie," he told me sharply.

"This was the one thing he never spoke to me about, knowing I'd be against it, no matter what he could say. Oh, it would have been so ridiculous, Your Excellency, if it hadn't been so sinister. Right or wrong, I couldn't see the force of it. All I could see was destruction and turmoil, the foreigner hammering at England with sea-guns; the decent Highland clansmen in bloody heaps; the misguided nobles killed or hanged for traitors, and the bonny Irish gentlemen. That was all I could see, Your Excellency, and that was enough."

Stephen Godyn nodded slowly.

I WONDERED when it was coming, and what could be done, but I heard nothing until one day Colin came to see me. He was going back to his chambers in town.

"What are you smiling for, man Colin?" I asked.

"Because tonight I'm going to decide when history's to be made."

"It'll be bad history, Colin!"

"Good or bad," quo' he, "it'll be my word!" I make it."

"I worried when he had gone. If Colin had believed in what he was doing, heart and soul, I should have been with him in it. But it was his ambition, and it was nowise right. It might be a success, I thought, and there would still be this blood wasted, and the stranger, I knew, would be inside our gates. And if it were not a success, there would be Colin, a traitor to the King, His Crown and Majesty, to be shot up against a wall, some gray morning."

I DON'T know what got inside of me, but I followed him, without telling a soul, to his flat in London, and I went in with my own key. There was no one but himself—his man had gone out for something. Colin was at a table, writing. It must have had to do with the rising, what he was writing about, for his big pistol was on the table beside him, so," she explained to Stephen Godyn, "if anyone interrupted the secret, he would have been a killed man."

"He turned to me, surprised. 'What is it, lassie?' he asked."

"The men mustn't go out, Colin," I told him. "They mustn't go out."

"You will mind your own affair," he roared. It was the first time he had spoken harshly to me.

"It must not take place," I told him.

"He stood up, the fine big man, like a giant; I remember him well. His great red beard bristling, and his eyes were flashing, fine to see. I loved him very much," she said to Stephen Godyn, "and under my heart his baby was moving."

"It will take place," he said, and I knew neither Heaven nor Hell would move him.

"I picked up the pistol that was lying on the desk. 'It will not take place, man Colin,' said I, and I shot him between the eyes."

THE bridegroom and the bride had left among acclamations, and the wedding guests were going off in threes and twos. Doctor Crosby, the ascetic celebrant of the ritual, shook hands with Mrs. Fraser.

"A fine young man! And a very happy couple they make," he unbent. He glanced with a feeling of faint disapproval at the profusion of the wedding breakfast, the decorations, what not. "I do think it rather foolish of you to have lavished money on the ceremony as you have." It was merely his good heart, of course, but the man was tactless. "For a suburban milliner's daughter . . ."

HOW can this splendid woman be the notorious Anna Janssen, who killed her man and fled? Watch for "The Woman God Changed," by Donn Byrne—in *Hearst's* for February.

The Master of Man

(Continued from page 19)

IN THE Deemster's room there was a painful silence. The Clerk of the Rolls was sitting under the deeply recessed window, turning over the crinkling folios of the depositions in the case to be taken next. The Governor, stretched out in the leathern-bound armchair before the empty fireplace, was smoking hard and trying to justify himself to his own conscience. Stowell was sitting at the end of the long table, with his head in his hands, gazing down at the red blotting-pad in front of him.

No one spoke. Occasionally there came from without the mournful cry of the gulls flying over the harbor, and, at one moment, the ululation of a crew of Irish sailors who were weighing anchor on a schooner in the bay.

The profound silence around only made louder the thunder in Stowell's soul. He knew he was at the crisis of his life. On what he did now the future of his life depended.

THE address to the Jury had been a fearful ordeal, but the sentence would be terrible. To sentence Bessie Collister, having been the first cause of her crime—could he do it? It might only be a formal sentence (the Crown being certain to commute the punishment), but the awful words prescribed by the statute—would they not choke in his very throat?

And then Fenella? Her voice was ringing in his ears still: "Shame on him! Let no good man own him for a friend! Let no good woman take him for a husband!" After he had done what he had to do would he ever be able to look into her face again? "And what will be the end?" he asked himself.

He heard the door open behind him. A low hum of voices came down the staircase from the Courthouse. There was a footstep on the carpeted floor. Somebody by his side was speaking. It was Joshua Scarff.

"The Jury are ready to return to court, Your Honor."

WHEN Stowell returned to the crowded court, and the buzz of conversation had subsided, he was conscious of the presence of only three persons besides himself—Bessie in the dock with Fenella by her side, and Alick Gell, with distorted face, and wig a little awry, in the bench in front of them. The jurymen filed back. The Clerk of the Rolls read out their names and then asked for their formal verdict.

"You find the prisoner Guilty, according to the instructions of the Court?"

"Aw, yes, guilty enough, poor soul," said the foreman (it was the north-side farmer); "but have her to the Lord, we say."

There was a titter at this quaint finding but it was quickly suppressed. Then the Clerk of the Rolls said:

"I assume that means that you recommend her to mercy?"

"Aw, yes, mercy enough, too," said the foreman, "for when the secrets of all hearts are revealed it's mercy we'll all be wanting."

AFTER that Stowell was conscious of a still deeper hush in court. He saw Bessie, in the full glare of her shame, standing in the dock, holding the rail with one hand and clinging to Fenella with the other.

He heard himself asking her if she had anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced upon her. She made no answer, but there was a strange expression of frightened hope in her face. He understood—she was expecting that he would save her even at the last moment.

At that sight there came to him one of those frightful impulses which tempt people on dizzy heights, from sheer fear of danger, to fling themselves into the abyss below.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "it has been said on your behalf that you were first led to do what you did by the act of one who remains unpunished while you have to bear the full weight of your fall. If you think it will lessen the burden of your crime to plead this as an extenuating circumstance, speak—it is not too late to do so."

Bessie made no reply, and Stowell, who felt Fenella's eyes fixed on him, continued:

"Don't be afraid. If you think it will lighten your guilt in the eyes of the Court to mention that man's name, mention it."

Bessie swayed a little, as if dizzy, looked round at Fenella, and then turned back to the bench and shook her head.

The hush in court was broken by a rustle of astonishment. Had the Deemster lost himself? Stowell was conscious of a movement by his side and of the Governor saying, in a husky whisper:

"Go on, for God's sake!"

AT LENGTH, in a voice so low as to be only just heard even in the breathless silence, he said:

"Elizabeth Corteen, you have pleaded guilty to the charge of taking the life of your innocent child, the little helpless babe who had no other natural protector than the mother who bore it on her bosom. By this act you have brought yourself under the condemnation of the law, and it is for the law to punish you. But out of regard to your sufferings and the uncertainty as to your motives, the Jury have recommended you to mercy, and it will be my duty to see that their prayer is sent, through His Excellency the Governor, to the high and proper authority in the hope that the measure of pardon which, in all but exceptional cases, is granted to persons in your position, may be extended to you also."

The tears were rolling down Bessie's cheeks, but Stowell saw that she was still looking up at him with the same expression.

"Meantime," he continued, "and however that may be, the Court has no choice but to condemn you to the punishment prescribed by law. We who sit here must act according to our oath and our duty. Justice" (he was pointing with a trembling hand to the motto under his father's picture—"is the most sacred thing on earth, and even—even if your fellow-sinner himself sat on this bench, his first duty would be to Justice, for Justice is above all.")

Then lowering his head and speaking rapidly, in a muffled and indistinguishable whisper, Stowell pronounced the sentence of death. None of it seemed to be clearly heard until he reached the last words ("and may God have mercy on your soul"), and then there came a loud scream from the dock.

BESSIE, who had been leaning forward and listening intently (the look of hope and expectation on her face darkening to dismay and terror), had dropped back and would have fallen but for Fenella, who had leaped up and caught her.

"Remove the prisoner," said the Governor sharply, and at the next moment the constables were carrying the girl out of court, screaming and sobbing.

But before she had gone there was a movement in the benches of the advocates. Alick Gell had risen again, with wild eyes, and he was shouting after her:

"Never mind, Bessie! I would rather be you than your Judge."

There was consternation in court. Everybody was on his feet to look after the prisoner, and at Gell, who was being hustled out after her. But hardly had the door closed behind them, when there was another cry in court:

"The Deemster!"

Stowell had risen, also. He had stood looking after the prisoner until her last cry had died away in the corridor. Then he had turned about, as if intending to leave the bench, taken a step forward, stumbled, and dropped to one knee.

The Governor rose and reached forward to help him. But he recovered himself immediately. His face was very pale, but he smiled, a pitiful smile, as if saying, "A little dizziness, nothing more," and waved off assistance.

Bracing himself up, he stood aside for the Governor to go before him, and then walked out of court with a firm step. The ring of his tread was plainly heard as he passed through the green baize door that led to the Deemster's room.

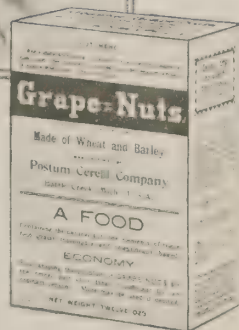
The spectators looked into each other's faces as if bewildered by what they had seen and heard. Although the business of the day was not yet over most of them trooped out, feeling that they had been witnessing a drama whereof only a part had been revealed to them—as by dark shadows on a white blind.

"GOOD heavens! How was I to know that things would turn out so badly? And even if I had known how could I have acted otherwise?"

It was the Governor, alone with Stowell



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in the Deemster's room, at the end of the second day of the Court of General Gaol Delivery.

"As for you, what have you to reproach yourself with? So far as the case is concerned you have done nothing that is wrong or irregular. The girl was guilty. You gave her a fair trial. The law required that she should be condemned. You had to condemn her. Then why take things so tragically?"

"But Fenella?"

"She will get over it. Of course she will. What sensible woman is going to throw away the happiness of a lifetime because of something that happened before she came onto the scene?"

"You heard what she said, sir?"

"I did, and thought it nonsense. I heard what you said, also, when you were tempting the prisoner to expose you at the last moment, and thought it madness. What a providential escape—for Justice as well as for yourself! Thank God it is all over! The miserable case is at an end. Let us think no more about it."

An inspector of police came into the room to say that Miss Stanley had left the Castle at the close of the murder trial and asked him to tell her father that she was going home by train. The Governor, with knitted eyebrows and a frown, dismissed the inspector, and then said to Stowell, as he turned to go.

"All the same, I am bound to say the whole thing has been unfortunate—damnable, unfortunately."

STOWELL continued to sit for some minutes in his robes after the Governor had left him. He was thinking of Bessie and the terrifying impulse which had come over him to question her at the last minute about her fellow-sinner.

He was thinking of Fenella and asking himself once more if he could ever look into her face again.

Joshua Scarff came with a glass of brandy. "Take this, Your Honor. It will strengthen your nerves for your drive home. I could see you were not well when you arrived this morning."

Stowell had drunk the brandy and was setting down the tumbler when the inspector came back to say that after the murder trial he had liberated Dan Baldromma, but had just been compelled to arrest somebody else.

"Who else?"

"Mr. Gell. The gentleman seems to have gone clean off it, sir. It's the loss of his case, I suppose."

Ever since the Court had risen he had been demanding to be allowed to see the Deemster and threatening what he would do to him. So, to prevent the gentleman from doing a mischief, the police had put him in the cells.

"Set him at liberty at once," said Stowell.

"Before Your Honor leaves the Castle?"

"Instantly."

The inspector being gone (with the intention of disobeying the Deemster's command in order to insure his safety), Joshua Scarff proceeded to read Gell's conduct by quite a different light. It was easy to see now that Mr. Gell had been the girl's fellow-sinner and therefore the cause of her crime.

"Pity! Great pity!" said Joshua, as he helped Stowell to unrobe. "But such connections always lead to disaster, Your Honor. They begin to end badly. That's what people forget, sir, isn't it?"

THERE were still a few of the spectators at the gate, waiting to see the Deemster away, and when he came out, with his white face (a judge who had been compelled to pronounce the death-sentence at his first sitting), another wave of sympathy went out to him.

"They've been putting the young colt into the shafts too soon—that's what it is, I tell thee."

But, driving over the harbor bridge in his automobile, Stowell began to feel better. The fresh air from the sea, after the close atmosphere of the Courthouse, brought the blood back to his brain, and he thought he saw things more clearly.

THE Governor had been right. He could not have acted otherwise without being false to his oath as a judge. And if the miserable fact remained that he should never have been the judge in this case at all, it was Fenella herself, above everybody else, who had thrust him into the turn of that position. Surely she would remember this, and it would plead in her heart for him?

Half a mile beyond the town he passed the Governor's big blue landau, and realized that by some half-conscious impulse he was taking

the road to Government House instead of the direct way home. So much the better! He must see Fenella at the first possible moment, and find out what his fate was to be.

His spirits rose as he bounded along. Granted he had done wrong in the first instance, terribly and cruelly wrong, hadn't he had many excuses? It was not as if he had been a lifelong libertine. An accident—the accident of one night, long repented of, and for which he had tried to make amends! If Bessie Collister had told her everything,

would see him now for the first time as the man he really was, not the man she had imagined him to be; and that when he came face to face with her he would have nothing to say.

And then—what would happen then?

He was soon to see.

AS SOON as the trial was over and Bessie, weeping bitterly, was taken back to the cells, Fenella had left Castle Rushen. She was ashamed. Remembering her wild out-

dered her illegitimate child? What nonsense! No, her idol was broken. She had set it so high, and now it was in the dust.

She expected Stowell to come to her as soon as his court was over. She was certain he would come. Again and again she raised her head from her wet pillow to listen for the sound of his car on the drive. Yet when a knock came at her door and her maid announced the arrival of the Deemster (never dreaming that the injunction against callers had been intended to apply to him) her first impulse was to send him away.

"Say I'm unwell and can't see him," she cried from her bed.

But at the next moment she was up and whispering at the door.

"Show Mr. Stowell into the library and tell him I shall be down presently."

HER voice was hoarse; her face was aflame; her eyes were red from persistent weeping. No water could sponge away these marks of her emotion. Never mind! He should see what he had made her suffer. She would go downstairs and charge him, face to face, with his deceit and hypocrisy, and then—then fling herself into his arms.

But when she opened the library door and saw him standing on the hearthrug, with head down and a look of utter abasement, her courage failed her. She dared not look twice at his ravaged face, so she sank onto the sofa and covered her eyes with her hands.

Several minutes passed in which neither of them spoke. There was no sound except that of his labored breathing and of the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"If he does not speak soon," she thought, "I shall break into tears and fly out of the room."

But she did not move, and at last came his voice, humble and broken, and thrilling through and through her:

"Fenella!"

She did not answer; she could not. And again, after another moment of silence, he said:

"Fenella, I have come to ask you to forgive me."

She wanted to burst out crying, and to prevent herself from doing so she broke into a flood of wrath.

"Forgive you?" she said. "Ask that poor creature in Castle Rushen to forgive you—that poor girl whom you have just condemned for a crime that is the consequence of your own sin."

He did not reply for a moment; and then came the same humble, broken, unsteady voice, saying:

"No doubt you are quite right, quite justified, but if you knew everything—that I could not help myself, that it was the law—"

"Oh, I know nothing about your laws!" she cried, leaping up and crossing the room. "But they are unjust and barbarous and against reason and humanity if they allow a girl to be condemned to death for a crime like that while the Judge who was the first cause of it sits in judgment on his own victim."

"You are right there, too," said Stowell; "but if you knew how I tried to avoid sitting on the case, and only allowed myself to do so at last in the hope of seeing justice done and thereby making some sort of amends—"

"Amends?" cried Fenella. "What amends can there be for a wrong like that? Oh, I hate the people who think they can make amends for one fault by committing another!"

THERE was silence again for a moment and then Stowell said:

"You are right there also. There is a kind of wrongdoing that can not be atoned for; I see that now. But if you know how I have suffered for it and still suffer—"

"Suffer? Why shouldn't you suffer? Isn't that poor girl suffering? Hasn't she suffered all along? And whatever you do for her now, won't she go on suffering to the last day and hour of her life?"

He dropped his head still lower under the lash of Fenella's scorn.

"That is not all, either," she said in a broken voice, sitting on the sofa again and brushing her handkerchief over her eyes. "Perhaps that girl is not the only one who is suffering. I wanted to think so well of you, to be so proud of you. You were to be the defender of women, fighting their battles for them when they were wronged and helpless. And when you became a judge—oh, I can not bear to think of it! You have disappointed me and deceived me. You are not the man I took you to be."

Outside, the sun was setting. A dull ray



Fenella's heart went through a wild riot of mingled anger and love.

surely Fenella would see this, too, and, seeing it, would understand?

But the great fact of all was that (except for the first catastrophe) his love of Fenella had been the root cause of all that had happened. If he had not loved Fenella with that deep, unconquerable, unquenchable love which had swept everything else away—all qualms, and perhaps all conscience—nothing worse could have occurred. He would have married that poor girl now lying in prison. Yes, whatever the consequences to himself, he would have married her before Gell came back into her life and further complications ensued. But after Fenella returned to the island no other woman had been possible to him. Surely she would see this also? And, if she did, nothing else would matter to either of them—nothing in this world.

PRESENTLY, driving at high speed, he realized that the half-conscious impulse which had carried him onto the road to Government House was sweeping him onto the rocky shelf on the coast along which he had driven with Fenella on the day he took his oath. How fortunate! What was that she had said, then, as they sang together in the fullness of their joy over the hum of the engine and the boom of the sea? That love—what she called love—never died and never changed, and if she loved anybody, and anything happened to him, she would fight the world for him, even though he were in the wrong!

Even though he were in the wrong!

She would do it now! He was sure she would! Yes, the first shock of the wretched revelation being over, she would see how he had suffered, and how he had striven to do the right, and then—then everything would be well.

Thus, as he flew over the roads, he built himself up in the hope of Fenella's forgiveness, even her sympathy and compassion. But as he approached Government House his heart failed him again. Something whispered that the excuses he had been making for himself were no better than a pretense; that, one lapse or a hundred, one woman or many, the eternal laws were the same; that right or wrong had nothing to do with the multiplication table, that Fenella

burst under the Attorney-General's examination, she was reproaching herself bitterly. Whatever Victor Stowell had done, what right had she to denounce him? She of all others? In open court, too?

And then Gell! Although nobody else had understood her he had done so. He might have been living in a fool's paradise, but was it for her to reveal the awful truth to him—that his lifelong friend had been his cruellest enemy? In public, too, and at that harrowing moment?

To escape from the pain of self-reproach she kept on telling herself, as she went back in the train, that Stowell had deceived her. She recalled their correspondence while he was in London, their conversation at Ballamoor and at Government House, and every word seemed to blister her memory.

Oh, if he had only confessed at any rate to her, she thought, she could have forgiven him in spite of all. But no, he had hidden everything down to the last moment, and left her to find him out—left her to find him out!

HOW she had been deceived in him! How her faith in him had been broken! She felt as if she had been suddenly awakened from a beautiful dream and overwhelmed by some terrible darkness.

On reaching home she excused herself to old Miss Green and hurried up to her bedroom. Her head ached and her heart was sore—the young woman she had been working for had been found guilty and condemned. She told her maid she was tired and if anybody asked for her she was not to be disturbed.

Two hours passed. Her heart was going through a wild riot of mingled anger and love. It was like madness. She loved Stowell; she hated him, she worshiped him; she despised him. At one moment she recalled with a bitter laugh the mockery of his questioning of Bessie Collister in the dock; at the next she remembered with scorching tears the pathos of his sentencing her.

Obscure motives were operating in her soul to intensify her pain. Only as by flashes of lightning on a black night was she conscious of them, and then she tried to deny their existence. Jealous? She, jealous of that illiterate country girl who had mur-

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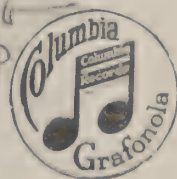
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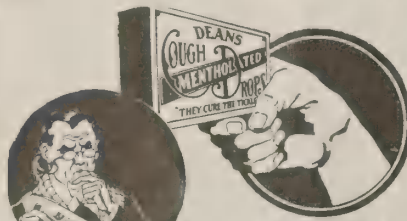
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from it was falling on his haggard face and brushing her bronze-brown hair where she sat with her head in her hands and her body shaken by half-stifled sobs.

"I thought you loved me, too. It was so sweet to think you loved me—me only—never having loved anybody else. Every woman has felt like that, hasn't she? I have, anyway. Other men might be faithless, but not you—not Victor Stowell. And yet, for the sake of your poor fancy for this country girl—"

"Fenella!"
"Oh, what a fool I've been!" she cried, leaping up again and dashing the tears from her eyes. "Forgive me? Never while that girl stands between us! Never while she lies in prison as the consequence of your sin."

STOWELL could bear no more. Stepping forward, he laid hold of Fenella by the shoulders, and, approaching his face to her face, he said:

"Listen to me, Fenella. I have done wrong—I know that. I am not here to excuse or defend myself, and if your heart does not plead for me I have nothing to say. But I swear before God that I have loved you with all my soul and strength and if it hadn't been for that—"

"Loved me!" cried Fenella, between a laugh and a sob. And then, in the wild delirium of the sheer woman, she said:

"What proof of your love have you given to me compared to the proof you have given to that girl? Oh, when I think of it I could almost find it in my heart to envy her. I do envy her. Yes, degraded and shamed and condemned and in prison as she is, I envy her, and could change places with her this very minute. I would have given you anything in the world rather than this should be—anything, anything, my honor, myself—"

"Fenella!"
"Let me go. You are driving me mad. Leave me. I hate you. I despise you. You have broken my heart. I thought you were brave and true, but what are you but a common—"

"Fenella!"
"Coward! Hypocrite! Let me go."
But she had no need to wrench herself away from him. His hands fell from her shoulders like lead, and at the next moment she was gone from the room.

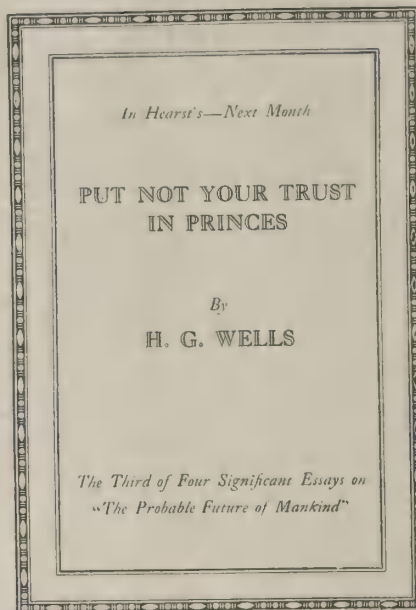
HE STOOD for a while where she had left him with the echo of her stinging words ringing in his ears. Bitter, unjust, and

cruel as they had been, he was struggling to excuse her. She did not understand. Bessie had not told her all. Presently she would come back and ask his pardon.

But she did not come, and after a while (it seemed like an eternity), feeling crushed, degraded, trampled upon, dragged in the dust, and wounded in his tenderest affections, he left the room and the house.

Outside, where his automobile was standing, he still lingered, expecting to be called back. It was impossible that Fenella could let him part from her like this. He knew where she was—in the Governor's smoking-room which overlooked the drive. At the last moment she would knock at the window and cry, "Stay!"

Slowly he moved around his car, opening the bonnet, touching the engine, starting it.



pulling on his long driving gloves. But still she gave no sign, and at length he prepared to step into his seat. Was this to be the end—the end of everything?

MEANTIME, Fenella, alone in her father's room, and recovering from the storm of her anger, was beginning to be afraid. What had she said? It cut her to the soul to think of Stowell as he had stood before her, so humbled and abashed. She wanted to go back to him and say: "I was mad. I didn't

know what I was saying. I love you so much."

But her pride would not permit her to do that and she waited for Stowell to do something. Why didn't he burst through the door, throw his arms about her, and compel her to forgive him? In her heart she knew that if he did so she would surrender, and then all her high thoughts about fighting the battles of women and about that girl, Castle Rushen would be gone forever from all reckoning.

She listened intently for a long time but there came no sound from the adjoining room. What was he doing? Presently she heard him coming out of the library, walking with a firm step down the corridor to the porch, opening the front door and closing it behind him.

WAS he leaving her? Like this? Then he would never come back. She heard his footstep on the gravel and, looking through the window, she saw him, with his white face, raising his soft hat to wipe his perspiring forehead, and then climbing into the car. Could it be possible that he was going away without another word?

In spite of her jealousy and rage, she felt an immense admiration for the man who loved her as she was sure he did, was yet so strong that he could leave her after she had insulted and humiliated him. She wanted to throw up the window and cry: "Wait! I am coming out to you."

But no, her pride would not permit her to do that, either, and at the next instant the car was moving away.

She watched it until it had disappeared behind the trees. Then she turned to go back to her bedroom. At the foot of the stairs she met Miss Green, who, shocked at the sight of her disordered face, said:

"My goodness, Fenella! What has happened?"

In the plaintive voice of a crying child Fenella answered:

"He has gone. I have driven him away."

Then she stumbled upstairs, locked the door of her room on the inside, threw herself face-down on the bed, burst into a flood of tempestuous tears, and cried aloud to Stowell now that he could no longer hear her:

"Victor! Victor! My Victor!"

WILL Fenella—even if she forgives Victor whatever wrong his sin has done her—keep her guilty secret when she learns that Alice is being unjustly accused? See Hearst's for February.

The Little Red Foot

(Continued from page 29)

vaguely aware that men found her attractive, and that she also was not disinclined toward men, nor averse to their admiration.

"How many write you verses?" I asked uneasily.

"Gentlemen are prone to verses. Is it unbecoming of me to encourage them to verse?"

"Why, no! . . ."

"Did you think the verses fine you heard in the orchard?"

"Oh, yes," said I, carelessly, "but smacking strong of Major André's verses to his several Sacharissas."

"Oh! I thought them fine."

"And all men think you fine, I fear—from that soldier who pricked your name on his powder-horn at Mayfield fort, to Bully Joe Gallopaway of the Border Horse at Johnstown, and our own little Jack-boots in the orchard yonder."

"Only Mr. Drogue dissents," she murmured, bending over her knitting.

At that I caught her hand and kissed it; and she blushed and sat smiling in absent fashion at the water, while I retained it.

BEFORE I could think of a fitting answer, comes an express a-galloping; and we saw him dismount at the mainland gate and come swiftly across the orchard.

"My orders," said I, and went to the edge of the veranda.

The letter he handed me was from Colonel Dayton. It commended me, enjoined secrecy, approved my Oneidas and my Saguenay, but warned me to remain discreetly silent concerning these red auxiliaries, because General Schuyler did not approve our employing savages.

Further, he explained, several full companies of Rangers had now been raised and

were properly officered and distributed in employment. Therefore, though I was retain my commission, he preferred that I command my present forces as a scout, and not attempt to recruit a Ranger company.

However, the letter went on to say, I was ordered to remain on the Sacandaga trail with my scout of ten until relieved, and in the meanwhile a wagon with pay, provisions and suitable clothing for my men, and additional presents for my Indians, was already on its way.

I read the letter very carefully, then, my tinder-box and struck fire with flint and steel, blowing the moss to a glow. To this I touched the edge of my letter, and breath on the coal till the paper flamed, crinkled, in black flakes, and was destroyed. For a few moments I stood there, considering, then dismissed the express; but still sat a-thinking.

WHEN I came out of my reverie, I turned and walked back slowly to Penelope who lifted her eyes in silence, clasping her fair hands over her idle needles.

"I go back tonight," said I.

"To the forest?"

"To the trail by the Drowned Lands."

"Will you come soon again?"

"Do you wish it?"

"Why, yes, John Drogue!" she said. And saw the smile glimmer ere it dawned.

And now comes my Lady Johnson and Abigail for a dish of tea on the veranda where a rustic table was soon spread with Colas, very fine in his scarlet waistcoat and new scratch-wig.

Now, to tea, comes sauntering our precious plague of suitors, one by one, and two by two, from the camp on the mainland. And around they sit them down—with ceremony it's true, but their manners found no fault with me, either. And I thought of Ulys-

and of the bow that none save he could bend. Well, there was ceremony, as I say, and some subdued gaiety, not too marked, in reference to Lady Johnson's political conviction.

There was tea, which our officers and I bore to taste, making a civil jest of refusal. But there was an egg-nog for us, and a poled punch, and a syllabub, and cakes.

Other officers came up in the growing darkness, paid their respects, tasted the punch.

andles glimmered in the Summer house. Shadowy forms arrived and departed or wandered over the grassy slope along the water.

I missed Claudia. Later, I saw Penelope rise and give her hand to a man who came stalking up in a catch-cloak; and presently they rolled away over the lawn, with her arm resting on his.

Major Westfall and Lady Johnson were conversing gravely on the north porch. Others, dimly visible, rattled around me or moved with hidden clank of scabbard and spur.

PENELOPE did not come back.

At first I waited calmly enough, then with increasing impatience.

Where the devil had she gone with her Captain Spatter-dash? Claudia, presently discovered with men plenty around her; but Penelope is not visible. This troubled me. So I went down to the orchard, restlessly sauntering, and not as though in search of anybody, and encountered Penelope.

She and her young man in the catch-cloak passed me, moving slowly under the trees. He wore black spatter-dashes. And, as we sat, it came to me that this was one of the officers from the Canajoharie Regiment; but in the starlight I knew him no better than I had by name.

"Strange," thought I, "that Spatter-dashes seems so familiar to my eyes, yet I can not think who he may be."

Then, looking after him, I saw him stride walking toward me from the well, and with him was Colas, with a lantern, which shined dimly on both their faces.

And, suddenly: "Why, sir!" I blurted out in astonishment. "Are you not Captain Moucher?"

"No, sir," said he, "my name is Sims, and I am captain in the Canajoharie militia." And he bowed civilly and walked on, Colas following with the lantern, leaving me there perplexed and still standing with lifted cap and hand.

I put it on, pondered for a space, striving to rack my memory, for that man's features strongly resembled Lieutenant Henry Hare's, as I saw him at supper that last night in Johnson Hall, when he came there with Akatoo and Stevie Watts, and that Captain Moucher, whom I knew a little and trusted, for all his mealy flatteries.

Well, then, I had been mistaken. It was only a slight resemblance, if it were even that. I had not thought of Hare since that evening, and when I saw this man by lantern light, as I had seen him by candles, why, I thought he seemed like Hare. . . . That was all. . . . That certainly was all there could be to it.

EAR to the lilacs, where candle-light fell from the south window of the little lodge, tumbled once again upon Penelope. And it was in Spatter-dash's arms!

For a moment I stood frozen. Then a cold rage possessed me, and God knows what a I had played, but suddenly a far whistle issued from the orchard; and young Spatter-dash kisses her and starts a-running through the trees.

He had not noticed me, nor discovered my presence at all; but Penelope, in his arms, had died me over his shoulder; and I thought I seemed not only flushed but frightened, either by the fellow's rough ardor or my sudden apparition, I could not guess.

Still cold with a rage for which there was no sensible warrant, I walked slowly to where he was standing and fumbling with her lace bon, which the callow fool had torn.

"I came to say good-by," said I in even tones.

She extended her hand; I laid grim and icy hands to it; released it.

There was a silence. Then: "I did not wish him to kiss me," said she in an odd voice, yet steady enough.

"Your lips are your own."

"Yes. . . . They were yours, too, for an instant, Mr. Drogue."

"And they were Spatter-dash's, too," said I, almost stifled by my jealous rage. "Whose else they have been, I know not, and do not ask you. Good night."

She said nothing, and presently picked at her torn apron.

"Good night," I repeated.

"Good night, sir."

And so I left her, choked by I knew not

Canajoharie regiment; and, as he stared up at me, his throat still clutched by the Saguenay, I found I was gazing upon the blotched features of Captain Moucher!

"Take your hands from his neck-cloth, cut your thumbs, and make a cord to tie him," said I, in the Oneida dialect. "He will not move," I added.

It took the Indian a little while to accomplish this. I held my rifle muzzle to Moucher's ribs. Until his arms were tied fast behind him, he had not spoken to me nor I to him; but now, as he rose to his knees from the mud and then staggered upright, I said to him:

"This is like to be a tragic business for you, Captain Moucher."

"Do you mean to murder me?" he asked hoarsely.

"I mean to question you," said I. "Be good enough to step into that canoe."

And when Yellow Leaf was ready, I shoved off, straddled the stern, and, kneeling, took the broad paddle.

"Captain Moucher," said I, "if you think to overturn the canoe, in hope of escape, my Indian will kill you in the water."

The canoe slid out into darkness under the high stars.

NOW, no sooner did I reach my camp with my prisoner than my people came crowding around us from their watch-fire, which burned dull because they had made a smudge of it, black flies being lively after dark.

I drew Nick aside and told him all.

"You shall take Johnny Silver," said I, "and set off instantly for Summer House and the Continental camp. You shall deliver a letter to Major Westfall, and then you shall search with your lanterns every face you encounter; for I am beginning to believe that I truly saw Stephen Watts and Lieutenant Hare in the orchard at Summer House Point this night. And if I did, then they are

a pair of damned spies, and should be taken, and suffer as such! Use the canoe, and have a care that you reply clearly and promptly when challenged, for yonder Continentals are prone to shoot."

They went off with their rifles and the lantern, and I waited until I heard the dip of paddles in the dark.

"Throw a dry log on that fire, Godfrey," said I. And to Joe De Golyer. "Bring that prisoner here."

He fetched him, and he stood before me, arms trussed up and head hanging.

I bade De Golyer kick the fire. He did so and it blazed ruddy, painting in sanguine color the somber, unhealthy visage of my prisoner.

"Search him," said I briefly.

Joe and my Oneida rummaged him to the buff. It was in his boots they discovered, at last, a sheaf of papers.

I COULD not read what was writ, for the writing was in strange signs and figures; so presently I gave over trying and looked up at my prisoner, who now had dressed again.

"You are Captain Moucher?"

He denied it hoarsely; but I, having now no vestige of doubt concerning this miserable man's identity, ignored his answer.

"What is this paper which was taken from your boot?"

He seemed to find no word of explanation but breathed harder and watched my eyes.

"It is writ in military cipher?"

"I do not know."

"How came these papers in your boot?"

He stammered out that somebody who had cleansed his boots must have dropped them in, and that, in pulling on his boots that morning, he had neither seen nor felt the papers.

"Where did you dress this morning?"

"At the Johnson Arms in Johnstown."

"You wear the uniform of an officer in the Canajoharie regiment. Are you attached to that regiment?"

He said he was; then contradicted himself, saying he had been obliged to borrow the clothing from an officer because, while bathing in the Mohawk at Caughnawaga, his own clothing had been swept into the water and engulfed.

Over this lie he was slow in speech, and stammered much, licking his dry lips, and his reddish, furtive eyes traveling about him, as though his stealthy mind were elsewhere.



IF ALL the Underwood girls ever published wrote on one big Underwood typewriter would there be more stars than all the Flagg girls could sew on one big Flagg? Anyway, here is the great Clarence F. himself turning out another of those piquant paintings that have for so many years kept the American Girl on her proper pedestal. For a better view of the painting—not the artist—see Underwood in "The High Cost of Lying" in Hearst's for February.

what new and fierce emotions—for I desired to seek out Spatter-dash, Jack-boots, and the whole cursed crew of suitors, and presently break their assorted necks. For now I was aware that I hated these popinjays who came philandering here, as deeply as I hated to hear of the redcoat gallants at Caughnawaga.

STILL a-quiver with passion, I managed, nevertheless, to make my compliments and adieux to Lady Johnson and to Claudia—felt their warm and generous clasp, answered gaily I know not what, saluted all, took a lantern that Flora fetched, and went away across the grass.

A shadow detached itself from darkness, and now my Saguenay was padding at my heels once more.

As we two came to the mainland, young Spatter-dash suddenly crossed the road in front of my lantern. Good God! Was I in my right mind! Was it Stephen Watts on whose white, boyish face my lantern glimmered for an instant? How could it be, when it meant death to catch him here? Besides, he was in Canada with Walter Butler. What possessed me, that in young Spatterdash I saw resemblance to Stevie Watts, and in another respectable militia officer a countenance resembling Lieutenant Hare's?

Sure my mind was obsessed tonight by faces seen that last unhappy evening at the Hall; and so I seemed to see a likeness to those men in every face I met. . . . Something had surely upset me. . . . Something, too, had suddenly awakened in me new and deep emotions, unsuspected, unfamiliar, and unwelcome.

And for the first time in my life, I knew that I hated men because a woman favored them.

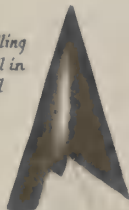
WE HAD passed through the Continental camp, my Indian and I, and were now going down among the bushes to the Vlaie Water, where lay our canoe, when, of a sudden, a man leaped from the reeds and started to run.

Instantly my Indian was on his shoulders like a tree-cat, and down went both on the soft mud, my Saguenay atop.

I cocked my rifle and poked the muzzle into the prostrate stranger's ribs, resting it so with one hand while I shined my lantern on his upturned face.

He wore a captain's uniform in the

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"Do you recollect that we supped in company at Johnson Hall—you and I—and not so long ago?" I demanded.

He had no remembrance.

"And Lieutenant Hare and Captain Watts were of the company?"

He denied acquaintance with these gentlemen.

"Or Hiakatoo?"

He had never heard of him.

I BADE Joe lay more dry wood on the fire and kick it well, for the sphagnum moss still dulled it. And, when it flared redly, I rose and walked close to the prisoner.

"What are you doing here?"

He had merely come out of curiosity to see the camp at Summer House.

"In disguise?"

He had no other clothing, and meant no harm. If we would let him go he would engage to return to Albany and never again to wear any clothing to which he was not entitled.

"Oh! Who was your mate there in the orchard, who also wore the Canajoharie regimentals?" I demanded.

An acquaintance made *en passant*, nothing more. He did not even know his name.

"I'll tell you his name," said I. "That man was Lieutenant Hare. And you are Captain Moucher. You are spies in our camp. We've taken you; we ought to take him before midnight."

"The paper I have of you is writ in British military cipher."

"Now, before I send you to Colonel Dayton, with my report of this examination, what have you to confess that I might add to my report, in extenuation?"

He made no answer. Presently a fit of ague seized him, so that he could scarce stand. Then he reeled sideways and, by accident, set foot in the live coals, and instantly went clean crazed with fright.

As the Oneida caught him by the shoulder, to steady him, he shrieked and cowered, grasping Joe's arm in his terror.

"They mean to murder me!" he yelled. "Keep your savages away, I tell you!"—struggling between Tahioni and Joe. "I'll say what you wish, if they won't burn me!"

"Be silent," I said. "Compose yourself, Captain Moucher. We mean no bodily harm to you."

But the awful fear of fire was in this whimpering wretch, and I was ashamed to have my Oneidas see a white man so stricken with cowardly terror.

His honor—what there was of it—he sold in stammering phrases to buy mercy of us; and I listened in disgust and astonishment to his confession, which came in a pell-mell of tumbling words, so that I was put to it to write down what he babbled.

He had gone on his knees, held back from my feet by the Oneida; and his poltroonery so sickened me that I could scarce see what I wrote down in my *carnet*.

Every word was a betrayal of comrades; every whine a plea for his own blotched skin.

To save his neck—if treachery might save it—he sold his King, his cause, his comrades, and his own manhood.

AND so I learned of him that Stevie Watts, disguised, had been that night at Summer House with Lieutenant Hare; that they had brought news to Lady Johnson of Sir John's safe arrival in Canada; that they had met and talked to Claudia Swift; and counted our men and made a very accurate report, which was writ in the military cipher which we discovered; and a copy of which Captain Watts also carried upon his proper person.

I learned that Walter Butler, now a captain of Royalist Rangers, also had come into the Valley in disguise, for the purpose of spying and of raising the Tory settlers against us.

I learned that Brant and Guy Johnson had been in England, but were on their way hither.

I learned that our army in Canada, decimated by battle, by smallpox, by fever, was giving ground and slowly retreating on Crown Point; and that Arnold now commanded them.

I learned that we were to be invaded from the west, the north, and the south by three armies, and thousands of savages; that Albany must burn, and Tryon flame from Schenectady to Saint Sacrement. . . . And I wrote all down.

"IS THERE more?" I asked, looking at him with utter loathing.

"Howell's house," he muttered, "—the log house of John Howell—tonight—"

"The cabin on the hard ridge yonder?"

"Yes. . . . A plot to massacre this post. . . . They meet there."

"Who?"

"King's people. . . . John Howell, Dries Bowman, the Cadys, the Helmers, Girty, Dawling, Gene Grinnis, Balty Weed—"

"Tonight!"

"Yes."

"Where are they now?"

"Hid in the tamaracks—in the bush—God knows where!"

"When do they rendezvous?"

"Toward midnight."

"At John Howell's cabin?"

He nodded, muttering.

NOT a hundred rods east of us, across the ridge, stood that log hut of Howell's; and the owl-haunted tamaracks stretched away behind it in a misty wilderness. And in

He plucked my arm and I stepped apart with him.

"Westfall's in his dotage; Dayton is too slow. Why don't they send up Willett or Herkimer?"

"I don't know," said I, troubled.

"Well," says Nick, "it's clear that Stevie Watts was there and has spoken with Lady Johnson. But what more is to be done? She's our prisoner. I wish to God they'd sent her to Albany or New York, where she could contrive no mischief. And that other lady, too. Lord! But Major Westfall is in a pother! And I wager Colonel Dayton will be in another, and at his wit's ends."

The business distressed me beyond measure, and I remained silent.

"By the way," he added. "Your yellow-haired inamorata sends you a billet-doux. Here it is."



"I have conjured your soul," the Indian maid answered calmly.

I took the bit of folded paper, stepped aside and read it by the firelight:

Sir:

I venture to entertain a hope that some day it may please you to converse again with one whose offense—if any—remains a mystery to her still.

P. G.

I read it again, then crumpled it and dropped it on the coals. I had seen Steve Watts kiss her. That was enough.

"There's a devil's nest of Tories gathering in Howell's house tonight to cut our throats," said I coldly. "Should we take them with ten men, or call in the Continentals?"

"Who be they?" asked Nick, astounded.

"The old pack—Cadys, Helmers, Bowman, Weed, Grinnis. They are ten rifles."

He got very red.

"This is a domestic business," said I. "Shall we wash our bloody linen for the world to see what filth chokes Fonda's Bush?"

"No," said he, slowly, with that faint flare in his eyes I had seen at times. "Let us clean our own house o' vermin, and make no brag of what is only our proper shame."

AT MIDNIGHT we had surrounded Howell's house, save only the east approach, which we still left open for tardy skulkers.

A shadowy form or two slinking out from

the tamaracks, their guns trailing, passed along the hard ridge, bent nearly double to avoid observation.

We could not recognize them, for they were very shadows, vague as frost-driven woodcock speeding at dusk to a sheltered swamp.

But, as they arrived, singly and in little groups, such a silent rage possessed me that I could scarce control my rifle, which quivered to take toll of these old neighbors who were returning by stealth at night to murder in our beds.

The Saguenay lay in the wild grasses on my left; the little maid of Askalege, in her naked paint, lay on my right hand.

Her forefinger caressed the trigger of her new rifle; the stock lay close to her cheek. And I could hear her singing her *Karenna* in a mouse's whisper to herself:

"Listen, John Drogue,¹
Though we all die,
You shall survive!
Listen, John Drogue,
This will happen
And it is well,
Because I love you.

"Why do I love you?
Because you are a boy-chief,
And we are both young,
Thou and I.
Why do I love you?
Because you are my elder brother,
And you speak to the Oneidas
Very gently.

"I am a prophetic;
I see events beforehand;
This is my Karenna;
Though we all die tonight,
You shall survive in Scarlet:
And this is well,
Because I love you."

So crooning her prophecy, she lay flat in the wild grasses, cuddling the rifle-stock close to her shoulder; and her song's low cadence was like the burden of some cricket amid the herbage.

"Tharon alone knows all," I breathed in her ear.

"*Neah!*" she murmured; and touched her cheek against mine.

"Only God knows who shall survive tonight," I insisted.

"Ohnteh. Ra-ko-wan-eh,"² she murmured. "But I have seen you, *niare*,³ through a mist, coming from this place in scarlet.⁴ And dead bodies lay about. Do you believe me?"

I made no reply but lay motionless, watching the tamaracks, ghostly in their cerements of silver fog. And I heard, through the low rhythm of her song, owls howling far away amid those spectral wastes, and saw the Oneida Dancers,⁵ very small and pale above the void.

I STARED with fierce satisfaction at Howell's house. There was no gleam of light visible behind the closed shutters; but I already had counted nine men who came creeping to that silent rendezvous. And now there arrived the tenth man, running and stooping low, and went in by the east side of the house.

I waited a full minute longer, then whistled the white-throat's call.

"Now!" said I to Thiohero; and we rose and walked forward through the light mist which lay knee-deep over the ground.

We had not advanced ten paces when three men, whom I had not perceived, rose up on the ridge to our right.

One of these shouted and fired a gun, and all three dropped flat again before we could realize what they had been about.

But already, out of that shadowy house, armed men swarmed like black hornets from their nest, and we ran to cut them from the tamaracks, but could not mark their flight in the so great darkness.

Then Nick Stoner struck flint, and dropped his tinder upon the remnants of a hay-stack, where wisps of last year's marsh-grass still littered the rock.

In the smoky glow which grew I saw that great villain, Simon Girty, fire his gun at us, then turn and run toward the water.

¹ The Karenna of Thiohero:
"Yi-ya-thon-dek, John Drogue,
Da-ed-e-neh-he-i,
Eng-hi-tsko-dak-i!
Yi-ya-thon-dek, John Drogue,
Yo-ya-neri
Kenonwes!"

² "Perhaps! He is Chief."

³ "Beforehand."

⁴ O-ne-kwen-da-ri-en; literally, "In scarlet blood."

⁵ The Pleiades.

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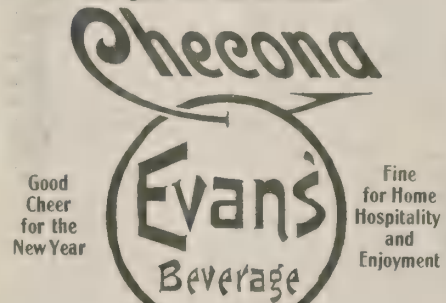
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and Dries Bowman took after him, shouting in his fear.

Very carefully I fired at Girty, but he was not scotched, and was lost in the dark with Dries.

Then, in the increasing glow of the marsh-hay afire, I saw and recognized Elias Cady and his venomous son, Charlie, and called loudly upon them to halt.

But they plunged into the shore reeds; and John and Phil Helmer at their heels; and we fired our guns into the dark, but could not stop them or again even hope to glimpse them in their flight.

But the Oneidas had now arrived between the tamaracks and log house, and my Rangers were swiftly closing in on the west and south, when suddenly a couple of loud musket shots came from the crescents in the bolted shutters, hiding the west window in a double cloud of smoke.

I called out, "Halt!" to my people, for it was death to cross that circle of light ahead while the marsh-hay still burned.

THERE were at least five men now barricaded in Howell's house. I called to Tahioni, the Wolf, and he came crouching and all trembling with excitement and impatience, like a fierce hound restrained.

"Take your people," said I, "and follow those dirty cowards who are fleeing toward the tamaracks."

Instantly his terrific panther-cry shattered the silence, and the Oneidas' wild answer to his slogan hung quivering over the Drowned Lands like the melancholy pulsations of a bell.

The hay-rick burned less brightly now. I crept out to the dark edge of the wavering glare and called across to those in the log house:

"If you will surrender I promise to send you to Johnstown and let a court judge you! If you refuse, we shall take you by storm, try you on the spot, and execute sentence upon you in that house! I allow you five minutes!"

At that, two of them fired in the direction from whence came my voice; and I heard their bullets passing, aimed too high.

Then John Howell's voice bawled out: "I know you, Drogue; and so help me God I shall cut your throat before this business ends! You dirty renegade and traitor to your King!"

Such a rage possessed me that I scarce knew what I was about, and I ran across the grass to the bolted door of the house, and fell to slashing at it with my hatchet like a madman.

They were firing now so rapidly that the smoke of their guns made a choking fog about the house; but the log cabin had no overhang, not being built for defense, and so they over-shot me whilst my hatchet battered splinters from the door and shook it almost from its hinges.

Someone was coughing in the thick rifle-fog near me, and presently I heard Nick's voice swearing, and him a-hammering at the door with his gun-butt.

The French trappers, not so rash as we, lay close in the darkness, shooting steadily into the shutters at short range.

SHUTTERS and door, though splintering, held; the defenders fired at my men's rifle-flashes, or strove to shoot at Nick and me, where we crouched low in the sheltered doorway; but they could not sufficiently depress the muzzles of their guns to hit us.

Suddenly, from out of the night, came a fire-arrow, whistling, with dry moss all aflame, and lodged on the roof of Howell's house.

Quoth Nick: "Your Tree-eater is in action, John. God send that the fire catch!"

From the darkness, Silver called out to me that the marsh-hay had nearly burned out, and what were he and Joe to do? Then came a whizzing another fire-arrow, and another, but whether the dew was too heavy on the roof or the moss too damp, I do not know; only that when at length the roof caught fire, it was but a tiny blaze and flickered feebly, eating a slow way along the edges of the eaves.

Nick, who had been wrenching at the imbedded door-stone, finally freed and lifted it, and hurled it at the bolted shutters. In they crashed. Then the door, too, burst open, and Tom Dawling rushed upon me with his rifle clubbed high above me.

"You damned Whig!" he shouted. "I'll knock your brains all over the grass!"

My hatchet in a measure fended the blow and eased its murderous force, but I stumbled to my knees under it; and Baltus Weed came

like zat! Pout! Bah! I laugh. I make mock!"

"Your ribs are broken, John," says Nick, still squatting beside me. "I think your bones turned the bullet, and it's not lodged in your belly at all, but in your right thigh. . . . Fetch a sop o' wet moss, Joe!"

De Luysnes also got up and went away to chop some stout alders for a litter. De Golyer was back in a moment, both hands full of dripping sphagnum; and Nick washed away the mess of blood.

After that I was sick at my stomach again, and not clear in my mind what they were about.

I GAZED around out of fevered eyes, and saw dead men lying near me. Suddenly the full horror of this civil war seemed to seize my senses—all the shame of such a conflict, a black disgrace upon us here in County Tryon.

"Nick!" I cried. "In God's name give those men burial."

"Let them lie," said Godfrey, sullenly.

"But they were our neighbors! I—I can't endure such a business. . . . And there are wolves in the tamaracks."

"Let wolf eat wolf," muttered Luysnes. But he drew his knife and went

into the house. And I heard Balty's body drop when he cut it down.

Nick came over to me, where I lay on a frame of alders, over which a blanket had been thrown, and he promised that a burial party should come out here as soon as they got me into camp.

So two of my men lifted the litter, and, feeling sick and drowsy, I closed my eyes and felt the slow waves of pain sweep me with every step the litter bearers took.

I HAD been lying in a kind of stupor upon my blanket, aware of dark figures passing to and fro before the lurid radiance of our watch-fire, yet not heeding what they said and did, save only when I saw Nick and Luysnes go away carrying two ditch-spades.

And I was vaguely contented to have the dead put safe from wolves.

LATER, when I opened my burning eyes and asked for water, I saw Tahioni in the flushed light of dawn, and knew that my Indians had returned.

Nick filled my pannikin. When I had drunk, I felt very ill and could scarce find voice to ask him how my Oneidas had made out in the tamaracks.

He admitted that they had not come up with the fugitives; and added that I was badly hurt and should be quiet and trouble my mind about nothing for the present.

One by one my Indians came gravely to gaze upon me, and I tried to smile and to speak to each, but my mind seemed confused, what with the burning of my body and my great weariness.

WHEN again I unclosed my eyes and asked for water, I was lying under the open-faced shed, and it was brilliant sunshine outside.

Somebody had stripped me and lad heated water in the kettle, and was bathing my body.

Then I saw it was the little maid of Askalege.

"Thiohero—little sister?" At the sound of my voice, she came and bent over me. In one hand she held a great sponge of steaming sphagnum.

Then came Nick, who leaned closer above me.

"Their young sorceress," said he, "has washed your body with bitter-bark and sumac, and has cleansed the wounds and stopped them with dry moss and balsam, so that they have ceased bleeding."

I turned my heavy eyes on the Oneida girl. "Truly," said I, "I have come back through the mist, returning in scarlet. . . . My little sister is very wise."

She said nothing, but lifted a pannikin of cold water to my lips. It had bitter herbs in it, and, I think, a little gin. I satisfied my thirst.

"Little sister," I gasped, "is the hole that Balty made in my body so great that my soul shall presently escape?"

On the February Cover—Out January 20th—Watch for

A GIRL OF NEW NEW YORK

Eighth in a Penrhyn Stanlawes

Famous Beauty Series of

SEE AMERICAN GIRLS FIRST!

to the window and shot me through the body.

AT THAT, Gene Grinnis ran out o' the house to cut my throat, where like a crippled wild beast I floundered, a-kicking and striving to find my feet; and I saw Nick draw up and shoot Gene through the face, so that where were his features suddenly became a great raw hole.

Down he sprawled across my hurt legs; down tumbled John Howell, too, and Silver, a-clinging to him tooth and nail, their broad knives flashing and ripping and whipping into flesh.

Striving desperately to free me of Grinnis, and get up, I saw Tom Dawling throw his ax at Godfrey; and saw Luysnes shoot him, then seize him and cut his throat, even as he was falling.

Johnny Silver began bawling lustily for help, with John Howell atop of him, cursing him for a rebel and striving to disembowel him. De Golyer caught Howell by the throat, and Silver scrambled to his feet, his clothing in bloody ribbons. Then Joe's hatchet flashed level with terrific swiftness, crashing to its mark; and Howell pitched backward with his head clean split from one eye to the other, making of the top of his skull a lid which hung only by the hairy skin.

LUYSNES and the Saguenay were now somewhere inside the house a-chasing of Balty Weed; and I could hear Balty screaming, and the thud and clatter of loose logs as they dragged him down from the loft overhead.

Nick came panting to me where I sat on the bloody grass, feeling sick o' my wound and now vomiting.

"Are you bad?" he asked breathlessly.

"Balty shot me. . . . I don't know—"

Somebody knelt down behind me, and I laid back my head, feeling very sick and faint, but entirely conscious.

The awful screaming in the house had never ceased; Nick sat down on the grass and fumbled at my shirt with trembling fingers.

Presently the screaming ceased. Luysnes came out o' the house with a lighted lantern, followed by the Saguenay; and in the wavering radiance I saw behind them the feet of a man twitching above the floor.

"We hung the louse to the rafters," said Luysnes, "and your Indian asks your leave to scalp him as soon as he's done a-kicking."

"Let him have the scalp," said De Golyer grimly. "He shot John Drogue through the body. Shine your lantern on him, Ben."

THEY crowded around me. Nick opened my shirt and drew off my leggings. I saw Johnny Silver, in tatters and all drenched with blood, come into the lantern's rays.

"Are you bad hurt, John?" I gasped.

"Bah! Non, alors. Onlee has Howell slash my shirt into leetle rags and I am scratch all raw. Zat ees nozzing, mon capitaine—a leetle cut like wiz a Barlow

She answered calmly: "I have looked through the wound into your body; and I saw your soul there, watching me. Then I injured your soul, which is very white, to remain within your body. And your young soul, seeing that it was not the Eye of Tharon looking in to discover it, went quietly to sleep; and will abide within you."

HE spoke in the Oneida dialect, and Nick listened impatiently, not understanding. "What does the little Oneida witch say?" he demanded.

Her brother, Tahioni, the Wolf, answered calmly: "The River-reed is a witch and is as wise as the Woman of the Sounding Skies. The River-reed sees events beforehand."

"She says John Drogue will live?" demanded Nick.

"He shall surely live," said Thiohero, drawing the blanket over me.

"Well, then," said Nick, "in God's name let us get him to the Summer House, where the surgeon of the Continentals can treat him properly, and the ladies there nurse him—"

That roused me, and I strove to sit up, but could not.

"I shall not go to Summer House!" I cried. "If I am in need of a surgeon, bring him here; but I want no woman near me! I do not desire any woman at Summer House to nurse me or aid or touch me—"

In my angry excitement at the very

thought of Lady Johnson and Claudia, and of Penelope, whom I had beheld in Steve Watts's arms—and of that man himself, who had come spying, I forced my body upright, furious at the mere thought, and swore I had rather die here in camp than be taken thither.

Then, suddenly, my elbow crumpled under me, and I fell back in an agony of pain so great that presently the world grew swiftly black and I knew no more.

YET this hot-headed young Patriot who condemns her unheard, soon owes a great debt to demure Penelope Grant's fine courage and fearless loyalty. See *Hearst's* for February.

How to Advertise for Enemies

(Concluded from page 54)

The free-sample foolishness had its day and passed out, but the backfire advertisements are as common and as numerous as ever.

TWO or three years ago the man who sprinkles the streets in Emporia loomed up with a fine new sprinkler, all yellow and red, a sight for sore eyes. He announced that he was willing to have an advertisement painted on the glittering vehicle for a certain sum in hand paid. Most of the business men were as wise as serpents, and said that they would do their advertising in the newspapers, but Carmichael, the haberdasher, fell for it. He always falls for freak adver-

had a new pair of white pants on and the sprinkler ruined them; and I was just stepping out of my papier-mache limousine, arrayed in a new suit, when the sprinkler went by and splashed a lot of mud on me.

The machine left a trail of ruin the length of the street, and all the time Carmichael's name, in gorgeous paint, was before the eyes of the stricken multitude; and human nature is so queer that everybody was mad at Carmichael, and sorry for the driver on the sprinkler. The latter was trying to do his duty, and his face showed that he was full of remorse and anxiety; but Carmichael seemed to be exulting in the public suffering.

He lost the trade of some of our best citizens that day. He lost mine, and it was valuable, for I sometimes purchased as many as six bone collar buttons at a time, and just before this catastrophe happened I had spent fifty cents for a pair of garters.

IN THE Middle West you will see many barns daubed up with advertisements urging you to buy your ready-made postholes at somebody's hardware store. The advertisers paint the barns for the privilege of attaching their announcements. The farmer who falls for this generally comes to the conclusion before long that it would have been better business had he painted the barn himself, and cut out the reading matter, for his illuminated barn cheapens him and his farm. People assume that the man who will have his barn disfigured in such a way is too hard up, or too stingy, to have the job done right, and the finger of scorn goes into action.

I don't believe that sort of advertising ever gained a new customer, and I know that it disgusts many potential customers. All over the country barns and fences and walls are embellished with the proclamations of merchants and manufacturers who have more enterprise than judgment.

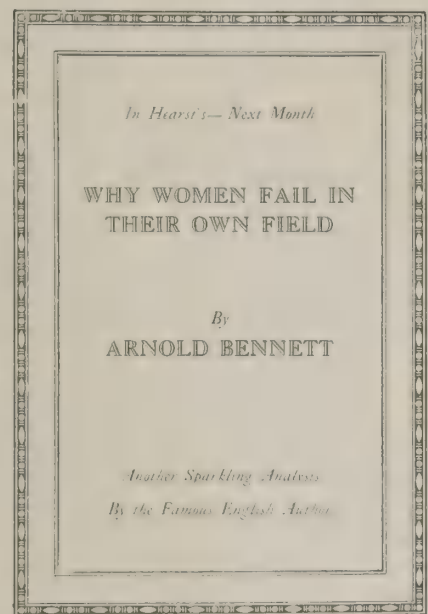
At last some of the important farm papers have begun a campaign against this sort of thing. In some parts of the country advertisements are painted upon natural scenery—upon the sides of mountains and on cliffs by the sea, and wherever the Vandal-souled huckster can ply a brush.

IT IS some comfort to know that this kind of advertising does no good to the man who pays the bills, but that is not enough; it should be prohibited by law. If it isn't stopped the Vandals will go further, and will be branding advertisements on the wild animals remaining in the national parks and forest reserves. I can imagine nothing more humiliating than to come upon a grizzly bear, for instance, and find upon its flanks the announcement that Bulgar's pills cure ingrowing nails. The freak advertiser has no respect for the beauties of nature or the rights of man.

IT IS a good plan when preparing an advertisement to sit down, aghast or otherwise, and consider whether it has any features which will give offense to any respectable citizen. The advertiser can't afford to offend people, especially well-to-do people of refinement, for their trade is the most desirable. And they are sure to be offended if your advertisement defaces scenery, or shocks the esthetic sense in any way.

Have something good to advertise; then advertise it in the most convincing way you can, without bombast, insolence, or coarse work of any kind. And be happy ever after.

"**REAL** money is the true panacea for the ills of this life!" Watch for Walt Mason's entertaining views on thrift. "How I Escaped Cousin Hiram"—in *Hearst's* for February.



tising. It was Carmichael who had an advertisement painted on the sides of an old white cow that used to loaf around town. Until that time the cow was harmless, though somewhat feeble-minded. But the humiliation of having an advertisement painted on her person was too much for her feeble intellect, and no sooner had she been decorated than she ran amuck down Commercial Street. She upset two baby carriages, and broke a plate-glass window and had a head-on collision with a muscular farmer. The latter, seeing Carmichael's name on the cow, took it for granted that she was his cow, and he went to the store and made Carmichael give him a wagon-load of gents' furnishings.

SOME people never learn anything, and Carmichael didn't learn anything from this experience. He paid out real money for the privilege of having the words "Carmichael the Haberdasher" painted on each side of the street sprinkler. In a country town there is no institution that stirs up so much bitterness as the street sprinkler. Most of the voters would see it abolished; but the merchants generally defend it. Every day some worthy taxpayer is made redheaded by the sprinkler.

When the new sprinkler went on duty, with Carmichael's banners upon the outer walls, the driver was foolish enough to be driving a young team of horses, unused to that sort of work, and he was so busy holding them down that he couldn't regulate the watering system, and he went cavorting up the main street squirting water all over fair dames, making them so mad they sat down on the curb and cried. Our leading banker



DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory

The Perfect Hair Remover

WHEN you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. Therefore it is the nicest, cleanest and easiest way to remove hair. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original sanitary liquid and it is gone.

You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c. \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes War Tax.

DeMiracle

Dept. V-12, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York



Base and Floor one continuous piece.

Imperial Sanitary Floor

Put On Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

It is a composition material, easily applied in plastic form over old or new wood, iron, concrete or other solid foundation—1½" to 1-2" thick—Does not crack, peel or come loose from foundation. It presents a continuous, fine grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—No crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of grease, dirt or moisture—Is noiseless and does not fatigue.

The Best Floor

for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage, Restaurant, Theater, Hotel, Factory, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where a beautiful, substantial and foot-wear floor is desired. Your choice of several practical colors. Full information and sample **FREE** on request.

IMPERIAL FLOOR COMPANY
1138 Cutler Building, Rochester, New York
On the market 10 years.

Use This Chest FREE



Sent on Free Trial A Famous Piedmont Red Cedar Chest. Your choice of many styles and designs sent on 14 days' free trial. A Piedmont protects your moles and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Distinctively beautiful. Needed in every home. Write for free trial. Pays for itself in what it saves. The ideal gift for a wedding, birthday or graduation. Write today for our new illustrated catalog—postpaid free to you.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 35, Stateville, N. C.

Direct from Factory to Home

Starfish and Sea Lavender

(Concluded from page 23)

Dodo spread the mired stocking out to dry on the pebbles, just out of reach of the crisply breaking ripples. Then she saw a most marvelous translucent pebble, orange-red in color, just being sucked into the backwash of a wave. Then a small crab, truculent and menacing, sidled towards her, and the next wave rolled it over with gaping pincers, and returned the cornelian to her feet. An interesting piece of driftwood demanded investigation, and a little farther on she found a starfish which she threw back into the sea. Then she remembered her stocking and turned back. There was no sign of that stocking, but the other one and her two shoes were just recoverable from the edge of the incoming tide. With them in her hand she paddled homewards along the "liquid rims" of the sea.

THAT evening Dodo sent an immense telegram to her housekeeper in London for a standard book on British birds and another on British plants. These were to be dispatched to her immediately with some field-glasses highly recommended for the observation of small distant objects.

That done, she spent a studious evening in planning out a scheme of study. There must be a notebook and a quantity of well-sharpened pencils—two notebooks, in fact: one for birds and one for botany.

IMPERCEPTIBLY and instinctively after the start had been made Dodo began to run in the strenuous race again. She bought a bathing-dress and a morning paper at the post office and some bull's-eyes, and there arrived for her an admirable field-glass with "The Birds of Great Britain" in six volumes and an "English Botany" in eight. She drove down to the sea with these treasures and the key of a bathing-hut which she proposed to convert into a library. With the help of the "Birds" and the field-glass she was almost certain that she saw a golden eagle and a hoopoe (those rare visitors to Norfolk), of which she made an entry with a query in the ornithological notebook. Subsequently she crossed out the golden eagle and the hoopoe, for it was hardly possible that her first glance should have revealed a couple of such distinguished visitors. Of course it was possible that she had seen them, since the possible could be stretched to any degree of elasticity, but it was better to be cautious and wait for further appearances before astounding the entire world of ornithologists.

DODO took a volume of the "Birds" back to her hotel that night, leaving the rest of the library in the bathing-hut. It contained admirable pictures, but what really struck her most about those pictures was the vivid resemblance between the birds which they portrayed and human beings. The shoveler especially, with the addition (lightly penciled and then erased) of spectacles, looked precisely like Dr. Ashe, while Richardson's skua without any addition at all recalled Edith with extraordinary vividness. She wondered who Richardson was; if he had sent in his card just then, she would have been entranced to have a talk to him about his skua. She wondered also how they were all getting on at Winston that evening; she wondered if Jack was there, if David was asleep, if Edith was composing an unrivaled symphony, if Lord Ardingly was meditating on the duties of the upper classes towards the lower. . . . And then she became aware that the human race was beginning to interest her again.

SUDDENLY the thought of the three weeks more which she had promised to spend here became intolerable, if she had to

stay here alone. The hotel was quite empty, save for herself and her maid, and why should not her beloved son David come straight here for a week when his term was over? A telegram in the morning would settle that, and if Jack was home he could easily run over for next Sunday. She would continue this rest-cure just as before: in fact, if somebody didn't come down she would get bored with it tomorrow or the next day, and undo all the

and for a second lesson the chapter out of Corinthians which the Church had mistakenly appointed for Quinquagesima. Then she read the Twenty-third Psalm, and rapidly turned over the next leaves.

"There's at least one more," she said, "and I can't find it. It's about the satisfaction of a long life."

"Try the ninety-first," said Jack.

"Darling, how clever of you! I never had



Dodo came back . . . and found a candle burning for her in the friendly solitude.

good that it had brought her. Sea-blite and skuas had helped her enormously, but their efficacy would begin to wane if now she could not show them to somebody. She had shown a piece of sea-blite to her maid, and told her how very local it was, but Miss Henderson had replied in an acid voice: "It looks to me quite like a common weed, my lady."

JACK arrived on Saturday night, and next morning Dodo seemed to feel that what she called a "picnic-service" on the beach would be rather a treat instead of going to church. Accordingly they took out a Bible and prayer-book and Dodo, whose bent was not strictly ecclesiastical, read a quantity of chapters out of Ecclesiastes for a first lesson

a head for numbers. After that we'll talk: I'm beginning to want to talk dreadfully."

Dodo read her psalm quite beautifully, and lay back on the warm shingle.

"Oh, Jack! I feel so clean and washed," she said. "These weeks which I've had quite alone have been like a lovely cold bath on a hot day, or, if you like, a lovely hot bath after a cold day. I'm beginning to see what they have done for me, besides resting me. I think people and things are meant to cure each other."

"How?" asked Jack.

"WELL, take my case. I was absolutely fed up with people, human beings, when I came here. You see, ill human beings are concentrated human beings. All the ma-

terial side of them is exaggerated: you only think of them as bones to be mended and flesh to be healed. My soul got so sick of them, and when I came here I wanted never to see anybody again. Nor did I want to think of them more; that, I suppose, was mere fatigue. The whole caboodle—living, I mean—wasn't worth the bother it gave one. And you following, darling, or are you only thinking about those pebbles which you are piling so beautifully on the top of each other?"

"Not on the top of each other," remarked Jack. "Otherwise—"

"Oh, don't be grammatical! On the top of each other."

"I'm following," said Jack.

"Very well. So I took the lid off my brain, let the stuffy air escape, and let in the wind and the sea. Now don't say 'water of the brain,' because it isn't true. I just let it open, and then after a time the sea-gulls and—and—I've forgotten the name of the blighted thing, and that reminds me that it is sea-blite—the sea-gulls and the sea-blite go in; I think the gulls nested in the blite. So I got interested in them; but still I didn't want to see a single soul—not even you and David. But I sent for enormous books of birds and botany, and you'll find them in my bathing-hut with the bill—unpaid. Those jolly insolent things, going where they chose and growing where they chose healed me of people-sickness. They didn't care, blite them, if nobody loved me. One of them squawked, and the other pricked my ankles. Dodo sat up.

"YES, what made want to see you and David again," she said, "was a cure of sea-blite and Richardson's skuas. That's what I mean by people and things healing each other. I think I shall go back to Winston tomorrow."

"If I thought you meant that," said Jack. "I should tell you that you would do nothing of the sort."

Dodo looked wildly round.

"Oh, don't tell me that!" she said. "Out of pure self-willed vitality I should do it."

"Very well; you will go back to Winston tomorrow," said Jack.

"That's sweet of you; now I shan't think if Sister Ellen came and talked to me I should gibber in her face. She hasn't got a face, by the way; she has only two profiles. How funny people are made! She's got two profiles and no face, and David has got a duck of a face and no profile; just the end of his nose comes out of a round plump cheek. I wish I was eleven years old again. I wish I was a cat with nine lives, or is it tails? Seven lives, isn't it? Or is seven rather too many? How many lives do you want, Jack? Choose!"

Jack threw down his beautiful tower of stones.

"Oh, this one will do," he said. "This and the next. If I must choose, I choose what ever happens. I might spoil everything by choosing."

"But if you could have your life over again, wouldn't you choose that many things should be different?" she asked.

"I don't think so. If things had been different, they wouldn't be as they are at this moment. You and me."

Dodo laid her hand on his.

"My dear, are you content?" she asked. His eyes answered her.

BILLY had mastered Character Reading in the Mail—but a young man has to learn by practical experience! Another "Rosalie" story by Sam Raphaelson—in Hearst's for February.

A Madonna of America

(Concluded from page 44)

through the years, perhaps, wondering, but loving as she wonders. Her feet rest upon this earth but heaven illumines her face with the sanctity of her motherhood.

A picture like "Blessed Motherhood," deeply touching the hearts of all, brings comfort to the nobler need and merits our gratitude to the memory of the painter.

"BLESSED MOTHERHOOD" is the sort of picture which every community in the land would be the better for possessing.

It is a picture which adds to the nobility of art, and which is a distinct contribution to American art.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK'S work seems to me always to have been inspired by a great reverence for nature, a sympathy with humanity, a love for his work and to have been conceived in the spirit of a natural religion that, regardless of creed, even

without it, is inherent in the soul of man. His eyes were open to the spiritual beauty as well as to external beauty, recalling Channing's remark:

"What a blessing it would be to us, one and all, could we but really wake up to the glory of this creation, in which we live! Most men are actually asleep for their lifetime in this vast and magnificent world. Mighty changes are going on around them,

fitted to entrance their souls in wonder and thankfulness; and yet they are moved no more than if they were shut up in a mill, seeing only the perpetual revolution of spindles, and hearing only the monotonous hum and clatter of machinery."

George Hitchcock was one of those rare souls that are awake to the glory of this creation, and he used his art to noble purpose, leaving his name in characters indelible on the record of American achievement in art.

Paul Goes to Greendale

(Continued from page 33)

"I'm glad you have no sitter here," he said impetuously. "I wanted to tell you something."

"If I had a sitter, your informal entrance might have caused some surprise," I remarked. "Really, Paul—it would be wise to make sure I am alone before bouncing in on that. People are always ready to talk." He frowned slightly. "Let them talk, then!" he said. "They probably do it, anyway. Who cares?"

"I do," I said promptly, laying down my palette and brush and dropping into a chair opposite his. He still wore his hat, and his fact added to my irritation. He would have been more courteous to me two years ago, I reflected swiftly.

"Yes," I repeated when he made no comment. "I care a little about what people say to me. I do not want the parents of the children whose pictures I have the opportunity to paint to think that I am not as respectable as they are."

I said "parents," but I was thinking more of Faith Dinsmore than of the fathers and mothers that came to my studio.

PAUL looked at me for a long minute before he spoke. When he did speak, it was in a tone of wonder.

"Well, upon my word! Why, Dorcas! I had no idea you felt this! I supposed you were so sure of your right to do as you pleased that you could snap your fingers in the face of the whole world."

My cheeks grew hot. I found it difficult to say that had frequently come to my mind during the past weeks.

"I am not really uncomfortable about our way of living, Paul," I tried to explain, "except when I am with people who would be shocked if they knew."

"But we are living our own lives, not theirs," he insisted.

"I know it," I said; and I tell myself that over and over. And yet when I see the people who bring their children here,

when some safe and conventional mother brings her small boy or girl to be painted, I cannot help realizing that she would shrink from me if she knew the facts."

"Why should she?" Paul argued.

Is she any more respectable because he has been bound fast to her husband by the law of man instead of the law of love?"

It was the same old line of reasoning that he had followed often. But his tone lacked the fervor, the conviction that it had once carried. Indeed, it sounded rather bored. And I felt no such inward response as I used to feel when listening to his pleading.

The situation was awkward, and I ended by saying with a laugh:

"Suppose you take your hat off and stay for a while now you are here! And what were you about to say when you came in?"

He heeded the first part of my sentence to the extent of removing his hat, but it was the last half that he replied to, the eager light returning to his face.

I CAME in to tell you of something rather nice that happened to me today. It is proof that my pictures are attracting more and more attention all the time. I got a letter by the morning's mail from a chap topping at the Plaza. He asked me to call and see him."

"You did not mention it to me," I observed. "No. I did not think it worth while until I knew what it was about," he rejoined lightly. "Well, I went to the Plaza and met here a Mr. Thornton and his daughter from Greendale, your old home town."

"Mr. Thornton!" I exclaimed. "Helen Thornton's father! Why, I know them! Helen and I went to school together."

"Is that so?" he asked with interest. "Then you can tell me about them. They are rich people, aren't they?"

"Yes," I replied. "They have a very handsome place up on the hill in Greendale. It belonged to this Mr. Thornton's grandfather, and is one of the show places of that part of the country."

"You have been there, then?" he asked. "Of course I have, when Helen and I were

"Almost as if I were his wife," I mused as I sewed on buttons for Paul.

schoolgirls. We were never so very intimate, but we used to have some good times together. Of course she had many things I did not have; and as Aunt Emily never entertained, and lived very plainly, I did not invite Helen to my home often. But she has given me lots of jolly times at little frolics of various kinds at her house. Well, what did Mr. Thornton want of you?"

"He had seen my 'New England Garden' at the Exhibition a few days ago—and fell in love with the coloring and execution. It seems he has a famous rose-garden at his place—"

"Oh, yes!" I interrupted. "It is beautiful."

AND he wants me to go up to Greendale and paint it," Paul went on as if I had not spoken. "He has an idea that it will be a wonderful thing for future generations to have a picture of the rose-garden in its June glory."

"And are you going?" I asked.

"Indeed, I am—next month, just as soon as the roses begin to bud. I am tickled to death at the chance. He will pay me a rattling good price, and the experience will be a pleasant one. Why, Dorcas! What's the matter? Surely you are glad for me!"

"Oh, yes!" I hastened to say, suddenly aware how unsympathetic my manner must seem. "I am delighted for you, dear Paul. It is, as you say, a wonderful opportunity."

"Then why did you have that queer expression on your face? What were you thinking?" he demanded.

"I was thinking," I said slowly, "how pleasant it would be if I could see Helen Thornton again and talk over old times with her. But I suppose that is impossible."

Perhaps I hoped that he would contradict

this statement, for I had a sense of disappointment when he said carelessly:

"You and she have not met for so long that it would hardly pay to renew this acquaintance now—especially as she is to be here for only a day or two more. And," he added hesitatingly, "it might be a little awkward, under the circumstances."

Again I interrupted him. "Yes," I said quickly, "it would be very awkward under the circumstances. In fact, it would be quite impossible."

I know my tone sounded bitter, for Paul rose, picked up his hat and sauntered out of the room and across the hall into his own studio. When he was gone, I closed the door behind him and sat down and thought very hard.

SCENES of my girlhood came back to me out of the past—the girlhood that I had found so uneventful and stupid when I lived in Greendale. I remembered with a strange pang that, although we had not been rich or fashionable people, my aunt and I had the entrée to all the homes in Greendale—for had not Aunt Emily's family been one of the oldest and most respectable in that region? I remembered a certain lawn-party that I had attended at the Thornton home. I was but sixteen then—nine years ago! And yet at twenty-five one should not feel as old as I felt today.

I had not felt old until I had appreciated that I was so far removed from one of my schoolgirl friends that I could not bring myself to call upon her. She and I were about the same age—but I thought of her as a young girl. Beside her I was a sophisticated woman of the world. For I had seen many phases of life in this part of town during the past two years. Things that might have shocked me I excused on the ground that the artistic temperament is permitted to do as it pleases, that artists are, and should be, a law unto themselves. Over everything I had thrown the transforming veil of Art.

Now the veil was for a moment partially lifted. I would not look at what it revealed. This was where I belonged; this was the life I had chosen. Of course I was satisfied with it!

But once again I was subtly homesick—not for any place but for the comradeship of a girl like Helen Thornton, like Faith Dinsmore; such a girl as I, Dorcas March, used to be.

I SPRANG up and began to paint, trying to forget everything but my picture. It was the head of a little girl. The mother of the subject had told me of a friend of her husband's who wanted me to paint the portrait of his little son—an invalid—who, they feared, might not live long. I should have to go to the child's home to do this, for the little fellow could not be brought down here to my studio.

Well, I was making good, I reminded myself fiercely now. Paul was not the only one who was receiving orders. He was going to Greendale. I would have enough to do to keep me busy during his absence. But I would be very lonely here by myself.

I could, perhaps, take advantage of Faith Dinsmore's suggestion and go about with her a bit. I had promised to do so—but more in politeness than in earnest. If she took the trouble later to look me up, it might be pleasant to spend an occasional hour with her.

How long would Paul be away? I wondered. Then, shaking my head impatiently, I turned my thoughts resolutely back to the task in hand. This was the thing on which I must concentrate just now.

I WORKED so hard and steadily that I forgot it was lunch-time until Paul's voice summoned me from the door.

"I am starved!" he announced. "Don't you know that it's past one o'clock and that sensible people should be eating?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Is it as late as that? I was so absorbed that I forgot all about luncheon. I am sorry!"

"Never mind!" he said lightly. "I ran out and got something as a little surprise. All you have to do is to set the table."

How kind and jolly he was, I reflected gratefully as I put on our small table the plates, glasses, forks, and spoons needed.

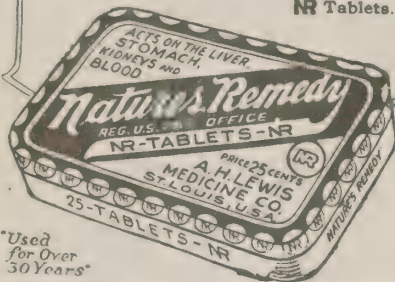
He had brought in a cold roast chicken and some beautiful big strawberries, and I thanked him for the treat.



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"We are both making so much money that we can afford to live high," he laughed. "Really, honey, it's wonderful how we are progressing, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted, "it is; and yet we do not seem to get anywhere."

"What do you mean?" he questioned.

"Only that there does not seem to be anything especial that we are looking forward to," I explained. "We can have better clothes, eat better food, and go to more theaters than we used to. But that is all."

"Except Art for Art's sake," he teased. Then, growing grave: "What do you mean, Dorcas?"

"Only, Paul, that we have no particular objective. Were we—were we married (remember, I do not wish that we were, so do not bother to argue about that), but—well, what I mean is that when married people succeed and make big reputations, and big money, there are lots of things they can look forward to: things like a beautiful home of their own; the better education of their children; trips abroad—oh, lots of things! You understand, don't you?"

He was very sober and I wondered if he was angry until he answered in a level tone:

"Yes, Dorcas, I understand. But one can not have an omelet without breaking eggs. In any case one must renounce something. In marriage, there are many drawbacks that we know nothing of. We are free, you and I, and that very fact makes us satisfied as we are. If either of us felt bound soul and body to the other, we would look over the fence into other pastures."

"Yet there are married people who don't," I averred. "I know couples who seem perfectly content."

"You do not see them intimately in their homes," he remarked.

I flushed, although I was sure he had not meant to remind me that my position made this impracticable. Yet his words stung, and I was silent. Of course I did not know these very respectable married people intimately. How could I? As long as they knew me only as an artist who would give them her work in exchange for their money, I was all very well. But if they stopped to inquire farther, then I would be considered all very wrong.

I thought again of Helen Thornton, and

But she struck me as being a good-looker a mighty stunning. She has a sort of dash quite remarkable, I should imagine, for a girl brought up in a country-place like Greendale. "She has traveled a great deal," I informed him. "She has been abroad several times."

A GAIN I knew he did not mean to hurt me. Yet I had come from a "country-place." When he first knew me he thought me lovely. He did not compliment me so nowadays. That was natural. I supposed that even husbands got out of the habit of saying admiring things to women after they had been married for several years. My marriage was different. A thought struck me sharply that I sat perfectly still, gazing straight ahead of me out of the window and wondering.

If Paul Mora wanted to get married now, would he wish to marry me?

And—I might as well look the matter straight in the face—would I wish to marry him?

"What are you thinking of?" Paul demanded. "Oh!" I ejaculated, startled by the question. "I was thinking of nothing."

"A very unprofitable occupation," he observed dryly.

In my heart I agreed with him.

The next day I found, stuck with a thumb tack to my easel, a note in Paul's handwriting. "Am off to Greendale," it read. "Back soon. Be a good girl while I am gone."

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By

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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as I thought a sudden inquiry came to my lips.

"Is she very pretty still?" I asked.

Paul looked at me inquiringly. "Who?" Something in his tone made me suspect that he knew of whom I was thinking, and that he was thinking of her at the same moment.

"Helen Thornton," I replied.

"Why, yes!" he admitted. "She is."

"She used to be pretty when I knew her," I told him.

"She is very lovely now," he said. "Of course I only saw her for a few minutes."

Paderewski's Carload of Cuffs

(Continued from page 25)

accommodations, and the hardships of the road.

Last winter, Ganz arrived in a little town in the Middle West. He went to his room, practiced a bit, received the local newspaper men, listened to the child prodigies who were anxious for him to say whether they would make international reputations, advised fond parents on the capabilities of the teacher in whose hands the fate of the youthful pianists rested, met Mrs. Janssen whose father was born in the heart of the Alps, and so on. He gave his concert. Then in order to save waiting over until five in the morning, he decided to ride to a station twelve miles away where the trains stopped at midnight, which would bring him to his next train by three A. M. with a whole day to sleep in!

A group of the hotel folks gathered to bid him goodspeed. A little machine had been hired for the occasion; the trunk was strapped on; Ganz, his secretary, the driver climbed in, and they were off. It was a freezing night, snow covered the ground. A pianist's fingers are delicate and must not be permitted to grow stiff. About four miles out the machine gave way. It would not budge. Pitch-black darkness, half a mile from any house, body getting numb—it was a nice predicament. Fate spoke in the form of an unexpected vehicle going back to the town from whence Ganz had come. A frantic appeal—a hitch, and at three, Ganz piled back to his hotel to sleep until five, being thoroughly content to get the train which arrived in the next community at ten A. M.

WHAT does Ignace Paderewski do over in Poland? How can he ever play without his specially laundered shirts? For it has always been the habit of that poet of the piano to carry with him a carload of shirts. That the ordinary laundress makes the cuffs too stiff is a fact that makes playing impossible. Your wrists must be very, very supple in performing—a stiff cuff makes freedom a thing not to be attained. Yet, an unironed shirt would be as bad—the

cloth would cling to the flesh, and would seem not right at all.

Now, Paderewski's own laundress in New York understands. She can iron one's shirt to perfection. It is not too stiff or too soft. When one slips into it, ah! It gives a sensation of comfort and makes performance so much easier.

So it has always been the habit of the Polish pianist to carry a carload of laundered shirts, thus laughing at local laundresses throughout the country.

ON ANOTHER winter's day, Paderewski was playing up in Canada. Now, it was the business of Joubert, his factotum and manager, to see that the pianist was in proper tune, with the keys at a certain tension, which like Paddy's shirt-cuffs, must be neither too stiff nor too soft. But the weather completely neutralized Joubert's careful attention. In one of the beautiful Chopin "Études," there is a passage where the notes for both hands are in the lower register. Suddenly in the midst of a rumble of bass melody, a single note in the upper register is called.

The virtuoso hit the unoffending-looking ivory with the little finger of his right hand. The key was stiff; it was utterly unexpected. And Paddy fell off the chair from the shock. He has never forgotten it.

Ever since, when he approaches that passage, it is with fear and trepidation—he paws for the high note like a cat at a hot coal. When it is over, he sighs with relief.

FRIENDS of the American violinist Max Pilzer notice that he has discontinued using a certain hitherto favorite "Spanish Dance." Here is his reason: Twice during the recent dog-days of the summer, while playing the composition, a string broke. Pilzer is afraid of it now. He won't take a chance, though he knows the string would have broken just the same if he had been playing anything else.

When thousands had gathered one hot

night this summer, Pilzer called up and excitedly declared he couldn't play. The violin was not responding, my friend; it was under the influence of the weather; he couldn't play. Well, we told him to come away with his violin, and perhaps the instrument might become more docile. Then he said nothing else, and when Pilzer walked before his audience, he had his violin and played divinely! He had forgotten.

THE tour of Manuel García, opera innovator, in Mexico, is unique in history. The scene was at Tepeyagaulo in Mexico about 1828. The party was the first division of the García Grand Opera Troupe returning from Mexico City to Europe. The man was Manuel Popolo García, and the brigands did not belong to any stage setting—they were real. So were the gold and dollars which they quickly consigned to their open bags and carried off on fleet horses into the pitch-black night.

"Good-by, sweet singer. Thanks for your wonderful voice," the voices echoed back to the crestfallen artists. "Adiós! Adiós!"

"Good-by, Mexico, and all my work," Manuel García sighed as he crept back into the coach and directed it to the nearest intelligence office.

A PECULIARITY of many noted artists concerns the position of their piano on the stage, the height of the chair, the method of lifting the cover.

Germaine Schnitzer, the French pianist known as the "greatest interpreter of the romanticists," carries her own stool with her. I traveled to Chicago with her one time. Her heavy upholstered stool was resting on a seat; it went in her automobile; it was deposited in her suite at the hotel; it went right with her to the concert, and left with her. It was more important than the piano.

During a recent recital Mischa Levitzki, the Russian pianist, was terribly annoyed by his chair. After each group, an attendant substituted another one, and it wasn't until after the first half of the program that finally young Mischa was satisfied. He said: "The

st chair was one of the new patented kind which you can raise or lower, and all the time was playing, it was slowly lowering. The second chair creaked—drove me mad. The third, I was afraid would break. The fourth was too hard. The last suited me."

The cover of a grand piano is in two parts. It may be put at different heights. One pianist wants it open just a bit. Another wants it as wide open as it will go. Another wants the first part folded over the second. Another wants the whole top open from one end to the other. Another wants the top off altogether.

The angle of the piano in relation to the audience is another delicate point. Godowsky moves his piano a little to the right of the stage. Arnold Bauer wants his instrument right near the front, as near the footlights as possible. Paderewski wants it way to the left.

NATURALLY the best seats for pianists are those where one may see the performer's hands. So a brilliant idea occurred to an enterprising manager. He advertised that Paderewski would play one half of the program with the piano placed on the left side, and the second half on the right side. Joubert, arriving at the hall, observed the sign. He told the manager that it was utterly impossible to carry out the advertised promise. All pleadings with Joubert were in vain.

"Go tell it to Mr. Paderewski," Joubert advised.

Therefore a committee of local celebrities was called together to present the proposition to the pianist. The mayor, the superintendent of schools, and the leading patronesses waited on Paderewski at his hotel. They stated their troubles to a courteous listener. He couldn't be done, however.

"But we sold the seats on that basis."

"Not with my knowledge."

"We'll have trouble with our audience."

"I'm sorry."

And further arguments, even threats, were indulged in, with the hope of bringing about a change. Finally:

"I am willing to give you back, your money, and to cancel the concert," said Paderewski. "You would not expect me to play on my head. Do not ask me to play on the right of the stage."

PADEREWSKI will not permit anybody to sit behind him. At some of his concerts, hundreds of seats could have been added on the stage. Moreover, in every Paderewski recital no seats are sold in that part of the orchestra proper which is directly behind him. The piano is set at a forty-five-degree angle, which means that in the extreme left corner of the orchestra, looking towards the stage, a number of seats are directly facing Paderewski's back. Those seats are empty for Paderewski. "If they are behind me, think they are pushing my elbows," he says.

One night Paderewski came behind the stage. "There is a man in the lobby," he said. "I can see him as plain as can be. Go tell him that if he persists in walking up and down I will go mad. I will not play if he continues."

Another time he complained: "Will you go down to that woman in the seventh row at the right? She is fanning. I do not mind she fans in time. But if she can not do that, can not play."

FALLI ESEN MORGAN, the conductor, was perfectly willing for members of his orchestra to chew gum at rehearsal if they kept time doing so.

Those who have heard Ethel Leginska, the English pianist, will observe that her stage is always darkened—mystery is written on her walk, her manner, her whole atmosphere. "I want to throw my audience into a state of somnambulism so that they will be prepared for my reception."

HANS KRONOLD, the American cellist, will, during a recital, change the lights several times—brilliant for brilliant music, dull for sadder compositions.

Alfred Kastner, the harp soloist of the Philharmonic orchestra, wants his instrument in the darkest part of the stage.

David Bispham, the baritone, despises footlights at a concert; he believes in simplicity. Helen Stanley, the soprano, likes plenty of flowers for her setting; Namara, of the Chicago Opera, likes to wear costumes even at a formal recital.

Schnitzer, the pianist, always appears in a white flowing robe of Grecian simplicity.

Harry Barnhart, the celebrated song leader, hates formal clothes, prefers to appear in a silk sport shirt without a coat.

On the matter of costumes, recently, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Paul Althouse, the best-known American tenor, was singing in "Cavalleria Rusticana," which, as always is billed with "Pagliacci," Caruso doing his

Some artists at recitals are very distant in their manner; others like to establish a communion of spirit. Thus Kitty Cheatham, the singer, urges her listeners to join her in some songs. Hans Kronold is always indulging in speeches.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the eccentric pianist, will carry on a running conversation with the audience while he is playing. One night, several celebrated colleagues had bought seats together to hear De Pachmann. In the middle of one number, he stopped with a jerk, ran to the front of the stage, and pointing his finger at the astonished colleague, said: "And wouldn't you like to be able to play like that? Wouldn't you?"

THE young pianist Beryl Rubinstein is an incessant smoker, and he walked out on the platform at a recent recital with a pipe in his mouth, playing through the entire Beethoven Sonata Appassionata, puffing away like a steam engine.

Sometimes it is the audience that takes up the business of introducing conversation. It will yell for a popular piece of music, oftentimes annoying the performer. Last season Mischa Elman, the distinguished Russian violinist, encountered the worst specimen of this brand of annoyance whom he ever met. The auditorium was packed, and on the stage several hundred persons were sitting. The moment Elman made his

first bow, he caught sight of an excited-looking gentleman in the first row, center, on the stage, right where Elman stood. As the violinist was tuning up, the man whispered, "Play the Humoresque." Elman, smiling, decided he would, as an encore, gratify the request. The first group contained three numbers, and at the end of each number, the man whispered, a little louder, "Play the Humoresque." If he went on or off the platform, the man cried, "Humoresque! Humoresque!" So Elman didn't play it until the very last encore—almost three hours after the Humoresque was mentioned. At last, it was played.

The man listened in rapture, and then rushed up to Elman, put his hand on the violinist's shoulder, saying: "Wonderful! Just like the records."

EVERY artist has had strange experiences with temperamental members of his audience, ranging from autograph collectors to slushy, sentimental admirers. Arthur Friedheim, the Liszt pianist, awoke one night to find a lady just in the act of cutting off a lock of his hair. She had climbed in the room through the fire escape.

Leopold Godowsky encountered a woman who unrolled a huge blanket before him. She wanted his name signed on it, and she would sew over it with embroidery. Very pretty idea—she slept underneath the signatures of the mighty!

Two winters ago, when the coal famine was causing so much hardship, Josef Hofmann was greeted by a great admirer and well-known concert-goer: "Mr. Hofmann, your music always sounds sweeter than anything I hear during the winter—but this year I must confess no sound is sweeter than hearing a ton of coal slide down my chute into the cellar."

MARIO, the romantic tenor of a day gone by, was followed by an admirer all over the world. No matter where he went, she was in a front box. The pursuit went on for twenty years, yet not once did the two speak. One time Mario passed his admirer on the street. She turned deathly pale and fled.

Amelita Galli-Curci has a little lover in Chicago—a tiny girl who attends every Chicago engagement, and sends flowers to many of her out-of-town concerts. Once when Galli-Curci, her husband, her brother-in-law, my wife, and myself were almost killed in an automobile accident, the news was scarcely printed when a long telegram arrived from the little girl—one of the most tender missives ever written.

WHO is the famous pianist who fights with his audience? The violinist who honestly didn't want an ovation? Watch for "Saint-Saëns's Last Solo." Coming soon—in Hearst's.

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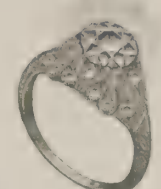
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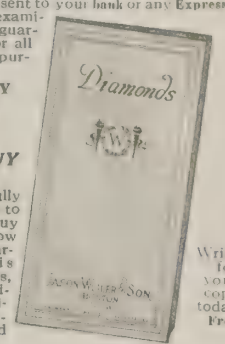
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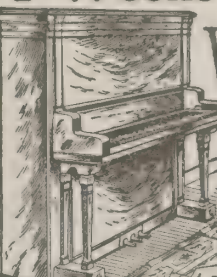
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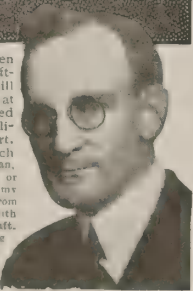
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The Fisherman's Christmas

(Continued from page 30)

of that girdle of skerries and islands which protects the entire coast of Norway. The sea was calm in the bay, and our boat came heavily to rest as if she were too tired for more effort. We knew the island well enough. It was uninhabited; it was called "the Englishman" after an English schooner that had run ashore there a few years before. But that is a sad story by itself.

A FISHERMAN does not feel how tired he is until his boat is well made fast. When everything was done we remembered in all earnest that we had not swallowed a bite for thirty-six hours.

There was a small cabin astern; but getting in there meant crawling on all fours through a small opening, and that was too much of an effort for us at that moment.

"Let us find our provisions right here," we said, "and in God's name let us have peace."

Soon every one of us was chewing his slice of bread. It tasted of ice, seawater, oilskins, wet woolen gloves and fish. It tasted wonderful. Our eyes bulged with well-being. We barely noticed that snow began to fall; the tiny flakes made thin layers on our bread, like cheese. A couple of wind-torn gulls circled above our heads, waiting for the chance of something being thrown away. Let them; it was no business of ours. We were eating.

We had been perspiring before, but the snowstorm soon cooled us; an icy wetness covered our chests and backs, while our sou'westers and oilskin coats grew white with snow. Still we sat. The two old men's beards grew white, but they kept biting and chewing, biting and chewing. There is a time for everything; now was the time for food.

AT LAST we rose, wiped the butter off our knives, and placed them in their sheaths. Our hunger appeased, we wanted one more thing—sleep. The oilskins came off and, one after another, we crawled into the dark hole which was our cabin. It was so low in there, we could barely sit upright. A lamp dangled from the ceiling. We lighted it, and its yellow flame showed up the wet faces of four men, tired to death and half blind with spray and snow.

We were all under our sheepskin rugs when our captain spoke. "To think that we have not even so much as a dram!" he said. "We ought to remember the sacred Christmas Eve."

We tried to lift our eyelids and think of it. Of course it was Christmas Eve. At home they were moving from one window to another, looking for us. We had to talk loudly because of the noise outside. Once in a while a wave rounded the headland, throwing our boat skywards, till the lamp threatened to jump off its hook.

"At least we might try and light a fire," Lars Syversen said. "It is a job for the youngsters to see that we have some sort of celebration on Christmas Eve."

THE youngsters were aroused, and on our half-dead hands and feet we crawled to the rusty stove, found a few pieces of wood, and started splitting chips off them. If we went to sleep over the work we were awakened by a kick in the back. The iron stove emitted volumes of smoke—a sure sign of fire within.

The warmth was sheer luxury to us; it gave the sensation of celebrating Christmas. We even went to the length of taking off our sou'westers. The heat on our cold fingers was nearly as comforting as the touch of a mother's loving hands. Our hands were swelling painfully, our sores from the broken blisters burning with the salt sea, but there was the feeling of being indoors—of Christmas.

When once more we stretched our weary limbs under our sheepskins, half choked with smoke, our eyelids closed slowly in that atmosphere of a fisherman's home, well heated, a smell of wet leather, oilskins, perspiration and raw fish. It reminded us of the fishing station, of rests in safety from sea and storm; it was an atmosphere of Sunday and peace.

The boat rose and sank, rhythmically.

Were those church bells we could hear outside? Or was it the sea breaking on the rocks yonder? We did not know we were asleep.

BUT Peter, the captain, awakened us once more. He scratched himself, exclaiming loudly, "I should like to change my shirt!"

After a while Lars Syversen was of the same opinion. On Christmas Eve his wife generally helped him to wash his back and his head properly. He wanted her now.

Peter grew more and more restless. It was too much to ask of a decent Christian,

ALTHOUGH he put on both jersey and trousers again, however, he soon began to shiver with chattering teeth.

"We had better make him drink something hot," Lars Syversen declared, and one of the youngsters was pressed to work at the stove.

We had a small tank of water and he placed the full kettle over the fire. Only the coffee tin proved perfectly empty except for a small lump of chicory—which is not coffee at all.

"Never mind, it is good enough," Lars declared; "anyhow, it will be something hot."

The lump of chicory was duly boiled in the water; it gave a brown fluid and was hot.

The cups were gone, but the coffee tin was an excellent thing for drinking purposes, and it went the round of the cabin.

"Happy Christmas!" Peter said, putting it to his lips.

And we imitated our captain and felt like being at a party.

WHEN Peter's inside heat was sufficiently restored by the brown drink, he was a new man. In his pride he began to deride us for not being cleanly. If it came to doing the correct thing, he said, he ought not to share the common sheepskin rug with us that night, and if it were not for the fact that Lars Syversen was such a poor, weak fool of a fellow he would leave us out of the cabin, every one of us.

"Who are you calling a poor fool?" Lars Syversen asked.

"Yourself," Peter answered pityingly. "You are but a poor fellow, and a poor fellow you will remain, as you have always been. Do you remember at school? You were licked every time you tried your hand."

"I managed to beat you, anyhow," Lars Syversen answered, "and if you think you are a more cleanly Christian than anybody else you make a mighty mistake." He began diving under the berths and hauling out fresh linen. He also went out into the freezing night and, returning in his clean shirt, shivered and asked for a hot drink. But once well under the sheepskin rug the two old men started talking to young men nowadays.

We were tired to death; our eyelids were on the point of closing down, but the Christmas feeling kept us awake. The old men might say something interesting. We youngsters were urgently advised to quit the sea and become tailors' apprentices.

They finally grew so exasperatingly com passionate that we could not stand it longer. We unearthed our underwear and ran out into the blizzard to change.

We were both together naked against the driven snow, when I called out to my mate: "Are you warm?"

"It tastes like when I was whipped as a kid," he answered, trembling with cold.

ON ENTERING we were barely allowed to crawl up to the two old men under the rug. In a little while we, too, had put on every bit of clothing obtainable and the last dregs of the fluid honored by the name of coffee helped us through the worst of the shivering.

The rhythmical rise and fall of the boat went on and we were far in the Land of Nod once more when Peter, the captain, shook us awake again. "It being Christmas Eve," he said, "we ought to behave like Christians. We must sing a hymn at least."

"We have no hymn-book," Lars Syversen protested from under the sheepskin.

"I am ready to believe that you have forgotten your catechism," Peter replied, "but that is no reason why we should have forgotten everything. Now, boys, you start the tune: 'Sweet Christmas Time Has Come.'"

There was no gainsaying him. When the captain on a boat gives an order he must be obeyed, whether it is sailing or singing a hymn. It gave us a taste of a Christmas tree and a cozy room when, rising on our elbows and rubbing our eyes, with hoarse voices we intoned:

"Sweet Christmas time has come
Let all the world rejoice."

In Hearst—Next Month

THE HIGH COST OF LYING

By

ALBERT PAYSON
TERHUNE

A Love Story of the "Movies"

he declared, to lie still on a sacred Christmas Eve, feeling crawling things inside his shirt. He thanked God for having been both baptized and confirmed. And it was Christmas Eve.

Suddenly he crawled down into the recess where the stove was and dragged his clothes chest from under the berths. Out of it he hauled a shirt and a pair of pants, and then began undressing.

IT was no easy matter to undress in that little hole where he had to kneel with head bent to move at all. His blouse stuck around his head, and he swore a little as he tugged at it. He succeeded with the blouse, but the shirt was more difficult; the stud was a delicate proposition to handle with half-frozen fingers.

At last he swore openly, grasped his clean underwear and crawled outside. When he opened the door a cloud of snow blew in and the stove spouted a tongue of angry flames, as if protesting.

"Are you quite mad?" Lars Syversen screamed. "Are you going to strip in such weather?"

Peeping out a while afterwards we saw the old man, naked to the belt in the blizzard, donning his clean shirt in honor of Christmas Eve.

THAT done, he started as if in a fury pulling off his heavy sea-boots, his trousers, stockings and pants, his shirt fluttering in the storm. Then he donned a pair of clean pants and the thing was done.

At last he crawled in, dragging his outer clothes and boots.

"You are risking your life," Lars Syversen warned him.

"It was sort of cool like," Peter answered, shutting the door. "But I am sure it is good for me, all the same."

His beard and hair were dripping. Snow crystals gleamed on the linen.

"Anyhow I am a cleanly Christian," he said, crawling under his sheepskins.

THE singing ended. Peter, the captain folded his giant, red hands over the deepskin rug and said the Lord's Prayer in a loud voice. When he had finished, we wished each other Happy Christmas once more and sank down again. Gusts of icy-cold air swept our shoulders

from the open wall, but sleep obliterated all impressions. Our bodies felt leaden. We were sinking, sinking, into something soft. We were cradled and lifted up and down. Was it Mother singing—or only the storm in the rigging? We turned on the other side and felt that our hands were sore and heard the noise of

the sea, but again sleep came and a lullaby—and Mother. We slept.

IS THE Norwegian temperament so different from ours? What changed the spirit of a whole town? See "Skobelj Was a Horse," by Johan Bojer. Coming soon—in Hearst's.

Jagamohan the Atheist

(Concluded from page 34)

"For us atheists," he said, "the only heaven waiting for good deeds is calumny."

THE more the rumor of Jagamohan's doings became distorted, the more he seemed to enjoy it, and his laughter rang loud in the sky. Harimohan, and respectable people of his class, could never imagine that the uncle could go so far as to jest openly on such a subject and indulge in loud, unseemly raillery about it with his own nephew. Though Purandar had been carefully avoiding that part of the house where his uncle lived, he vowed that he would never return till he had driven the girl away from her father.

At the time when Jagamohan had to go to school, he would shut up all access to his quarters, and he would come back the moment he had any leisure, to see how Noni was faring.

ONE day at noon, Purandar, with the help of a bamboo ladder, crossed the boundary wall and jumped down into Jagamohan's part of the house. Nonibala had been resting after a morning meal. The door of her room was open. Purandar, when he saw the sleeping figure of Noni, gave a great start and shouted in anger:

"So you are here, are you?" Noni woke up and saw Purandar before her. She became pale as death and her limbs shrank under her. She felt powerless to run away, or to utter a single word.

Purandar, trembling with rage, called her "Noni!" Just then Jagamohan entered the room from behind, and cried, "Get out of this room!"

Purandar's whole body began to swell up like an angry cat. Jagamohan said, "If you don't get out at once, I will call in the police." Purandar darted a wrathful glance at Noni and went out. Noni fainted. Jagamohan now understood the whole situation. By questioning he found out that Noni had been aware that Purandar had seduced Noni; but, fearing an angry brawl, he had not informed Jagamohan of the fact.

FOR days after this incident Noni trembled like a bamboo leaf. Then she gave birth to a dead child. One midnight Purandar had driven Noni away from her room, making her in anger. Since then he had sought her in vain. When he suddenly found her in her uncle's house, he was seized with an uncontrollable passion of jealousy. He was sure that Noni had enticed her away from him, to keep her for his own pleasure, and had then put her in a very next house to his own in order to insult him. This was more than any mortal man could bear.

Harimohan heard all about it. Indeed, Purandar never took any pains to hide these doings from his father: his father looked upon his son's moral aberrations with a kindly indulgence. But Harimohan thought it contrary to all notions of decency for Satish to snatch away his girl whom his elder brother, Purandar, had looked upon with favor. He devoutly hoped that Purandar would be successful in recovering his spoil.

IT WAS the time of the Christmas holidays. Jagamohan attended Noni night and day. He was evening he was translating a novel of Walter Scott's to her, when Purandar burst into the room with another young man.

When Jagamohan was about to call for the police, the young man said:

"I am Noni's cousin. I have come to take her away."

Jagamohan caught hold of Purandar by his neck and shoved him out of the room and down the stairs. He then turned to the other young man, and said:

"You are a villain and a scoundrel! You assert this cousin's right of yours to wreck her life, not to protect her."

The young man hurried away. But when he had got to a safe distance, he threatened to use police force in order to rescue his ward. Noni said within herself, "O Earth, open and swallow me up!"

Jagamohan called Satish and said to him: "Let me leave this place and go to some up-country town with Noni. It will kill her if this is repeated."

Satish urged that his brother was certain to follow her, when once he had got the clue.

"Then what do you propose?" said Jagamohan.

"Let me marry Noni," was the answer.

"Marry Noni!"

"Yes, according to the civil marriage rites."

Jagamohan stood up and went to Satish and pressed him to his heart.

SINCE the partition of the house, Harimohan had not once entered the house to see his elder brother. But that day he came, disheveled, and said:

"Dada, what disaster is this you are planning?"

"I am saving everybody from disaster," said Jagamohan.

"Satish is just like a son to you," said Harimohan, "and yet you can have the heart to see him married to that woman of the street!"

"Yes," the elder brother replied. "I have brought him up almost as my own son, and I consider that my pains have borne fruit at last."

"Dada," said Harimohan, "I humbly acknowledge my defeat at your hands. I am

"Satish! What in the world are you going to do? Can you think of no other way of ruining yourself? Are you going to plunge the whole family into this hideous shame?"

Satish answered: "I have no particular desire to marry. I only do it in order to save my family from hideous shame."

Harimohan shouted: "Have you not got the least spark of conscience left in you? That girl, who is almost like a wife to your brother—"

Satish caught him up sharply and said: "What do you say? Like a wife! Don't you dare to say that again!"

After that, Harimohan became wildly abusive in his language, and Satish remained silent.

What troubled Harimohan most was that Purandar openly advertised his intention to commit suicide if Satish married Noni. Purandar's wife told him that this would solve a difficult problem—if only he would have the courage to do it.

Satish sedulously avoided Noni all these days, but when the proposed marriage was settled, Jagamohan asked Satish that Noni and he should try to know each other better before they were united in wedlock. Satish consented.

Jagamohan fixed a date for their first talk together. He said to Noni:

"My little Mother, you must dress yourself up for this occasion."

Noni bent her eyes to the ground bashfully.

"No, no!" said he. "Don't be shy, Noni. I have a great longing to see you nicely dressed, and you must satisfy my desire."

He had specially selected some Benares silk and a bodice and veil for Noni. He gave these things to her.

NONI prostrated herself at his feet. This made Jagamohan get up hurriedly. He snatched away his feet from her embrace and said:

"I see, Noni, I have miserably failed in clearing your mind of all this superstitious reverence. I may be your elder in age, but don't you know you are greater than I am—for you are my mother?"

He kissed her on her forehead and said:

"I have had an invitation to go out, and I shall be late back this evening."

Noni clasped his hand and said:

"Baba, I want your blessing tonight."

Jagamohan replied:

"Mother, I see that you are determined to turn me into a theist in my old age. I wouldn't give a brass farthing for a belief in blessings. Yet I can not help blessing you, when I see your face."

Jagamohan put his hand under her chin, and raised her face, and looked into it silently while tears ran down her cheeks.

IN THE evening a man ran up to the place where Jagamohan was having his dinner, and brought him back to his house.

He found the dead body of Noni, stretched on the bed, dressed in the things he had given her. In her hand was a letter. Satish was standing by her head. Jagamohan opened the letter and read:

"Baba, forgive me. I could not do what you wanted. I tried my best, but I could never forget him. My thousand salutations to your gracious feet."

"NONIBALA, THE SINNER."

THREE human beings—each in his own peculiar way terrifyingly at bay. Watch for "Night and Silence," by the great French writer Maurice Level. Coming soon—in Hearst's.

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willing to write away half my property to you, if only you will not take revenge on me like this."

Jagamohan started up from his chair and bellowed out:

"You want to throw me your dirty leavings, as you throw a dog a bone! I am an atheist—remember that! I am not a pious man like you! I neither take revenge, nor beg for favors."

HARIMOHAN hastened round to Satish's lodgings. He cried out to him:

*The reference is to Sita in the Ramayana, who uttered this cry when in extreme trouble.

†Elder brother.

practical man who will supply this element. Practical experience is one of the commonest articles on the market; vision and initiative are among the rarest—and you have them. What do you say?"

Larry could not say anything at once. The suddenness of her offer, the largeness of his opportunity, bewildered him for the moment. And his bewilderment was added to by his swift realization of quite another element involved in her frank proposition. He was now engaged in the enterprise of foisting a bogus article, Maggie, upon this woman who was offering him her complete confidence—an enterprise of most questionable ethics and very dubious issue. If he accepted her offer, and the result of this enterprise were disaster, what would Miss Sherwood then think of him?

He took refuge in evasion. "I'm not going to try to tell you how much I appreciate your proposition, Miss Sherwood. But do you mind if I hold back my answer for the present and think it over? Anyhow, to do all that is required I must be able to work in the open—and I can't do that until I get free of my entanglements with the police and my old acquaintances."

Thus it was agreed upon.

MISS SHERWOOD turned to another subject. The pre-public show of Hunt's pictures had opened the previous day. "When you were in the city yesterday, did you get in to see Mr. Hunt's exhibition?"

"No, although I wanted to. But you know I've seen before all of Mr. Hunt's pictures that Mr. Graham has in his gallery. How was the opening?"

"Crowded with guests. And since they had been told that the pictures were unusual and good, of course the people were enthusiastic."

"What kind of prices was Mr. Graham quoting?"

"He wasn't quoting any. He told me he wasn't going to sell a picture, or even mention a price, until the public exhibition. He's very enthusiastic. He thinks Mr. Hunt is already made—and in a big way."

And then she added, her level gaze very steady on Larry:

"Of course Mr. Hunt is really a great painter. But he needed a jolt to make him go out and really paint his own kind of stuff. And he needed someone like you to put him across in a business way."

THAT afternoon Hunt appeared at Cedar Crest, and while there he dropped in on Larry. The big painter, in his full-blooded boyish fashion, fairly gasconaded over the success of his exhibit. Larry smiled at the other's exuberant enthusiasm. Hunt was one man who could boast without ever being offensively egotistical, for Hunt, added to his other gifts, had the divine gift of being able to laugh at himself.

Larry saw here an opportunity to forward that other ambition of his: the bringing together of Hunt and Miss Sherwood. And at this instant it flashed upon him that Miss Sherwood's seemingly casual remarks about Hunt had not been casual at all. Perhaps they had been carefully thought out, and spoken with a definite purpose. Perhaps Miss Sherwood had been very subtly appointing him her ambassador. She was clever enough for that.

"Stop declaiming those self-written press notices of your unapproachable superiority," Larry interrupted. "If you use your breath up like that you'll drown on dry land. Besides, I just heard something better than this mere articulated air of yours. Better because from a person in her senses."

"Heard it from whom?"

"Miss Sherwood."

"Miss Sherwood! What did she say?"

"That you were a really great painter."

"Huh!" snorted Hunt. "Why shouldn't she say that? I've proved it!"

"Hunt," said Larry evenly, "you are the greatest painter I ever met, but you also have the distinction of being the greatest of all fools."

"What's that, young fellow?"

"You love Miss Sherwood, don't you? At least you've the same as told me that in words, and you've told me that in loud-voiced actions every time you've seen her."

"SEE here, Larry"—all the boisterous quality had gone from Hunt's voice, and it was low-pitched and a bit unsteady—"I don't mind your joshing me about myself or my painting, but don't fool with me about anything that's really important."

"I'm not fooling with you. I'm sure Miss Sherwood feels that way."

Children of Whirlwind

(Continued from page 39)



ARMANDO BOTTA

Maggie decided that an air of cool indifference certainly would be best for Barney.

"How do you know?"

"I've got a pair of eyes that don't belong to a cold boiled lobster. And when I see a thing, I know I see it."

"You're all wrong, Larry. If you'd heard what she said to me less than a year ago—"

"You make me tired!" interrupted Larry.

"You two were made for each other. She's waiting for you to step up and talk man's talk to her—and instead you sulk in your tent and mumble about something you think she might have thought or said a year ago! You're too sensitive; you're too proud; you've got too few brains. It's a million dollars to one that in your handsome, well-bred way you've fallen out with her over something that probably never existed and certainly does not exist now. Forget it all, and walk right up and ask her!"

"Larry, if I thought there was a chance that you are right—"

"A single question will prove whether I'm right!"

HUNT did not speak for a moment. "I guess I've never seen my part of it all in the way you put it, Larry." He stood up, his whole being subdued yet tense. "I'm going to slide back into town and think it all over."

Larry followed him an hour later, bent on routine business of the Sherwood estate. Toward seven o'clock he was studying the present decrepitude and future possibilities of a row of Sherwood apartment houses on the West Side, when, as he came out of one building and started into another, a firm hand fell upon his shoulder and a voice remarked:

"So, Larry, you're in New York?"

LARRY whirled about. For the moment he felt all the life go out of him. Beside him stood Detective Casey, whom he had last seen on the night of his wild flight when Casey had feigned a knockout in order to aid Larry's escape from Casey's partner, Gavegan. Any other man affiliated with his enemies Larry would have struck down and tried to break away from. But not Casey.

"Hello, Casey! Well, I suppose you're going to invite me to go along with you?"

"Where were you going?"

"Into this house."

"Then I'll invite myself to go along with you."

He quickly pushed Larry before him into the hallway, which was empty since all the tenants were at their dinner. Larry remembered the scene down in Deputy Police Commissioner Barlow's office, when the chief of detectives had demanded that he become a stool-pigeon working under Gavegan and Casey, and the grilling and the threats, more than fulfilled, which had followed.

"GOING to give me a little private quiz first, Casey," he asked, "and then call in Gavegan and lead me down to Barlow?"

"Not unless Gavegan or someone else recognized you, which I knew they didn't since I was watching. And not unless you yourself feel hungry for a visit to Headquarters."

"If I feel hungry, it's an appetite I'm willing to make wait."

"You know I don't want to pinch you. It's a dirty job that was just pushed my way. You know that I know you've been framed and double-crossed, and that I won't run you in unless I can't get out of it."

"Thanks, Casey. You're too white to have to run with people like Barlow and Gavegan. But if it wasn't to pinch me, would you stop me out there in the street?"

"Been hoping I might some day run in on you on the quiet. There are some things I learned—never mind how—that I want to slip you for your own good."

"Go to it, Casey."

"FIRST, I've learned definitely that it's not Barney Palmer who tipped off the police about Red Hannigan and Jack Rosenfeld, and then spread it among all the crooks that you were the stool and squealer."

"Yes, I'd guessed that much."

"Second, I've learned that it really was from Barney Palmer that Barlow got the idea of making you become a stool-pigeon. Barney is a smooth one, all right, and he figured what would happen. He knew you would refuse, and he knew Barlow would cork hell beneath you. Barney certainly called every turn."

"What—what—" stammered Larry. "Why, then Barney must be—"

He paused, utterly astounded by the newness of the possibility that had just risen in his mind. "You've got it, Larry," Casey went on. "Barney is a police stool; has been one for years; works directly for Barlow. We not supposed to know anything about it. He's turned up a lot of big ones. That's why it's safe for Barney to pull off anything he likes."

"Barney a police stool!" Larry repeated, the stupor of his amazement.

"Guess that's all the news I wanted to hand you, Larry, so I'll be on my way. Here's wishing you luck—and for God's sake don't let yourself be pinched by us any longer." And with that Casey slipped out into the hallway.

FOR a moment Larry stood motionless where Casey had left him. Then fierce purpose and a cautious recklessness, surged up and took mastery of him. It had required what Casey had told him to end his irksome waiting and wavering. No longer could he main in his hiding-place, safe himself, try to save Maggie by slow, indirect endeavors. The time had now come for very different methods. The time had come to step into the open, taking, of course, no unnecessary risk, and to have it out face to face with his enemies, who were also Maggie's enemies though she counted them her friends—to save Maggie against her own will, if could save her in no other way.

And having so decided, Larry walked quickly out of the hallway into the street.

ON THE sidewalk, Larry glanced swiftly around him. Half a block down the street on the front of a drugstore was a telephone booth. A minute later he was in a telephone booth in the drugstore, asking first for the Hotel Grantham, and then asking the Grantham operator to be connected with Miss Margaret Cameron.

There was a long wait. While he listened for Maggie's voice he blazed with terrible fury against Barney Palmer. For Maggie to be connected with a straight crook—that idea had been bad enough. But her to be under the influence of the worst crook of all, a stool, a cunning traitor to his own friends—that was more than could possibly be stood! In his rage, Maggie's behalf Larry forgot for the moment the many evils Barney had done him. He thought of wild, incoherent, vague, tremendous plans. First he would Maggie away from Barney and Old Jimmie—somehow. Then he would square accounts with those two—again by an untried somehow.

Presently the tired impersonal voice of the Grantham operator remarked against the ear drum: "Miss Cameron don't answer."

"Have her paged, please," he requested.

Larry, of course, could not know that the telephone call was the very one which rung in Maggie's room while Barney and Old Jimmie were with her, and which Barney had harshly forbidden her to answer. Therefore he could not know that any attempt to get Maggie by telephone just then was futile.

WHEN he called up the Grantham a second time, at nine o'clock, Maggie's voice came to him:

"Hello. Who is this, please?"

"Mr. Brandon."

He heard a stifled "Oh!" at the other end of the line. "I'm coming right up to you," he said.

"I—I don't think you—"

"I'll be there in ten minutes," Larry interjected the startled voice, and hung up. He counted that Maggie, after his sparing at Cedar Crest, would receive him and at him at least no worse than an enemy to whom there was a half-hour's truce. He enough, when he rang the bell of her te, Maggie herself admitted him to her ing-room. She was taut and pale, her k neither friendly nor unfriendly. "Don't you know the risk you're running," he whispered when the door was closed, "coming here like this, in the open?" "The time has come for risks, Maggie," announced. "But you were safe enough where you re. Why take such risks?" "For your sake." "My sake?" "To take you away from these people I'm tied up with—take you away now."

T AN earlier time this would have been a fuse to a detonation of defiance from her. t now she said nothing at all, and that something. "Since I've come out into the open, every- ng's going to be in the open. Listen, aggie!" The impulse had suddenly come on him, since his plan to awaken Maggie, her psychological reactions had appar- ly failed, to tell her everything. "Listen, aggie! I'm going to lay all my cards on e table, and show you every card I've yed. You were invited to come out to ar Crest because I schemed to have you ne. And the reason I schemed to have u invited was, I reasoned that being re- ved in such a frank, generous, unsuspect- way by a woman like Miss Sherwood, ould make you sick of what you were doing t you would drop it of your own accord. t it seems I reasoned wrong." "So—you were behind that!" she eathed. "I was. Though I couldn't have done it Dick Sherwood hadn't been honestly in- uated with you. But now I'm through h working under cover, through with irect methods. From now on every play's e open, and it's straight to the point h everything. So get ready. I'm going take you away from Barney and Old mie."

HE mention of these two names had a swift and magical effect upon her. t instead of arousing belligerency, they oused an almost frantic agitation. "You must leave at once, Larry. Barney d my father were here before dinner, and y've just telephoned they were coming ck!" "Coming back! That's the best argument u could make for my staying!" "But, Larry—they both have keys, and rney always carries a gun!" "I stay here, unless you leave with me. ten to some more, Maggie. I laid all the ds on the table. Do you know the kind eople you're tied up with? I'll not say ything about your father, for I guess you ow all there is to know. But Barney lmer! He's the lowest kind of crook that eathes. There's been a lot of talk about ealers and police stools. Well, the big ealer, the big stool, is Barney Palmer!" "I don't believe it!" she cried involun- rily. "It's true! I've got it straight. Barney unted to smash me, because I'd made up y mind to quit the old game and because wanted to get me out of his way with you. he framed it up so that I appeared to be squealer, and started the gangmen after e. And he put Barlow up to the idea of eeing me to be a stool, and then framing e when I refused. It was Barney who fixed ings so I had to go to jail, or be shot up, run away. It was Barney Palmer who ealed on Red Hannigan and Jack Rosen- dt, and who's been squealing on his other ds. And that's the sort you're stringing ong with!" She gazed at him in appalled half-convic- on. He remained silent to let this truth ak in.

HEY were standing so, face to face, when a key grated in the outer door of the le hallway as on the occasion of Larry's st visit here. And as on that occasion, aggie sprang swiftly forward and shot me the bolt of the inner door. Then she rned and caught Larry's arm. "It's Barney—I told you he was coming!" e whispered. "Oh, why didn't you go fore! Come on!" She tried to drag him towards her bedroom or, through which she had once helped him

escape. But this time he was not to be moved.

"I stay right here," he said to her. There was the sound of a futile effort to turn the lock of the inner door; then Barney's voice called out:

"What's the matter, Maggie? Open the door."

Maggie, still clutching Larry's resisting arm, stood gasping in wide-eyed consterna- tion.

"Open the door for them, Maggie," Larry whispered.

"I'll not do it!" she whispered back.

"Open it, or I will," he ordered.

Their gazes held a moment longer while Barney rattled at the lock. Then slowly, falteringly, her amazed eyes over her shoulder upon him, Maggie crossed and unlocked the door. Barney entered, Old Jimmie just be- hind him.

"I say, Maggie, what was the big idea in keeping us—" he was beginning in a grumbling tone, when he saw Larry just be- yond her. His complaint broke off in mid- breath; he stopped short and his dark face twitched with his surprise.

"Larry Brainard!" he finally exclaimed. Old Jimmie, suddenly tense, blinked and said nothing.

"Hello, Barney; hello, Jimmie," Larry greeted his former allies, putting on an air of geniality. "Been a long time since we three met. Don't stand there in the door. Come right in."

BARNEY was keen enough to see, though Larry's attitude was careless and his tone light, that his eyes were bright and hard. Barney moved forward a couple of paces, alert for anything, and Old Jimmie followed. Maggie looked on at the three men, her girl- ish figure taut and hardly breathing.

"Didn't know you were in New York," said Barney.

"Well, here I am, all right," returned Larry with his menacing cheerfulness.

By now Barney had recovered from his first surprise. He felt it time to assert his supremacy.

"How do you come to be here with Mag- gie?" he demanded abruptly.

"Happened to catch sight of her on the street today. Trailed her here to the Grant- ham, and tonight I just dropped in."

Barney's tone grew more authoritative, more ugly. "We told you long ago we were through with you. So why did you come here?"

"That's easy answered, Barney. The last time we were all together, you'd come to take Maggie away. This is that same scene repro- duced—only this time I've come to take Maggie away."

"What's that?" snapped Barney.

LARRY'S voice threw off its assumed geniality, and became drivingly hard. "And to get Maggie to come, I've been telling her the kind of a bird you are, Barney Pal- mer! Oh, I've got the straight dope on you! I've been telling her how you framed me, and were able to frame me because you are Chief Barlow's stool."

Barney went as near white as it was possi- ble for him to become, and his mouth sagged. "What—what—" he stammered.

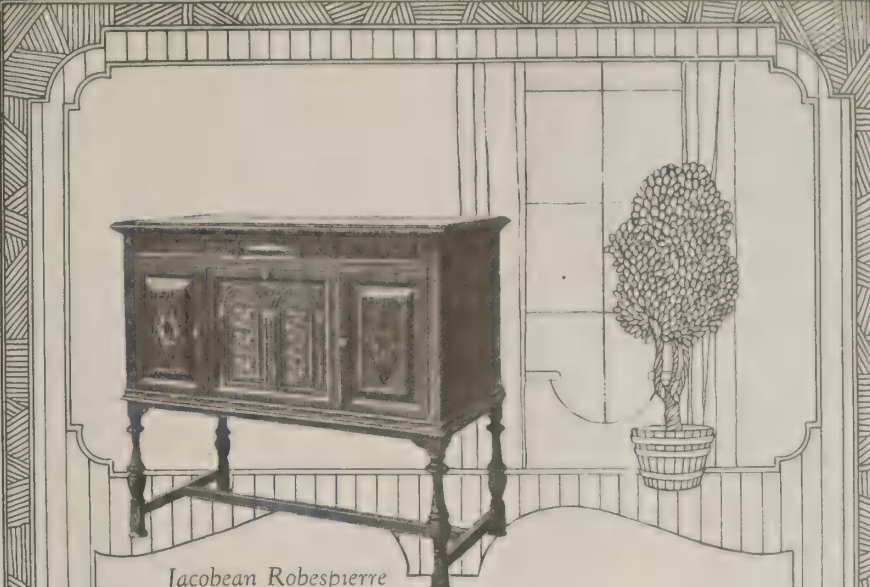
"And I've been telling her that you are the one who really squealed on Red Hannigan and Jack Rosenfeldt. And I've got the cold proof against you on every count."

"You're a liar!" Barney burst out, and instantly from beneath his left arm he whipped an automatic which he thrust against Larry's stomach. "Take that back, damn you, or I'll blow you straight to hell!" "Barney! Larry!" interjected Maggie in sickened fright.

"This is nothing to worry over, Maggie," Larry said. He looked back at Barney. "Oh, I knew you would flash a gun on me at some stage of the game. But you're not going to shoot."

"You'll see, if you don't take that back!" Larry realized that his hot blood had driven him into an enterprise of daring, in which only bluff and the playing of his high- est cards could help him through.

"You don't think I was such a fool as to walk into this place without taking pre- cautions?" he said contemptuously. "You won't shoot, Barney, because since I knew I might meet you and you'd pull a gun, I had myself searched by two friends just before I came up here. They'll testify I was not armed. They know you, and know you so well that they'll be able to identify the thing in your hand as your gun. So no matter what Maggie and Jimmie may testify, the verdict will be cold-blooded murder and the



Jacobean Robespierre

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electric chair will be your finish. And that's why I know you won't shoot. So you might as well put the gun away."

Barney neither spoke nor moved.

"I've called your bluff, Barney," Larry said sharply. "Put that gun away, or I'll take it from you!"

Barney's glare wavered. The pistol sank from its position. With a lightning-swift motion Larry wrenched it from Barney's hand.

"Guess I'd better have it, after all," he said, slipping it into a pocket. "Keep you out of temptation."

And then in a subdued voice that was steely with menace: "I'm too busy to attend to you now, Barney—but I'm going to square things with you for the dirt you've done me, and I'm going to show you up for a stool and a squealer!" He wheeled on Old Jimmie. "And the only reason I'll be easy with you, Jimmie Carlisle, is because you are Maggie's father—though you're the rottenest thing as a father God ever let breathe!"

Old Jimmie shrank slightly before Larry's glower, and his little eyes gleamed with the fear of a rat that is cornered; but he said nothing.

Larry turned his back upon the two men. "We're through with this bunch, Maggie. Put on a hat and a wrap, and let's go. We can send for your things."

"No, you don't, Maggie," snarled Barney before Maggie could speak.

Old Jimmie made his first positive motion since entering the room. He shifted quickly to Maggie's side and seized her arm.

"You're my daughter, and you stay with me!" he ordered. "I brought you up, and you do exactly what I tell you to! You're not going with Larry—he's lying about Barney. You stay with me!"

"Come on! Let's go, Maggie," repeated Larry.

"You stay with me!" repeated Jimmie.

Thus ordered and appealed to, Maggie was a-reel with contradicting thoughts and impulses while they awaited her action. In fact she had no clear thought at all. She never knew later what determined her course at this bewildered moment; perhaps it was partly a continuance of her doubt of Larry, perhaps partly once more sheer momentum, perhaps her instinctive feeling that her place was with the man she believed to be her father.

"Yes, I'll stay with you," she said to Old Jimmie.

"THAT'S the signal for you to be on your way, Larry Brainard!" Barney snapped at him triumphantly.

Larry realized that his coming here was no more than a splendid gesture to which his anger had excited him. Indeed, there was nothing for him but to be on his way.

"I've told you the truth, Maggie; and you'll be sorry that you have not left—if not sorry soon, then sorry a little later."

He turned to Barney with a last shot; he could not leave the gloating Barney his unalloyed triumph. "You're right, I should be going, Barney," he said evenly. "I've got

to slip word to all your pals, and to the Ginger Buck gang, about your being the real stool and squealer. And if they tried to shoot me up, imagine what they'll do to you. Think it over, Barney. Good night, all."

With that Larry walked out. He did not see it, but his final threat, which he had no thought of executing, had instantly converted Barney's look of triumph into one of consternation. Old Jimmie regarded his partner with suspicion.

"How about that, Barney?" he demanded.

"I tell you it's all a lie—a damned lie!" cried Barney with feverish emphasis.

"I hope it is!" breathed Old Jimmie.

This was a subject Barney wanted to get away from. "Maggie," he demanded, "is what Larry Brainard said about how he came here the truth—his seeing you on the street and then following you here?"

"How do I know where he first saw me?"

"But is tonight the first time you've seen him?"

"It is."

"Sure you haven't been seeing him?" demanded Barney's quick jealousy.

"I have not."

"Did he tell you where he came from—where he hangs out?"

"No."

OLD JIMMIE interrupted this cross-examination. "You're wasting good time asking these questions. Barney, do you



The famous spirit medium, Katie King; from a photograph made by Prof. Crookes in his home, 1873

realize the cold fact that it's not a good thing for you, nor for us, for Larry Brainard to be back in New York, floating around where he pleases?"

"I should say not!" Barney saw he was facing a sudden crisis, and in the need for quick action he spoke without thought. "Maggie. 'We've got to look after him once!'"

"Tell the bunch he's back, and let them take care of him," suggested Old Jimmie.

Barney considered rapidly. He did not know that Larry's threat had been a bluff, and so he decided it would be wiser to keep from these old friends and allies.

"There's the police!" he said inspired. "They're after him anyhow, and are so. All we've got to do is slip them word they'll do the rest!" And then with a sharper emphasis of an immediate plan.

"We don't want to lose a minute. I know where Gavegan hangs out at this time of night. Come on!"

WITH a bare "Good night" to Maggie and two men hurried forth on their pressing mission. Left to herself, Maggie sank into a chair and wildly considered the many elements of this new situation. Presently her thoughts emerged to dominance: What was Larry's right or wrong, he had risked coming out of his safety for her sake—perhaps had risked all he had won for her sake. And now the police were to be set after him with that Gavegan heading the pack.

Perhaps the further thinking Maggie did not result in cool, mature wisdom—her thoughts were the operations of a panic mind. Somehow she had to get warning of Larry of this imminent police hunt! With a doubt Larry would return to Cedar Crest sometime that night. Word should be sent to him there. A letter was too uncertain in such a crisis. Of course she had an invitation to go to Cedar Crest the following afternoon, and she might warn him then—but that might be too late. She dared not telephone or telegraph for that might somehow direct dangerous attention to the exact spot where Larry was hidden. Also she had an instinct, operating unconsciously before she had any thought of warning, that she was eventually to do, not to Barney or Old Jimmie find out, or even guess, that she had warned Larry—not yet.

THERE seemed nothing that she herself could do. Then she thought of the Duchess. That was the way of it. The Duchess would know some way which to get Larry word.

Five minutes later, in her plainest dress and hat, Maggie in a taxicab was rolling down toward the Duchess's—the place from which only a few months back, she had started forth upon her great career.

BUT events move too swiftly for Maggie. Miss Sherwood makes a peculiarly incriminating discovery, and promptly turns Larry over to the police! See Hearst's for February

The Absolute Proof of Life After Death

(Continued from page 15)

Crown Prince Rudolph, Crookes's medium Miss Cook, Madame Esperance and others. In all these cases people seized the medium, but the stuff used for the disguise vanished instantly and could not afterwards be traced."

Spiritualists have been slow in advancing this plea, lest it seem to exonerate real fraud, but this conclusion from a man of science in an independent position should be set on record lest indiscriminate disgrace should fall upon the human hyena with his material muslin, and the true medium in trance clad in ectoplasmic drapery.

THESE separate results of the German and the French investigators would seem final to any reasonable mind, but they are corroborated once again by the shorter research of Dr. Geley of Paris who held a series of sittings with Eva, summoning a hundred men of science to witness one or other of them. So strict were his tests that he winds up his account in "Physiologie Supernormale" with the words: "I will not merely say that there is no fraud. I will say that there has not been the possibility of fraud."

some severity to the medium, telling Madame Bisson that she needed discipline and had to be kept up to her work. Occasionally this person showed signs of clairvoyance, explaining correctly, for example, what was amiss with an electric fitting when it failed to work. A running accompaniment of groans and protests from Eva's body seems to have been a mere animal outcry apart from intelligence.

ONE observation of the German scientist is worth noting, as it suggests that great injustice may have been done in the past. He is commenting upon a case where Eva was entirely covered by a fantastic helmeted garment of ectoplasm and stood up from her chair. He says:

"This case is interesting because it throws a light upon the state of so-called transfiguration, which in the sense used by the spiritualists means that a medium plays the part of the spirit since he is clad with materialized stuff and seeks to imitate the character of the person concerned. This transition stage is to be found in the career of nearly all materialization mediums. Literature records a number of exposures of such mediums acting the part of spirits, like the medium Bastian before

Again he walked the old path and found the same results, save that the phantasms in his experiments took the form of female faces, sometimes beautiful, and, as he assumed, unknown to him. They may be thought of as forms from Eva, for in none of his recorded results did he get the absolute living spirit. There was enough, however, to cause Dr. Geley to say: "What we have seen is materialism. There is no longer any room for it in the world." By this he means, of course, the old-fashioned materialism of Victorian days by which thought was a mere result of matter.

ALL the new evidence points to materialism being the result of thought. It is only when you ask "Whose thought?" that you get upon debatable ground. I append what is either a thought-form or a spirit face seen to me by Dr. Geley as a Christmas card. It is curious to observe that an unused ectoplasm still hangs from it. "They have great beauty and a remarkable appearance of life," says Dr. Geley, though they came in miniatures as well as full size. Once again, then, Madame Bisson is corroborated, and we have three separate in-

tators and two separate mediums giving identical results. Is it not a perfect insanity of incredulity to wave these things aside because they will not fit into our present philosophies? Surely it is evident that the time is come when the philosophies must be expanded to receive them.

NOW, having thoroughly got it into our heads that it is possible for a person to solve very singular stuff with a tendency to form human frames which seem for a time to be tenanted by manifesting spirits, let us hark back and apply the knowledge to cases which were proved but not understood before these wonderful experiments.

At once the instance of Crookes and Florrie Cook in 1873 springs to the front. In this classic case, as is well known, the celebrated chemist for three years experimented with this young medium, who put herself at his disposal in order to clear herself of a charge of perjury made against her. It may well have been an example of transfiguration, or may some other alleged cases which were said to have occurred in later years when she was Mrs. Corner. Crookes exonerated her completely as the result of his research. She was shut up in the dark time and gain in his small study. Then after an hour or so she would emerge into the adjoining laboratory an entirely different woman, who moved, spoke, and gave her name as Katie King, saying that she was a spirit who had lived in the reign of Charles the second, and was now permitted for a brief visit to inhabit the body molded from Miss Cook, who could be heard and on certain occasions seen in the adjoining room.

NATURALLY the obvious criticism was made that this was Miss Cook masquerading as a phantom; but the first objection to such a theory is that it makes Professor Crookes out to be either a lunatic or a deliberate liar. No one but a lunatic could be so deceived, and no one but a liar could declare that the newcomer was four and one-half inches taller than the medium, had beautiful brown hair, long tress of which was traced up to the scalp and then severed (Miss Cook was a brunette), and finally that the pulse rate of the two women was entirely different.

The whole course of Crookes's life proved that he was neither liar nor lunatic, and so a reasonable man could only believe that this prodigy corroborated by forty photographs was true, but totally unrelated to any other acts of the universe.

BUT now the matter appears otherwise. Thanks to the recent researches, we are in a position to enter that darkened room and to reconstruct what is happening to Florrie Cook. She lies with an occasional animal moan upon the sofa. From her here drains the vital ectoplasm, forming a cloud of viscous substance, a pattern, and finally a form. The form disengages, the cord breaks and Katie King, infusing her spirit into this reconstruction of what was probably a simulacrum of her earthly body, walks forth to spend her strange brief hour upon earth, conversing with Professor Crookes, playing with his children, telling them stories of olden days, and finally with the words, "My mission is finished," leaving them forever. Her mission was to prove the survival of the spirit to an incredulous generation, and it would indeed have been accomplished had it depended upon the bravery of her witness, and not upon the dense stupidity and materialism of the scientific, religious, journalistic world in which he lived. Now after many days we are slowly understanding the message.

SO MUCH for the Crookes episode and the light which has now been thrown upon it. But there is another famous series of investigations which are also confirmed and illumi-

nated by this new knowledge. These are the very remarkable experiments made by Dr. Crawford of Belfast upon the medium Miss Goligher, and described in two successive books: "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" and "Experiments in Psychic Science."

Miss Goligher is a young lady of character and education, sprung from a decent Belfast family—a fact which has not prevented our opponents, in their desperate plight for an explanation, endeavoring without a shred of evidence to depict her as a systematic

clearly understood our descendants will, I think, be appalled as well as amused by some of the incidents which have been the outcome of our ignorance.

Dr. Crawford's experiments have been an explanation and a justification of the ordinary phenomena of the dark séance. No philosophical or unprejudiced mind could have failed to see that results which are always of the same type, whether the conditions be produced in Iceland or in Java, must have fixed laws underlying them. Our critics have continually bemused themselves by considering individual cases and failing to take a broad view of the cumulative evidence. Dr. Crawford makes every detail plain. He has even by staining with moist carmine a cloth in front of the medium got crimson marks at a distance, showing that the column of force as it pushed forward was solid enough to carry some of the staining agent with it. This is a particularly fine and convincing experiment.

THIS is but a very brief indication of the general line taken by this remarkable research. Once again a skeptic may say, "But this is physical power of some unknown type, and not an intelligence apart from the sitters."

A fuller knowledge, however, shows that at every stage there was a controlling intelligence, advising, directing and showing its wishes by a code of signals. Whose intelligence was it?

"I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the operators are discarnate human beings," says Dr. Crawford in his very latest work with all the results before him. I do not see how anyone else is in a position to go behind his own interpretation of the facts which he has himself made clear. He appears to have begun his investigation in the agnostic attitude, which is the ideal starting-point for the truly scientific mind; but he had the courage and adaptability which made him gain positive results instead of that endless round of experiments leading to no conclusion which is typical of so many psychical researchers.

SUCH then is the story of Madame Bisson, of Dr. Schrenck Notzing, of Dr. Geley, of Professor Crookes and of Dr. Crawford. Can it be laughed away? Is it not time after seventy years of ever-varying proof that such an attitude be abandoned?

But when it is abandoned, and when the conclusions have been accepted, what an eternity of ridicule is waiting for those solemn panjandrum of science, who have for so long held up their warning hands lest the public should believe the truth! The story of the Italian cardinals and Galileo will seem reasonable when compared with the attitude of Victorian science to this invasion of the beyond.

Of the theologians I say nothing, for that is another aspect of the matter and they have only lived up to their own record; but material science, which made mock of mesmerism until for very shame it has to change its name to hypnotism before acknowledging it, had a sad reckoning before it in the case of spiritualism. The fear is lest the reaction go too far, and in contemplating its colossal blunder we may forget or underrate the thousand additions which it has made to the comfort of the human race.

Be this as it may, who can read the facts here quoted and doubt that in those mists and shadows which I have described as hanging round the uncharted coast we have at least one solid, clear-cut cape which juts out into the sunshine? Behind, however, lies a hinterland of mystery which successive generations of pioneers will be called upon to explore.

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The Bad Man

(Continued from page 43)

HARDY—Who's this woman, and what's she busting into this for?

Smith (shrilly)—I'll tell you who she is (pointing to Lucia). She's his wife (indicating Pell). But she loves him (pointing to Gilbert). That's why.

Gilbert (appealing to Pell)—You don't believe it! You can't believe it.

Pell (ignoring Gilbert and turning to his wife)—This gentle old soul has said that our friend loves you and that you love him. Is it true?

Gilbert (interrupting)—You mean to say you took that seriously?

Pell (coldly)—I am talking to my wife. (To Lucia) Well, I am waiting. Do you love him?

Lucia (in a low voice)—No.

Pell (turning to Gilbert)—Do you love her?

Gilbert—Certainly not.

Pell (sneering)—You're a couple of rotten liars. . . . Lucia herself has admitted it.

Gilbert (not understanding)—Admitted it?

Pell—By everything she has said and done today. My dear fellow, God knows I am no prude. But there are limits to what any husband can endure.

Gilbert (stunned by the implication)—You don't think that—

Pell—I know what I would have done, in your place and with your opportunities.

Gilbert (angrily)—We're not all as rotten as you are.

Pell (coldly)—Nor as discreet, it seems. . . . I'd like to talk with my wife alone, if you don't mind.

Smith (as he goes off with the rest in his wheel-chair)—Thank God I ain't his wife! That's all I got to say!

Lucia (turning to meet her husband's stern, searching gaze)—What is it? What are you going to do?

Pell (in a hard voice)—Kiss me.

Lucia (puzzled)—What?

Pell (sternly)—You heard.

Lucia (raising her lips)—But I—

Pell (sneering)—I don't want to kiss you. I want you to kiss me. (Lucia covers away from him.) Some women could have done it. But not you, my dear. . . . (Bitterly) So. That's it. And I stand blindly by while you and he—

Lucia (quietly)—No.

Pell (working himself up into a fury)—Do you think I am a fool? Or that you are more than human? You've had your turn. (He seizes her wrists.) Now it's mine!

Lucia (terrified)—What are you going to do?

Pell—What I once saw another sensible husband do under these circumstances. (Brandishing a spur) Horses don't know whom they belong to. So they are branded. There is no reason why women equally as ignorant shouldn't be similarly treated. (Maddened with jealousy, he forces Lucia back across a table and raises the spur to mark her face—when Pancho Lopez, the Mexican bandit, appears in the doorway.)

Lopez (covering Pell with his huge revolver)—Hold up your hands. . . . You are my prisoner!

PANCHO LOPEZ, standing nonchalantly there in the doorway covering Pell and Lucia with his gun, is none other than the famous Mexican bandit who has been playing hide and seek with the Americans across the Mexican border for months. But the good-natured grin on his face betrays his deeds—for he straightway rounds up all the men on the ranch and sets Pedro, his trusted "soldado," to look after them. Then he orders the women brought in. Lucia and Angela—all the women that there are on the ranch—come in, trembling with fear, though Angela in spite of her terror finds the adventure "thrilling!"

LOPEZ (sadly)—What a pity! Only two women! (Looking at Lucia with evident admiration) You come here.

Angela (eagerly)—You mean me?

Lopez—No. . . . You!

Lucia (advancing slowly, fearfully)—Why do you want me?

Lopez (looking at her appraisingly)—I would look at you. Turn around. 'Ow old are you?

Lucia (after a rebellious pause)—Twenty-four.

Lopez (regretfully)—Ees pretty old. Let me see your teeth.

Lucia—My teeth!

Lopez (nodding)—Sí. 'Ow much weigh?

Lucia—I don't know exactly.

Lopez—What's your name?

Lucia—Lucia.

Lopez (pleased)—Lucia. Ees nice name. Come 'ere. Come 'ere! I would see more of you. (Beaming upon her approvingly) Not

bad. 'Ow you like to go wiz me to Mexico?

Lucia (hastily)—I'm married.

Lopez (comfortingly)—We will not take ze 'osband. Just you and me. We go to ze bull fight. I rob ze jewelry store for you. We get plenty drunk. Sure! I show you 'ell of a good time. Well, 'ow you say? (Surprised that Lucia demurs) Didn't nobody ever offer you good time before? You 'ave been married all your life wiz one man?

Lucia—Yes.

Lopez (pityingly)—My, what a rotten life

until zere ees nossing left what you want to do! For me New York can go to 'ell just as soon as she damn' please!

Angela (eyes fairly popping, ecstatically)—Oh, Mr. Bandit!

Lopez—I was not spik to you.

Angela (hopefully)—But you're not cross with me, are you?

Lopez—I am not cross wiz you! Ees zat you annoy me. (Smacks his broad palm against her face and pushes her easily and lightly off her chair.)



"Women that don't know whom they belong to have to be branded!"

you 'ave lead! (Happily) Ees not too late. I shall still save you! But you shall not thank me. Shall not be so damn' bad for me, too!

Lucia (pleading)—Please don't take me with you!

Lopez (astonished)—You don't wish to go? You mean you wish to stay married wiz one man?

Lucia—Yes.

Lopez—Never no life? Never no fun? If you was old, fat, zen perhaps. But young, beautiful! For why was you born if you no wish to live? Ees great honor to be took by Pancho Lopez into Mexico. Tell me, señora, 'ave you never been to a free country? Like Mexico for instance.

Lucia—Don't you call the United States a free country?

Lopez—The United— Bah! Ees the most unfree country what ees. Every man, every woman, ees slave—slave to law, slave to custom, slave to everying. You get up such time; eat such time; every day you work such time; every night go to bed such time; and, *Madre de Dios!* Every week you take a bath such time! And you call it a free country! Ees only one free country. Ees one in which does as he damn' please. Like Mexico.

Lucia—Haven't you any laws in Mexico?

Lopez (proudly)—We 'ave. Ze best. They are ze best because each man makes them for 'imself. Not like New York. Where everybody tells you what you can not do

Angela (furiously)—How dare you push my face!

Lopez (calmly)—You should keep your face to home. (Turning to Lucia with an ingratiating smile) We shall have big time together—at least for a little while. (Caressing her) You will not worry 'bout being married once you come wiz me.

Pell (who has been brought in with the rest of the men, guarded by Pedro—angrily)—Look here! That's my wife you're talking to—

Lopez—So? Ees nice wife—I like her. (Smiling amiably) You do not mind, do you? Ees all right. (Assuming a business-like manner) I shall ask ze question. You shall answer what I ask. And as ees my custom, anybody what does not tell the truth shall be quite suddenly shot.

Smith (from his wheel-chair)—Thank Gawd, I ain't got nothin' to lie about! I only hope he tells one. (Indicating Pell)

Lopez (turning to the invalid curiously)—You wish him to be shot?

Smith (promptly)—Absolutely. I should enjoy it tremendous.

Lopez (interest)—Why do you wish him to be shot so tremendous?

Smith—Because he come to skin us out of this place, gol darn him!

PANCHO LOPEZ, sympathetic at once, gets the whole story: how the loan-shark Hardy plans to foreclose the mortgage on the ranch at eight o'clock that night; how Pell expects to buy it in because he believes there's oil on it. "Now

listen, robber—I mean bandit," the invalid suggests hopefully from his wheel-chair. "You keep these fellows, and lend us \$10,000. 'I do not lend, I take,'" says the sympathetic bandit, and turning to Pell he robs him: \$10,000, hands it over to the delighted Hardy, then takes it away from the dumfounded loan shark to give it to Smith in his wheel-chair.

PELL—But I—

Lopez—You will please leesten more speak less. I 'ave decide. You I shall take for ransom. And as for you— (Turning to Lucia with a look of obvious satisfaction)

Lucia (timidly)—Yes?

Lopez (genly)—Life 'as been unkind to you. Too long 'ave you been marry wiz tired business man. You shall come wiz me to ze land of purple mountains, where I will love you myself, personal.

JUST as the party is plodding rebelliously off in the general direction of the Mexican border, Gilbert—who all this time has been the far end of the ranch—comes riding up only to be halted by the Bad Man! But suddenly Pancho Lopez lowers his gun and greets the astonished young rancher with delighted cries of "My frand! 'Ow glad I am for see you some more!" Then he remarks thoughtfully: "It's a 'ell of a good thing I rekerned you!" And Lopez joyfully reminds Gilbert of the night a few years ago when he had come upon him—then a poor peon bleeding to death from a wound—and had saved his life.

GILBERT (puzzled)—Yes, but I don't understand how you, a peon, become the Pancho Lopez so soon.

Lopez (proudly)—My frand—ees great opportunity in revolution for make speed. When I get well, I say for myself "What do?" Zen, of suddenly I sink, "I shall be so dadol!" Soldier which shall be give' ze 'ors ze gun, ze woman and nossing to do but shoot a little sometimes! Ees a wonderful life, my frand.

Gilbert (interestedly)—But how did you get ahead so fast? That's what sticks me.

Lopez (proudly)—Zat ees simple. You see one day, ze lieutenant she are killed. So become lieutenant. Nex' day, ze captain. So I am captain. Bimeby ze major—so become major. Pretty damn soon ze colonel—so I am colonel. I kill ze general for myself.

BUT when Pancho Lopez inquires how things have gone with Gilbert and learns that it is his benefactor's ranch that is being the day lost to the loan-shark and the Wall Street man, he proposes in his happy-go-lucky, confident fashion to "fix" things at once. "In one half-hour your trouble go pouf," he promises Gilbert, "and you shall be 'appy man!" "Bueno," he says to Pedro, "we begin. Bring 'em all in again!" And the file of prisoners is brought back. The shrewd invalid under the miracle-working bandit, announces that the mortgage is not the only thing that is troubling Gilbert. "He (pointing to Gilbert) loves her (pointing to Lucia)—but she's married to him (Pell)—and besides all this Angela is determined not to marry Red, the ranch foreman because she thinks she's in love with Gilbert!"

LOPEZ (ignoring everything but the statement that Lucia and Gilbert are in love, looks from one to the other)—So, it ees true.

Gilbert (embarrassed)—What makes you think so?

Lopez—It ees in her eyes—and yours. . . . I shall miss her. She ees very beautiful. However, what ees one woman between frands? (Jovially) You shall have her.

Smith—But he can't have her. She's married.

Lopez (undisturbed)—Ees too bad. But nossing to get excite' about. . . . (Turning to Angela) You make love to my frand, Señor Jones. And you have annoyed him in other ways. Leesten to me, señorita. 'Ow old are you?

Angela (pertly)—None of your business.

Lopez (with smiling good humor)—Twenty-eight? Twenty-nine?

Angela—Certainly not! I'm only twenty.

Lopez (thoughtfully)—In Mexico you would now be married five years—

Angela—What?

Lopez—Have six children.

Angela (furiously)—Oh!

Lopez—You are not pretty. . . . You will soon get fat.

Angela (stamping her foot with rage)—Oh!

Lopez—Like ze tub! . . . Also you 'ave ze bad temper.

Angela—Oh!

Lopez (with conviction)—So if you do not marry soon it will be too late.

Angela—What's that?

Lopez—Now my frand, he wish to marry with you. Why, I do not know.

Angela—Oh!

Lopez—Shall he come wiz me to Mexico will give him plenty wives, young, beautiful—

Angela—Oh!

Lopez—But he want you. And, so—

WHEREUPON Lopez tells Angela that she must marry Red or the shriveled old Mexican soldier, Pedro. Her choice is instant and decisive!

LOPEZ (turning to Red)—But remember this ees your wish—not mine. . . . Don't blame me. (To Lucia.) Now I shall come to you. You love my frand?

Lucia (in a low voice)—I am married.

Lopez (puzzled)—And because you are married, you can not spik of love? . . . Ees strange customs. Tell me, señora, what does your marriage service say?

Lucia—One promises to love, honor, and obey, in sickness and health, till death shall part.

Lopez—And yet you 'ave divorce. So zat, after 'aving promise to love, honor, and obey until death, you 'ave ze right to break our word because ze judge say you can?

Lucia—Y y-yes.

Lopez (suggesting what seems to him a simple and natural way out)—Well, why not break it yourself and save the trouble?

Lucia—It's the law.

Smith (affectionately)—I'll tell you why. She ain't got no money.

Lopez—So? Her 'usband? 'E 'as money?

Smith—Richer'n mud. He's worth millions, the big bum.

Lopez—Millions! Hm. (An idea takes possession of him.) Señora, tell me, does a widow in your country get any of 'er 'usband's money when 'e dies?

Hardy (promptly)—She gets it all—that is, if the husband hasn't made a will.

Lopez (to Pell, anxiously)—'Ave you? 'Ave you made a will?

Pell—No, damn you! But I'm going to, the first min—

Lopez (happily)—Good!

Pell (nervously)—What do you mean—good?

Lopez (ignoring him and turning to Lucia again)—Señora, your 'usband, 'e ees bad frand for you. 'E beat you, sometime?

Lucia—Why do you think that?

Lopez—I 'ave known ladies what are beaten. It ees in ze eyes—as in dogs and horses. Si. I sink your 'usband a evil man.

Pell (interrupting angrily)—By God, I've had enough of this!

Lopez (benignantly)—Do not worry. You are about through. (Regretfully) I could 'ave taken you wiz me for ransom—helluva big ransom—a million dollar.

Pell—You aren't going to hold me for ransom?

Lopez—No. (He sends everybody but Pell away.) . . .

Pell (frightened but incredulous)—What are you going to do?

Lopez (shortly)—Kill you.

Pell (in horror)—Kill me! You—you're joking.

Lopez (impatiently)—Do I look like ze joker? I do not like you. Nobody like you. Alive, you are no good. Dead, you make two people which I love 'appy.

Pell (sneeringly)—Oh, I see! You would kill me so that my wife can marry him?

Lopez (simply)—Si, señor.

Pell (eagerly)—If that's all, I'll give her a divorce.

Lopez (unbelievably)—You weel give 'er a divorce?

Pell—Yes. Then she can marry him. Don't you see? If that's all you want—he can have her. I'll give her to him! I will! I swear I will!

Lopez (contemptuously)—I would look at you once before I shoot.

Pell—I'm an American citizen!

Lopez—I 'ave kill' many American citizens.

Pell—My government will pursue you!

Lopez (mildly)—Your government will watchfully wait. We kill American citizen. Your government write us beautiful letter about it. . . . But we have waste time.

Pell—But, for God's sake, you wouldn't do that! You couldn't! Without even a chance for my life! At least fight me fair! Give me a gun, too!

Lopez (in amazement)—Give you a gun!

Pell—Yes! Give me a chance!

Lopez (much amused)—I shall never understand ze American idea. I give you a gun, you say!



FRANCES CARSON—lost in the wilds of upper Canada just two weeks before she was due to make her appearance on Broadway as the delectable Lucia in "The Bad Man." Miss Carson slipped off for a real vacation and when "The Bad Man" was suddenly put into rehearsal it took her titled husband (Miss Carson's visiting cards read "Countess della Boiardi") and a native guide just three days to find her blithely nibbling bacon beside a camp-fire. Miss Carson lost no time but, via handcars and a lumber railroad, hustled straight back to civilization and a Broadway success with Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man."

Pell—Yes! That's the least you can do!

Lopez—But if I should give you a gun, you might shoot me wiz it.

Pell—You won't?

Lopez—I am no damn' fool.

Pell (groveling at his feet)—You're going to kill me? No! For the love of God, don't! Spare me! For God's sake spare me! I'll do anything—go anywhere! He can have her! You can have her! Her, and all my money, if only you'll spare my life!

Lopez—I did not know zat even a dog could be so yellow. I do not 'unt rabbits. (Calling his soldado) You kill him, Pedro. (The Mexican shoots from the doorway and Pell drops). It ees a good deed. He was evil man. (The rest of the party come rushing in.)

Red (unbelievably)—You've killed him!

Lopez (exultantly)—I 'ave. Most enjoyishly.

Gilbert (bending over the body)—He's dead. (Horror-stricken) But don't you see what you've done?

Lopez (defensively)—'Ave I not keep my promise? 'Ave I not make you in one little

hour, a 'appy man? Are you not rich? 'Ave you not ze beautiful lady to love like 'ell yourself personal?

Gilbert (groaning)—You killed him! You've put a barrier between us.

Lopez (disgustedly)—Ees no way for pliz you. If I do not kill ze 'osband, ees all wrong! If I do kill ze 'osband ees all wrong! Say, what ze 'ell shall I do wiz ze damn 'osband, anyway?

BUT Lopez has no opportunity to do any more "fixing." The Texas rangers are on his trail, and he makes a hasty departure, and the news comes back that he has been captured. Almost immediately Pell raises himself, with considerable effort, from the floor and speaks to his startled wife.

PELL—My dear, I regret to disappoint you. But aside from a slight pain in my head I was never better in my life!

THE injured husband appears to be strangely indifferent to Lucia's love for Gilbert. "You can do as you like," he tells her. "I've no objection." But Gilbert is too wise to take Pell at his word. "You're lying," he declares. "I don't blame you for thinking so," the injured man retorts, "—but you haven't been shot today. You should try it sometime. It changes one's viewpoint surprisingly!" But the moment a chance to cover the unwary Gilbert with a gun comes Pell's way, his whole attitude changes.

PELL (furiously)—Make a fool out of me, will you, you—

Lucia (terrified)—He means it, Gilbert!

Pell (sardonically)—Our wife is right! It isn't killing that I mind. It's being killed that I object to. (He aims at Gilbert, and Lucia throws herself between them.) The unwritten law works in Arizona as well as other places. Get away from him.

Lucia—I won't.

Pell—All right. Then take what's coming to you and you go to hell together!

AT THAT instant Lopez appears in the doorway, takes in the situation at a glance, aims, and fires.

PELL—What the devil— (Falls.)

Lopez—Santa Maria del Rio de Guadalupe! 'Ow many time I got for kill you today, any'ow? Now maybe you stay dead awhile, ay? (Turning to Lucia and Gilbert with great satisfaction.) You all right some more, ay?

Gilbert (shaken)—I guess so. . . . I—I thought you were captured!

Lopez (amused)—I should be capture by zem damn' Ranger? Ees a idea! No, no! Long time I 'ave fix zat. Ees idea I get from ze moving pitchers.

Gilbert—But how? How do you work it?

Lopez—I pick from my men ze best rider. I make 'im for look like me. So when ze Ranger wish for chase me, 'e go while I

remain be'ind. It save me moch exercise. (Looking at Gilbert curiously and pointing to the dead man) Why you no kill 'im yourself? You got ze gun.

Gilbert—I—I couldn't.

Lopez—Ees ze difference from us three—me, you and 'im. You ees afraid for kill. 'E was afraid for die. Me, I am afraid for neizer! Now zen, what you do, ay?

Gilbert—I don't know. We've got to go somewhere

Lopez—No. You shall stay right 'ere in your 'ome, sweet 'ome.

Gilbert—But I've lost the place. It's after eight.

Lopez—No. For at half-past six thirty what I do? I tell you. When I am chase by ze Ranger what I fellow, I think for myself eight o'clock she soon come. Suppose mortgage of my frand she meet wiz accident? Would never do! So I goes and pays 'er myself! (Holds out paper proudly.) Ees recipe!

Gilbert (dumfounded)—But where did you get the money?

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Lopez—Ees all right.

Gilbert—Where did you get it?

Lopez—I rob ze bank. I am become business man what are tired myself! I take ze money to lawyer what are frand for me. 'E go to ze judge what 'ave come 'ome plenty drunk. 'E tell ze judge you send 'im for pay ze mortgage. Judge say sure and 'and 'im recipe. Ees all right.

Gilbert—But I—must pay him back.

Lopez—I 'ave plenty money. I give you ten sousand dollars which you can send back should you be so foolish. But (pointing to Lucia) 'as not a million dollar from ze 'usband what I kill?

Lucia (shrinking away in horror)—Oh!

Gilbert—You don't think we'd touch one penny of that, do you?

Lopez—Ze law ees give it to you.

Gilbert (protesting)—The law!

Lopez (making his point)—Ees it possible all ze law what you love ees not so damn wise, after all? However, it makes no never mind. You shall still be rich, any'ow. I shall send back all ze cattle what I steal from you. And plenty more what I shall steal for you myself personal. Now zen, ees all right? You 'ave ze money, ze lady, everyzing.

Gilbert—But have I? (uncertainly)—May be sometime. By and by—

Lopez (losing patience)—If she ees all right for by and by, why the hell ees she all wrong now? . . . You will not take her? Well, zen I take her. All day I 'ave want 'er. Ees ze first time in my life when I want woman all day and not—as favor I give her to you. Now, since you too damn' big fool not to take 'er yourself, I take 'er myself and what you know about 'im?

Gilbert—Wait a minute! You mean this?

Lopez—Everybody sink I am joker today. (Starts to lay hands on Lucia.)

Gilbert (pulling his revolver)—I'm damned if you do! All day you've been trying to make me do things your way. I've had enough. This Mexican stuff may be all right in your country, but it won't go here!

Lopez (uncertainly)—You will not shoot.

Gilbert (with determination)—I will—if I must.

Lopez (joyful because his ruse has worked so well)—Oh, the wolf in the sheep's overcoat. (Embracing Gilbert.) Ah, my frand! I 'ave make ze man from you at last. Fine man what would kill for his woman.

Gilbert—I would have killed you.

Lopez—I know. It makes me very 'appy. For at last you 'ave become ze man of intelli-

gence. You could not leave 'er go now could you?

Gilbert—No.

Lopez (gently)—You not question the what you call Destiny, do you?

Gilbert—No! (Holds his arm out for Lucia who comes to him gratefully, happily.)

Lopez—Zen for you I am Destiny, to be 'ell. Well, no more of that—I must go to leave you to live and love. No, you sh not thank me. Ees I shall thank you, here in your quiet home you 'ave give me most peaceful day I have spend in year. Ees 'appy day for you—ees 'appy day for her—ees 'appy day for me. Pedro, Escavio, you will name the baby for me sometime—Pancho—Panchita—not the first one, perhaps—but maybe by and by—later. Adios, my friends—and may you always be as happy like what I have made you.

The Valley of Silent Men

(Continued from page 45)

He saw the shuddering tremor that swept through the shoulders of the girl who was putting down the condemning notes.

"And you refuse to confess your motive?"

"Absolutely—except that he had wronged me in a way that deserved death."

"And you make this confession, knowing that you are about to die?"

The flicker of a smile passed over Kent's lips. He looked at O'Connor and for an instant saw in O'Connor's eyes a flash of their old comradeship.

"Yes. Dr. Cardigan has told me. Otherwise I should have let the man in the guard-house hang."

MORE than half convinced, Kent's comrades agree to accept his grim confession, especially since Kent can not possibly live to suffer the usual punishment. Left alone with his thoughts, the sick man wonders dreamily how many hours of life are left him. But he faces death without fear and without sharp regret—a man who loved life passionately, and who fought for it, yet who is ready—at the last—to yield it up without a whimper when the Fates ask for it. So the hours pass in reverie—interrupted by brief visits from the doctor with his stethoscope—till Kent is roused again by the visit of his loyal friend and trail-mate, Sergeant O'Connor.

"I—WELL—I'm breaking regulations to come up an' tell you something, Jimmy. I never called you a liar in my life, but I'm calling you one now!"

He was gripping Kent's hands in the fierce clasp of a friendship that nothing could kill. Kent winced, but the pain of it was joy.

"I don't know what the others saw, when you were making that confession, Kent. Mebbe my eyesight was better because I spent a year and a half with you on the trail. You were lying. What's your game, old man?"

Kent groaned. "Have I got to go all over it again?" he appealed. . . . "If you don't believe a dying man's word—you haven't much respect for death, have you?"

"That's the theory on which the law works, but sometimes it ain't human. Confound it, man, did you?"

"Yes."

O'Connor sat down and with his fingernails pried open the box of cigars. "Mind if I smoke with you?" he asked. "I need it. I'm shot up with unexpected things this morning. Do you care if I ask you about the girl?"

"The girl!" exclaimed Kent. He sat up straighter, staring at O'Connor.

The staff-sergeant's eyes were on him with questioning steadiness. "I see—you don't know her," he said, lighting his cigar. "Neither do I. Never saw her before. That's why I'm wondering about Inspector Kedsty. I tell you, it's queer. . . ."

O'CONNOR goes on to tell how he and Kedsty, on their way back to headquarters after Kent's confession, were confronted by a remarkably lovely girl who appeared as if by magic out of the depths of the forest, stared at Kedsty for a prolonged instant, and then passed on without a word, leaving the inspector white and shaken. And the first thing that Kedsty did after his encounter with the girl was to give

orders that McTrigger, the man still held prisoner in the guardhouse, be released at once! But long before O'Connor finds out anything about the mystery-girl and her strange power over Kedsty, Kent, waiting quietly for death, is much surprised to receive a visit from the girl herself!

THE latch moved slowly, and with its movement came a gentle tap on the panel.

"Come in," Kent said.

The next instant he was staring. The girl

had entered and closed the door behind her.

For a space it seemed to Kent that he saw nothing but those wonderful, dispassionate eyes looking at him. Then he saw the rest of her—her amazing hair, her pale, exquisite face, the slimness and beauty of her as she stood with her back to the door, one hand still resting on the latch. He had never seen anything quite like her. He might have guessed that she was eighteen, or twenty, or twenty-two. Her hair, wreathed in shim-

mering, velvety coils from the back to the crown of her head, struck him as it had struck O'Connor, an unbelievable. The glory of it gave her an appearance of height which she did not possess, for she was not tall, and her slimness added to the illusion. . . .

"YES—you are different," she spoke softly, as if expressing the thought to herself. "That is what I came to find out, if you were different. You are dying?"

"My God—yes—I'm dying!" gasped Kent. "According to Dr. Cardigan I'm due to pop off this minute. Aren't you a little nervous, sitting so near to a man who's ready to explode while you're looking at him?"

For the first time the eyes changed. She was not facing the window, yet a glow like the glow of sunlight flashed into them, soft, luminous, almost laughing.

"No, it doesn't frighten me," she assured him. "I have always thought I should like to see a man die—not quickly, like drowning or being shot, but slowly, an inch at a time. But I shouldn't like to see you die."

"I'm glad," breathed Kent. "It's a great satisfaction to me."

"It's too bad you are going to die. I'm sure we should have been good friends. Aren't you?"

"Yes, very sure. If you had only arrived sooner—"

"And I shall always think of you as a different kind of man-beast," she interrupted him. "It is really true that I shouldn't like to see you die. I want to get away before it happens. Would you care to have me kiss you?"

For an instant Kent felt that his aorta was about to give way. "I—I would," he gasped, huskily.

"Then—close your eyes, please."

He obeyed. She bent over him. He felt the soft touch of her hands and caught for an instant the perfume of her face and hair, and then the thrill of her lips pressed warm and soft upon his.

She was not flushed or embarrassed when he looked at her again. It was as if she had kissed a baby and was wondering at its red face. "I've only kissed three men before you," she avowed. "It is strange. I never thought I should do it again. And now, good-by!" She moved quickly to the door.

"Wait!" he cried plaintively. "Please wait. I want to know your name. It is—"

"Radisson," she finished for him. "Marguerite Radisson, and I come from away off there, from a place we call the Valley of Silent Men." She was pointing into the north.

"The North!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is far north. Very far."

Her hand was on the latch. The door opened slowly.

"Wait," he pleaded again. "You must not go."

"Yes, I must go. I have remained too long. I am sorry I kissed you. I shouldn't have done that. But I had to because you are such a splendid liar!"

The door opened quickly and closed behind her. He heard her steps almost running down the hall, where not long ago he had listened to the last of O'Connor's.

And then there was silence, and in that

BOOKS PEOPLE TALK ABOUT

"THE Valley of Silent Men," the new James Oliver Curwood novel which has captured the interest of well-informed people everywhere, is presented in convenient, shortened form as the "Book of the Month" in Hearst's (see page 45). Besides "The Valley of Silent Men"—which not only leads the best sellers but already appears on The Bookman's list of books most in demand at public libraries throughout the whole United States—there are at least three other outstanding new novels which you can not afford to miss. Sir Gilbert Parker's "No Defence"—the great Canadian's first novel in four years—recounts the triumphant adventures of Dyck Calhoun, a defiant young Irish gentleman who, held on a false charge of murder, pleads "no defence" and bolts to become a common seaman and a leading spirit in the mutiny at the Nore—all for the sake of beautiful Sheila Llyn. Alongside Sir Gilbert's delightfully irresponsible romance of adventure—which might well have been written for the movies—we have two serious American novels of rare distinction: "The Age of Innocence," by Edith Wharton (who wrote "The House of Mirth"); and "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis. Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence" presents the New York of the early Seventies, when the social life centered about the high-ceilinged, white-walled drawing-rooms of Madison Avenue, and when folk drove to the opera in leisurely fashion in their own carriages and lamented because they lived in such a constant rush! Across this background of oppressive hospitality and discreet silences moves Ellen Olenska, like a flash of brilliant, exotic color. To answer the challenge of her, one rebellious youth emerges, struggles to fling off the bondage of convention, to know life as it is. Written with exquisite skill and delicate humor, Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence" is a rare achievement in the field of American fiction. That same sincerity of purpose which Mrs. Wharton brings to her portrayal of urban life of the Seventies, Sinclair Lewis brings to "Main Street," a story of small-town life of our own generation, and of eager Carol Kennicott from the "Twin Cities," who married big Will Kennicott, the village doctor, and came to Gopher Prairie to live. Struggling with persistent hopefulness against the deadly inertia of a small town, Carol stands, in this tale of honest and sometimes harsh realism, for the Carol Kennicotts of all small towns, just as "Main Street" must stand as the record of many another small—and large—American town. For all of us who like to read about ourselves, "Main Street" will have an inevitable and well-justified appeal!

silence he heard her words again, drumming like little hammers in his head, "Because you're such a splendid liar!"

AND only after Marette closes the door behind her does Kent realize that he, the coolest man on the force next to Inspector Kedsty himself, has been beaten by a girl! Marette has one—and Kent knows nothing of her mission here, or of her whereabouts.

FOR a long time Kent lay thinking about her, and it struck him as incongruous and a bad taste that fate should have left this adventure for his last. If he had met her six months ago—or even three—it was probable that she would so have changed the events of his life for him that he would not have got the half-breed's bullet in his chest. He confessed the thing unblushingly. The wilderness had taken the place of woman for him. It had claimed him, body and soul. He had desired nothing beyond its wild freedom and its ever-ending games of chance. He had dreamed, as every man dreams, but realities and not the dreams had been the red pulse of his life. And yet, if this girl had come sooner—

"If I had lived—I would have called you—Quebec. It's pretty, that name. It sounds for a lot. And so do you."

And out in the hall, as Kent whispered those words, stood Father Layonne, with a face that was whiter than the mere presence of death had ever made it before. At his side stood Cardigan, aged ten years since he had placed his stethoscope at Kent's chest that morning.

FOR Cardigan had made one of those unfortunate mistakes that even the best of doctors sometimes make. Kent's wound now shows signs of proving fatal, and the man to whom Cardigan had promised not more than three days of life at most, and who has made death-bed confession that will send him to the hangman, is getting better. It is the little missionary who is chosen to break the news to Kent.

JIMMY," said the missionary quickly, but a bit huskily, "has it ever occurred to you that Doctor Cardigan may be mistaken?" He had taken one of Kent's hands. His lip tightened. It began to hurt. And then, looking into his eyes, found his brain at once like a black room suddenly illuminated by a flash of fire. Drop by drop, the blood went out of his face until it was whiter than Father Layonne's.

"You—you don't—mean—" "Yes, yes, boy, I mean just that," said the missionary, in a voice so strange that it did not seem to be his own. "You are not going to live, Jimmy. You are going to live!"

"Live!" Kent dropped back against his pillows. "Live!" His lips gasped the one word.

He closed his eyes for an instant, and it seemed to him that the world was aflame. He repeated the word again, but only his lips formed it, and there came no sound. His senses, strained to the breaking-point to meet the ordeal of death, gave way slowly to a mighty reaction. He felt in those moments like a reeling man. He opened his eyes, and there was a meaningless green haze rough the window where the world should have been. But he heard Father Layonne's voice. It seemed a great distance off, but was very clear. Doctor Cardigan had made an error, it was saying. And Doctor Cardigan, because of that error, was like a man whose heart had been taken out of him.

He must not blame Cardigan! Those last words pounded like an endless series of little hammers in Kent's brain. He must not blame Cardigan! He laughed, laughed before his senses readjusted themselves, before the world through the window pieced itself to shape again.

Things were coming clearer. Like a bolt of lightning into its groove his brain found itself. He saw Father Layonne again, with his white nose face and eyes in which were still seated fear and the horror he had seen in the doorway. It was not until then that he slipped fully at the truth.

"I—I see," he said. "You and Cardigan ink it would have been better if I had died!" The missionary was still holding his hand. "I don't know, Jimmy; I don't know. What's happened is terrible."

"But not so terrible as death," cried Kent, suddenly growing rigid against his pillows. "Great God, mon père, I want to live! Oh!" He snatched his hand free and stretched forth both arms to the open window. "Look it out there! My world again! My world! I want to go back to it. It's ten times more precious to me now than it was. Why should

I blame Cardigan? Mon père—mon père—listen to me. I can say it now, because I've got a right to say it. I lied. I didn't kill John Barkley!"

A strange cry fell from Father Layonne's lips. It was a choking cry, a cry, not of rejoicing, but of a grief-strung thing. "Jimmy!"

"I swear it! Great heaven, mon père, don't you believe me?"

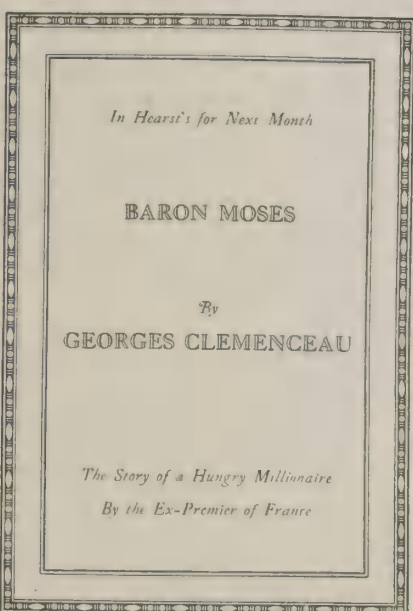
The missionary had risen. In his eyes and face was another look. It was as if in all his life he had never seen James Kent before. It was a look born suddenly of shock, the shock of amazement, of incredulity, of a new kind of horror. Then swiftly again his countenance changed, and he put a hand on Kent's head.

"God forgive you, Jimmy," he said. "And God help you, too!"

THEN it is that Kent sees clearly the whole monstrous situation. Even if he escapes the hangman, he is still a criminal of the worst sort. If he can prove that he did not kill John Barkley, he will convict himself of having sworn to a lie on what he supposed was his death-bed. And for that, a possible twenty years in the Edmonton penitentiary! That, or hang! And Kedsty, to whom Kent turns for help, swears that he has no slightest reason to disbelieve Kent's own confession, and orders the convalescent shut up in the guardhouse.

IN THE afternoon of the seventh day came a depressing gloom. It was filled with a drizzling rain. Hour after hour this drizzle kept up, thickening as the night came. Kent ate his supper by the light of a cell lamp. By eight o'clock it was black outside. In that blackness there was an occasional flash of lightning and rumble of thunder. On the roof of the barracks the rain beat steadily and monotonously.

His watch was in his hand—it was a quarter after nine o'clock, when he heard the door at the far exit of the hall open and close. He had heard it a dozen times since supper and paid no attention to it, but this time it was



followed by a voice at the detachment office that hit him like an electrical shock. Then, a moment later, came low laughter. It was a woman who laughed.

He stood up. He heard the detachment office door close, and silence followed. The watch in his hand seemed ticking off the seconds with frantic noise. He shoved it into his pocket and stood staring out into the prison alcove. A few minutes later the office door opened again. This time it was not closed. He heard distinctly a few light, hesitating footsteps, and his heart seemed to stop its beating. They came to the head of the lighted alcove, and for perhaps the space of a dozen seconds there was silence again. Then they advanced.

Another moment, and Kent was staring through the bars into the glorious eyes of Marette Radisson!

IN THAT moment Kent did not speak. He made no sound. He gave no sign of welcome, but stood in the middle of his cell, staring. If life had hung upon speech in those few seconds, he would have died, but everything he would have said, and more, was in his face. The girl must have seen it. With her two hands she was gripping at the bars of the cell and looking through at him. Kent saw that her face was pale in the lamp glow. In that pallor her violet eyes were like

pools of black. The hood of her dripping raincoat was thrown partly back, and against the whiteness of her cheeks her hair glistened wet, and her long lashes were heavy with the rain.

Kent, without moving over the narrow space between them, reached out his hands and found his voice. "Marette!"

Her hands had tightened about the bars until they were bloodless. Her lips were parted. She was breathing quickly, but she did not smile; she made no response to his greeting, gave no sign even of recognition. What happened after that was so sudden and amazing that his heart stopped dead still. Without warning she stepped back from the cell and began to scream and then drew away from him, still facing him and still screaming, as if something had terrified her.

Kent heard the crash of a chair in the detachment office, excited voices, and the running of feet. Marette Radisson had withdrawn to the far corner of the alcove, and as Carter and Pelly ran toward her, she stood, a picture of horror, pointing at Kent's cell. The two constables rushed past her. Close behind them followed the special officer detailed to take Kent to Edmonton.

Kent had not moved. He was like one petrified. Close up against the bars came the faces of Pelly, Carter, and the special constable, filled with the expressions of men who had expected to look in upon tragedy. And then, behind their backs, Kent saw the other thing happen. Swift as a flash Marette Radisson's hand went in and out of her raincoat, and at the backs of the three men she was leveling a revolver! Not only did Kent see that swift change, but the still swifter change that came into her face. Her eyes shot to his just once, and they were filled with a laughing, exultant fire. With one mighty throb Kent's heart seemed to leap out through the bars of his prison, and at the look in his face and eyes Carter swung suddenly around.

"Please don't make any disturbance, gentlemen," said Marette Radisson. "The first man that makes a suspicious move, I shall kill!"

Her voice was calm and thrilling. It had a deadly ring in it. The revolver in her hand was held steadily. It was a slim-barreled, black thing. The very color of it was menacing. And behind it were the girl's eyes, pools of flame. The three men were facing them now, shocked to speechlessness. Automatically they seemed to obey her command to throw up their hands. Then she leveled her grim little gun straight at Pelly's heart.

"You have the key," she said. "Unlock the cell!" Pelly fumbled and produced the key. She watched him closely. Then suddenly the special constable dropped his arms with a coarse laugh. "A pretty trick," he said, "but the bluff won't work!"

"Oh, but it will!" came the reply. The little black gun was shifted to him, even as the constable's fingers touched his revolver holster. With half-smiling lips, Marette's eyes blazed at him.

"Please put up your hands," she commanded.

THE constable hesitated; then his fingers gripped the butt of his gun. Kent, holding his breath, saw the almost imperceptible tensing of Marette's body and the wavering of Pelly's arms over his head. Another moment and he, too, would have called the bluff if it were that. But that moment did not come. From the slim, black barrel of the girl's revolver leaped forth a sudden spurt of smoke and flame, and the special constable lurched back against the cell bars, caught himself as he half fell, and then stood with his pistol arm hanging limp and useless at his side. He had not made a sound, but his face was twisted in pain.

"Open the cell door!"

A second time the deadly-looking little gun was pointed straight at Pelly's heart. The half-smile was gone from the girl's lips now. Her eyes blazed a deeper fire. She was breathing quickly, and she leaned a little toward Pelly, repeating her command. The words were partly drowned in a sudden crash of thunder. But Pelly understood. He saw her lips form the words, and half heard:

"Open the door, or I shall kill you!"

He no longer hesitated. The key grated in the lock, and Kent himself flung the door wide open and sprang out. He was quick to see and seize upon opportunity and swift to act. The astounding audacity of the girl's ruse, her clever acting in feigning horror to lure the guards up at the cell door and the thrilling decisiveness with which she had used the little black gun in her hand set every drop of blood in his body afire. No sooner was he outside his cell than he was the old Jim Kent fighting man. He whipped Carter's auto



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matic out of its holster and, covering Pelly and the special constable, relieved them of their guns. Behind him he heard Marette's voice, calm and triumphant:

"Lock them in the cell, Mr. Kent!"

He did not look at her, but swung his gun on Pelly and the special constable, and they backed through the door into the cell. Carter had not moved. He was looking straight at the girl, and the little black gun was leveled at his breast. Pelly and the wounded man did not see, but on Carter's lips was a strange smile. His eyes met Kent's, and there was revealed for an instant a silent flash of comradeship and an unmistakable something else. Carter was glad! It made Kent want to reach out and grip his hand, but in place of that he backed him into the cell, turned the key in the lock, and with the key in his hand faced Marette Radisson. Her eyes were shining gloriously. He had never seen such splendid, fighting eyes, nor the birdlike swiftness with which she turned and ran down the hall, calling him to follow her.

YET, loving her and trusting her as he does, Kent can not help a gasp of startled dismay when Marette announces that they are to take refuge in the bungalow of Inspector Kedsty himself! There they will be safe, for a while at least, Marette assures him. For she intends to hide him in the room in Kedsty's bungalow in which—for some secret purpose of her own—she has for the last month been living. There is a reason, Marette tells Kent, why Kedsty has not dared to betray her presence, why he will not dare, even in his search for Kent, to cross her threshold. But what that reason is, she refuses to explain. Yet Kent's faith in Marette is not shaken: he consents to remain hidden in her room till their escape shall be easy and safe. When the sound of Kedsty's return calls Marette downstairs, Kent waits in quiet confidence for her return with news. He even dozes awhile—to waken suddenly with a sense of imminent danger. Stealthily he goes downstairs—and finds Marette bending over the dead body of Kedsty with a look of horror on her face. Without a word she turns, passes Kent, and goes upstairs, with the same look of stupefied horror. And Kent, after a brief struggle with himself, follows her. And that willingness of Kent's to take Marette on faith sends them, in flight together, to the river. Hurrying through the storm—which mercifully blots out their footsteps as soon as they are formed—Kent and Marette board the scow which a month ago had brought Marette southward on her mysterious errand. Once on the river which he knows and loves so well—borne swiftly northward on its current—Kent forgets the danger of pursuit, forgets the murder of Kedsty, and gives himself up to the miracle of Marette and their adventure together. Only when—far north—they face the dangerous waters of the Chute does trouble overtake them. The sweep of their scow snaps off short in the current, and they hear at the same instant the approaching put-put-put of a pursuing police-boat. They are wrecked in the Chute and Marette disappears in the terrific current. Kent, battered and bruised by the waters, is finally cast up, half dead, on the

shore. Yet he would so gladly have given up his life, now that Marette was lost to him. But an old white-haired half-breed takes him into the woods and nurses him—and a month later no one would recognize Kent as the one-time crack man of the N Division. Bearded, ragged, long-haired, he wanders, with no other purpose than to be alone and to get farther and farther from the river that robbed him of Marette. But as time goes on he feels a more and more imperious call northward—and, following the directions that Marette had given him, Kent searches for, and finds at last, the beautiful Valley of Silent Men.

IT WAS a man's voice he heard, calling through the twilight gloom a name. "Marette—Marette—Marette—"

Kent tried to cry out, but his breath came only in a gasp. He felt himself trembling. He reached out his arms, and a strange madness rushed like fire into his brain.

Again the voice called, "Marette—Marette—Marette—"

The cup in the valley echoed the name. It rolled softly up the mountainside. The air trembled with it, whispered it, passed it on—and suddenly the madness in Kent found voice, and he shouted: "Marette—Marette—"

He ran on. His knees felt weak. He shouted the name again, and the other voice was silent. Things loomed up out of the mist a head of him, between him and the glowing windows. Someone—two people—were advancing to meet him, doubtfully, wonderingly. Kent was staggering, but he cried the name again, and this time it was a woman's cry that answered, and one of the two came toward him swift as a flash of light.

Three paces apart they stood, and in that gloom of the after-twilight their burning eyes looked at each other, while for a space their bodies remained stricken in the face of this miracle of a great and merciful God.

The dead had risen. By a mighty effort Kent reached out his arms, and Marette swayed to him. When the other man came up, he found them crumpled to their knees on the earth, clasped like children in each others' arms. And as Kent raised his face, he saw that it was Sandy McTrigger who was looking down at him, the man whose life he had saved at Athabasca Landing.

Again Kent's brain was as clear as the day he faced death at the head of the Chute. And swift as a hot barb a fear leaped into

him as his eyes met the eyes of the girl. She was terribly changed. Her face was white with a whiteness that startled him. It was thin. Her eyes were great, slumbering pools of violet, almost black in the lamp-glow, and her hair—piled high on her head as he had seen it that first day at Cardigan's—added to the telltale pallor in her cheeks. A hand trembled at her throat, and its thinness frightened him. For a space—a flash of seconds—she looked at him as if possessed of the subconscious fear that he was not Jim Kent, and then slowly her arms opened, and she reached them out to him, and her two hands stole to Kent's cheeks in their old sweet way, and she whispered:

"Kiss me, Jeems—my Jeems—kiss me—"

IT IS from McTrigger that Kent hears at last the story of Marette and her connection with the crime at Athabasca Landing.

"MY BROTHER," said McTrigger chokingly. "I loved him. For forty years we were comrades. And Marette belonged to us, half and half. It was he—who killed—John Barkley." And then, after a moment in which McTrigger fought to speak steadily, he added, "And it was he—my brother—who also killed Inspector Kedsty."

For a matter of seconds there was a dead silence between them. McTrigger looked into the fireplace instead of at Kent. Then he said:

"He killed those men, but he didn't murder them, Kent. It couldn't be called that."

It was justice, single-man justice, without going to law. If it wasn't for Marette, I wouldn't tell you about it—not the horrible part of it. I don't like to bring it up in my memory. . . . It happened years ago. I was not married then, but my brother was ten years older than I and had a wife. I think that Marette loves you as Marie loved Donald. And Donald's love was more than that. It was worship. We came into the new mountain country, the three of us, even before the big strikes at Dawson and Bonanza. It was a wild country, a savage country, and there were few women in it, but Marie came with Donald. She was beautiful, with hair and eyes like Marette's. That was the tragedy of it.

"I won't tell you the details. They were terrible. It happened while Donald and I were out on a hunt. Three men—white men—remember that, Kent; white men—came out of the North and stopped at the cabin.

When we returned, what we found there drove us mad. Marie died in Donald's arms. And, leaving her there, alone, we set out after the white-skinned brutes who had destroyed her. Only a blizzard saved them, Kent. Their trail was fresh when the storm came. Had it held off another two hours, I, too, would have killed."

"From that day Donald and I became man-hunters. We traced the back-trail of the three fiends and discovered who they were. Two years later Donald found one of the three on the Yukon, and before he killed him he made him verify the name of the other two. It was a long search after that, Kent. It has covered thirty years."

McTrigger paused a moment, looking into Kent's eyes. "And then—one day Donald came in from Dawson City, terrible in his madness, and told us that he had found the men. One of them was John Barkley, the rich timber man, and the other was Kedsty, Inspector of Police at Athabasca Landing."

SO DONALD—McTrigger explains—had his vengeance. He had murdered Barkley, and had sworn his intention of killing Kedsty also. To prevent this last, Marette—his foster-daughter—and Sandy McTrigger hurried to Athabasca Landing, and Marette had taken up her abode in Kedsty's house, warn him of his danger and, if possible, persuade her "Uncle" Donald to give up his revenge. But in spite of her the madman had been able to carry out his plan. He had murdered Inspector Kedsty that night just an instant before Marette entered the room!

THERE came an interruption, the opening of a door. Anne McTrigger stood looking at them where a little time before she had disappeared with Marette. There was a glad smile in her face. Her dark eyes were glowing with a new happiness. First they rested on McTrigger's face, and then on Kent's.

"Marette is much better," she said in her soft voice. "She is waiting to see you, M'sieu Kent. Will you come now?"

Like one in a dream Kent went toward her.

She smiled at him again and reached out her hands. "Oh, I feel so strong! And I want to take you out now—and show you my valley—Jeems—our valley—yours and mine—in the starlight. Not tomorrow, Jeems, but tonight—now!"

Kent drew her close in his arms. "Who you are stronger," he whispered, "we will go over that hidden trail together, past the Watcher, toward Dawson. For it must be that over there—we will find—a mission, er—" He paused.

"Please go on, Jeems."

"And you will be—my wife."

"Yes, yes, Jeems—forever and ever!" Her arms crept up about his neck. And Kent looking up in this hour of his triumph and joy, believed that in the Watcher's face he caught for an instant the passing radiance of a smile.

The Lure of Love and Lucre

(Continued from page 53)

"Ruined! Ruined!" he cried. "You big, wall-eyed, blithering idiot! Don't you ever read the newspapers? Haven't you read how these oil swindlers are going all over town buncoing people? Good night! I'm through! Through! Through!"

"Where are you going?" cried his wife, stepping between him and the door.

He flung her aside and opened the door wide. "I'm through, I tell ye," he cried, fiercely. "I'm gonna borrow some money from Gallagher and go out West. Ye'll never see me again."

AFTER writing a description of an exhausting scene like this it is customary for the author to take a brief rest. Also the reader. Now, if you were writing a novel this scene would have to come at the end of a chapter. In a short story, however, you've got to use asterisks to make the pause effective. If they happen to be out of asterisks in the composing-room, a blank space will do just as well—even better, come to think of it, because it saves ink.

In our sample story three years now elapse. You can't use any more philosophy as a stall because you've used up your allotment already. What, then, is to be done to bridge over the hiatus?

Different authors prefer different methods. Some take a line from Shakespeare and play with it through a paragraph or two. Others select a short fable or some Oriental tale with a

hidden meaning. I, personally, prefer the weather dodge. Thus:

THREE years later! Spring had come and gone and come again. Nature was waking from her winter's slumber and all the air was filled with gladness. The rhododendron trees were in full bloom and myrtle and geranium bushes were sprouting into bewitching buds.

Do you get the idea? Just a little touch of botanical knowledge to please the suburbanites and a few glittering generalities about the sun, clouds, landscape, etc. It's quite an easy trick when you get the hang of it.

THERE was consternation in the office of the Standard Oil Company. Word had just come that the Great Eldorado oil fields were teeming with gushers. The Standard Oil Company had quietly bought up all the shares they could find at from two cents to one dollar a pound. They had heard that the powerful Royal Dutch Petroleum Company was doing the same.

The Standard Oil Company lacked exactly 800 shares of a majority. The directors were now in session waiting for the report of the detective who had been sent to locate the missing 800 shares.

The detective entered the directors' room.

He was a little man with a shrewd face. The directors crowded around him. He lighted a cigarette.

"The missing shares are in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Smith, No. 862 Cherry Street," he said, calmly. "Do you want me to buy them from her?"

"No," cried the chairman of the executive committee. "We can afford to take no risks. I will go myself."

A limousine automobile carried him swiftly to No. 862 Cherry Street. To his horror he beheld another limousine which had evidently just drawn up in front of the house. In fact, he could see the coat-tails of its owner disappearing into the doorway. It was Herr Hoot van Het of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company. The Standard Oil director raced up the stairs after him—Mrs. Smith lived on the top floor, rear—and overtook him at her door. They flew through the doorway, neck and neck.

MRS. SMITH was gently peeling potatoes. Her daughter, in a bright red kimono, lay sprawled upon a couch, chewing gum.

"I will give you a million dollars for your oil shares!" cried the Standard Oil director.

"I gif two million," cried the Dutchman.

"Three million!"

"Four million!"

"Fife million!"

"Six million!"

"Sefen million!"

Beads of perspiration stood upon the brow of the Standard Oil director. He knew that if he gave a check for more than seven million five hundred thousand dollars his account would be overdrawn. He determined to resort to strategy.

"Madam," he said, "let me explain the situation to you. I represent an American company and our friend here represents a foreign company. Would you not rather sell out to us for seven million, one hundred thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five dollars and perform a patriotic act for your native country than to let your stock go to a foreigner for a few paltry million dollars?"

"I should say I would!" declared Mrs. Smith, gently. "My grocer is a foreigner and yuddorter see the way he puts his thumb on the scale when he weighs the butter. ain't got no use for foreigners."

"Foiled!" hissed Herr Hoot van Het, he slunk from the room.

THE story, as you now see, has been brought to a happy ending. It is now necessary to go into all the details. Whether Mr. Smith came home when he learned of his wife's luck makes no difference to anyone but Mrs. Smith. The moral equities have been preserved by Mrs. Smith's gentleness being rewarded.

Some writers would have provided a poor honest lover for Maggie and have them off on a steam yacht on their honeymoon. Others would have her use her money to get a new trial for Harry and get him out of jail. That is entirely a matter of taste. I hope I have made the art of short-story writing perfectly clear. Just get up your own plot and go about it as I have indicated and you'll have no trouble. As for the merry

little jest which should come as a wind-up—you will find it when you try to induce an editor to pay real money for what you have written.

THEY were gambling for the woman whom they both loved—when Fate played them a strange trick. Watch for "The Man That Lost," by Bruno Lessing—in *Hearst's* for February.

Marriage?

(Concluded from page 40)

ore the close of the war. She had worked in a war hospital, caring for the wounded. During the last two weeks of her life she was conscious. Her spirit seemed to struggle for release from her body. In her unconsciousness, she poured out all the passionate love that was in her. Her words were full of exquisite longing. No one knew she hungered for love. She seemed so big and strong at men had passed her by, failing to realize that they had lost. This woman literally died because the passionate heart could no longer bear the rigid conduct exacted of the body. But there are not many with such a spirit. In England there are two million more women than men, on the continent at least five million more women than men. How many of these women will lead loveless lives? Certainly several million will not. An ill woman who gives up her freedom as a wage-earner to become only a mother. This the most capable women will not consent to do. And they will accept conventional relations.

AMERICA, where the number of men and women is approximately the same, there will not be the same upheaval. Here, the self-supporting women will have an opportunity to put their beliefs into practice. They will cling to their hard-won positions, and they will still demand a husband. This will result in unique marriages, in constant attempts to change marriage, without dissolving it. Already the wedding ceremony being altered. In a recent marriage a young couple drew up a contract and swore it before a magistrate. This document when filed makes a legal marriage in New York State. In the contract the young man and woman stated their beliefs. They did not promise to live together "till death us part"; they promised to live together as long as they loved each other. Another couple went through the conventional form in public, but had a private ceremony, which to them was the real one. Under a hemlock tree by a gay little brook, they read to each other their idea of union. They repudiated the old ritual. They said "I do" based on possession, and that marriage could not be based on possession, but on love and trust. They gave each other conditional freedom, but asked in exchange absolute integrity and honesty.

HERE are many other examples. The wedding ring is disappearing. Many men are keeping their own name. There for instance, the case of Fannie Hurst and Jacques Danielson, only lately in the newspapers. They have been married for years and live in separate apartments. Each his or her career is the thing of prime importance. Writing great stories and hammering out new compositions on the piano don't fit under the same roof, particularly the roof of the old-fashioned home. Then there is the case of George Middleton and La La Follette, who live in the same apartment, but have no children and carry on their individual activities. George Middleton says introduces his wife as Fola La Follette. He says: "Why should a woman give up her identity when she marries? A man doesn't." Or there is the case of a young woman who is an associate editor of a magazine, and whose husband is an executive secretary. This couple has a baby. The young woman keeps her own name. The baby bears both her name and the father's. The father and mother earn about the same income. They are equally in expenses. They also share responsibility for the baby and the home. One week Mother does the marketing and the other the baby; next week it is Father's turn.

IS out of such unique marriages rather than out of the unconventionality of Europe that the thing that is to take the place of the old-fashioned marriage will evolve. We get back to where we started. We

find the modern wage-earning woman wants complete union with the man she loves. She wants greater union than ever before. She wants union of body and mind and spirit.

To make home and children and this new marriage possible, domestic work will have to be completely reorganized. It will have to be put on a business basis. This does not mean less privacy in the house. It means more and greater privacy but the elimination of drudgery.

SUPPOSE a woman mayor falls in love with a man who is earning thirty dollars a week. She may want to marry him if she loves him, but it is intolerable to expect her to give up her position and turn to dishwashing and bed-making. Yet someone must look after the home; either the husband must share in the responsibility and work, or it must be put on a business basis. Domestic work is not a bad job. The difficulty has been the long hours and the uncertainty of the pay.

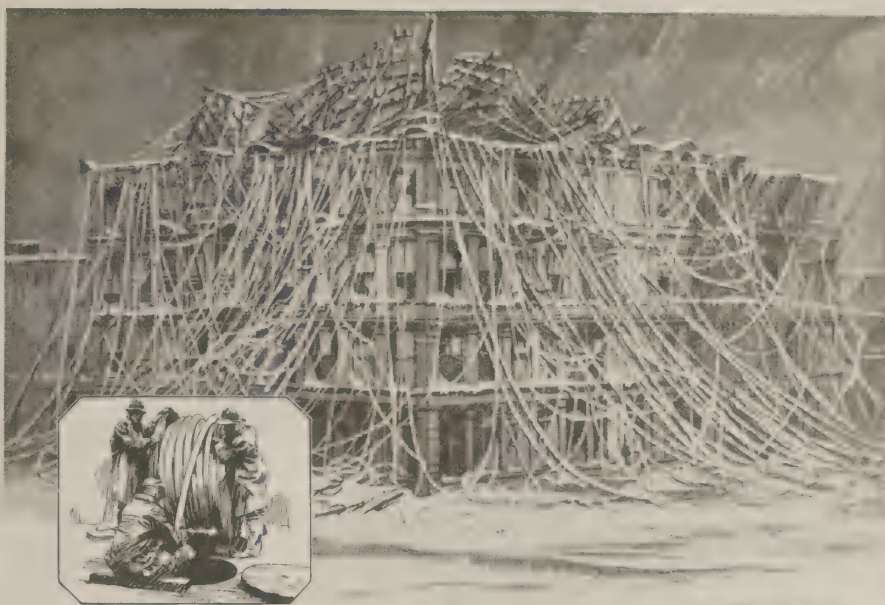
The worst housekeepers may have the richest husbands and get the best pay; the best housekeepers may have the poorest husbands and get the worst pay. When a woman can earn her living by using a vacuum cleaner for eight hours a day (regardless of what her husband earns), and come back to a well-ordered home where she can enjoy her husband and children, she will be content.

AS I see it, there will still be the individual home or apartment as before, but some great business concern will run all the petty details of life. The apartment will be cared for like the rooms in a hotel. There will be a woman who comes to clean, another who makes the beds and washes the dishes, another who cooks, another who does the mending. Maggie will never fail to turn up, for if she is ill, Domestic Headquarters, Inc. will provide someone else. There will be a manager to inspect the work and see that it is well done. In the morning you telephone Domestic Headquarters and leave your orders. They buy your bedding, your household utensils, and your food. Instead of a thousand women hurrying out to spend the day on petty errands and purchases, it will all be done by one concern at a great saving of time and expense.

YOUR books, your pictures, your clothes, the things that make home individual, are of your own choosing; but the necessities are provided. In the morning Father goes to his business, Mother to hers (whether she be a senator or a dishwasher), the children go to kindergarten or school. In the evening they come back to a well-ordered home, to enjoy each other and to tell of their adventures. Under those conditions Father does not return to find the maid has left, the house is in disorder, the pipes have burst, Mother is cross and tired with endless domestic drudgery, and the conversation is limited to a list of woes about the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

And of the man who longs for the days of Mother's pies, the chimney corner, and my lady mending his socks let me ask, under modern industry how often does this dream come true? After all, if you don't have to support your wife, isn't it possible to make some concessions and look after your own socks and laundry? You did it before your marriage. And in place of worried and tired mother-love, may it not be good to have a sweetheart instead? Have you never dreamed a dream of the fully developed woman, your mate, who shares with you the life of the intellect and the spirit as well as that of the senses?

WOMEN are responsible for it, and theirs must be the credit or the blame! "Why Women Fail in Society"—an important article by Arnold Bennett. Coming soon—in *Hearst's*.



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Three Daughters

(Continued from page 10)

He glimpsed Sarah bending over the bags, doing mysterious things with a bottle of liquid. This lasted a long time; then Sarah rose and tiptoed out, followed by Dolores, who still fingered her weapon.

HOLBECK had the prudence to wait for day, but he knew that evil had been done, done by Dolores, soft and treacherous. She had played with him, and he could have wept in the ruins of his dream. Strange! When day came the bags lay corded and sealed, undisturbed. He opened one, took out the samples: one was wet. Indeed, all the samples were wet.

He guessed what he would find as he mopped up the moisture with his handkerchief and shook out upon it a little reagent: the liquid must be chloride of gold, injected with a hypodermic syringe too fine to leave a hole. No wonder the specimens were rich—loaded with gold ounces to the ton! A safe trick, for the free gold would mingle with the yellow gleams which obviously were only pyrites. And Dolores had donethat—salted the mine!

He was so near crying that he applied the masculine method of relief and swore abundantly and generally.

ONLY one thing was to be done—to forget and go, for bullets seemed cheap in this country. His head ached. He must go out and bathe it in the torrent.

As he watched the sun rising, he heard far away the clatter of a horse's hoofs. He turned to see Maggie come towards him, her red hair loose, waving her hand. While he hesitated to reply, she cantered down the steep, and things happened suddenly: the horse slipped; he heard a cry; a tail body passed through the air; there was a splash; the body came towards him upon the roaring waters. A red head rose and fell in the foam. Then, instinctively, he was in the water, fierce water that sucked him down, hurled him against boulders; a rock cut his cheek open. Then he was struggling with something limp and heavy, and at last was somehow lying in a sheltered pool, with Maggie half unconscious in his arms.

For a long time they sat leaning against each other, too weak to stand, until she whispered: "You saved my life."

Emotion invaded him, made him awkward, so he did not reply but still held her close.

"Your cheek's bleeding," she whispered. He was silent still; as he looked into the blue eyes a new feeling mixed horribly with his suspicion.

"Maggie," he said, "you had no hand in it?"

"In what?" said the girl.

"You didn't know your sisters were going to salt the specimens?"

"What?" she said, vague.

HE STAGGERED to his feet, drew her up. They stood face to face, knee-deep in the water. Hurriedly he told her what had happened, while her eyes held his with splendid frankness. At last she said:

"They didn't tell me. They didn't trust me. . . . It isn't the first time."

"What!" cried Holbeck.

"I can't tell you," said Maggie. "They're my sisters, after all."

As she looked up at him he was flooded by his realization of a difference in this woman, of her rugged splendor, and of the great nearness which had come to them as he drew her from the torrent. For not the saved but the savior is grateful.

"You must come with me," he faltered; "you must never leave me. I didn't understand."

"No more did I," she replied, her eyes filled with delight. "You big, strong man!" she murmured, gripping his arm.

And, extraordinarily, they were standing in the still water, clasped in each other's arms, mouths close-pressed.

MAGGIE temporized, as if love had made her weak. She could not go yet, and Holbeck humored her.

The last day was charming; he quoted Swinburne to Dolores, but the passion had ebbed away. He told Sarah a joke and made her smile. In the afternoon, lulled by security, he was fool enough to refer to a smell of chlorine which hung about his room. "As if," he put it, "some chloride was decomposing."

They took it well, but he grew nervous, for he had seen a strange expression, intense and resentful, on Sarah's hard lips.

At dinner they all were cheerful. Dolores sang snatches of songs, and Sarah told a chestnut from Glasgow. Only Maggie was watchful as Dolores brewed the coffee.

DOLORES hummed to herself, promising him coffee equal to Sherry's, turned drop in sugar. Then the enchantress came to him, holding in her exquisite hand a round mug. There was a tumult. Before the Englishman's slow wits began to work he saw Maggie start up, strike at the cup. There was a crash, a scream from Maggie:

"Poisoner!"

And an abominable Spanish oath rushed from Dolores's lovely lips. Sarah snatched her rifle, while Maggie overturned the lamp.

"Run! Run!"

He was outside, alone. Mysteriously he held a rifle and cartridge belt, picked up as he went.

"Maggie!" He hurled himself against the door three times, but the door held.

A shot from the window warned him that he was exposed; another bullet scattered stones four or five yards away. Only at that angle was he safe, but he must help Maggie.

AS HE crawled away, face upon the ground, towards the camp of the peons, he thought: "This is a siege. It will be tough." Indeed, bullets or poison seem ordinary to Maggie's terrible associations. Then he met the peons, who had come up, they heard the shots, and with them he watched until dawn.

What could he do? He lay behind a boulder, rifle in hand: but if he killed one of the sisters would this not part him from Maggie? Still, he must not forsake her. He was considering the chances of a surprise rush for the windows, when, creeping through the rocks, he saw the red-headed figure he loved, as soon she was in his arms.

"They tied me up. I escaped. They don't know yet."

"We must go quick," said Holbeck.

Followed by the peons, they crept toward the place where the horses were tethered. Safe! Astride! Maggie behind him, his dear arms about his body. But they had gone fifty yards before they heard a cry from the hut, and a little later the gallop of pursuing horses.

THE race began. Heads down, knees bent on Mexican saddles, the peons rode, followed by the lovers. Down the steep across the plain . . . a distant shot . . . miss . . . now the great black corridor of basalt rock . . . the more insistent clatter of the hoofs behind. They were gaining for Holbeck's horse, under his weight, that of Maggie, was beginning to pump.

Holbeck called to the peons. Just in time they turned to receive the charge of the sisters Cadriano. This maneuver was unexpected. The fighting sisters had expected to draw up close and to pick off the whole party. For a moment there was a mix-up: horses rearing, cries, two shots. Holbeck found himself kneeling on Sarah's chest while Dolores struggled with Maggie and one of the peons, screaming out incredible vile Spanish words. The other peon lay shot in the shoulder beside a horse with a broken leg.

"Take their rifles and let them go; and we let us go, too," said Maggie, looking away from the prisoners.

Holbeck hesitated, shot the wounded horse and replied: "Yes, we'll take the weapons, but we can't go yet. We'd better take them back to the hut, lock them up and stay here awhile."

"Why?" asked Maggie.

"Well," said Holbeck—and the Englishman's slow thoroughness exuded from him—"there might be something in the mine. We'll just go back and sample it over again."

Then, as Maggie with her arms round his neck laid her cheek against his, she knew herself well conquered, for she was charmed by splendid stupidity . . . stupid splendor. She laughed.

WHO gets the most out of love—the woman who gives herself lavishly or the one who withholds? Watch for "A Pond with Weeds," by Roland Pertwee. Coming soon—in Hearst's.

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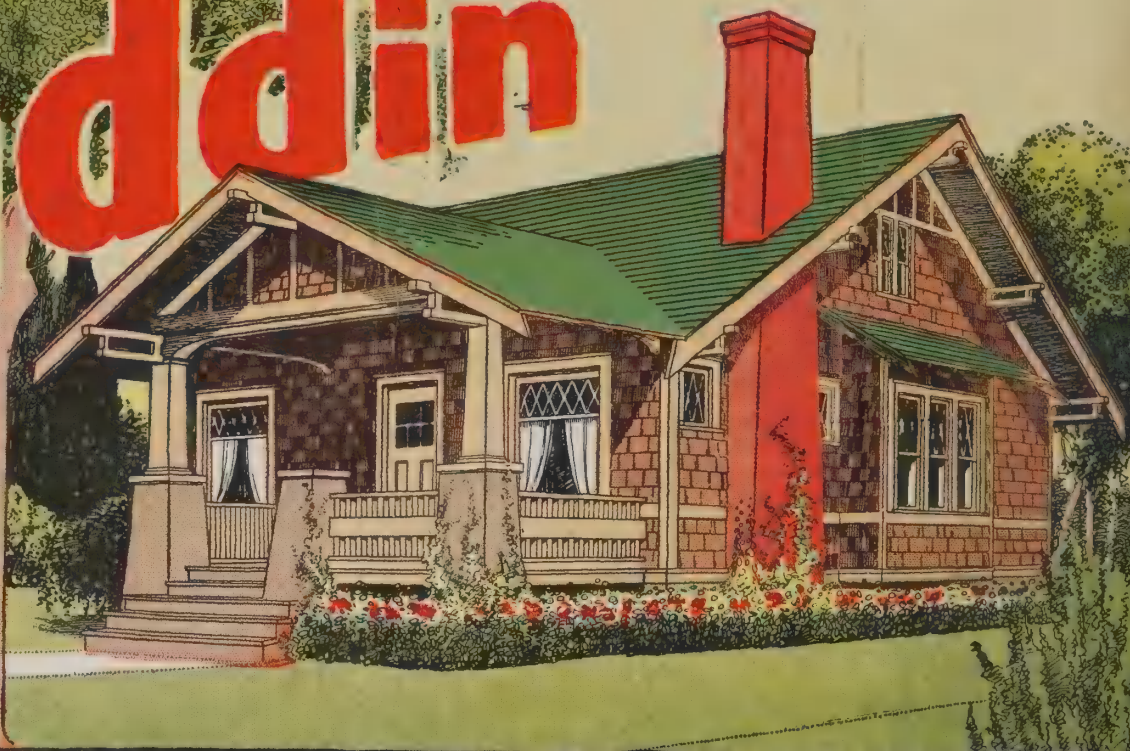
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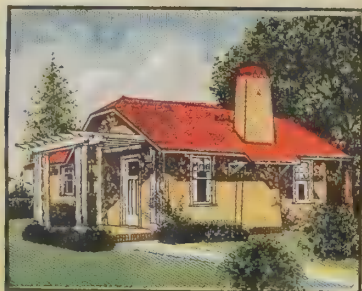
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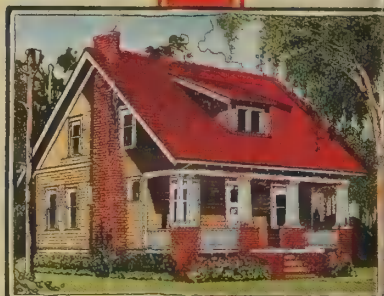
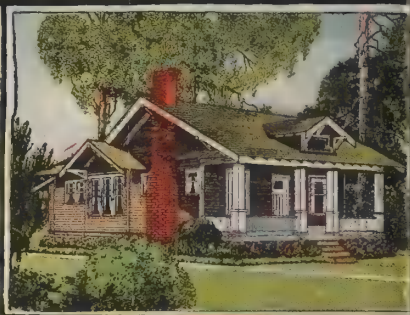
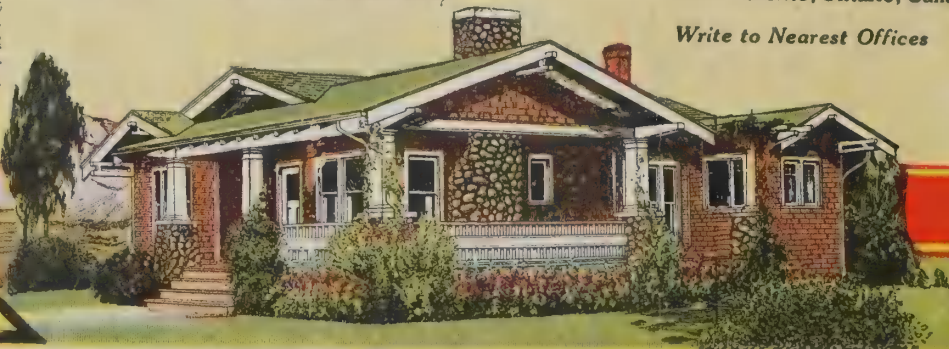
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Drawn by Charles A. Winter

The Swing of the Pendulum

By B.C. Forbes

NEITHER Progress nor Prosperity moves evenly, steadily forward. They swing now in one direction, now in another, advancing and receding like the wave-lets of the tide—or, perhaps, more like the pendulum of a clock.

Sometimes the Pendulum is tampered with, manipulated; pulled too far in one direction by some powerful group, only in time to be seized by another competing group and tugged overfar in its direction.

TWENTY years ago Capital boldly captured control of the Pendulum and forced it so far that resentment and then revolt were aroused.

These were the days when giant monstrosities were brought into being overnight by financiers, promoters and scheming manipulators. The world's first "billion-dollar corporation" was then formed. Almost every industry gave birth to a mammoth "trust." Water was turned into "capital" with a dexterity which, had Noah possessed it, would have enabled him to transform the flood into solid money. The tactics of the promoters and the conscienceless actions of their capitalistic dinosaurs inspired the term "soulless corporations." High Finance rode a high horse, wielded a high hand, and carried a still higher head. It was, indeed, the age of "The public be damned."

BUT ill-gotten prosperity, as always, begot the seeds of its own destruction. Unconscionable flim-flamming of the public through waterlogged flotations of stock by hundreds of millions, shameless manipulation of the stock market by financiers from J. P. Morgan down, merciless crushing of competitors by each new industrial octopus, the nefarious rigging of prices, debauching of legislators weak in character but strong in greed—these and other iniquities evoked the inevitable retribution.

THE whole public was incensed because of its apparent impotency to combat the arrogance, the autocracy, the audacity, the avarice of the "soulless corporations" and their designers.

Workmen were equally rebellious, but felt themselves powerless to check the mercenary ongoings of this new breed of unnatural, artificial "trusts."

Workmen, under this new régime, were deprived of their name and given a disc bearing a number. They ceased to be treated as men; they became mere bits of animated machinery.

THE seeds of destruction germinated by such conditions began to bear fruit. After many turbulent battles between Washington and Wall Street, between those in control of law-making and those in control of money-making, the soulless corporations and their creators were brought into subjection and compelled to act with greater regard for the rights of the people.

The Pendulum, thus wrested from the grasp of Capital, was seized by Labor.

THE World War put a premium on man-power. Rulers and governments realized that their existence depended upon their ability to rally enthusiastically to their cause the man-power of the land. Labor, sensing its new power, began to capitalize it.

And thus the Pendulum was drawn by Labor, in turn, so far in its own direction that the public began to complain and then to resist. Strike followed strike with such demoralizing and distressing rapidity that the public, long accustomed to regarding Labor as the underdog, began to feel, and feel keenly, that Labor was on top and the public itself the underdog.

Strikes, instead of being won, began to be lost as public sentiment began to turn against the strikers.

ONCE again comes a turn. The ending of the war was naturally followed by declining activity in industry. Governments ceased to pour out orders by the thousand and money by the billion. Employment slackened. Jobs no longer outnumbered men.

European immigration, dammed by the war, was let loose, thus replenishing the supply of raw labor.

Capital again began to contend with Labor for control of the Pendulum. This battle is now being waged, with the odds in favor of Capital—for the moment.

BUT a third party, composed of those of us who wear neither the Capital nor the Labor label, must now be reckoned with—the Public itself.

"A plague o' both your houses" expresses our attitude. We mean to submit to feather-plucking by neither side. Both Capital and Labor need to be warned not to go too far in taking advantage either of us or of each other, for in the end we pay the bill.

Capital needs this warning perhaps more than Labor, because circumstances indicate that Capital is today once more obtaining the strangle-hold.

We are now at the crossroads.

CAPITAL may indeed succeed in placing in political power men who think the thoughts and talk the language of "vested interests," men who lean towards stand-patism rather than enlightened progress, men who look backwards rather than forwards.

But shortsighted triumphs lead to ultimate disaster. There is the gravest, the most solemn need for uttering a warning to Capital today to ponder well its conduct and its course. A reactionary policy today and tomorrow can but bring a revolutionary upheaval the day after.

NEITHER Capital nor Labor can continue to manipulate the Pendulum in its own selfish direction. The time has come for both Capital and Labor to adjust the swing of the Pendulum solely to the safety and comfort of the great American public, of which both Capital and Labor should be but a subordinated and patriotic part.

That way alone lies peace, prosperity, and progress.



WEALTH, in its modern sense, is a thing of yesterday and the conditions of its maintenance are not widely understood. It is based upon two great factors.

The first of these is the large-scale exploitation of Coal Power, in which we may conveniently and properly include Oil Power.

The second is the rapid consumption of natural stores of materials in the shape of forests, mines, and the virgin fertility of "new" countries.

In all the history of mankind, recorded and unrecorded, down to a quite recent period, these two great factors of wealth were scarcely touched.

Down to the middle of the eighteenth century a very little iron was smelted with charcoal and formed into small tools. Coal, even in England, was got in such negligible quantities that the great stores of Nature remained, for practical purposes, undiminished. The great areas of fertility in North and South America, in Australia, in South Africa, and elsewhere, were hardly known to civilization. The forest primeval clothed enormous areas and yielded no tribute to commerce.

AT LAST, at long last, modern man found the key with which to unlock the stores which Nature had been so long accumulating.

It is strange to think that the recorded history of civilization of a sort in the Nile basin goes back some ten thousand years prior to the smelting of coal with iron in England in the year 1750. It is just because, during long ages, man failed to discover the means of large-scale work, that we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, have still left for exploitation so much of easily worked minerals, timber, and land. For practical purposes, the world was virgin in 1750 when that epoch-making change occurred in the iron trade.

IT WAS in 1750, too, that James Watt made his first experiments with the rudimentary steam engine which then existed; he devised the first effective steam engine in 1769, only one hundred and fifty-two years ago.

The rest quickly followed. By the end of the eighteenth century many ingenious machines had been devised to utilize steam power, and the factory system, which made it possible to sustain

large populations while degrading their physical powers, was well established in England.

On the threshold of the nineteenth century Volta discovered the electric current; in 1825 the Stockton-Darlington railway was opened; six years later Faraday discovered magneto-electric induction; in 1838 the first steamship crossed the Atlantic.

Thus, between the first smelting of iron with coal and the first Atlantic steamship, was a period of only eighty years—a mere drop in the ocean, not of time, but of recorded history.

And between 1838 and the present moment is but a further span of eighty-two years, little more than the natural term of a man's life. *In the span of less than two long lives all modern wealth-getting has been accomplished.*

If modern wealth is a thing of yesterday, what of tomorrow?

IN THE short period of large-scale world exploitation, which has bestowed property upon relatively few while leaving the great mass of mankind still almost propertyless, serious inroads have been made upon Nature's storehouse—that storehouse which was so slowly filled during ages recorded and unrecorded.

THE prime instrument of wealth, which has smelted the metals, and driven the machines, and propelled the ships, has been eagerly raided by the few white nations who possessed it in considerable quantity.

The coal of Britain, America, and Germany has been, and is being, got as though it were as illimitable as it is actually limited. In all these countries, in the lifetime of some of the children of 1920, coal will become scarce and very difficult to get. Two generations hence will witness what, for practical purposes, may be described as coal exhaustion.

THE United States probably has ten times as much coal as Britain, but the much more rapid rate of American output makes it possible that the

Wasting By Sir Leo

greater American mines may be exhausted quite as soon as those of England and other parts of Europe.

We know that (according to the calculations submitted to the American Conservation Commission), American anthracite coal is likely to last no more than fifty years and American bituminous coal no more than one hundred years.

As for mineral oil, which is so nearly allied to coal both in its origin and in its use, it may be expected to come to an end long before the coal is exhausted.

WHEN we turn from coal to the metals, we are confronted with very similar considerations. Whether it be copper or tin, lead or zinc, the world is playing ducks and drakes with its resources.

The best metal mines are being rapidly creamed of their most easily won supplies and before fifty years are passed civilization will find the metals hard to get.

The denudation of the forests has gone hand in hand with the despoiling of the mines. The timber of North America will hardly outlast another generation.

As to virgin fertility, great areas have been robbed of their strength to give cheaply won food to an unheeding generation.

IT SHOULD not be forgotten that the waste of the natural resources of richly endowed countries matters not merely to the peoples of those countries, but to all the world.



the World

Chiozza Money

For example, the ships of Italy, which is a coal-less country, are driven by the coal of England. When, therefore, England ceases to have coal, Italy will cease to have the means for propelling its ships.

Thus also it is with American resources. These have been exported in enormous quantities to many countries to maintain their peoples and to supply their factories with materials.

If, and when, American resources perish, the resources of poorer countries, derived from America, perish with them.

Thus, those countries of the world which are specially gifted have the control of economic means which matter not merely to themselves but to the world at large.

Such considerations as these are intimately bound up not only with the means of conservation of existing resources, but with the progress of science.

CONSERVATION there must be for each nation, because of its duty to itself and to the world. The responsibility of the British Empire in this matter is no whit less than that of the United States of America. Both are responsible for the good government and economic development of a great proportion of the richest and most fruitful land of the world.

It is above all things necessary that these two nations should conserve their irreplaceable resources while lavishing experiment upon the development of new powers and upon the utilization of areas and materials that have not as

yet been brought within the gambit of economic usefulness.

A long view of economic development should serve to remind the nations which are now comparatively wealthy that the passage of a brief space of time may entirely change the conditions of their prosperity.

Let us think for a moment of what it was that raised Britain, America, and Germany to a sort of triumvirate of the world's industrial power. It was one thing, and one thing only—the possession of coal resources enormously greater than those of any other white nation, although probably not as great as those of China.

AT THE beginning of the twentieth century Britain, America, and Germany between them were producing *eight tons out of every ten tons* of the coal produced by all the world. That gave them preëminence in manufacture, for industries and raw materials naturally move to the coal fields, and population, just as naturally, accompanies them.

When this is realized it is seen very clearly that the exhaustion of coal will greatly modify the balance of economic forces in the world. It will relatively depress some nations, it will relatively raise others. Sooner or later new powers will be found, but it will not necessarily follow that those newly discovered powers will be best exercised in the countries which now best exercise the power of coal.

THIS is not only a reason why those countries which have coal should preserve it for their own sakes; the matter goes deeper than that. We are reminded that, in the long run, the world will realize itself as an economic whole. Men will understand that if they are to make the best use of the world's resources, those resources must be developed in common, and conserved and developed for all mankind.

There will be a pooling of resources based upon

recognition of the fact that no country will be able securely or comfortably to found the greatest degree of civilization upon its own resources alone.

World partnership in economic resources will become as necessary for the enlargement of peace as for the prevention of war.

The world as a whole, interested as it increasingly will be in seeing that every part of the world is conserved and developed and, indeed, cherished, will regard as derogatory to the world estate the action of any community which neglects its resources.

WE MUST hope to see in every civilized country a greater devotion of resources to scientific experiment. It should be worth the while of the great nations, for example, to endow most liberally research into the question of atomic power, one of the greatest hopes of the future.

Similarly, means should be lavished upon experiments connected with fertilization, plant growth, and dietetics, in all these matters we are as yet largely ignorant, although enough has been done to hold out magnificent hopes of accomplishment.

Such efforts are manifestly necessary if man is to make continuous progress. If the world is to be resigned by the leading nations to the careless exploitation of commercial men whose sole object is to get rich quickly, it will go hard with our posterity.

THE conservation of matter is a scientific truth, but, unhappily, it is one which is as full of menace as of hope for mankind unless science is applied to the conservation of matter in useful and comfortable forms. Fortunately, grave as this subject is, man can be the master not only of his soul but also of the inorganic and organic forms of matter which make up the world which houses him.

We have it in our power not only to make an end of waste but to make a beginning with scientific conservation.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt had this in view when he set up the American National Conservation Commission, and the British Empire, through its Dominions Royal Commission, has recognized the need for continual survey and action.

These are beginnings which every statesman of the world must seek to build upon.

CARROLL GRIEVE raised his eyes, but not his head, as the old butler entered the room. "You rang, sir?" suggested the aged servant, out of a silence which threatened to become ridiculous.

Grieve pushed back the oblong of embossed stationery on which he had made ready to write. He pushed it back with a heavy-handed deliberateness, resenting the fact that this impassive retainer should be studying his face, just as he resented the sense of crisis which was being forced upon him. For he told himself, as he had done a dozen times before, that he intended to be quite cool about it all.

"Will you bring a stick or two for the fire, Train?" he said with a glance over his shoulder at the bed of hickory coals in the Caen marble fireplace. And it disturbed him to find that he could breathe more freely after even that triumphant effort at temporization. Yet he was quite calm, he reassured himself as he swung about from the dark-wooded library table, though his hands were cold and an ineradicable faint chilliness kept mouse-footing up and down his spine.

HE SAT staring at the sepulchral-looking Caen marble as Train returned with the rough-barked logs and placed them over the dying coal-bed. He remembered, as he watched the stooping figure in the service-coat, that the man was no fool, that this fardel bearer behind his mask of impassivity must know what others knew. And it would not be so long now before the whole thing must be shouted, if not from the housetops, at least from the street-corners. Yet servants are servants, and one does not take them into one's confidence. It might be a sort of luxury, Grieve felt, to break the rules and do so. But this was a case, he remembered, where the correct thing must be the only thing. Life became ceremonial at such times, whether one willed it or not.

IT WAS a full moment before he became conscious of the fact that Train was still in the room, still in the room with his heels together and his gentle old face shuttered like a Latin shop-front. He was standing there beside the door, at attention, with his elbows crooked and his monolithic eyes on his master's face. There was something so incongruous in that timorous audacity, so suggestive of the mother-robin hovering about a threatened nest, that Grieve laughed a little. But his laughter was as mirthless as the chatter of a kingfisher.

"Might I be permitted to say something, sir?" asked the old butler, out of the ensuing silence, which hung heavy over the shadowy room.

Grieve's face hardened. It was a white face now, almost as white as the oblong of linen between the coat-lapels of black. But it was a white touched with grayness, like snow over which a house-rug has been beaten.

"If what you purpose to say has to do with your duties here, Train, you are quite free to speak," his master said with an ice-cold precision of utterance. "But if it transcends those duties, I must remind you that nothing is to be gained by—by any such forgetfulness."

The opaque eyes sheathed themselves, for a moment, like an old eagle's. Then the shutter was once more down over the shop-front.

"Thank you, sir," he said, automatically, impersonally.

Grieve shifted a little, with a movement of uneasiness, as though he resented being stared at, as an intractable patient is stared at by an overtried nurse denied the luxury of protest.

"TRAIN," he said, barricading himself behind an impersonality of his own, "have all the servants gone?"

"Yes, sir," was the aged butler's reply.

"And Mrs. Grieve's things have been sent, as I ordered?"

"Everything, sir," was the answer.

"And you have the keys?"

"They are here, sir."

The old servant stepped forward and placed the keys on the table beside his master.



Grieve, waiting quietly, was tempted to smile at the irony of the situation as the burglar's heavy black-

The Interception

"Which is your latch-key, the extra house-key?"

"This one, sir," explained Train as he selected one of the smaller bits of metal from the glimmering mass.

"I shall need that," announced Grieve, placing it under the oblong of note-paper. "And when you go, Train, I want you to drop a letter for me in the mailbox at the corner of the Avenue. And I want that most explicitly understood; it must be mailed in the pillar-box at the next corner, for tonight's collection. And mailed by your own hand!"

"Very good, sir," announced the old butler. He still stood there, however, his clasped fingers, held on a level with his waist, imparting to him a definite but indecipherable air of expectancy.

Grieve looked up at the impassive old face, wondering what knowledge, what fears and hopes and aspirations, lay behind those unparticipating eyes which had watched over so much of his life. And with Train, he remembered, he was cutting the last tie, the last tie that held him down to everything that was mortal and moving and warm with the breath of life.

"TRAIN, you have been a good man. You have been with me a long time, as things go nowadays. And I'm sorry you have to leave me this way."

"I understand, sir!"

The eyes of the two men met.

"You understand what?" demanded Grieve.

And the old servant's eyes, at that sharp inquiry, went opaque again.

"What you said about going on a journey, sir, a long journey," he explained, blinking into space.

Grieve waited a moment before speaking.

"I'm sorry I haven't been able to do more for you. But you aren't altogether ignorant, I imagine, of how my company went to smash this last few weeks?"

Slowly Train moved his head up and down.

"You have done very handsome by me, sir," he acknowledged, with his eyes on the wall.

"But you have plans—and somewhere to go?"

"I have a sister in Brooklyn, sir," was the answer. "I was thinking of going with her, sir, until I could get a place to my liking."



barreled pistol fastened its one-eyed menace on that expanse of shirt-front above the table-edge.

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

Grieve turned away, irritated by an obituary note which he preferred to evade. His eye fell on the decanter standing within three feet of the coffee-percolator which had begun to bubble with its cascading brown essences.

"Train, would you care for a drink?" he asked.
 "No, thank you, sir."
 "Not with me?"
 "I never drink, sir," answered the old servant.

THE man in evening dress, smiling autumnally, pushed a ponderously certificated box of Havanas towards the end of the table.
 "Then take a smoke!" he exclaimed. "Take a handful of them."

"I'd rather not, sir," was the other's reply. And Grieve moved his head slowly up and down, as though in assent to an obviousness overlooked. Then he sat at the table, apparently lost in thought.

"Is there anything else, sir?" finally asked the old servant.

Grieve, with an air of remoteness still on his face, looked up at the man in the service-coat.

"Only to wish you better success, Train, than I seem to have encountered," he said with his short and acidulated smile.

"I'm sorry, sir," ventured the other, stirring a little.
 "Sorry for what?"
 "That you are not—are not well, sir."

Grieve pulled the percolator-plug from its socket and the dancing caldron went dead. There was a way, he remembered, that all such torturing currents, at a moment, could be stopped.

"Oh, I'm all right," he protested with his repeated curt laugh. "That bit of travel is going to set me up. So—so don't you worry about me, Train."

"No, sir."

"And don't forget about that note on your way out," Grieve reminded him, in that achieved note of résumé which implies a dismissal. For nothing was to be gained, he suddenly remembered, by prolonging the agony.

"I shall have my bag packed inside of twenty minutes, sir," said the servant as he turned and moved towards the door.

GRIEVE, left alone, lifted the Sèvres cup from its tray, held it to the spigot of the percolator, and filled it with the black essence which he first sweetened immoderately; then he sat back, stirring it thoughtfully.

He felt better, after that cup of black coffee. It seemed to sweep the cobwebs out of his brain and send new impulses of energy through his tired body. He had been two whole nights, he remembered, without sleep, without a wink of sleep. But his lassitude had slipped away from him by the time he had opened the Ruskin bronze ink-well and placed the embossed note-paper ready for his pen.

When he began to write, indeed, the sentences seemed to come to him ready-made, as though some agency behind him, and not he himself, were phrasing the lines which had once seemed so reluctant to be marshaled into coherence. He wrote coolly and clearly, slightly perplexed by a detachment of mind which seemed singular before a situation so disturbing.

THIS note will reach you tomorrow between nine and ten," he began, "I must ask you, when you have read it, to come to my home here—for which purpose I enclose the pass-key—and do what you can to make things decent, before communicating with the coroner and the others who will need to be told. For by the time you read this I shall be out of the way and out of the world. The usual arrangements will have to be made, of course, and I am sorry to impose this task on you. But that, after all, may not prove an exorbitant demand when the final results are considered. Mavis has told me everything. That was honest of her, of course, but hardly necessary. It merely showed me that there could be no turning back.

"This, however, is no time for recriminations. We know, the three of us, how things stand. And the bald fact remains that you are the victor, while I am the loser. There have been other losses, which I need not here dwell on, but the sum-total of them seems to bulk too big for what is left of my strength—and I give up. Besides being the easiest way, it is also probably the most cowardly way. But there can be no quibbling now, and there must be no mistake. It's already too late, all things considered, to engineer an artifice that might possibly leave things less unlovely for Mavis and you and the rest of the world. It's too late for anything but candor, for my nerves are gone and I must act before my nerve does the same. It is not pleasant, I find, but I'm at the end of my rope. That covers everything, I think, except that the keys and the papers are in the right-hand drawer of the library table."

He hesitated for a moment at the end, and finally signed his name, "Carroll Grieve," and nothing more. Then he reached for an envelope, addressed it to "Stacey Skelton, The Aldine Club," folded the letter, and inserted it in the envelope. Before sealing this envelope he dropped into it the pass-key.

Then, after meditatively weighing the letter in his hand, he took a stamp from its bronze lidded holder, moistened it, and adjusted it to the envelope-corner. He remembered that the key would add weight to the letter, and stuck a second stamp on the envelope, for he had no wish to skir too closely the margin of safety. And a definite sense of reassurance crept through him at the discovery that he could be so meticulous in matters apparently so trivial.

HE WAS covering the ink-well when Train stepped back into the room. Equally covered, he felt, would have to stand all personal issues between them. So he declined to raise his eyes as he handed the letter to his servant.

"You will mail that in the box on the corner," he commanded. His voice was crisp and cold, and he was already busy dropping the house-keys into the right-hand drawer of the table where he sat.

He heard the other's quiet-noted "Very good, sir," but he refused to look up until he knew Train to be well on his way towards the door again. Then he

Mavis herself—with all her old, familiar buoyancy and beauty—seemed to flash upon him out of the mist as Grieve switched on the light.



lifted his head and looked after his departing servant, looked after him with an odd intentness. For that would be the last human being, he remembered, his eyes would ever look upon.

YET it was relief more than anything else that came to him as Train with ceremonial quietness opened the door, passed out, and closed it again. It was the end of talk and tumult. It was release. It was peace, peace touched with loneliness, like that of a ship's cabin after the last line has been hauled aboard and the crowded quays slip away and subterranean tremolos of power awaken under one's heels. For the rest, he knew, would be easy. It was like a launching. The skids were greased and the last block was ready to be knocked away. There would be a moment of impact and commotion. There would be a plunge, a plunge which must be faced, a plunge already inevitable, as fixed and predetermined as gravitation itself. But he was ready for it.

He could even afford to be leisurely about it all. However passive he may have stood before life's blind shuffling of the cards, here was at least a moment when he, and he alone, became master.

So obliquely consoling did this thought become that he could afford to indulge in a long and comprehensive stare about the room. Then he stopped short, smiling a little ruefully, for it suddenly came home to him that Train, after all, had been acting a part, just as he himself had been acting a part. The

old impostor had been much more agitated than he had pretended. He had been so upset, in fact, that he had failed in his lifelong habit of drawing the casement-curtains and adjusting the over-drapes.

AT THE same moment that Grieve remembered that he wanted seclusion, that he wanted those neglected curtains drawn and the room darkened, his hand went mechanically out to the mother-of-pearl bell-button on the dark-wooded table in front of him. Then it occurred to him that he, too, was not thinking along the customary quiet channels of existence. His house was empty, he remembered, and to send out a call for service, at such a time, was both futile and foolish. So, slightly depressed by what he recognized as a slight lapse in coordination, he got up from his chair and crossed to the windows. There he drew the fluted casement-curtains and adjusted the heavier over-drapes, only vaguely conscious of the soft pedal which he placed on the street-noises. Then with a shiver of chilliness he returned to the table.

He resented that sense of chilliness. It seemed to undermine his carefully consolidated feelings of masterfulness. Yet it was something of the body, and of the body alone—something that could be faced and combated and defeated.

SO WITH great deliberation he drew off a second cup of black coffee. Into it he dropped domino after domino of sugar, smiling with quiet abstraction at the childish indulgence for which there could in this case be no final reckoning. And, having emptied the cup, he was grateful for the sense of warmth which it brought to his still minutely horripilating body. He was even more grateful for the feeling of mental alertness which followed this, a speeding up of the machinery of consciousness—like a motor, he told himself, when the lever had been thrown into "high."

This brought with it a vague sense of triumph, which he found it hard to account for, since what he was accomplishing was not victory but capitulation. He had gone down to defeat. He was not a strong man, for strong men mold their lives instead of being molded by them. He was no longer able to fight for his own. The disturbing part of it all, he remembered, was that he stood without even a desire to fight. Involved in it somewhere, he kept telling himself, was crooked thinking, was perverted feeling, for reasonable men did not do what he was about to do.

BUT they had taxed him, he protested, beyond reason. He could have stood the insomnia and the tempers born of that affliction if the card-house of his life's business had not so suddenly collapsed. And he could have stood even that collapse and carpentered a sort of contentment out of the ruins, if his wife had remained at his side, if they had stuck together, in that valiant and old-fashioned manner he had recalled about in his earlier days.

But that was too much to expect of her. There was too much of the wild bird about her, the wild bird who could never be caged or held against her will. They had named her well when they called her Mavis, he told himself. For her appeal, he felt, had been based on that demand for woodland remotenesses, on her evanescence, her airiness, the lyric lightness of her comings and goings. He realized that from the first. And from the day she had turned from Stacey Skelton, and towards him, he had tried to leave her free, forgetting of any fetter. Perhaps, after all, he had left her too free. . . .

GRIEVE sighed without knowing he was doing so. Then he got heavily up out of his chair and crossed the room to where Roual Uhlan's portrait of his wife hung on the wall. He switched on the light above the shadow-box. The figure on the canvas emerged out of the mist, as he did so, emerged with its familiar old "Winged Victory" air of leaning buoyancy, so suggestive of advance that one was almost prompted to step aside and make way for it. Even Grieve himself retreated from it, slow step by step, until he was stopped by a wide-armed leather chair, into which he sank. But his eyes remained on the portrait, which he studied intently.

His irritation at the trickiness of the painting was overridden by a grudging admiration for the promptness with which it could objectify his accumulated memories of Mavis herself.

He saw her, nervous and voluble and incredibly eager for sensation, immured in a fluent welter of urban culture which had always remained as incomprehensible to him as it must have stood to her sad-eyed and inarticulate father, who once wielded a pick in an Indiana coal-mine. Her Norwegian mother, too, once wore wooden shoes and from a wooden stool milked a solitary cow. Yet, Mavis remembered Norway only to chatter fluently of Grieg. In her trimness and tightness of line she suggested fastidiousness and family trees, intriguing one into the impression that her forbears must have been haughty duchesses in stomachers and old bloods in ruffles and buckles who dined under serried portraits of themselves touched with the golden-brown patina of Time. For at one birdlike swoop she had risen above the miner's pick and the wooden shoe. Grieve could not quite comprehend how it happened, but in one generation the carbon of the coal-mine seemed to become crystallized into the diamond. She had flung her body into that garden of eager youth known as New York provocatively finished, as bright and cold and indurated as a stone in a Tiffany setting.

YET it was only the familiar enough American miracle repeating itself, Grieve contended. He could not help feeling, however, that it was a finish of the surface, an adjustment of contours and facets which in no way affected that impermeable brittle interior which left her still pagan at heart. And that was the hopeless part of it. For if she had been yielding and plastic and impressionable she might have been re-won by the very forces (Continued on page 74)



"I don't say Victor didn't do wrong. But if you hadn't stayed away so long it wouldn't have happened!" old Janet insisted.

The Master of Man

By Hall Caine

Illustrated by Walter Louderback

FORGIVE you? Never while that girl lies in prison as the consequence of your sin."

The words beat on Stowell's brain with the paralyzing effect of a muffled drum. He was driving up the mountain road. Char-à-bancs, full of English visitors who were laughing and singing in chorus, were coming down. The drivers shouted at him from time to time. This irritated him until he realized that his motorcar was oscillating from side to side of the road. When he reached the top, where the road turns towards the glen, all the heart was gone out of him. The great scene no longer brought the old joyousness. With love lost and hope quenched the soul of the world was dead, and the heavens were dark above him.

AT THE bottom of the glen, where it dips into the Curragh, he came upon a group of bareheaded women, with their arms under their aprons, surrounding a little person with watery eyes, in a poke bonnet and a satin mantle. Mrs. Collister had returned from Castletown, and her neighbors were taking her home. "Never mind, woman! It will be all set right at the judgment. And then the man will be found out and punished, too!"

IS ANYONE in the world so cruel to a man as the woman who loves him? Young Victor Stowell, repenting his single misstep, made what amends he could, and then offered Fenella Stanley the real love of his life. Then, as Deemster of Ballamoar, Victor was called to judge the very girl he had wronged! Keeping faith with himself as best he could, he returned a verdict of "guilty"—only to hear from Fenella's own lips that, so long as the girl in prison stands between them, she can never forgive him.

At the corner of the crossroads Dan Baldromma threw himself in front of the car, to draw it up, and in his raucous voice he fell on Stowell with a torrent of abuse.

"You've been locking up a respectable man, Dempster, but you can't lock up his tongue, and the

island is going to know what justice in the Isle of Man can be."

Stowell made no answer. Any poor creature could insult him now.

JANET was waiting for him at Ballamoar, with a fire in the library, and the tea-tray ready. But the sweet home atmosphere only made him think of the happiness that had been so nearly within his reach.

Seeing that something was amiss, Janet assumed her cheeriest tone, brought out two patterns of damask, laid them over chairs, and asked which Fenella would like best for her boudoir.

"I don't know. I can't say. But—it doesn't matter now."

Janet gathered up her patterns and went out of the room without a word.

"Forgive you? Never while that girl lies in prison." The stinging words followed him to his bedroom. They broke up his sleep. They rang like the screech of an owl through the darkness of the night.

Next day, not trusting himself to drive his car, he returned to Castletown by train. There were only two first-class compartments, and both were full. He was about to step into a third-class carriage when a voice cried:

"This way, Deemster. Always room enough for you."

THERE was to be a sitting of the Keys that day and the compartment was full of north-side members. The talk was about yesterday's trial, and Stowell realized that his management of the case had created a favorable impression. Merciful to the prisoner? Yes, until her guilt was established, but then just, even at the expense of friendship.

This led to talk about Gell.

"Shocking! But it's not the first time he has been mixed up with a woman."

Stowell felt an intolerable shame at Gell's underserved obloquy and his own unmerited glory, but he could say nothing.

"It will kill the old man," said one of the Keys.

The train had drawn up at a side station and his voice was loud in the vacant air.

"Hush!"

The Speaker was in the next compartment. When the train started again a little man

with the face of a ferret began to make facetious references to "Fanny." Stowell's hands were itching to take the ribald creature by the throat and fling him out of the window, but something whispered, "Who are you to be the champion of virtue?"

AT COURT that day, and the day following, he found it hard to concentrate. At one moment an advocate said:

"Perhaps Your Honor is not well this morning?"

"Oh, no! I heard you. You were saying . . ."

The rapidity of his mind enabled him to make up for his lapses in attention, and when his time came to sum up he was always ready.

He was indulgent to the accused. All the other prisoners were acquitted—the fat woman for the reason that, bad as her character might be, the characters of her drunken sailors were yet worse (therefore no credit could be attached to their evidence); and the boy who had embezzled, on the ground that his superiors at the bank had been guilty of almost criminal negligence, and the four months he had waited in prison were sufficient to satisfy the claims of justice.

The boy's mother, who was standing at the back, threw her arms about him and kissed him when he stepped out of the dock, and then turned her streaming face up to the bench.

"God bless you, Deemster!" she said. "May you live long and every day of your life be a happy one."

BACK at Ballamoar Stowell plunged into the task of drawing up the report for the

English authorities which was to accompany the recommendation to mercy. In two days (having his father's library to fall back upon) he knew more about the grounds upon which the prerogative of the Crown could properly be exercised than anybody in the island had ever before been required to learn, and when he had finished his task he had no misgivings.

Bessie's sentence would be commuted to imprisonment. And

then (as life for the poor soul would be at an end in the puritanical old island) he must find some secret means of sending her away.

"Never while that girl . . . But wait! Only wait!"

Being legislator as well as judge, he attended the first meeting of Tynwald Court after his appointment. The Governor administered the oath to him in a private room, and then, taking his arm, led the way to the legislative chamber.

"Do you know it's six days since you were at Gov-

ernment House? What is Fenella to think of you?"

"Has she—has she been asking for me, sir?"

"Well, no, not to say asking, but still—six days you know."

Stowell sat on a raised dais between the Attorney General and Deemster Taubman, who was sufficiently recovered to hobble in on two sticks. The proceedings were of the kind that is usual in such assemblies, Manx people being the children of their mothers, loing to talk much and to do as little as may be.

He found it difficult to fix his attention, and was watching for an opportunity to slip away, when the vain repetitions which are called debate suddenly ceased and the Governor called on an inspector of police to carry round a bill which had to be signed by all.

IN THE interval of general conversation that followed, Deemster Taubman, a gruff and grizzled person, leaned back in his seat, put his thumbs in the armholes of his soiled white waistcoat and talked to Stowell.

"You did quite right in that case of the girl Collister, sir. In fact, you were only too indulgent. I have no pity for the hussies who run away from the consequences of their misconduct. Murder is murder, and there is no proper punishment for it but death."

"But the jury recommended the girl to mercy, and her sentence will be commuted," said Stowell.

"Eh? What? Then you haven't heard what happened?"

"What?"

"The Governor has reported against the recommendation."

"Reported against it?"

"Certainly. And as the authorities in London are not likely to read the report and are sure to act on the Governor's advice, the girl will go to the gallows."

Stowell felt as if he had been struck over the eyes by an unseen hand. As soon as he had signed the bill (in a trembling scrawl) he whispered to the Attorney General that he was unwell and fled from the chamber.

"Humph!" said Taubman, looking after him. "That young man is going to break down. His appointment as Deemster was the maddest thing I ever knew."

"NO. Mr. Stowell, no! You must stay in bed for the next two days at least. You are taking your responsibilities too seriously. No work, no excitement, no heart-strain. Remember your father, and take my advice, sir."

It was Doctor Clucas, who, sent for by Janet, had arrived at Ballamoar before Stowell got out of bed in the morning.

With closed eyes Stowell reviewed the situation. It was shocking, horrible, intolerable. Not for fifty years had a woman suffered the full penalty of such a crime. He must find some way to prevent it.

But after a while a terrible temptation came to him. "Why can't I leave things alone?" he asked himself.

He had done all he could be expected to do. If the Crown, acting on the advice of the Governor, refused to exercise its prerogative of mercy, what right had he to interfere?

Deep in his heart he knew that this was hypocrisy and self-deceit, that he was really only thinking of himself—only concerned to break a chain which he might otherwise have to drag after him all his life.

IF BESSIE'S sentence had been commuted to imprisonment what assurance had he that on coming out of prison she would allow him to send her away from the island? On the contrary she might refuse to be banished, and if she found that the blame of her misfortune had fallen on Gell she might tell the truth to free him.

What then? He would be a dishonored man. His position as a Judge would be imperiled; his marriage with Fenella would be impossible, and his whole life would crash down to a welter of disgrace and ruin. But if Bessie were gone there would be no further danger. And it would not be he but the law that had taken her life.

"Then why can't I?" he thought.

For hours he wrestled with this temptation, and towards evening he got up and went out to walk in the farmyard. There he met Robbie Creer, who was just home from the mill with his head full of a pitiful story.

IT WAS about Mrs. Collister. Since her daughter's trial the old woman had fallen into the habit of walking barefoot in the glen, chiefly at midnight, and generally in the neighborhood of the *Clagh-ny-Dooiney*. At first she had seen a light. Then she had heard a

"I shall be glad when it's over," said Bessie. Yet it troubled her to die with Alick thinking so hard of her.



"I have no pity for the hussy," said Deemster Taubman gruffly. "Murder is murder. The girl will go to the gallows."

tiful cry. She was certain it was the cry of a child, a spirit-child, unbaptized and therefore unnamed, and for that reason doomed to wander the world, because unable to enter paradise. At length she had taken heart of God and going out in her nightdress she had called through the darkness of the trees: "If thou art a boy I call thee John. If thou art a girl I call thee Joney."

After that she had heard the cry no more, and now she knew it had been Bessie's child, and the boggle-billish was at rest.

This story of the old mother's developing insanity rested heavily on Stowell's heart and went far to shake his resolution. After a day or two he began to dread his own house and grounds haunted. He could not go into the library but the kind eyes in his mother's picture seemed to follow him about the room with pleading look. To avoid this he sat in the dining-room after dinner, but there he remembered his week-ends as a student-at-law, when his father and he would draw up at opposite cheeks of the hearth, and the great Deemster would talk of the great crimes often led up to by great temptation, the great anxious trials, and the great Judges.

BUT his worst ordeal was with Janet. Not a word of explanation had passed between them, yet he was sure she knew everything. One evening, going to her sitting-room, he found her with her knitting on her lap, and a copy of the insular newspaper on the floor, looking out on the lawn with a far-off expression.

That brought memories of another evening when he had told her that no girl on the island had ever fallen into trouble through him, or ever should do.

"Ah! Is that you, Victor!" she cried, recovering herself and making her needles click; but he had gone. Ballamoar became intolerable to him. On the one excuse of his fortnightly court in the north-side

town he decided to go to Ramsey, and wrote to Mrs. Quayle to get his old rooms ready.

But going from Ballamoar to his chambers was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. When he opened a disordered drawer, up came the Castle-town portrait of Bessie Collister like a ghost out of the gloom. When he went for a walk to tire himself for the night his steps involuntarily turned towards the pier where the lighthouse had been shattered by lightning. When he returned and was putting the key in the lock of his outer door he had the tingling sense of a woman's warm presence behind him. When he pulled down his bedroom blind the broken cord brought a stabbing memory. And when he awoke in the morning he felt that he had only to open his eyes to see a girl's raven-black hair on the pillow beside him.

BUT Mrs. Quayle's presence was the worst torment of all. The good old Methodist moved about him at breakfast without speaking, but one morning, fumbling with her bonnet-strings before going, she said: "Deemster, have you remembered this case of Bessie Collister in your prayers?"

He removed to Douglas—the Fort Anne Hotel, a breezy place, which sits on the ledge of the headland and just over the harbor. At first the babble and movement distracted him, but after a day or two he was drawn back into the maelstrom of his own thoughts.

Having a private sitting-room, he borrowed law books from the law library and sat far into the night to read them. He selected the treatises on Infanticide—those bitter records of the age-long strife between the laws of man and of God. Particularly he read the charges of the British judges (Scottish, too, frequently), the bewigged ruffians who, in the abomination of their puritanical tyranny, and the brutal lust of their judicial vengeance, had hounded poor women to the gallows for acts committed in the very nakedness of shame.

"Damn them! Damn them!" he would cry, leaping up with a desire to trample on the dead judges' graves. But then the same persistent voice within would say: "Wait awhile! Who are you to stand up for justice and mercy?"

CRUSHED and ashamed, he would creep up to bed through the silent house, and, thinking of the girl whose dark eyes had intoxicated him in the glen (the girl he had afterward held in his arms), he would say: "Is it possible that I can stand by and see her given over to the hangman?"

That horrified him. In the darkness he pictured to himself the scene of Bessie's death and burial, and thought of his after-life as a judge, when he would have to go to court to try other such cases—and Bessie lying out there in the prison-yard.

After Ballamoar, with its pastoral tranquillity, the streams, Fort Anne was sometimes a tempestuous place, with the wash of the waves in the harbor, the monotonous moan of the sea outside and the melancholy wail of the gulls. He thought he heard Bessie's cry in the voice of the sea—her piercing cry when she was being carried out of court after he had sentenced her.

One night he thought Bessie was dead. He was dead, too. They were standing side by side in an awful tribunal and she was accusing him before God.

"He let me die! He killed me! He is my assassin!" The terrifying sound of his own voice awakened him. A dream! It was the gray of dawn; a storm had arisen in the night; the white sea was rolling over the breakwater and the sea-fowl were screaming through the mist and roar.

No, by God! If it was a question of Bessie witnessing against him in this world or in the next, he had no longer any doubt which it should be.

He would go up to the Governor. He would call upon him to withdraw his objection. And if he refused—he should see what he should see.



"It'll all be set right at the judgment . . . and the man punished, too!" the neighbor women comforted her.

AT EIGHT o'clock in the morning he was walking down the quay in the calm sunshine, looking at the activities of the harbor, and nodding cheerfully to the fishermen as he passed. He was on his way to Government House, and his conscience, with which he had wrestled so long, was triumphant and erect.

Then came a shock.

He was crossing the stone bridge that leads up to the town when he saw the Governor's blue landau coming down in the direction of the railway station. It was open. Fenella was sitting in it.

Stowell was certain she saw him. But she only colored up to the eyes and dropped her head. At the next instant her carriage had crossed in front of him and swept into the station-yard.

Something surged in his throat; something blinded his eyes. But after a moment he threw up his head and walked firmly forward.

"Wait! Only wait! We'll see!"

ON THE night after the trial, Fenella, having bathed her swollen eyes, went down to dinner. Her father looked searchingly at her for a moment, and, as soon as they were alone, he said:

"Was it Stowell I saw driving towards the mountain road as I came up?"

"Perhaps it was," said Fenella.

"Then why didn't he stay to dinner?"

"Because—I told him to go."

"Why?"

Fenella gulped down the lump that was rising in her throat and said:

"I have been deceived in him. He is not the man I supposed him to be."

"Don't be a fool, my dear. I understand what you mean, but if every woman in the world thought she had a right to make a scrutiny into her husband's life before she married him there would be a fine lot of marriages, wouldn't there?"

"If he had only confessed to me—"

"Confessed! What nonsense! He wanted to and I forbade it. What business was it of yours?"

"Was it no business of mine that he had got that poor girl into this terrible trouble?"

"If you had been married to him when it occurred, yes, it would have been. Not being married to him, no, it wasn't. Good heavens! Did you expect you were marrying a man or a virgin?"

CRUDE and even coarse as Fenella thought her father's moral philosophy, she found her self-righteousness shaken by it. Perhaps she had been unfair to Stowell. But why didn't he come and plead his own cause? She couldn't talk to her father, but if Victor came and told his own story . . .

Victor did not come. For two days her pride fought with her love and she thought herself the unhappiest woman in the world. Then, to escape from the pains of self-reproach, she conceived the idea of a fierce revenge upon Stowell. She would devote herself to his victim! Yes, she would make it her duty to lighten the lot of the poor creature he had ruined and deserted.

After a struggle and many shameful tears she went back to Castle Rushen, little knowing what a scorching flame she was to pass through.

BESSIE by this time was feeling no bitterness against Stowell. The jailer had told her that the Deemster could not have acted otherwise. The law compelled him to condemn her. But he had told the jury to recommend her to mercy, and now he would be writing to the King to ask him to let her off.

"Aw, he's good, miss; he's real good for all."

"Do you say that, Bessie? After he has betrayed you?" said Fenella.

"Betrayed? I wouldn't say that, miss."

"But he—he took you to his rooms?"

"What else could he do, miss? All the inns were shut and it was raining, and I had nothing in my pocket."

"But—having taken advantage of your homelessness and poverty, he afterward cast you off?"

A mysterious wave of pride struggled with Bessie's shame and she said:

"Deed, he didn't, then. He wanted to marry me."

"Marry you—did you say marry—"

"Yes, he did, and that was why he sent me to school."

"But afterward—afterward he changed his mind and turned you off—I mean turned you over to somebody else?"

"Deed, no," said Bessie, with her chin raised. "It was me that gave him up, having found I was fonder of Alick."

BREATHING hard, scarcely able to speak, with the hot blood rushing to her cheeks, Fenella compelled herself to go on.

"Did he know then that you—"

"No, miss, and neither did I, nor Alick, nor anybody."

"And when—when was it that you went—"

"The first Saturday in August, miss."

It was out at last—all the pitiful, shameful story. Fenella went home, happy, miserable, tingling with shame and yet thrilling with love also. Stowell's victim had brought her heart back to him.

It was just because he had loved her more than he had loved that girl in prison that the worst had occurred. It was just because she had persuaded, constrained, and almost compelled him that he had sat on the case, not fully knowing what was to be revealed by it.

She recalled what she had said to him. How mistaken, how unjust, how cruel!

This lasted her halfway home in the train, and then her wounded pride rose again. After all, Victor had been false to the love with which she had inspired him. If a man loved a woman it was his duty to keep himself pure for her.

Married? What did it matter whether they were married or not? The woman who forgave the infidelity of her lover or husband did wrong not only to herself but to every woman in the world. She would never do so, never! (Continued on page 84)

The Woman God Changed

By Donn Byrne
Illustrated by Harry Townsend

AND in the heart of everyone there rose a cry: This is not the same woman. This is a good woman." But can a woman sink to depths and yet regain her birthright?

TO OUTWARD appearance the whole of the courtroom scene was drab, ordinary. There was the stuffy rectangle of a room, half dark in the January dusk, for all that the electric lights glowed with meager incandescence. There was the judge in his robe at the desk of the court. There were the jurymen, solemn as in church. There the court stenographers, bald, active as ants. There the men of the daily journals, more aloof, more judicial than the judge. There the press of morbid spectators, leaning forward like runners on the mark. There the policemen, court attendants, what not, relaxed of body, concentrated of eye, jealous of the dignity of the court as a house-dog of its master's home. Through the windows of the court could be seen the bulk of the Tombs, heavy, hopeless, horrible as the things whence it takes its chilly name.

The case of the people *versus* Anna Janssen for the murder of Alastair de Vries droned on.

THE district attorney, youngish, slim, lithe, a little sinister—the impression of a hunting dog all over him—was examining a witness, a rat-faced man who had something of the old-time bartender or private detective about him.

"It was your business, as attendant at the Oriental Garden, to see that order was kept?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was no semblance of disorder at all until you heard the shot fired?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. De Vries was at a table with a party?"

"Yes, sir."

"You heard the shot and you saw Mr. De Vries fall forward?"

"Yes, sir. Crumpled up, sort of."

"Then you ran to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw the woman Janssen back of the hall with a revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was she doing?"

"She was laughing."

"Was she drunk?"

"The laugh sounded drunk."

"Was she very much under the influence of liquor?"

"She couldn't have been. Else she wouldn't have got away."

"You are certain that it was the prisoner?"

All eyes in the courtroom were turned to the prisoner in the dock. And there was in the sordid trial chamber a sense of great disturbance in the air, as though, from the minds and personalities of all gathered there, there rose in gray tendrils a haze of doubt, of disbelief, of mystery.

SHE sat in the dock, in the sordid courtroom, among the unseemly officers, and public, as a statue in some public square might stand above the rabble. Mature, magnificent, the prisoner seemed almost like some goddess from a Norse mythology.

First, her strange coloring made all catch their breaths. Her face was tanned to an absolutely golden hue, and out of this work of delicate bronze there looked, calm and confident, two eyes that were blue as sea-water. Her eyebrows, her hair,



"I'm not accustomed to having invitations like this refused. . . " There was a harsh jar in Anna Janssen's voice.



Anna Janssen sat in the prisoner's box, Donegan drowsing beside her, as the rat-faced witness swore she was the woman.

were bleached by the sun until her eyebrows were two half-moons of silver, until her hair was the pale, beautiful gold of honey in dark lights and like vivid strands of live silver when the light fell on it. She had the strange exotic appearance of the women of Saba Isle, the fabled colony of Holland sailors and Carib Indian belles, a small dot in the West Indies where there is a town on the top of a mountain, and life is as in the Garden of Hesperides.

IT WAS not alone her coloring, her splendid face. From her there came such an aura of health, of spiritual strength, it seemed impossible that this woman was the chorus-girl Janssen who had been the cast-off mistress of the rake and spendthrift De Vries, who had been drunk, who attended cabarets with wine merchants and Broadway belles. This woman! Impossible! In her own calm eyes there seemed also a look that said more: "This is ridiculous. I can't have done this. Why am I here? Why don't they get up and let me go?"

Even the rat-faced witness was perturbed. "The prisoner in the dock?" he said with a sense of puzzled wonder. "The prisoner in the dock?"

"Well, don't mind the prisoner in the dock, then. It was the woman Janssen you saw."

"I am sure of that."

"You were well acquainted with her appearance. You couldn't have been mistaken?"

"No, sir, I could not have been mistaken. She was often at the Oriental with Mr. De Vries. Sometimes every night for a week. I could not have been mistaken. It was she shot Mr. De Vries."

THE district attorney sat down, with a gesture of his hand towards Howard Donegan, the prisoner's counsel. With his massive body, with his mass-

ive head, with his cruel jurist's face, Howard Donegan was as much part of the attraction for the public as was the prisoner, the notoriety of the ten-year-old case, the romantic capture of Annette Janssen. The great Irish-American was the foremost criminal lawyer of his day, all but invincible when defending a man or woman with the slightest chance of escape, and right on his side. As a cross-examiner he was dreaded as the plague. The public would get the thrill of seeing a superbly cruel and magnificent performance when Donegan arose. Even now the rat-faced witness shook as with ague as Donegan turned casually towards him with hooded eyes. But Donegan shook his head. He did not wish to cross-examine.

Even the judge was surprised. "Did I hear aright?" He leaned forward, his fine mystic's face in lines of doubt and worry. "The counsel for the prisoner does not wish to cross-examine?"

"Your Honor heard aright. I will not cross-examine."

THROUGH the big chamber there was a buzz of comment, of doubt, of all but horror. Was there nothing to be done for this woman? Even if she did kill De Vries, give her a sporting chance for her life! "What is Donegan doing?" the public, the attendants, the newspaper reporters asked themselves with mistrust. Was he throwing her down?

There was a tensing in court, a tightening, as of drama. Already there was a sense in everyone's chilled veins of the horrible harness of the electric chair. But Donegan only drowsed.

"You can step down," the Court told the witness.

The rat-faced man crept from the witness box, white, shaking still from the fear of Donegan's eye. He tried to get a seat in the benches, but none would make room for him. And though he had only done

his duty, and that at command of the law, there was about him, as he slunk from the room, the look there was about him who was surnamed Iscariot, as he crept from the garden on the Mount of Olives, on the world's most tragic dawn. . . .

LIKE a story from some old book there unrolled before the public the history of Anna Janssen of ten, of twelve, of fifteen years before, in a New York we know no longer, so changed is it in that brief space. Then it was a riotous spendthrift, a glorious waster, hell-roaring, somehow lovable, and now it is a burgess of standing, with all the burgess virtues.

And the eyes of the courtroom glistened as old names appeared like Falstaffian ghosts. The Poodle Dog, the German Village, the Holland House, the Knickerbocker. Gorgeous, blowzy, out of a dim past they rose for an instant. Baron Wilkins's and Nigger Mike's. And there was the thin clink of glasses across forgotten bars. And at three o'clock of a morning the flying wedge at Pat's was hurling some truculent guest to the sidewalk. And gunmen were gunmen then, not strike-breakers.

Old days, great days, and only a dozen years before. And John Barrymore was not *Richard III* but the comedian of "Are You a Mason?" And Mr. Chambers had written "The Danger Mark," and Lieutenant Becker still patrolled the streets. And Mannie Chapelle and Diamond Jim were still alive and merry, who now are dust, God rest them! And cops grafted and politics were corrupt, after the old and pleasant tradition. And out of the side door of saloons came the old-fashioned drunkard, who with the old-fashioned ghost story and the old-fashioned Christmas is laid to rest forevermore. And the voice of Dr. Parkhurst was heard through the land.

Ichabod! Gone is glory!



and the distress on Officer McCarthy's face deepened, as the District Attorney pressed the case

THE night life of Paris was hectic, hysterical. The night life of Berlin was heavy, somehow sinister. But lush, extravagant, now joyous, now macabre, the foam of New World liquor, the night life of New York challenged the heavens with streaming rays, retiring only before the chaste, armored dawn. Like some Thousand and One Nights of some writer of the people, it challenged the imagination, it intrigued, it repelled. Overdone not seldom, often in bad taste, but virile, rude, and unabashed, it claimed recognition with brazen clamor.

And on this stage, and against this background, now leading woman to De Vries, now being supported by a caste of wasters, brokers, men about town, there loved Anna Janssen, the Swedish Beauty. Cast in the form and figure of a Norse goddess, fit for great epics, she was a figurante in a debauched sideshow. Her eyes, which were blue as the sea and should have been pure and passionate as the sea, were drenched with wine, and her mouth, with its clear-cut outlines of a woman of the painter Zorn's, which should have been firm as a budding flower, was relaxed and set from kissing.

A woman of Broadway, hungered after and yet despised, she might have gone the accustomed path that leads from the chattering magnificence of Broadway to the sinister silence of Potter's Field. Down the old beaten decline towards sordid Death she could have gone, and none would have tried to stay her, none to help. And then the end. And the only result would have been a little chilling in the hearts of the newer beauties of Broadway, a ghost whispering in their ears the most terrible of epitaphs: The wages of sin is death. For a moment only. And some celebrity of Broadway might feel sad for an hour, with early sentiment: "Poor Anna! And I knew her when she wore diamonds, and New York was at her feet!"

Or some respectable citizen in his warm home might treasure secret, ashamed memories, and never avow them. And someone might even seek out her grave to say a hurried prayer and make an offering of flowers. And the rest would be silence.

But that, in a mood of drunken pique, she shot and killed Alastair de Vries!

OF HER life there is little to be said. It is a life that a thousand girls have lived. Admit the evidence which satisfied a judge in a trial of murder and it boils down to this: The daughter of a Brooklyn mechanic, she got a place in the chorus of a big musical comedy, and was flattered and courted by the blades of Broadway. And the one to whom she fell victim was Alastair de Vries, who had forsaken Fifth Avenue to travel westward to Broadway. Of the old patroon stock which had settled New Amsterdam and been lords of the manor along the Hudson before the English came, bankers and traders, soldiers and explorers, all there remained of them was one moneyed boy who saw adventure only in ruining the daughters of tradesmen where his forbears had seen it in hacking out the destiny of a New World.

Blond, rather chubby, not yet thirty, Alastair de Vries had already had a large biography in the Sunday papers and weeklies of gossip in New York. Annette Janssen was one of perhaps twenty conquests, and she was not the last. She was the all but last.

He took her from the chorus, gave her everything she desired, made her for her brief life the semiannual queen of Broadway.

And then a small brunette came along, acclaimed as "the Queen of the Ponies," and, turning like a flash, De Vries hurried to conquer the new

arrival. And Anna shot him, not because of jealousy, not because she loved him, but just to make trouble.

There's her life for you. There are what the dazzling facts of her queen-dom of Broadway amount to. There they are, without their glitter and romance. Through the black magic of Sinister Alley they shine like fireflies, but, like fireflies, in the calm sanity of daytime they are nothing but grubby crawling things we flick from our palms with a *moue* of distaste. . . .

DAY followed day, and witness witness, and item by item the sordid chronicle was written. Each fact attested and proved to the satisfaction of the court, to the satisfaction of the public. It was like a sort of journey towards a definite objective—a journey on which the public was invited to see Justice hearken to the call of the people of the state of New York.

There was no doubt about it. Coldly, callously, for a whim, in a moment of piqued vanity, a chorus girl had shot a gentleman.

And then in the mind of everyone there loomed as it approached nearer until its horrible lines, its terrifying aura were visible, the objective of the voyage—the dreadful electric chair.

"Why doesn't Donegan do something? Why? Why? Why doesn't he put up a fight at least?"

BUT Donegan drowsed on. Only when the prisoner in the dock threw him a swift look of appeal, as she did occasionally when some damning point was raised, did he drop the granite mask. Now and then her face would blanch under the tan, and her mouth quiver. And then would come a miracle in Donegan. Those harsh bulldog features would relax, the glinting eyes open, and over the hated face would play the smile of—oh, forty years ago—when he was just an innocent, likable Irish boy, and not a great jurist, whom communion with the sinister qualities of the law, and battles for life and liberty, and knowledge of strange strata in the minds of men, which is good for none to know, had transformed into a dark angel with a protective and flaming sword.

But the smile didn't reassure the public.

"Yes, he's smiling. He's confident, all right. But why doesn't he do something?"

HAD the people in the courtroom read of this trial in their homes, read the bare facts, the testimony of witnesses, there was not one who would have wasted a second thought on Anna Janssen. Perhaps in the hearts of one or two there would have lingered the feeling that it was not right she should be strapped horribly in the chair. But that would have been chivalry, not justice. One and all would have said: "That is what the death penalty is for—to remove from human contact one who has no right to God's sunshine, and who has arrogated to her vile and puny self the right of the Creator, the disposal of human life. Muffle her up. Hustle her away. Throw on the current and hide her in quicklime. Life is not for such as she!"

But between the woman whom the witnesses had drawn in black, sinister colors and the lady in the dock there was a continent of difference. True, she was the same height, the same figure, but for a healthy development of years. True, such marks of identification as Anna Janssen the chorus girl had, might be noted on the body of her who was a prisoner at the bar.

But the body of Anna Janssen the chorus girl was soft and white and made for sinister loving, while that of the woman in the dock was healthy and hard and tanned, after the fashion of Eve, whom the Lord God made in the garden. And Anna Janssen's had swayed alluringly with provocative sophistication, while the carriage of this woman was erect and of great dignity. And the eyes of the chorus girl had been full of evil knowledge and unhealthy flame, but this woman's had wistfulness and a strange mystery.

And in the heart of everyone there rose a cry: "This is not the same woman. This is a good woman!"

(Continued on page 71)



"I'll give you fifty cents—in trade—for your chrysanthemums," the lunch-counter man suggested, to Maire.

The High Cost of Lying

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood

LOOK up!" wheedled Jaxon.

Maire Fordyce obeyed, gladly. For this was her Chance.

She looked up. There was nothing much to look up at—nothing but the translucent gray-green glass roof of the studio and some eleven square feet of a Moorish citadel that jutted bias-wise out into one corner of the girl's vision.

Yet Maire looked up. And she tried to throw into her glance the expression the director had ordained. Jaxon groaned.

"Not that way!" he besought, as his groan brought her eyes down to a level stare of misery. "Nothing like it. You looked up, the way folks look when they walk under a safe. Try it again. Look like you was seeing an angel or two dollars or something. Now!"

The camera man lighted a cigarette and turned to speak to somebody in once-blue overalls. It was evident that he had no reason to expect the call of "Camera!" for several minutes.

TWO of the extras who had been watching the director's efforts with amused interest, strolled away. One of them yawned. The other said something in a whisper and laughed relishfully thereat.

Maire Fordyce noted all this. And it made her feel unhappier than did Jaxon's repressed despair at her failures.

"Look-a-here, now," said the director, cajolingly trying a new tack and seeking to appeal to the girl's imagination. "Here's the idea, you remember: You're starting out for work, to help take care of your mother, who's got to get cash somehow to go to the country after her sickness. See? She's all you got, the poor old dame is. But when you leave the flat and get out into the street, you're scared stiff at the idea of tackling the big work world. You kind of hesitate like. See? Then you just happen to glance your eyes up at the flat where you live. And there in the window is your mother smiling down to you and waving her hand. And it gives you courage—sort of bucks you up. Keep that in mind when you look up again. Just remember you're looking at your mother and getting courage. This way!"

"AND here I've been waiting," he said, "waiting for you to get tired of all your successive fads, for that Joan of Arc idea of independence to burn itself out, so that you could be normal again and come within the reach of a common mortal like myself! Besides, I'm—I'm mortally afraid of independent women. I feel so far beneath them."

Jaxon raised his eyes, wearily, hopelessly. As the bulging and pale orbs reached an imaginary point midway between floor and ridgepole, their tired gaze softened and deepened. The little man's hatchet face was transfigured by an expression of utter tenderness.

"So!" he explained, turning to Maire. "Now then; once more!"

AGAIN Maire Fordyce's big brown eyes were cast heavenward. Jaxon tried to say something. At the same time he tried to say nothing. The result was not unlike the utterance of a turkey that is seized suddenly by the tail-feathers.

"Light's about gone," boredly commented the camera man, stepping on his cigarette butt.

"So am I," announced the director. "Sol, if any inquiring friends want to know what has become of me, you can tell 'em I've chased out, for five minutes, to indulge in the quaint old Oriental custom of joining myself in a drink."

The camera man followed him to the door. As they drew out of earshot from the confusedly staring girl, he asked with some anxiety:

"You aren't sickening for anything, are you, Harry? I never saw you wear kid gloves on your mouth so long before. I was waiting for you to explode, half an hour back."

"She's a friend of Mygatt's," was Jaxon's terse reply. "Society flapper. Heiress. Sunday supplement dame. Crazy to act. Mygatt's orders to put her in this

'Opal Woman' picture. Wrote in a part for her, himself. My job's worth three hundred a week to me. It might be worth \$200.50 to me to take that little chuckleskull by the ears and hammer her head against the wall, till the ivory showed through her marcel wave. It might be worth \$200.50. But not three hundred. That's the answer. But, I wish to the Lord she was an extra, for five minutes! I wouldn't have so much language left in my system, souring for lack of use."

LEFT alone in the middle of the bare and dimming studio, Maire Fordyce stared dazedly after the two men. She was aware of a queer lonesomeness, almost of a desire to cry.

It had all turned out so differently from her dreams of the morning! She had been so exultantly happy as she had set forth for this first day of her Career. Every one of the million nasty problems of the last few months had seemed solved—triumphantly solved.

At the studio, everybody had begun by being so nice to her, too, on Dick Mygatt's introduction—even the highly temperamental star and the leading man and the hatchet-faced little director. Everyone had had a welcome for her; and most of them had given her helpful hints as to make-up and acting.

Then Dick Mygatt had had to run off to a conference across the river. And, by and by, she had been called forward for the first of several scenes that were to form her small part in "The Opal Woman."

Thereupon, the trouble had started. It was a confused sort of trouble, as reviewed now by her tired brain. There seemed to be a knack of some kind in this motion-picture acting. And she had not the knack. Nor had the patient Jaxon been able to teach her the slightest fraction of it.

SOMETHING was wrong, somewhere. At first, several members of the company had hung around, after their own work was done, and had smiled encouragement at her. But the smiles had grown less

raging and more and more
actory, as time dragged on.
d at last the smiles and the
rs had faded away, leaving
the indefatigable Jaxon and
eary camera man and one or
extras who were waiting for
3.
w everybody had cleared out,
e felt horribly alone and small
miserable. By winking very
she contrived to keep her eyes
sted. By setting her soft
lips into a straight line, she
ed their lamentable tendency
mble. But she herself had
confidence that he would be
o maintain this stoic calm of
res.
e endurance contest was cut
by Dick Mygatt. He came
ng into the dimly lighted
o with a gay assurance that
ed to rout the gathering gray
ows and to freshen the whole
y atmosphere of the barnlike
ello!" he called breezily, as
aught sight of the desolate
figure huddled under the
led Moorish citadel. "Here
That's good. I hustled back
st as I could. But I was
I'd missed you. How did
thing go?"
"m—I'm not quite sure," she
ered, trying to stiffen her
that threatened to crumple
where in the middle register.
—"That's good!" he commended.
at's a corking good sign.
n they think they've got the
down pat the very first time.
always lose out. So if—
!" He broke off, as he came
enough to note the despond-
in Maire's tired face and
ped shoulders. "Why, you're
! I ought to have told Jaxon
easier with you. He's a
on for work, and he thinks
yone else must be. We're
g home, you and I. Did you
e over in your car or—"
No," she faltered. "The car
was—"
Good! My car's here, waiting.
ly?"

ANOTHER five minutes
Mygatt and she were in the
hs of a warm and super-up-
ered limousine, and a stolid
fleur was arranging a half-acre
r rug over the girl's lap. Then
car started for the Fort Lee
y.
or a minute or two, Maire
ed back in the soft gloom, her
cles and her racked nerves re-
g to the comfort and security
t all. Mygatt, his half-shut
unobtrusively brooding over
did not break in on her rest.
at presently she roused her-
Her fingers playing athwart
cushion at her side, she said:
If you don't mind my copying
I think I'll have my next town car upholstered
this. It's so restful and so—"
Why, certainly!" he assented. "And I'll be only
flattered. As flattered as I was when you told
I had guessed your taste, in sending you chrys-
anths instead of roses. I—"
Yes," she murmured, "I love chrysanthemums.
s and lots of them. They're—"
Would you care to tell me about today's work?"
asked, after another little pause.
There's nothing to tell," she made brave answer.
s too early to know whether I'll care for the
k or not. I'm forever getting fads, and forever
g of them. You know how I am. That's why
ouldn't sign a contract until I had tried my hand
he job. Not that I wasn't grateful to you for
ring me a contract before you'd even seen me
I'd seen you," he made curt reply, adding:



"Not that way!" groaned the director. "Look like you was seeing an angel or two dollars or something."

"Was Jaxon decent? I mean, did he keep the muffler
on his vocabulary? I warned him to. But sometimes
when he gets interested in a scene—"

"Oh, everybody was nice!" said Maire.
"Then, you think you'll like the work?"

THE car had rolled aboard the ferryboat, cut-
ting in ahead of a truck and gaining the front
place. The river ran silver-gray in the dusk, re-
flecting the multi-colored glow from the New York
shore. The chauffeur turned off the engine and
slumped drowsily on his seat. Mygatt let down one
of the windows a few inches for a breath of river-air.
A few feet away, just across the boundary-line
between the front passenger deck and the vehicle-
runs, three women and a man were talking. They
were extras from the studio on the hill, which Maire
had just quitted. And, it appeared, they were not
at all averse to their lesser deck-neighbors' knowing

they were in the motion-picture profession. One of
the women was orating in a key that matched the
purple-and-red wings on her picture hat.

"Yep," she said, as the car window opened. "Yep,
you sure should 'a' waited. It was more fun than a
dog-fight. And poor Pop Jaxon was muzzled tight.
He couldn't say a word. Just to watch that face
of his! He went past me, like a racin' car, on the
stairs."

"One of the fellers from the office sung out to him:
'How'd you come along with your new s'ciety queen?'
And Jaxon just roars at him: 'She ain't a queen.
She ain't even a two-spot. I'd call her a dead one,'
he says, 'if it wasn't that I'm afraid some real dead
one might sue me for libel! She's a disaster,' he
hollers. 'That's what she is. She couldn't learn
to act, in ten million years. If you was to stand
her up alongside a lamp-post, the lamp-post'd look
like it was runnin' a race. (Continued on page 73)



The hungry millionaire came face to face with a haunting vision of days past . . . was rebuffed by the very gestures he himself had used.

The Story of a Hungry Millionaire

By Georges Clemenceau

Illustrated by Robert E. Johnston

BARON MOSES of Goldschlambach was rich—too rich. He had inherited his wealth from his father, Eliphas, whom all the South American republics had at one time or another known, under various disguises, as the despised Jew Eliphas, wily dealer in anything which could be placed on the market.

But Eliphas had scrupulously kept a chance bargain with one José Ramón y Lopez, whom a successful revolution had placed at the head of a very remunerative railroad enterprise and in due time Eliphas's virtue was amply rewarded. For José Ramón y Lopez died suddenly one evening after a private dinner party with his partner Eliphas. No trace was found on Ramón of a packet of legal documents which were to have been distributed to his various henchmen that very night, and all that could be discovered at the house of the deceased—where Eliphas was knocking his head against the walls in frantic despair at the loss of his friend—was an old contract which left the surviving partner in possession of everything. . . .

HAVING become a rich man, Eliphas remained unassuming and kind. As in bygone days, he continued moving from city to city—buying, selling, speculating. He showed no desire to attract attention by provocative display. He revealed no expensive tastes. Numerous gifts to charitable institutions, to synagogues, and to the churches of Christ procured for him universal acceptance.

ON ONE of the rich merchant's journeys the Bishop of Caracas persuaded him to become a convert to Christianity. He readily agreed to this step as soon as he realized all the social advantages such a conversion would bring to his son, young Moses, who was at

HOW much does the man who enjoys great riches really owe to the poor? Has he the right to withhold his bounty if he wishes—or must he give, in pity, out of his abundance? Yet, by withholding, a certain hungry millionaire here finds the secret of life.

once placed under the care of the Jesuit fathers of Cordova. To the same end, also, he eagerly followed up the Bishop's suggestion of buying a title of nobility from the Pope.

But even as Henry of Navarre after his conversion remained indulgent to his obstinate Huguenots, Eliphas secretly assisted his former co-religionists and gained for himself the good will of Israel while building cathedrals in honor of the Holy Virgin and of the Holy Trinity.

And when he had done those things Baron Eliphas very wisely died, leaving his son Moses in the full enjoyment of the omnipotence so laboriously built up for him by the deeds of his father who had loyally tried to serve both the Devil and the Lord.

IT MUST be said in praise of Baron Moses that of all that he inherited from his father there was nothing which he seemed to accept with so much joy as the history of the debt of honor and the pledge sacredly kept to José Ramón y Lopez, which was the original source of the Barony of Goldschlambach.

That story, marvelously embellished, was published, after the death of Eliphas, in every language spoken by man.

But what use was the immense wealth of Baron Moses going to make the enormous power of money and of social consideration with which the checkered life of his father had invested him, the innocent heir?

That question never once seemed to present itself to Baron Moses. For without premeditation and apparently, without afterthought he continued in the simplicity of soul to carry on the work of his father who accumulated and who hoarded in order to accumulate and to hoard. Eliphas at least might have consoled himself with the belief that he was accumulating and hoarding for Moses; but Moses had no children.

THE young Baron married a Jewess of perfect beauty—an Oriental lady brought up in the atmosphere of the harem, indolent and passive, who loved him devotedly, and who fulfilled all her duties to her lord and master—not to mention such supplementary charities to others as are permitted by the facility of our western manners. The Baron was not jealous, for the friends of his wife reflected upon him the greatest social honor—and it was this sort of consideration and homage which his gentle and benevolent vanity especially demanded.

Happy in his domestic life, the millionaire did not need to seek love outside. What could have been offered to him that he did not possess at home? And then the consciousness that one can buy everything—even that which can only have value as a gift freely given—enables a man to enjoy with closed eyes one all-embracing dream all those good things of life which a separate act of the will could only realize in intermittent pleasures. (Continued on page 6)



Rosalie, flushed and eager, danced every dance with Wilbur Watkins!

Rosalie and the Emotional Appeal

By Sampson Raphaelson
Illustrated by Baron Gayne de Meyer

FROM the day when he had mastered the science of Character Reading by Mail, Billy Windsor had known that Rosalie, his fiancée, was "the Emotional Type." It is to be regretted, however, that Billy, from the very first, regarded Rosalie as he did persons in business whose favor he wished to earn. He did not "study" Rosalie, nor had he made any attempt to "handle" her. The fact that she was "the Emotional Type" was a discovery idly made and, for the most part, negligently forgotten. The first thing it should have meant to Billy—that Rosalie must be carefully handled to "the Emotional Appeal"—was the last thing it did mean. Which, in a way, is quite natural.

UP TO the evening of the quarrel, the case against Rosalie, imperceptibly building itself, had been as follows:

Rosalie had read, and become pervasively fond of, James Whitcomb Riley. Rosalie, moreover, had picked up somewhere the knack of the Tickle-Toe and the Camel-Walk, and insisted on trying to communicate that knack to an inept Billy. And Rosalie had made the statement, later to be remembered as startling, that she couldn't understand what had come over all the nice boys she used to know—that

they were, including Billy, becoming so *Ambitious!*

Thus, with the stage set by an unwitting Rosalie before a blindfolded Billy, things had happened swiftly.

ON THE morning of the fateful day, the Big Boss had sent for Billy.

"I'm going to give you a chance to handle men. Think you can do it?"

"It all depends," Billy had replied modestly. The Big Boss was a simple case of "the Intellectual Type," and Billy knew how to handle *him*.

"We've landed the advertising account of the Varsity Clothing Company. Oldest concern in the



"Let's all lunch together. My party!" Watkins suggested, with swift recognition of Rosalie's charm.

business—and ready to die, I should say. Obsolete methods, but the finest garment for a popular price that the country has ever seen. In an hour some of their executives—including the sales manager, a live wire—will be here. I want you to take part in the interview as the man who is going to have full charge of their account. I'm going to send you down there next week to analyze the situation and take action. All I want you to do is think and keep your eyes open for about four days. Then you will have their permission and my authority to hire or fire, to build or destroy. Think you'll like the job?"

Billy dropped his hands to his lap so that the Big Boss could not notice their sudden trembling.

"I think so," was his quiet reply.

AT NOON of the fateful day, Billy had lunch downtown with Rosalie. He was about to utter, in stark outline, the essentials of the gigantic responsibility which had been given to him, when a young man, passing their table, waved a languid hand and said: "H'ware yuh!"

"What a well-dressed man!" Rosalie commented.

The young man was, as Billy had frequently had occasion to remark in advertising copy, "carefully groomed, with that perfection of detail which bespeaks genuine distinction."

"Say!" Billy replied with a faint touch of distaste. "If somebody gave me a million dollars to dress like that, I wouldn't do it!"

"Who is he?"

"Wilbur Watkins—grandson of the founder of the Varsity Clothing Company. I met him this morning. He's got an executive job, because he's a relative.

Doesn't do a stroke of work. From the way he talked this morning, I guess the only thing he really knows much about is cabarets. I could tell it at once, though, by looking at his face—combination of the Degenerate Type and the Criminal Type."

Rosalie glanced towards the young man.

"Why, Billy!" she protested. "I don't think there's anything evil in his face!"

"It isn't a question of what you think—it's a question of what I know," said Billy, who was going to handle men on a large scale.

"Oh!" Rosalie returned flippantly. "You don't know so much!"

THE meal ended, and Billy left Rosalie with no further mention of his new and important commission. This, quite obviously, is significant. It was fortunate that Billy was too busy that afternoon at the office to brood. And it is a credit to his self-control that when he entered Rosalie's home that evening he was prepared to be tractable—even, if Rosalie were contrite, to tell her the tidings which she had so crassly forfeited the right to hear.

Thus we come to the evening of the fateful day.

Rosalie began it harmlessly—even promisingly.

"About that young man we saw at lunch—are you writing the copy for his concern, Billy?"

"I'm glad you asked me about that. I was going to tell you all about it at lunch, but you started kidding me. You know, I wish you could see life a little more seriously, Rosalie. A lot of people think a sense of humor means kidding all the time—the kind of people who laugh at vaudeville jokes. Now, you——"

"Why, Billy! I laugh at vaudeville jokes!"

Philosophically determined to be tractable, dropped the point. "About the Varsity Clothing Company—they're——"

But Rosalie interrupted.

"And so do you!" she stated.

"So do I what?"

"Laugh at vaudeville jokes!"

"About the Varsity Clothing Company," continued Billy, who was resolved at all costs to confess to tell her about his big assignment, "—they're an old-fashioned bunch, and we've got the job of putting them on their feet, and the Big Boss has given me the charge!"

"Billy, that's wonderful!" Rosalie's violet eyes sparkled, and Billy was almost tempted for a moment not to be a philosopher. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet, exactly. But here's the situation. The place is run by a lot of relatives, to begin with. This Wilbur Watkins and his two brothers—their four cousins are heads of departments, and of 'em does a stroke of work. Wilbur, particularly, is lazy, no ambition, no——"

"Why should he have ambition," Rosalie inquired, "if he is rich?"

THIS was no time to recognize obstacles.

"The real guy down there," Billy went on, "is the new sales manager—Haisten. I've got all figured out. He's the Volitional Type—the one that acts. I'm going ahead and *do* things, and, believe me, they need action up there. Why, even the shipping clerk is forty-five years old and insists on doing things the way they were done when he first came. Rosalie leaned forward with a new interest.

"And every employee they have is like that! They have forty salesmen, and every one of 'em specializes on hick towns. As for territory—well, it's a joke. The Minnesota man has half his trade in Wisconsin, and the Wisconsin man has a third of his trade in the Minnesota man's territory. No system to it, at all. Why, they hardly ever put hotel bills on their expense accounts—they stay with their customers!"

Billy paused with dramatic effect, sure of his climax, but Rosalie, her eyes glowing, said: "Why, Billy! That's the most beautiful thing I ever heard of! Probably those dear old salesmen picked the prettiest towns! I can just see them, coming to visit their old customers, with a new rattle for the baby, a box of candy for the wife—"

It was at this point that Billy relapsed into a silence, a calm, which, it irritated him to observe, failed to put caution into Rosalie's heart. She rippled on lightly, from salesmen to Emma Moore's new hat, and from further snatches of news about Emma to the latest jazz fox-trot record, which she rose promptly to play.

THE phonograph was in the opposite corner, past the fireplace. As Rosalie sat down before it, the firelight drew a flickering pattern over her face, intensifying the glow of her skin and bringing from her hair elusive golden flashes. Science travels a separate path from art, however, and by this time Billy had emerged from smoldering resentment into a spirit of cold, scientific analysis. The first faint stirrings of the Realization were animating his mind and now, a student of character, he was regarding Rosalie impersonally, her features interesting him only as Exhibit A. Tensely he shifted about in his chair, seeking, for analytical purposes, a profile view of Rosalie.

"Turn your head a bit this way," he said.

Rosalie looked up at him inquiringly from the phonograph.

"No—not full front!" Billy frowned with the impatience of the truly absorbed student. "Profile, Rosalie—just turn your head a bit this way. . . H'm-m-m. No doubt of it. . ."

Rosalie stood for a moment, listening, not without amusement, to mumbings about "mixed blonde; soft; convex upper; long-headed type"; and so on.

"Billy," she said at last, "what are you talking about?"

Solemnly Billy turned to her. "You," he stated, "are the Emotional Type!"

Rosalie's response was catastrophic.

"Oh, forget business for a while!" she said lightly, and came towards him, slim arms extended. "That's the best fox-trot record I ever heard. Let's dance!"

Thus came the final tap of the hammer to ram the spoke of realization into Billy's consciousness.

WHAT ensued would take far longer to tell than it did to happen. When Billy left, he left so abruptly that Rosalie did not have an opportunity to play her trump card, which was to draw her diamond engagement ring from her finger, lay it gently on the

table, say succinctly, "I'm sure I have no business wearing *this*," and depart for the upper regions of the house.

The fact that Billy had denied her this pleasure, added to the fact that his stand had been such a coolly scornful one, kept the flame of Rosalie's spirit blazing longer than it usually did on occasions like this. Next day, therefore, she made a trip downtown for

the sole purpose of presenting the ring in person to Billy, accompanied by certain words which, she felt, would reverberate in his mind down the corridors of the long years.

It was late in the forenoon when Rosalie gave her name to the girl in the reception-room of the Fairfield Advertising Agency. Most of the morning had been spent, and profitably (Continued on page 68)



Rosalie held the pose an instant longer . . . while Billy studied that exquisite profile impersonally.



The Love Unsung

By Glenn Ward Dresback

THERE are many songs of Love,
Full of laughter and of tears
And of clinging lips and arms,
On the pages of the Years!

Passions flashing with the swords,
Loves with kingdoms changing kings,
Peasant-hearts that died to win
Princesses, the Distance sings!

I WOULD sing of Love that grew
All unsung, so very sure
Of itself it was, and kept,
But for those it blessed, a lure.

While the crimson pageants passed
And the banners touched the skies,
Such Love sat and rocked a babe
And kept sweetness in its eyes.

WHILE the castles fell to dust
And the songs of Quest were sung,
Such Love passed into the hearts
Fed on it—forever young!

While the madder loves went forth,
Castles fell, and with them men,
Love unsung built Cottages
Turned to Palaces again!



"Do you take the stage seriously—or merely as a shop-window in which to exhibit your attractions?"

If Three Should Play

The Derelictions of Dolf - Eight

By F. E. Baily

Illustrated by Will Grefé

IN A quiver of twittering nerves, a cloud of face-powder, a wild cacophony of near-music wrung from the orchestra by a pitiless musical director, with a baton like the sword of the angel at the gate of Eden, which turned every eye, and a heart of flint, the semifinal rehearsal of "Naughty Girl!" at the Hilarium Theater tattered to its close.

Oswald Silk, the perspiring stage manager, flung the remains of his personality at a lovely chorus, reduced as nearly to pulp as a chorus can be.

"Now, ladies, for heaven's sake shove a little ginger to it! Remember, the Gov'nor's in front, and he's tame wild women, let alone nice little girls scared their own voices. That last number was like a choir glee down in the old home village, with the choir on strike. If you can't shake hell out of this act the notices'll be up before the thing's produced at all."

DARK, handsome Netta Blatchley flashed a cynical smile at Dolf, whose fair, slight beauty seemed on the point of wilting before the managerial storm.

"When in doubt, blame the chorus," proclaimed Netta, with deep mock-wisdom. "Turn a blind eye to the leading lady's breaks, for she can afford nervousness. Go gently with the star man in case you drive him to drink. But go for the chorus all the time. That's why we're here."

A half-pathetic smile curved Dolf's soft, provocative mouth. She ran a powder-puff rather tremulously over a little straight nose and the perfect oval of her face. Then her blue eyes met the laughing gray ones

"**THIS is a men's world," Dolf decided. "If a girl hasn't either money or a career of her own, she can never be on equal terms with men. She can't have a mind of her own. She has to lie and flatter and conceal and pretend. So I think I want to take my work seriously."**

of the extremely good-looking chorus man who stood near, wearing Savile Row morning clothes as if he had been born in them, his silk hat rather on the back of his head, raked slightly to the left. The storm and stress of the weary day seemed to have left him utterly calm and composed.

"Amen!" he murmured devoutly in reply to Netta. "But, my dear Miss Dolf Farmer, never turn a hair. It pleases Silk and doesn't do you any good. Even the Gov'nor can't shoot us. He can only give us the benefit of his experience, real or imaginary. A well-preserved old gentleman, but hardly a man-eater, what?"

A FAINT glow of returning confidence stole over Dolf. To the looker-on there was nothing extraordinary about the smile or the words; to her they

carried a personal and private significance. The gray eyes and an undercurrent in the lazy voice were saying to her in a new and wonderful Morse code: "You're a darling and I know it, and you know I know it, and I'm glad you know I know." These things are precious to a girl.

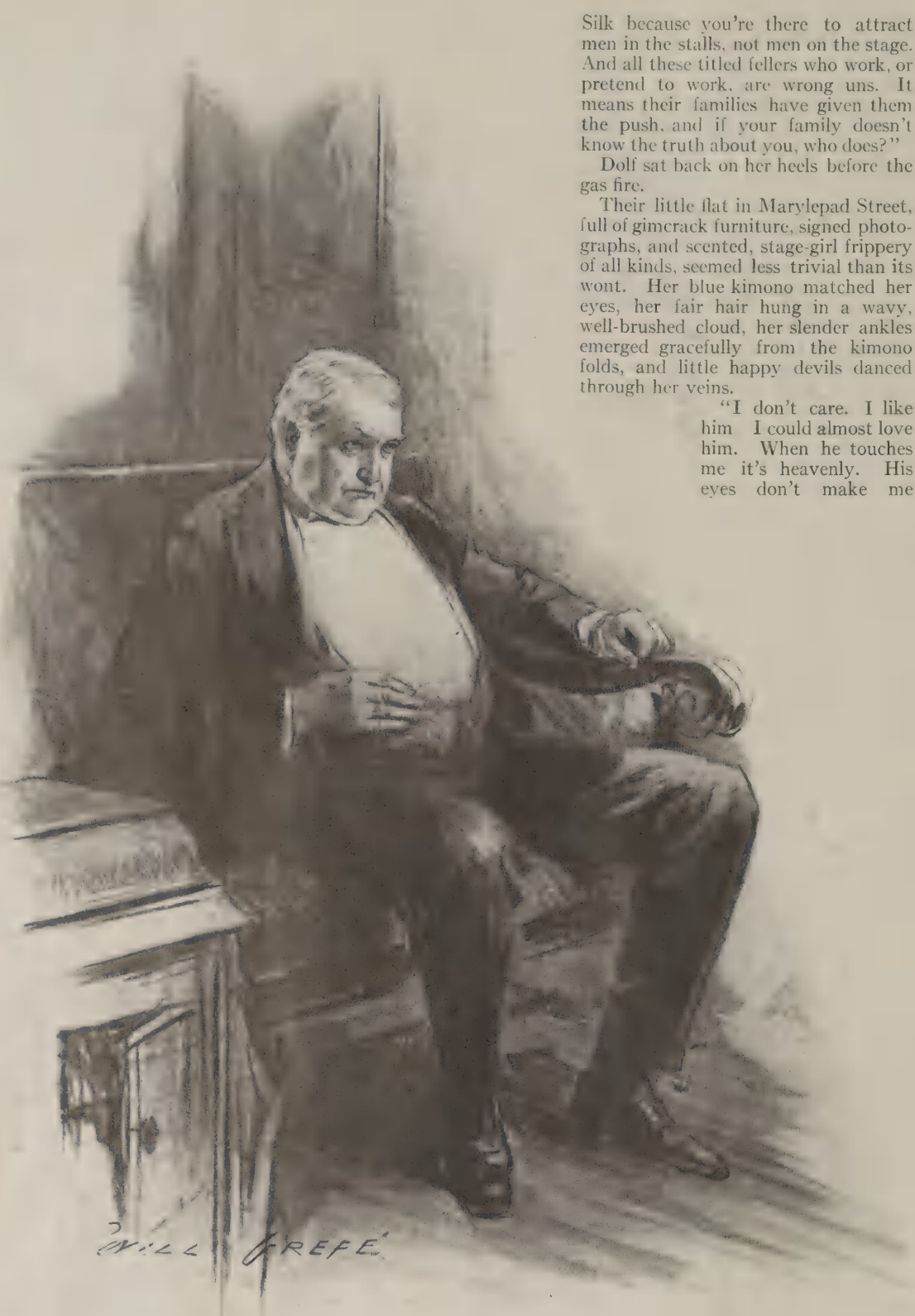
"Oh," said Netta contemptuously, "you're on velvet, my dear man. The Honorable Basil Wray, the noble aristocrat now working in the Hilarium chorus, is far too good an advertisement to get fired. We should miss the daily paragraph about you in the papers."

The Honorable Basil smiled sadly.

"You are beautiful and full of grace; I'm plain and dreadfully clumsy. Look at the way I knock the scenery about. They always chuck out the unskilled labor first. Hullo! We're on in a second."

THEY were, indeed. The orchestra crashed into the fox-trot that heralded a dance-club scene at the opening of the last act. Dolf, in her wisplike afternoon gown, slid thankfully into the arms of the Honorable Basil Wray, her dance partner. He held her perfectly, and the faint, firm pressure seemed to inoculate her with confidence from outside, since that within her ebbed very low. Her stage experience eclipsed his by many months, but the Honorable Basil had grown up in a world in which he was accustomed to do as he pleased. This habit is a priceless asset in any walk of life.

Because of it, the Gov'nor, otherwise Gillingham Kent, Napoleon of musical enterprises, sitting in the shrouded stalls among a professional audience few and select, his gray hair beautifully brushed, his simple



Gillingham Kent sank back on the settee and watched Dolf out of deep-set eyes.

clothes faultless in their simplicity, smoking cigarette after cigarette in a long tortoise-shell holder, let his introspective gaze linger on Dolf with approval. Basil, who could dance if he could do nothing else, was lending her that poise and assurance one good dancer can give another. Dolf, happy in the desired moment, because she rested in the arms of a man who attracted, admired, and wished to please her, stood out from the other girls through sheer happiness of circumstances. From so slight causes do great results ensue.

GILLINGHAM KENT turned to Silk at his side, and said: "Give me a note of the fair girl's name—the one dancing with Wray. She's good; she's got a style of her own, personality—all that sort of thing. I'm not at all sure we haven't found a winner in that girl. Otherwise your girls are awful and I'd like to burn the lot of them. And the show's the biggest frost in history. It'll last about a week."

From this Oswald Silk, who knew the Gov'nor very, very well, gathered that he was entirely pleased and looked forward to at least a year's run.

"HE'S no use to you," said Netta, examining critically a ladder in an otherwise perfectly good silk stocking. "He's got no money, and expensive tastes. Probably one of those West End society women has first call on him and you can amuse him in his few spare moments. It won't do you any good with

Silk because you're there to attract men in the stalls, not men on the stage. And all these titled fellers who work, or pretend to work, are wrong uns. It means their families have given them the push, and if your family doesn't know the truth about you, who does?"

Dolf sat back on her heels before the gas fire.

Their little flat in Marylepad Street, full of gimcrack furniture, signed photographs, and scented, stage-girl frippery of all kinds, seemed less trivial than its wont. Her blue kimono matched her eyes, her fair hair hung in a wavy, well-brushed cloud, her slender ankles emerged gracefully from the kimono folds, and little happy devils danced through her veins.

"I don't care. I like him. I could almost love him. When he touches me it's heavenly. His eyes don't make me

enough apart. There are never more than two people at each table, and they've always enough money left for a taxi after paying the bill. Only they never have to pay for it, because in heaven you go on lunching forever and ever, and always stay in that early dreamy state when it's quite perfect simply to be together. There!"

Dolf looked at him with the friendliest smile in her blue eyes, because she felt utterly happy.

"You're a delightful liar, Basil. You must have had a fearful lot of practice, or else I'm very new to you. Everyone knows that the early dreamy state never lasts. You'll fall in love with me, or I with you, both of us with each other, and suffer most awful torments, and get nowhere. I like your idea of heaven, but this is earth. Didn't you know?"

He offered her a cigarette out of a battered silver case, but she shook her head.

"Then come out into the park and sit beside me on the green chair and dream about mice," he suggested with just that note of wanting her that a girl rather loves. "It's all sunlight and love-in-idleness, and very charming."

AUREOLED with blessings from a tipped waiter, they wandered out in the sunshine, and in the season sat upon green wooden chairs which cost a penny each and require a certain amount of sentiment to pad the rigors of their outline.

"Tell me about you," began Dolf idly. "You're romantic, a beautiful stranger not of my world. What are you doing in a place like the Hilarium?"

He laid his fingers lightly on her wrist between the end of a glove and the beginning of a sleeve, making that faint contact so ineffable to them both.

"Nothing worth while, unless you like to love me, dear thing. I've had a little soldiering, a little sport, a little fun, and a little love. Being a younger son, I haven't even a little money; but the fine old name, God bless it, seems a bit of a draw on the stage. One day you'll come out into the country with me, won't you, please, and get a sunburnt little girl and be to what a darling you are? Thank Heaven, I can still borrow a car now and again. You don't mind my being at the theater, do you? Or are you sorry?"

She turned and looked at him, and their eyes met in perfect steadiness because of that inscrutable magic in their relationship.

"Fool!" she said, with faint, adorable mockery. "You know I'm not!"

HIS own room in Gillingham Kent's suite of offices impressed Dolf more as the hall of some historical castle than as a place in which to get work done. It was a vast apartment of dim carpet, tapestry, priceless old oak furniture, and somber, devastating pictures. Behind the Tanagra statuette in bronze on the writing-table that looked as if it weighed a ton, sat the gray-haired theater magnate, striking a note of complete simplicity, recalling irresistibly some scholar or old antiquarian among his treasures.

Dolf, entirely lost in a vast leather and oak chair that needed a feudal baron to set it off worthily, gazed at him through the smoke of his interminable cigarettes, fighting desperately to preserve a little of her own personality.

"Miss Farmer," intoned his suave, velvety voice, smooth and rich as the finest old Burgundy, "I sat for you because I noticed your work at the rehearsals of 'Naughty Girl.' I want to know whether you take the stage seriously or simply as a shop-window display which to exhibit such physical attractions as God has given you."

A faint smile took the sting out of his words. He paused to light another cigarette.

"I want to get on," she replied slowly, dwelling on him with distant, thoughtful blue eyes. "Most of all, I suppose, I want to be independent of men. This is men's world, Mr. Kent, and if a girl hasn't either money or a career of her own, she can never be on equal terms with men. She can't have a mind of her own. She has to lie and flatter and conceal and pretend. So I think I want to take my work seriously."

WITHOUT influence, the odds against a chorus girl becoming a star are about a thousand to one," said Gillingham Kent very gently.

She shrugged her shoulders faintly.

"Why trouble to tell me that when you know I've no influence?"

"Because I want you to have no illusions. What I mean by influence is a man with money behind you. On the other hand, you have personality and character. You have a certain type of beauty which is popular just now. If I like, I can make something of you, supposing you choose to work. The question is: Do I like, or do you choose?"

"There's no reason why you should like—and there

cold when he looks at me, like most men's do, and I don't have to be on my guard all the time. You're worse than wise sometimes, Netta; you're warped, morbid, possessed. You know as well as I do a girl can always feel if a man's the wrong kind. Let me alone to play with my Basil, there's a dear."

"Sure thing! You will, anyway. But don't say I never told you," warned Netta, and, as ever, warned in vain.

THEY were so acceptable in one another's sight. Dolf, meeting him in the turgid stream of stage-door traffic, felt suddenly rested. A peace passing all understanding began to brood over her, peace with an undercurrent of thrill. It was so obvious they could never jar on one another. Little flames flickered in her heart to see that steady, half laughing, half adoring glance steal out from his gray eyes. He had for her a caressing gentleness of manner very far removed from the free-and-easy boisterousness of the average stage man.

Netta's mythical society woman must have occupied very little of his time, for very early they drifted into the habit of lunching together. And one day he explained it, looking at her thoughtfully across a narrow table that seemed like some fortunate island in a crowded room.

"Heaven," he said, "is simply a series of little Soho restaurants, where the tables are always just far

never will be," said Dolf in a little clear-cut voice. It echoed through the vast room with a note of challenge. The expression on Kent's face never varied by the faintest shade.

"There is more than one type of reason, even with theatrical producers, though you may only have discovered one so far. To create a new star would be something of a feather in my cap. Also the star one creates is less expensive as regards salary than the star one tempts away from someone else. Shall I say I have no personal interest in you? I'm talking business. I do choose to make something of you; if you like to work hard for three months you shall have a small part and a contract. If you continue to do well there may be few limits for you. Are you interested, or do I seem simply a very wicked old man?"

HE LEANED back in his chair and considered her impersonally but very shrewdly. She strove hard to pierce his words, his manner, and find the real motive that lay behind them. But she only saw a calm, gray-haired man, detached almost to the verge of boredom.

"I think—" she began, almost helplessly. Gillingham Kent put out a white, deprecating hand.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Farmer, try to be a little more—er—metropolitan in your outlook. Remember that hundreds of girls in my companies would give soul and body—and I want neither—for the chance I'm offering you. If you ask me why I offer it, I can only tell you that you strike me as promising raw material. But if you'd rather remain raw, if the state has any particular virtue in your eyes, pray preserve it. You do see what I mean, don't you?"

Dolf, feeling like a stupid little girl, struggled to beat back the tide of shamed scarlet that ebbed into her cheeks. He had got under her guard at last. Evidently he saw her simply as vanity incarnate, so beautiful, in her own opinion, that every man must necessarily be running after her.

"You think me a little fool," she began abjectly, "but to a girl the world isn't always a nice place, and if we think what we do of men, men taught us. But I'm frightfully grateful to you for a very generous offer, and I'd love to accept it if I may."

He rose slowly to his feet, and if any hint of triumph flickered into his eyes she could not see it.

"My secretary will write to you and tell you all details. I doubt if you will see me again for three months. In the meantime, work hard, and let me wish you luck."

She went slowly from the big block of offices, her fair, graceful head full of the dreams a girl loves most. She saw herself famous, sought after, admired, adored. And in the sheer beauty of this radiant vision, almost she believed in Gillingham Kent.

NEITHER ambition, work, nor a career can quench love, nor can the floods drown it. For these reasons the romance of Dolf and Basil Wray became the gossip of the Hilarium Theater. The chorus gabbled, the principals condescended a languid interest, and Silk was neutral. The shadow of Gillingham Kent's interest brooded over Dolf, and as long as it continued she might do no wrong.

Dolf wondered occasionally if she were mad. "He's a man, you little fool!" she told herself over and over again. "How many men have you known, and kissed and gone about with? Dozens! And how many were genuine, or disinterested, or unselfish? Not one! Yet you dare to love, as you call it, this one! And what is love, anyway?"

Then she would meet him again, and the gray eyes laughed into her blue ones, the lazy voice said something only one voice could say, with that lilt underlying it which speeded up every pulse in her body.

"I don't love you, Basil," she insisted breathlessly. "It's propinquity, friendship—anything you like. We're just pals, because—oh, natural sympathy and all that. I can talk to you, and you like to tell me things. I don't believe in love—I don't understand it; it's a myth—there isn't any."

She half leaned against the banisters, in the dimly lighted hall of the Marylepad Street flats. He stood, hat in hand, smiling down at her with a species of affectionate mockery. Then he dropped the hat on the floor and took her face between his hands.

"You don't love me, and you look at me with that in your eyes!" he murmured scornfully. "I don't love you, do I? And you can look back at me and tell me no! Aren't you a darling little liar, Dolf? You know we simply ache for one another. If I subtract you, what thrill is there left in life? And if you subtract



me, where's the interest in all the stretch of lonely days ahead? There's no use fooling each other. We might as well be honest, mightn't we?"

HE BENT and kissed the soft, provocative mouth with half-impatient tenderness, and the soft mouth kissed back. Kisses that are kisses can not lie. Then he drew away resolutely before they should catch fire from one another and wake all that splendid misery of passion which would leave them wondering whether hell were heaven or heaven hell.

"Good-by till Sunday," he said gently, holding both her wrists and swaying either slowly from side to side, unwilling to let her go. "On Sunday we're going out of town and I'll show you the old ancestral home. On Sunday I'll

With heart beating wildly Dolf flung herself into the music . . . tossed her slender beauty to and fro with all the art she knew.

(Continued on page 55)



"Do you cry me mercy, John Drogue?" Penelope laughed down at me in triumph.

The Little Red Foot

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

WHEN I came back to consciousness, I was lying under blankets on a trundle-bed, in a very small room.

I wore a night-shift which was not mine, being finer and oddly ruffled; and under it my naked body was as stiff as a pike-pole, and bound up like a mummy. My right thigh, too, was stiffly swathed and trussed, and I thought I should stifle from the heat of the blankets.

There were several people in the little room. I saw Nick kneeling beside the bed, holding a pewter basin full of steaming water, and a Continental officer with his wristbands tucked up, choosing forceps from a battered leather case.

I could not move my body; my head seemed too heavy to lift; but I was aware of a woman standing close to where my head rested.

I had seen and heard enough to satisfy what languid curiosity I might have possessed. For I was in the gun-room at Summer House, whither, it appeared, they had taken me, despite my command to the contrary.

But now I was too weary to resent it; too listless to care; too incurious to wonder who it might be that was at any pains to care for my broken body at Summer House Point.

ALL was clear linked up to the time that Balty shot me. Afterward, only fragments of the chain of events remained in my memory. I heard again

WHEN friends and neighbors fell out for freedom's sake, young Jack Drogue of County Tryon forsook the King's cause to turn Patriot, led a triumphant raid against Howell's cabin and was carried back, dangerously wounded. And young Drogue's last memory as black night rolled over him was of pretty Penelope Grant whose own soft voice had pledged him her loyalty to the Cause—held close in the arms of a young Tory spy!

the thud of Balty's body on the puncheon floor, when Luysnes cut him down from the rafters of Howell's house. I remember that I saw men take ditch-spades to bury the dead. I remember that my body seemed all afire and that I became enraged and forbade them to take me to Summer House.

Further—and of the blank spaces between—I had no recollection save that the whole world seemed burning up in darkness and that my body was being consumed like a fagot in some hellish conflagration, where the flames were black and gave no light.

I FELT very well this later day except for the accursed itching where my flesh was mending, and my rib-bones knitting.

A barber from the Continental camp arrived to trim me. He took a beard from me that amazed me, and enough hair to awake the envy of a schoolgirl—for I refused to wear a queue, and bade him trim my poll like that of the *coursur-de-bois*.

Dr. Thatcher, my Continental surgeon, came along. He was booted, spurred, wore pistols and sword, and a military foot-mantle.

When he caught my eyes he smiled slightly and asked me how I did. And I expressed my gratitude as suitably as I knew how, saying that I was well and desired to rise and be about my business.

"In two weeks," he said, which took me aback. "Do you know how long you have been here?" he asked, amused.

"Some three or four days, I suppose."

"A month today, Mr. Drogue."

THIS stunned me. He seated himself on the camp stool beside my bed and said kindly:

"You would mend more quickly, sir, if your mind were tranquil."

I felt my face flush to my hair.

"Why do you suppose that my mind is uneasy, Doctor?"

"You have asked no question. A sick man, when recovering, asks many. You seem to remain different. Yet you are in the house of old friends."

le looked at me out of his kind, grave eyes. so," he said, "you had many days of fever."

Y FACE burned; I feared to guess what he meant, but now I must ask. Did I babble?"

A feverish patient often becomes loquacious." Of—of whom did I—rave?" I could scarce force elf to the question. Then, as he also seemed arrassed, I added: "You need not name her, tor. But I beg you to tell me who besides rself overheard me."

Only your soldier, Nicholas Stoner, and a Saguenay an, who squats at your door day and night." Nobody else?"

I think not."

Has Lady Johnson heard me? Or Mistress t? Or—Mistress Grant?" I stammered.

Why, no!" said he. "These ladies were most ler and attentive when your soldiers brought you er; but two days afterward, while you still lay nscious—and your right lung filling solid—there e a flag from General Schuyler, and an escort of ny Horse for the ladies. And they departed as oners the following morning, with their flag, to delivered and set at liberty inside the British

They are gone?"

Yes, sir. Lady Johnson, while happy er prospective freedom, and hopeful meeting her husband in New York, seemed very greatly essed to leave you n such a plight. And ress Swift offered to in and care for you, our military authori- would not allow it." said nothing. e added, with a faint e: "Our authorities, ce it, were impatient rid of responsibility these fair prisoners. Drogue. I know that Schuyler is ly relieved."

AS Stephen Watts been taken?" I asked abruptly, "or Hare, or r?"

Not that I have heard of."

they had got clean away, that spy- brew—Watts and Hare and Walter er! Well, that was better. God vs I had a million times rather meet e Watts in battle than take him skulking here e our lines a-spying on our camp, exchanging ination with his unhappy sister and with Claudia— nking about the shrubbery by night to press his theart's waist and lips. turned my hot face on the pillow and lay nking. The Doctor laid back my blanket, looked y hurts, then covered me. ou do well," he said. "In two weeks you shall ut o' bed. Bones must knit and wounds scar e you carry pack again. And before your lung ong you shall need six months' rest ere you take eld."

HAST at such news, I asked him the true nature of my hurts, and learned that Balty's bullet had en three ribs into my right lung, then, glancing, made a hole clean through my thigh, but not tering the bone.

That Oneida girl of Thomas Spencer's saved you," he, "for she picked out the burnt wadding and of cloth, cleaned and checked the hemorrhage, purged you. And there was no gangrene. She ll that anybody could have done; but the cold already seized your lung before she arrived, and is that which involved you so desperately."

ter a silence. "Good God, Doctor! Six months!" ix months before you take the field, sir."

A half-year of idleness? Why, that can not be!" t is better than eternity in a coffin, sir," said he, ly.

en he came and took my hand, saying that rs had come, directing him to join our Northern y at Crown Point, and that he was to set off in the hour.

A little nursing and continued rest is all you now re," said he; "and so I leave you without ty, Mr. Drogue."

strove to express my deep gratitude for his service e; he pressed my hand, smilingly.

f you would hasten convalescence," said he, k to recover that serenity of mind which is a medicine than any in my phials."

At the door he turned and looked back at me.

"I think," said he in an embarrassed voice, "that you have really no true reason for unhappiness, Mr. Drogue. For if you have, then my experience of men and women has taught me nothing."

With that he went; and I heard his sword and spurs through the hallway, and the outer door close.

What had hemeant?

For a long while I pondered this. Then into my mind came another and inevitable ques-

tion: What had I said in my delirium?

I WAS hungry when Nick came. "Well," says he, grinning at me. "our Continental sawbones permits this fat wild pigeon. And now I hope I shall have no more cursing to endure."

Tears came into my eyes and I held out my hand. It was blanched white, and bony, and lay oddly in his great, brown paw.

"Lord," says he. "what a fright you have given us, John! What with coughing all day and night like a sick bullock—"

"I am mending, Nick."

"So says Major Squills. Here, lad, eat thy pigeon. Does it smack? And here is a little Spanish wine in this glass to nourish you. I had three bottles of the Continentals ere they marched—"

"Marched! Have they departed?" I demanded.

"Horse, foot, and baggage," said he cheerily. "When I say 'horse,' I mean young Jack-boots, for he departed first with the flag that took my Lady Johnson to New York."

"So everybody has gone," said I, blankly.



Penelope, her yellow hair all curled into damp little ringlets, asked me shyly why I had come into her kitchen.

"Why, yes, John! The flag came from Schuyler and off went the ladies, bag, baggage, and servants."

"Then came Colonels Van Schaick and Dayton from Johnstown to inspect our works at this place and at Fish House. And two days later orders come to abandon Fish House and Summer House Point. . . . You do not remember hearing their drums?"

"No."

"You were very bad that day," he said soberly. "But when their music played you opened your eyes and nothing would do but you must rise and dress. Lord, how wild you talked! I was heartily glad when their drumming died away on the Johnstown road."

"YOU mean to tell me that there is no longer any garrison on the Sacandaga?" I asked, amazed.

"None. And but a meager one at Johnstown. It seems we need troops everywhere and have none to send anywhere. They've even taken your scout and your Oneidas."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"They left a week ago, John, to work on the new fort which is being fashioned out of old Fort Stanwix. So Dayton sends your scout thither to play with pick and mattock, and your Oneidas to prow! along Wood Creek and guard the bateaux."

"You tell me that the Sacandaga is left destitute of garrison or scouts?" I asked angrily. "And Tryon crawling alive with Tories! And the Cadys and Helmers and Bowmans and Reeds and Butlers and Hares and Stephen Watts stirring the disloyal to violence in every settlement betwixt Schenectady and Ballston!"

"I tell you we are too few for all our needs, John; too few to watch all places threatened. Schuyler has but one regiment of Continentals now. Gates commands at Crown Point and draws to him all available men. His Excellency is pressed for men in the South, too. Albany is almost defenseless; Schenectady practically unguarded; and only a handful of our people guard Johnstown."

"Where are the militia?" I demanded.

"Farming—save when the district call sends a regiment on guard or to work on the forts. But Herkimer has them in hand against a crisis, and I have no doubt that those Palatines will turn out to a man if Sir John comes with his murderous hordes."

I SAT in silence, picking the bones of my pigeon. Nick said:

"Colonel Dayton came in here and looked at you. And when he left he said to me that you had proven a valuable scout; and that, if you survived, he desired you to remain here at the Summer House with me and with your Saguenay."

"For what purpose?" I demanded, sullenly.

"On observation."

"A scout of three! To cover the Sacandaga! Do they think we have wings? Or are a company of tree-cats with nine lives apiece?"

"Well," said Nick, scratching his ear in perplexity, "I know not what our colonels and our generals are thinking; but the soldiers are gone, and our doctor has now departed, so if Dayton leaves us four people alone here in the Summer House it must be because there is nothing for the present to apprehend, either from Sir John or from any Indian or Tory marauders."

"Four people?" I repeated. "I thought you said we were but three here."

"Why," said he, "I meant that we were three men—three rifles!"

"Is there a servant woman, also?"

He looked at me oddly.

"The Caughnawaga girl came back."

"What!"

"The Scottish girl, Penelope."

"Came back! When?"

"Oh, that was long ago—after the flag left. . . . It seems she had meant to travel to Mayfield only with them. . . . She had not said so to anybody. But in the dark o' dawn she rides in on your mare Kaya, having traveled all night long."

"Why!" says I. "What do you here on John Drogue's horse in the dark o' dawn?"

"If there's danger," says she calmly, "this sick man should have a horse to carry him to Mayfield fort."

"WHICH was true enough; and I said so, and stabled your mare where Lady Johnson's horses had left a warm and empty manger."

"Well?" said I harshly, as he remained silent.

"Lord, Jack! That is all I know. She has cooked for you since, and has kept this house in order, washed dishes, fed the chickens and ducks and pigs, groomed your horse, hoed the garden, sewed bandages, picked lint, knitted stockings and soldiers' vests—"

"Why?" I demanded.



Penelope, a-fanning her scarlet cheeks

"I asked her that, John. And she answered that there was nobody here to care for a sick man's comfort, and that Dr. Thatcher had told her you would die if they moved you to Johnstown hospital."

"I thought she'd become frightened and leave when the Continentals marched out; they all came—the officers—where she sat a-knitting by the apple-tree; but she only laughed at their importunities, made light of any dangers to be apprehended and refused a seat on their camp wagon. And it pleased me, John, to see how doleful and crestfallen were some among those same young blue-and-buffs when they were obliged to ride away that morning and leave her there a-sewing up your shirt where Balty's bullet had rent it."

A SLIGHT thrill shot me through. But it died cold. And I thought of Steve Watts, and of her in his embrace under the lilacs.

If she now remained here it was for no reason con-

cerning me. It was because she thought her might return some night and take her in his arms again. That was the reason.

And with this miserable conclusion, a more dread doubt seized me. What of the loyalty of a girl whose lover is a King's man?

LONG before she came near me to speak to me and even before she had glanced at me from the west porch, whither she took her knitting in the afternoon—I had seen Penelope.

From where I lay on my trundle in Sir William's gun-room I could see out across the hallway through the door, where the west veranda ran.

In the mornings either my Indian, Yellow Leaf, or Nick Stoner mounted guard there, watching the green and watery wastes to the northward, while comrade freshened my sheets and pillows and cleared my room.

In the afternoons one o' them went a-fishing.



turkey wing, laughed like a child at our antics.

Following after meat for our larder, or, sometimes, Nick went a-horse to Mayfield on observation, or to town for news or a bag of flour. And t'other tched from the veranda roof, which was railed, and all around the house, so that a man might walk st there and face all points of the compass.

FOR Penelope, I soon learned her routine; for in the morning she was in the kitchen and about the use—save only she came not to my room—but swept I dusted the rest, and cooked in the cellar-kitchen. Sometimes I could see her in apron and pink print, wing water from the orchard well, and her skirt ked up against the dew.

Sometimes I saw her early in the garden, where ens grew and beans and peas; or sometimes she ed weeds where potatoes and early corn stood in ws planted between orchard and posy-bed. And sometimes I could see her a-milking our three sey cows, or, with a sickle, cutting green fodder

for my mare, Kaya, whose dainty hoofs I often heard stamping the barn floor.

But after the dinner hour, and when the long, still afternoons lay listlessly betwixt midsummer sun and the pale, cool dusk, she came from her chamber all freshened like a faint, sweet breeze in her rustling petticoat of sheer, sprigged stuff, to seat herself on the west veranda with her knitting.

DAY after day I lay on my trundle where I could see her. She never noticed me, though by turning her head she could have seen me where I lay.

I do not now remember clearly what was my state of mind except that a dull bitterness reigned there. Which was, of course, against all common sense and decent reason.

I had no claim upon this girl. I had kissed her once. But other men had done that perhaps with no more warrant. And I, though convinced that the girl knew not how to parry such surprises brooded sullenly

upon mine own indiscretion with her and pondered upon the possible behavior of other men with her. And I silently cursed their impudence, and her own imprudence which seemed to have taught her little in regard to men.

But in my mind the chief and most sullen trouble lay in what I had seen under the lilacs that night in June. When I closed my eyes I seemed to see her in Steve Watts's arms, and the lad's ardent embrace of her throat and hair, and the flushed passion marring his youthful face.

WHAT, then, could be the sentiments of any honest man concerning her? What, when I considered these things, were my own sentiments in her regard?

And though the going at that last supper at the Hall seemed clear, and what I had witnessed plainer still, I seemed to be unable to come to any clear conclusion as to my true sentiments in this business, or why, indeed, it was any business of mine, and why I concerned myself at all.

Men found her young and soft and inexperienced; and so stole from her the kiss that Heaven sent them.

And Steve Watts, at least, was more wildly enamored.

And, no doubt, that reckless flame had not left her entirely cold. Else how could she have strolled away to meet him that same night when her lips must still have felt the touch of mine? And how endured his passion there in the starlight? And if she truly were a loyal friend to liberty, how in God's name give secret tryst and countenance to a spy?

ONE morning, when Nick had bathed me, I made him dress me in forest leather. Lord, but I was weak o' the feet, and light in head as a blown egg-shell!

Thus, dressed, I lay all morning on my trundle, and there, seated on the edge, was given my noon dinner.

But I had no mind, now, to undress and rest. I desired to go to the veranda, and did fume and curse and bully poor Nick until he picked me up and carried me thither and did seat me within a large and cushioned Windsor chair.

Then, maddled, he went away to fish for a silver pike in our canoe, saying with much viciousness that I might

shout my throat raw and perish there ere he would stir a foot to put me to bed again.

So I watched him go down to the shore where the canoe lay, lift in rod and line and paddle, and take water in high dudgeon.

"Even an ass knows when he's sick!" he called out to me.

But I laughed at him and saw his broad paddle stab the water, and the birchen craft shoot out among the reeds.

Now it was in my thoughts to see how Mistress Penelope would choose to conduct, who had so long and so tranquilly ignored me.

For here was I established upon the spot where she had been accustomed to sit through the long afternoons—and think on Steve Watts, no doubt! . . .

COMES Mistress Penelope in sprigged gown of lavender, and smelling fresh of the herb itself—or of some faint freshness. (Continued on page 65)



A slim gazelle at seventeen, at thirty she scales four hundredweight.

Must We Shoot Our Fat Men?

By W. Atherton Du Puy
Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THERE have always been more people who suffer from an over-indulgence in food, a thoughtful surgeon of the United States Public Health Service told me, than from the excessive use of alcohol—ten times as many.

"The man who allows himself to get fat cuts ten years off his life, maybe twenty years," said the statistician of a great life-insurance company. "It is hard to find a greater risk than a fat man. A fat man of three-score years and ten is almost as rare as a white blackbird. The accumulation of flesh is suicide."

"We will not employ a fat person," I was told by an agency which worked 2,000 clerks. "A clerk who is fifty pounds overweight is not fifty per cent efficient. That clerk requires extra space in which to function and slows up the team in any cooperative undertaking."

"Corpulence is never a necessity," said the dietitian of the 4,000,000 men who made up our army during the war. "It is caused by but one thing—the consumption of more food than the system needs. There is one workable cure for corpulence and that is a proper reduction of the food consumed."

SUCH statements as these coming from such authorities would seem to hang out the "Stop! Look! Listen!" sign to those who are interested in the welfare of their fellows and the community as a whole. Since America has been playing the rôle of the crusader; since she trimmed the candle of the light of self-government for a hundred and forty years and has now given it to the world; since she has banned that seduction which lurks in the bowl that flows, and poisons; may she not be looking for the next best chance for usefulness to men of today or tomorrow?

"THE man who allows himself to get fat cuts ten years off his life—perhaps twenty. It is hard to find a greater insurance risk than a fat man. A fat man of three-score years and ten is almost as rare as a white blackbird." Should Congress declare corpulence a Crime? Should fat people be punished?

Believing that this is true, the lancers in the lists against King Nicotine, him of the soothing ministrations, have burnished their shields to attract public attention. The crusaders against the lesser serpent that lurks in the cup that is filled by tropical Brazil or that other that is brewed from the leaves of the flowery Orient, have unfurled their banners and trumpeted loudly.

They have invited inspection of their dragons, considering them worthy of the steel of America. But here is another challenger of attention—the incubus Obesity, Corpulence, Fat. I invite the public to take the measure and the thumbprints of this undesirable before opening a campaign on lesser evils.

I ask the public to stand this creature up, stripped of his camouflaging habiliments, robbed of his jovial deceptions—to call him forth nude and blimplike, to come to know him as he is, to ask him whence he came, the necessities of his existence, to understand the impositions which are his, the burden he inflicts upon his victims, to try him at the bar of justice, and if he is convicted, to banish him.

PERSONALLY, I am already convinced that corpulence is the greatest curse of the age. It threatens the well-being of the race. It is unpleasant to the eye. It offends the artistic sensibilities. It fills the world with perambulating radiators that work in summer as well as winter. The possessors of most of it hate it well. It smothers love, ambition, life itself. It is the modern plague.

THERE are more fat people in the world than there are drunkards. I leave it to you if you had rather be a drunkard than a fat man. There is at least some recompense in being a drunkard. There are moments of joy in drink. There are moments when a drunkard is not working at it. But a fat man never has a vacation from his affliction. There are no respites when he can frolic, when his wife can look upon him without aversion.

Obesity is the worst of all bad habits. Corpulence lays its curse of inconvenience not only on him who has it. You may have sat in the theater with one of these overlappers on each side of you. You may have slept across the car from one of them when traveling and heard the night song of the blimp. One may have blocked the aisle of your street-car, or may have sat upon your hat. You may have married a slim gazelle of seventeen years and 106 pounds and found that at thirty she tipped the scales four hundredweight. You may be the wife of a human hogshead. Were the curse visited only on him who acquires the flesh there would be the consolation that it was just retribution, but the innocent suffer as does the drunkard's child.

THERE is probably no subject under the sun with a relation to which there is more misinformation and less clear thinking, than (Continued on page 7)

When the Rising Sun Went Down

By William R. Stewart

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

"T'S sure going to take a blamed sight more good luck than we are likely to get to take us into San Francisco without a fight," said the captain, sweeping the horizon with his telescope and finding an uncomfortable number of Japanese ships.

Responsibility must have been lying upon the captain, we thought, a fight was just the thing we knew wanted.

"Luck! I should say 'twould be mighty poor luck if we did," retorted Jones; and "That's right" from Turk, who had charge of the deck, emphasized the disagreement.

"Well, well, we'll get the luck you want, certain enough," said the captain. "Twouldn't be so bad at that if you fellows wouldn't fumble nothing at the wrong time."

It was a way with the captain to take light of our fighting worth because we had not been put to the test and he had.

"Leave us alone for that," we assured him, and he smiled good-naturedly. He knew every man of us was true, and was only bantering when pretending to doubt.

WE WERE not a fighting crew, technically speaking. Sam Miller, the captain, was the only one of us who had seen service. He had been in a middle on the *Adder* in 1918 when it had sunk a German U-boat trying to sneak up on a passenger liner. Bill Jones, the first lieutenant, came next nearest to having been in a fight. He was shot at by a revenue cutter while poaching on Lake Erie. The rest of us, outside of the fine crew, were on the ship because they had worked for the men who built it. The Santa Cruz coast loomed mistily in the morning sunlight as we altered it on our course. With only an armored top and observation periscope showing above the water, we had little to fear. Nearer to the Golden Gate we would not have closed the eyes so much, but here, with no American warship within a hundred miles, we were not taking chances.

AT Port Arthur twenty years before, now again at San Francisco, the fleet of the Mikado had been left to strike. The friction over the untung, the alien laws of California, the rivalries in the Orient and significant events in the Philippines, had not been treated at Washington with the importance which they merited. Members of Congress, busy with log-rolling, or with eyes open only to domestic conditions following the close of the Great War, had been blind to the development of the crisis.

Industrial unrest had turned the nation topsy-turvy; new theories of society, fermenting in ill-organized mobs, had produced labor strikes on a scale never known in history; the entire western world was in a chaos of groping after reorganization and reconstruction.

IN SPITE the warnings of a small number of contemptuously named "alarmists," pacifism had been run riot in the council halls of the Capitol. The struggle with Germany over, the nation had settled back in idle belief that a millennium was at hand and needed only to be seduced to be enjoyed.

In the Navy the personnel, which the Department had desired to keep at complement of 200,000 men, had been cut down by Congress to 132,900.

On the Pacific Coast no effort had been made to provide naval yards capable of caring for the great battleships that had been sent there. The bulk of the Pacific fleet, formed with a flourish of patriotic trumpery, was now paying visits in the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, carrying relief delegations and official junketers. On the whole western littoral only one dreadnought, a battle cruiser, half a dozen light cruisers, a score or fewer of torpedo-boats and submarines, and three of the new and untried craft of which we were one, made up the American fighting force. Dwarfing these into insignificance were the warships of Japan, built with surprising secrecy and now with the same quiet dispatch rushed from the shores of Nippon to those of the western United States.

YET, as the whitish-green waves broke lightly over our decks on that April morning, there was not one of us who did not believe that a new wonder was about to be revealed. Within our 275 feet of length and 32 of breadth we had instruments of destruction such as not before had been tried upon an enemy. The Naval Advisory Board at Washington, working patriotically, though little encouraged by officialdom, had stimulated the inventive genius of a nation of inventors; and our vessel and its sister craft, built privately and sold to the Government at cost, was something new to warfare.

BELOW Santa Cruz the sea stretched a wide arm inland, and far on our starboard bow the giant deck of a battleship limned itself against the background of haze that overhung the shore. We gave her a wide berth, altering our course two points to pass well out of her range.

Sailing partly submerged, we were by nightfall twenty miles off the Golden Gate and in full view of a portion of the Japanese fleet that blockaded the harbor.

"That's what we get for being so 'peaceful,'" snarled Miller, looking out over the water at the dusky spots that spelled the enemy vessels. "They didn't think the Japs would strike."

"And the Panama Canal," interjected Jones. "They didn't want to finish the fortifications. And now what fortifications we had are blown to bits and the fleet in the Atlantic is as good as useless for *this* war."

"It's up to us to do something in the miracle line," commented Clark. "Maybe we'll do it." The old Monitor gave war a new wrinkle in '63. Perhaps this old Edison-Maxim of ours will show a way now."

"Yankee brains have made more than wooden nutmegs," I commented sententiously, having come from Connecticut.

AS THE last rays of sun-red faded from the western sky and the dusk of a moonless night grew quickly over all, another glare began fitfully to lighten the scene. From the outlying forts of the harbor and from the American cruisers which had hurriedly made for port, searchlights shot their long white streams over the water, sweeping wide circles in search for attacking torpedo-boats or aircraft.

Between us and the American lights, other lights gleamed over the waves. They were from the vessels of Japan on the lookout for such as ourselves. In a long line they stretched—battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, submarines, transports, from ten miles or more below the Gate to as far north of it.



In her side yawned a great ragged hole—the work of our torpedo.

WE HAD just slowed down to quarter-speed, poking along submerged to get closer to the shore and lessening the distance between us and the nearest Japanese, when Jones, who had taken the receiver of the submarine telephone, spoke again.

"Vessel of some sort heading our way," he said. "I can hear her screws. Sounds like a torpedo-boat."

"What direction?" asked the captain.

"On the port bow, about six points. Seems to be moving slowly. Hold on! . . . 'One-two-three; one-two-three; one.' She's signaling. It's our signal, sir!"

"Answer her," called the captain. "Here, you—"

I dove down the companionway and in a moment was in the signaling compartment. With the copper mallet I rapped out the signals on the hull, plainly—

"One-two-three; one-two-three; one."

I repeated them regularly, still holding the receiver connecting with the turret. In a minute the captain telephoned:

"Tell 'em we're the *Edison-Maxim II*."

WHEN I came up the vessel was on the surface and the low top of our sister-boat the *Edison-Maxim I* was discernible about a hundred feet off on the port side.

She formed a cheerful bit of scenery dabbled on the canvas of a forbidding picture. Insignificant enough she might be, with the seascape dotted with great enemy craft of all descriptions; but she was company. That was an important thing and it nerved us in a way that probably none of us willingly would have admitted we needed to be nerved.

A short conference by telephone ended, we submerged again and this time headed straight for a Japanese battleship.

Each man was at his post. The captain, Jones and the second lieutenant were at the periscope, Jones with the receiver to his ear, with another man in the hold to transmit signals under water, and the engineering force ready to change the motive power from boiler-steam to the new motor-explosive, while the gunners made ready the automobile torpedoes propelled by the same new device.

My post was to superintend the smoke-bombs. These were carried in metallic capsules, packed in an outer casing of shrapnel, each provided with orifices through which the smoke could fume off. We had three hundred pounds of the stuff on board, and in one chamber of the bomb we loaded liquefied hydrochloric acid gas, with a bursting charge of gunpowder to disrupt the chambers and break up the projectile.

THE streaky glare from the forts and warships was giving a borealis-like effect to the sky ahead of us, throwing the night behind into darker relief, as we loaded the bomb into a turret gun and noted that our presence already was suspected.

A penetrating gleam of light from the battleship was turned in our direction, moving steadily back and forth over a fixed area, not as before playing at haphazard. The motion of our propeller, so audible through the water, evidently had registered its sound on the ship's receiver.

But the distance was yet too great for a bomb to carry, and the Japanese gunners would find sound a difficult target to practice at. So we forged ahead to get closer and did not pay great attention to a long-range shot or two which they chanced at random, even when a shell struck not a hundred yards away. That gave us an idea of the distance, though, and soon afterward came the command from Miller:

"Ready there with the smoke-bombs—a mile and a quarter—let her go!"

Out into the night shot the gas-laden projectile, but

it fell short of its mark, plunging harmlessly into the sea away this side. A volley from the battleship greeted this disclosure of our position.

"Ready with another. . . . Fire!"

CLARKE, at the gun, did better this time. A dense volume of opaque vapor was seen to spread itself about the bow of the enemy battleship, through which the rays of the searchlight peered dimly like a full moon through a mist. It was muriate of ammonia, formed by combustion of the acid and ammonia when the bomb burst. Mixing with the moisture of the air, the fumes of concentrated sulphuric acid were blinding and stinging and burning wherever they penetrated portholes and gun turrets.

Twice again we fired, both bombs bursting near enough the enemy ship to encircle it with a vapor through which it was impossible for the crew to see. Into the heart of the cloud we fired a torch-bomb; and a flame of acetylene, formed by ignition of the calcium carbide and water of the projectile, shot up a hundred feet and burned with a dazzling, blinding glare.

We were by this time



"Pick them off—one by one. We need their boat," cried the

not more than three-quarters of a mile from the battleship, which lay at our mercy. But down the line of investing vessels a commotion was apparent. Searchlights played with an activity that made the lightly rolling waves glisten as under the rays of a dozen moons. Wireless messages in cipher filled the air.

The dark specks of Japanese torpedo-boats, as they showed up in the flood of light, were seen heading in our direction.

"Now the torpedoes!" came the captain's command.

THE two lateral submarine tubes were already charged with ten automobile torpedoes, loaded one after another like the balls of a Roman candle. In the lookout tower Jones stood by the electric keyboard and table which controlled their discharge. With a pressure of his finger he released one of the

missiles. Not a sound marked its speeding from the boat. Generating its power by steam from a burning explosive, it sped, turbine-propelled, towards its mark.

A scarcely audible rumble; a great column of water which rose through the vapor and flame; a drunken reeling of the battleship; then a sickly sagging by the head, a plunge bow first below the surface, and only an angry swirl of waters, with a few scraps of wreckage and the awful human debris, marked the end of the giant fighter.

DARKNESS was again about us. Searchlight and torch-bomb no longer lighted up the spot where our victim had sunk. Off to the south the oncoming torpedo-boats showed momentarily in the flashes of the warships' lights. Signaling to the *Edison-Maxim I*, we headed northeasterly again, bearing



A great mountain of water welled up in our wake, following and towering over us to a height above the top of the periscope. Inside, the dash of the spray against the armor made hearing difficult.

WITHIN five minutes we had traveled four miles and had hardly realized the great change in our location, when a hail of small shot from quick-firers served notice that we were a target for enemy gunboats.

Increasing the pressure on the motive, we doubled the rate of combustion, and at a mile-a-minute speed veered our course enough to bring our torpedo tubes in line with the cruiser. Decreasing the pressure again, in order not to overtake our own torpedo, we discharged the projectile.

Our judgment in getting so close to the enemy had been bad. With greater experience, we would have calculated better the enormous speed at which we had been traveling. A terrific impact at the base of the tower, which staggered the boat, followed the glancing blow of a ten-inch shell against us.*

For a moment those in the turret, stunned by the shock, stood listless at their posts. For a moment only, but in that time we were within six hundred yards of the stricken, reeling cruiser and no power on earth could stop us in the twenty seconds which would hurl us against the great steel bulk.

"Submerge!" shouted Miller hoarsely, steadying himself with difficulty and seizing the lever which deflected the rudders.

At the same time Clarke threw open the valves of the submergence tanks, and with a shudder from stem to stern as the water swept over our bow, we dove from sight, head-on towards the cruiser's hull.

The engines had been shut off, but the momentum of our speed carried us like a meteor. Ten seconds earlier we might have passed safely under the warship. As it was, we struck glancingly on her bottom, and the blow of the steel preceded by only a few seconds the

chug in the mud as we dug our nose into the slimy sea-bed.

EVERY man aboard was hurled forward, tumbling over one another in the narrow space and bruising up against the parts of the vessel. Jones was the worst hurt, his shoulder dislocated by a blow against one of the torpedo tubes, with a seaman on top of him. Miller was picked up with the wind almost out of him from under a part of the telescope smoke-stack which had been drawn down before we went into action.

* The reader may wonder why the shell did not explode and wreck the boat. There is a false belief about the action of high explosives that has been hard to kill, even among those who have dealt with explosive substances. The action of a high explosive when bursting against a massive body is to rebound from that body on the line of least resistance. Only the shell that penetrates a body, and explodes within it, causes great damage.

The boat stuck like a spent arrow, inclined at about 40 degrees. We clambered up the bottom to the stern, crowding all our weight aft. Then we pumped the water out of the tanks and turned on the motive, reversing the engine and forcing the pressure till we must have been getting 2,000 pounds of steam a minute.

The vibration was terrific, shaking the boat so our hands tingled as with a shock of electricity when we touched them against the sides. But the boat did not budge, and we shut off the power to save it.

TO REALIZE that there is no hope of life does not come all at once to a man. The impossibility of each plan of escape has to be reasoned out separately. We could not believe that this was to be the end of our exploit. We could not realize it all at once; but it came gradually, and with finality. It did not alarm us, except in that quiet manner which comes upon a man confronted with a certainty. In a collision above the water, with a chance for the lifeboats, it would not have been the same. We might even have forgotten discipline then, if we were of the panicky sort. But in a steel-clad hull, panic had no impulse to feed upon.

"Might as well clear away those things around the machinery," said the captain finally. "Twon't do any harm to have matters shipshape in case we want to start the engines."

We set in their places the articles that had tumbled about. Jones picked up the signaling hammer, which had fallen over near one of the torpedoes. Mechanically he tapped out the fleet signal on the hull: "One—two—three; one—two—three; one."

"A little louder than that or they won't hear you at San Francisco," said Miller; but the levity passed unnoted.

Jones's hammering suggested the telephone, and I went up to the periscope and took down the receiver.

"Quit your pounding, Bill," I shouted to him through the tube. "I want to hear what is going on outside."

A CONFUSED agony of sounds smote my ear through the receiver. Borne down from the surface with that strange loudness with which sound travels through the water, came what seemed to be the reports of explosions, the cries of human beings, and the anger of an ocean, all mingled in an indescribable concatenation of turmoil.

In vain I listened for some distinctive feature of the uproar which might give a clue to a distinctive happening. Then, suddenly, I became aware of an eddying of the waters about us; like the swish of a woman's skirt it sounded, only a thousand times louder, and laden with a strange portent of catastrophe. At the same instant the stern of our boat seemed to fall away, as though being sucked in by a powerful maelstrom. The next moment it yielded before the blow of a great weight that bore it down with a bruising, grinding force till we found ourselves on an even keel, and then with the stern a trifle lower than the bow.

"That's the Jap," said Jones. "We torpedoed her all right, but it's her revenge now."

"What did y' expect?" asked Miller. "Not satisfied with sinking two of 'em? Think you were goin' to bust the whole Jap fleet with this newfangled tub?"

It was an open secret that the captain never was as enthusiastic about the boat as were we who had helped to build her.

"That's all right, Captain, but if the fellows on top do as well, it won't be such a bad day for the American navy." Clarke always was cheerful.

I STILL held the telephone, and it seemed as I listened that we could not be buried beneath the warship, or I should not hear so distinctly the sounds which came through the water. Then I thought of the diving compartment.

"I'm going to explore, Captain," I said. "Permission accorded, I suppose?"

"No special objections," said Miller.

"Bon voyage," said Clarke.

Donning the diving suit, I stepped into the compartment. The door was closed behind me and I applied myself to opening the slide that led outside the boat. This required some effort, for the hull had been strained by the two collisions; (Continued on page 60)

captain . . . and brought his rifle to his shoulder.

foreward to pass to the port of the next enemy cruiser.

It was now we needed more speed than boiler-fed engines could give, and the order went down to change from oil fuel to explosive. Long rods of a compound of nitroglycerin and guncotton, a foot in diameter, solidly incased in steel cylinders which forced the burning from only one end, were attached to the auxiliary engines and turbines. A stream of water was turned on, and the explosive, burning without atmospheric oxygen, under a pressure of two hundred fifty pounds to the square inch and mixing with the water, generated power equal to 25,000 pounds pressure. As the rush of the new motive was felt in the turbines, the boat, already going at thirty miles an hour, leaped like a spurred horse in a race, and in a minute we were speeding at little short of fifty miles an hour.

Put Not Your Trust in Princes

IN FRAMING an estimate of the human future two leading facts are dominant:

The first is the plain necessity for a political reorganization of the world as a unity, to save our race from the social disintegration and complete physical destruction which all war, under modern conditions, must ultimately entail:

The second is the manifest absence of any sufficient will in the general mass of mankind at the present time to make such a reorganization possible.

There appear to be the factors of such a will in men, but they are for the most part unawakened or they are unorganized and ineffective. And there is a very curious incapacity to grasp the reality of the human situation, a real resistance to seeing things as they are—for man is an effort-shirking animal—which greatly impedes the development of such a will.

Failing the operation of such a sufficient will, human affairs are being directed by use and wont, by tradition and accidental deflections. Mankind after the tragic concussion of the Great War seems now to be drifting again towards new and probably more disastrous concussions.

THE catastrophe of the Great War did more or less completely awaken a certain limited number of intelligent people to the need of some general control replacing this ancient traditional driftage of events. But they shrank from the great implications of a general world control:

The only practicable way to achieve such a general control in the face of existing governments, institutions, and prejudices, interested obstruction and the general disregard is by extending this awakening to great masses of people.

This means an unprecedented educational effort, an appeal to men's intelligence and men's imagination such as the world has never seen before.

Is it possible to rationalize the at present chaotic will of mankind?

That possibility, if it is a possibility, is the most important thing in contemporary human affairs.

WE ARE asking here for an immense thing, for a change of ideas, a vast enlargement of ideas, and for something very like a change of heart in hundreds of millions of human beings. But then we are dealing with the fate of the entire species. We are discussing the prevention of wars, disorders, shortages, famines, and miseries for centuries ahead.

The initial capital we have to go upon is as yet no more than the aroused understanding and conscience of a few thousands, at most of a few score of thousands of people.

Can so little a leaven leaven so great a lump?

Is a response to this appeal latent in the masses of mankind?

Is there anything in history to justify hope for so gigantic a mental turnover in our race?

A CONSIDERATION of the spread of Christianity in the first four centuries A. D. or of the spread of Islam in the seventh century will, we believe, support



The Future of Mankind-III By H. G. Wells

THE huge task of reconstruction needed to arrest the present drift towards catastrophe must be achieved, for the most part, in the teeth of official opposition. . . . Rulers, governments, officials, are resisting adjustments, fighting against the sacrifices of their authority, that must follow a recognition of the world's commonweal.

a reasonable hope that such a change in the minds of men, whatever else it may be, is a practicable change, that it can be done and that it may even probably be done.

Consider our two instances. The propagandas of those two great religions changed and changed forever the political and social outlook over vast areas of the world's surface. Yet while the stir for world unity begins now simultaneously in many countries and many groups of people, each of those two propagandas radiated from one single center and was in the

first instance the teaching of a single individual; and while today we can deal with great reading populations and can reach them by press and printed matter, by a universal distribution of books, by great lecturing organizations and the like, those earlier great changes in human thought were achieved mainly by word of mouth and by crabbled manuscripts, painfully copied and passed slowly from hand to hand.

So far it is only the trade who has made any effective use of the vast facilities the modern world has produced for conveying a statement simultaneously to great numbers of people at distance. The world's thought still hesitates to use the means of power that now exist for it.

HISTORY and political philosophy in the modern world are like bashful dons at a dinner-party: they crumble their bread and talk in undertones and clever allusions to their nearest neighbor, abashed at the thought of addressing the whole table.

But in a world where Mars can reach out in a single night and smite a city a thousand miles away we can not suffer wisdom to hesitate in an inaudible gentility. The knowledge and vision that is good enough for the best of us is good enough for all.

This gospel of human brotherhood and a common law and rule for mankind, this urgent necessity of a common control of human affairs, which indeed is no new religion but only an attempt to realize practically the common teaching of all the established religions of the world, has to speak with a dominating voice everywhere between the poles and round about the world.

AND it must become part of the universal education. It must speak through the schools and university. It is too often forgotten, in America perhaps even more than in Europe, that education exists for the community, and for the individual only so far as it makes him a sufficient member of the community.

The chief end of education is to subjugate and sublimate for the collective purposes of our kind, the savage egotism we inherit.

Every school, every college, teaches directly—and still more by implication—relationship to a community and devotion to a community. In too many cases the community that we let our schools and colleges teach to our children is an extremely narrow one; it is the community of a sect, of a class, or of an intolerant, greedy, and unrighteous nationalism.

Schools have increased greatly in numbers throughout the world during the last century, but there has been little or no growth in the conception of education in schools. Education has been extended, but it has not been developed. If man is to be saved from self-destruction by the organization of a world community, there must be a broadening of the reference of the teaching in the schools of all the world to the community of the world.

World-wide educational development and reform are the necessary preparations for and the necessary accompaniments of a political (Continued on page 39)

Children of the Whirlwind

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Armand Both

THERE is no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its own deeds." Larry Brainard came out of Sing Sing determined to go "straight." Yet every day he found it harder to be an honest man than he had ever found it to be a crook. Hounded by the police, he takes refuge on the Long Island country place of the friendly Sherwoods—and ventures back to New York for the sake of the girl he loves! But the risk he runs for Maggie costs him dearly. For he encounters her pal, and Barney—jealous of his interference—is more than glad to put the police once more on Larry's trail.

OLD JIMMIE did not like meeting the police any oftener than a meeting was forced upon him, and so he slipped away and allowed Barney Palmer to undertake alone the business of securing Larry.

Barney found Gavegan exactly where he had counted: lingering over his late dinner in the café of a famous Broadway restaurant—a favorite with some of the detectives and higher officials of the Police Department—where, in happier days now deeply mourned, Gavegan had had all the exhilaration he wanted to drink at the standing invitation of the proprietor, and where even yet on occasion a bit of the old exhilaration was brought to Gavegan's table in a cup or served him in a room above to which he had had whispered instructions to retire. The proprietor had in the old days liked to stand well with the police; and though his bar was now devoted to legal drinks—or at least obliging Federal officers reported it to be—he still liked to stand well with the police.

GAVEGAN was at a table with a minor producer of musical shows, to whom Barney had been of occasional service in obtaining the predominant essential of such music—namely, shapely young women. Barney nodded to Gavegan, chatted for a few minutes with his musical-comedy friend. As he did so, he gave Gavegan a signal, then crossed to the once-crowded bar, now sunk in isolation and the wily estate of soft drinks, and ordered a ginger ale. Not until then did he notice Barlow, Chief of the Detective Bureau, at a corner table. Barney gave no sign of recognition, and Barlow, after a casual glance at him, returned to his food.

Barney, in solitude at one end of the bar, slowly sipped with a sort of indignation his kickless purchase. Presently Gavegan was beside him, having most convincingly ill-luck in his attempts to light his cigar from a box of splintering safety matches which stood at that end of the bar.

"Well, what is it?" Gavegan whispered out of that corner of his mouth which was not occupied by his cigar. He did not look at Barney.

ANY clue to Larry Brainard yet?" Barney whispered, also out of a corner of his mouth, glass at his lips. Likewise he seemed not to notice the man beside him.

"Naw! Still out West somewhere. Them Chicago cops couldn't catch a crook if he walked along State street with a signboard on him!"

"Saw Larry Brainard tonight." Gavegan had difficulty in maintaining his attitude of non-awareness of his bar-mate.

"Where?"

"Right here in New York."

"What! Where'd you see him?"

"Coming out of the Grantham."

"When?"

"Fifteen minutes ago."

"Know where he went to—where he hangs out? Know anything else?"

"That's everything. Thought I'd better slip it to you as quick as I could."

"This time that bird'll not get away!" growled Gavegan, still in a whisper. "Twenty-four hours, and he'll be in the cooler!"

Finally Gavegan managed to get a flame from one of those irritatingly splintery Swedish matches made

in Japan. Cigar alight, he walked over to Barlow's table. He conversed with his chief a moment or two, then went out. After a minute Barney saw Chief Barlow crossing towards the bar. Barney seemed not to notice this movement. Barlow likewise paused beside him to light a cigar; and from the side of the Chief's mouth there issued:

"Room 613."

BARLOW passed on. Presently Barney finished the dreary drudgery of drink and sauntered out. Five minutes later, having exercised the proper caution, he was in Room 613, and the door was locked.

"Well, Brainard," gloated Gavegan, "we've landed you at last!" . . . And Larry knew it was useless to struggle now.

ARMAND BOTH



"What's this dope you just handed Gavegan about Larry Brainard?" demanded Barlow.

Barney gave his information again, but this time more fully. Of course he omitted all mention of Maggie and the enterprise which Larry had sought to interrupt; it was part of the tacit understanding between these two that Barlow should have no knowledge of Barney's professional doings, unless such knowledge should be forced upon him by events or people too strong to be ignored.

"Did Brainard drop any clue that might give us a lead as to where he's hiding out?"

Barney remembered something Larry had said half an hour before, which he had considered mere boasting. "He said he knew I had some game on, and he said he knew who the sucker was I was planning to trim."

"Did he say who the sucker was?"

"No."

"If Larry Brainard really did know, then who would he be having in mind?"

Barney hesitated; but he perceived that this was a question which had to be answered. "Young Dick Sherwood, of the swell Sherwood family—you know."

BARLOW did not pursue the subject. According to his arrangement with Barney, the latter's private activities were none of his business.

"I'll get busy with the drag-net; we'll land Brainard this time," said Barlow. And then, with a grim look at Barney: "But Larry Brainard's not what I got you up here to talk about, Palmer. I wanted to talk about two words to you—and say 'em to you right between your eyes."

"Go ahead, Chief."

"First, you ain't been worth a hoot to me for several months. You've given me no value received for me keeping my men off of you. You haven't turned up a single thing for months."

"Come now, Chief—you're forgetting about Red Hannigan and Jack Rosenfeldt."

"Chicken feed! They're out on bail, and when their cases come up, they'll beat them! Besides, you didn't give me that tip to help me; you gave it to me so that you could fix things to put Larry Brainard in bad with all his old friends. You did that to help yourself. Shut up! Don't try to deny it. I know!"

Barney did not attempt denial. Barlow went on:

"And the second thing I want to tell you, and tell you hard, is this: You gotta turn in some business! The easy way you've been going makes it look like you've forgot I've got hold of you where the hair's long. Young man, you'd better remember that I've got you cold for that Gregory stock business—you and Old Jimmie Carlisle. Got all the papers in a safety-deposit vault, and got three witnesses doing stretches in Sing Sing. Keep on telling yourself all that! And keep on telling yourself that, if you don't come across, some day soon I'll suddenly discover that you're the guilty party in that Gregory affair, and I'll bring down those witnesses I've got cached in Sing Sing."

BARNEY moved uneasily in his chair. He knew the bargain he had made, and did not like to dwell upon the conditions under which he was a licensed adventurer.

"No need to rag me like this, Chief," he protested. "Sure, I remember all you've said. And you're not going to have cause to be sore much longer. There'll be plenty doing."

"See that there is! And see that you don't pull any raw work, and see that you don't let your foot slip. For if you do, you know what'll happen to you. Now get out!"

Barney got out, again protesting that he would not be found failing. He was not greatly disturbed by what Barlow had said. Every so often there had to be just such sessions, and every so often Barlow had to let off just such steam. There was nothing to worry about on that score.

BARNEY'S errand was done. The police of the city were on Larry's trail and his share in the matter was and would remain unknown. Thus far all was well. He had no doubt of Larry's early capture, now that he was back in New York, and now that the whole police force had been promptly warned and were hotly after him, and now that all avenues of exit would instantly be, in fact by this time were, under surveillance and closed against him—and now that every refuge of the criminal world was only a trap for him.

No, there wasn't a doubt of Larry's early capture. There couldn't be. And once Larry was locked up,

things would be much better. Barlow would see that Larry didn't talk undesirable things, or at least that such talk was not heard. It wasn't exactly pleasant or safe having Larry at large, free to blurt out to the wrong persons those things about Barney's being stool and a squealer.

Greatly comforted, though eager for news of the chase, Barney started on his evening's routine, visiting the gayer restaurants. Business is business and a man suffers when he neglects it. True, this was a neat proposition which he had in hand; but that would soon be cleaned up, and Business-man Barney desired to be all ready to move forward into further enterprises.

IN THE meanwhile there had been a session between Maggie and the Duchess. At about the time Barney had whispered his unlippped news to Gavegan, Maggie, breathless with her frantic haste though she had made the journey in a taxicab, entered the familiar room behind the pawnshop.

"Good evening, Maggie." The voice was casual, indifferent, though at that moment there was no person that the Duchess, pondering her problems, more wished to see. "Sit down. What's the matter?"

"The police know Larry is in New York and are after him."

"How do you know?"

Rapidly Maggie told of the happenings in her sitting-room, and of Barney and Old Jimmie starting out to warn Gavegan. The Duchess heard every word, but most of her faculties were concentrated upon the re-examination of Maggie and upon those questions which had been troubling her all evening and for these many days. Was there good in Maggie? Was she justified in longer suppressing the truth of Maggie's parentage?

"Why are you telling me all this?" the Duchess asked, when Maggie had finished her rapid recital.

"Why! Isn't it plain? I want you to get warning to Larry that the police are after him!"

"Why not do it yourself?"

"I'm going out where he is tomorrow, but that may be too late."

Maggie gave her other reasons, such as they were. The old woman's eyes never left Maggie's flushed face, and yet never showed any interest.



"How does it happen that you painted this portrait of Maggie Cameron if you never saw her?" Miss Sherwood demanded.

"I thought you were tied up with Barney and Old Jimmie," the Duchess commented. "Why are you going against them in this, and trying to help Larry?"

"What's the difference why I'm doing it," Maggie cried with feverish impatience, "so long as I'm trying to help him out of this!"

"DON'T you realize," continued the calm old voice, "that Larry must already know, as a matter of course, that the police and all the old crowd are after him?"

"Perhaps he does, and perhaps he doesn't. All the same, he should know for certain! The big point is, will you get Larry word?"

A moment passed and the Duchess did not speak. In fact, this time she had not heard Maggie, so intent was she in trying to look through Maggie's dark eager eyes to the very core of Maggie's being.

"Will you get Larry word?" Maggie repeated impatiently.

The Duchess came out of her study. There was a sudden thrill within her, but it did not show in her voice.

"Yes."

"At once?"

"As soon as telling him will do any good. And now you better hurry back to your hotel, if you don't want Barney and Old Jimmie to suspect what you've been up to. Though why you still want to hang on to that pair, knowing what they are, is more than I can guess."

She stood up. "Wait a minute," she said as Maggie started for the door.

Maggie turned back, and for another moment the Duchess peered deep into Maggie's eyes. Then she said shortly, almost sharply:

"At your age I was twice as pretty as you are—and twice as clever—and I played much the same game. Look what I got out of life! . . . Good night."

And abruptly the Duchess wheeled about and mounted the stairway.

TWENTY minutes later

Maggie was back at the Grantham, her absence unobserved. Though palpitant over Larry's fate, she had the satisfaction of having achieved with the Duchess what she had set forth to achieve. She did not know, could not know, that what she had accepted as her achievement was inconsequential compared to what had actually been achieved by her spontaneous appearance before the troubled Duchess.

AS THE Duchess had gazed into Maggie's excited, imploring eyes, it had been borne in upon her carefully judging and painfully hesitant mind that there was better than a fifty-per-cent chance that Larry was right in his estimate of Maggie; that Maggie's inclination towards criminal adventure, her supreme self-confidence, all her bravado, were but the superficial though strong tendencies developed by her unfortunate environment; that within that cynical worldly shell there were vital and plastic makings of a real woman.

And so the long-troubled Duchess, who to her acquaintances had always seemed as unemotional as the dust-coated, moth-eaten parrot which stood in



"I came to warn you that they're on your trail, Larry," the Duchess whispered.

mummified aloofness upon her safe, had made a momentous decision that had sent through her old veins the thrilling sap of a great crisis, a great suspense. She had tried to guide destiny; she was now through with such endeavor. She had no right, because of her love for Larry, to withhold longer the facts of Maggie's parentage. She was now going to tell the truth, and let events work out as they would.

But the events—what were they going to be?

FOR a moment the Duchess had been impelled to tell the truth straight out to Maggie. But she had caught herself in time. This whole affair was Larry's affair, and the truth belonged to him to be used as he saw fit. So when she had told Maggie that she would get word to Larry, it was this truth which she had had in mind, and only in a very minor way the news which Maggie had brought.

This was, of course, such a truth as could be safely communicated only by word of mouth. The Duchess realized that Larry no longer dared come to her, and that therefore she must manage somehow to get to him—and get to him without betraying his whereabouts.

There was little chance that the police would search her place, or greatly bother her. To the police mind, now that Larry was aware he was known to be in New York, the pawnshop was obviously the last place in which he would seek refuge or through which he would have dealings. Nevertheless, the Duchess deemed it wise to lose no moment and to neglect no possible caution. Therefore, while Barney was still with Chief Barlow and before the general order regarding Larry had more than reached the various police stations, the Duchess, in cape, hat, and veil, was out of her house.

A block up the street lived (Continued on page 62)



Woman never adopts an artist who is not a portrait painter, and then she insists he paint a portrait of herself. . . . But he must flatter her on canvas.



WOMEN do not comprehend the importance of social intercourse, although they are responsible for the whole business. They have no philosophical foundation for what they do. They share the common illusion that what they do is futile, and they do it because it is correct, because it saves them from the tedium of eternal idleness.

Arnold Bennett

Where Women Fail

By Arnold Bennett

MY FIRST charge against the women who lead society is that they do not comprehend the importance of social intercourse in the life of the community. They have no philosophical foundation for what they do. They share the common illusion that what they do is futile, and they do it because it is correct, because it distracts them, because it saves them from the tedium of eternal idleness. They may sometimes do it from a sense of duty, but of the reason of the duty they have no conception, except occasionally the narrow and unworthy conception that it helps their husbands' masculine schemes.

NEXT, the vocabulary of the business must be arraigned. There is perhaps no better criticism of any activity than its vocabulary and manner of speech. I would not take exception to a moderate use of slang nor to a moderate amount of bad grammar. Slang is like a tonic to a language. And as grammar is simply not taught with effectiveness in the best schools, one ought not to be surprised or hurt when the greatest dames utter such sad phrases as: "Let my husband and I help in some way."

The real vice of the fashionable vocabulary is that it abounds far too much in superlatives, which superlatives are intended to emphasize the two emotions of gratitude and pleasure. I can remember the time when a hostess was content to say:

"It was very good of you to come."

She didn't mean it even then. She meant:

"It was very good of me to ask you to come." But she did utter her polite phrase with a certain decency and a certain air of conviction.

THEN some woman discovered that "very" was not emphatic enough, and said:

"It was awfully good of you to come."

"Awful" is a serious word, and needs some elocution to carry it off successfully. It did not last long. "Frightfully" took its place, but nobody could give "frightfully" the right intonation, and so today "most frightfully" is employed.

"It was most frightfully good of you to come."

"It was most frightfully good of you to ask me."

The greatest actress in the world could not make the phrase sound real after a tea-party, and hostesses and guests do not attempt to make it sound real. They pour it out anyhow, turning a smile on and off as if by a tap. They will, in the quite misguided effort to be convincing, soon be compelled to invert a phrase more frightful than "most frightfully." And so the cycle will continue until someone discovers that there is naught so unemphatic as overemphasis, and superlatives will go under for a period.

WE WILL pass from the vocabulary to the entertainment itself. Take a dinner. Let it be of medium size, say a dozen covers. You may not be acquainted with half the guests, and the chances are ten to one against your being introduced. Such is the custom at the affairs whose theoretical aim is the promotion of intercourse! (Continued on page 82)



"They've given this child the stuff they tan their own leather insides with!" shouts eccentric old Captain Shotover (Albert Perry) wrathfully—and snatches away poor Ellie's tea.

Heartbreak House

By George Bernard Shaw

THE Womanservant (Nurse Guinness)—God bless us! Sorry to wake you, miss, I'm sure; but you are a stranger to me. What might you be waiting here for now?

The Young Lady (who has waited long that impatience has given way to weary inaction and finally to sleep, resentfully)—ing for somebody to show some signs of ing that I have been invited here.

The Womanservant—Oh, you're invited, you? And has nobody come? Dear, . . . I suppose it was Mrs. Hushabye invited you, ducky?

The Young Lady—I understood her to do. But really I think I'd better go.

Nurse Guinness—Oh, don't think of such ing, miss. If Mrs. Hushabye has for- n all about it, it will be a pleasant ise for her to see you, won't it?

The Young Lady—It has been a very un- ant surprise to me to find that nobody ts me.

Nurse Guinness—You'll get used to it, this house is full of surprises for them don't know our ways.

plain Shotover (looking in from the hall nly: an ancient but still hardy man with mense white beard, in a reefer jacket a whistle hanging from his neck)—Nurse, is a hold-all and a handbag on the front for everybody to fall over. Also a tennis t. Who the devil left them there?

The Young Lady—They are mine, I'm afraid.

The Captain—Nurse, who is this misguided and unfortunate young lady?

Nurse Guinness—She says Miss Hussy invited her, sir.

The Captain—And had she no friend, no parents, to warn her against my daughter's invitations? This is a pretty sort of a house, by heavens! A young and attractive lady is invited here. Her luggage is left on the steps for hours; and she herself is deposited in the poop and abandoned, tired and starv- ing. This is our hospitality. These are our manners. No room ready. No hot water. No welcoming hostess. Our visitor is to sleep in the tool-shed, and to wash in the duck-pond.

Nurse Guinness—Now it's all right, Cap- tain: I'll get the lady some tea; and her room shall be ready before she has finished it. (To the young lady) Take off your hat, ducky; and make yourself at home. (She goes to the door leading to the hall.)

The Captain (as she passes him)—Ducky! Do you suppose, woman, that because this young lady has been insulted and neg- lected, you have the right to address her as you address my wretched children, whom you have brought up in ignorance of the commonest decencies of social in- tercourse?

Nurse Guinness—Never mind him, doty.

(Quite unconcerned, she goes out into the hall on her way to the kitchen.)

The Captain—Madam, will you favor me with your name? (He sits down in the big wicker chair.)

The Young Lady—My name is Ellie Dunn.

The Captain—Dunn! I had a boatswain whose name was Dunn. He was originally a pirate in China. He set up as a ship's chandler with stores which I have every reason to believe he stole from me. No doubt he became rich. Are you his daughter?

Ellie (indignant)—No, cer- tainly not. I am proud to be able to say that though my father has not been a successful man, nobody has ever had one word to say against him. I think my father is the best man I have ever known.

The Captain—He must be greatly changed. Has he at- tained the seventh degree of concentration?

Ellie—I don't understand.

The Captain—But how could he, with a daughter? I, madam,



"YOU may do your job in your own way," wrote the author of "Heartbreak House" to the Theatre Guild in New York. "You know, I take it, that comedy dialogue is impossible unless the faces of the speakers are seen quite distinctly. For the rest, let yourself rip. Artists and author are co-equal and co-eternal—see the Athanasian creed."

Bernard Shaw

have two daughters. One of them is Hesione Hushabye, who invited you here. I keep this house: she upsets it. I desire to attain the seventh degree of concentration: she invites visitors and leaves me to entertain them. (*Nurse Guinness returns with the tea-tray, which she places on the table.*) I have a second daughter who is, thank God, in a remote part of the Empire with her numskull of a husband. As a child she thought the figurehead of my ship, the *Dauntless*, the most beautiful thing on earth. He resembled it. He had the same expression: wooden yet enterprising. She married him, and will never set foot in this house again.

Nurse Guinness (carrying the table, with the tea-things on it, to Ellie's side)—Indeed, you never were more mistaken. She is in England this very moment. You have been told three times this week that she is coming home for a year for her health. And very glad you should be to see your own daughter again after all these years.

The Captain—I am not glad. The natural term of the affection of the human animal for its offspring is six years. My daughter Ariadne was born when I was forty-six. I am now eighty-eight. If she comes, I am not at home. If she wants anything, let her take it. If she asks for me, let her be informed that I am extremely old, and have totally forgotten her.

Nurse Guinness—That's no talk to offer to a young lady. Here, ducky, have some tea; and don't listen to him. (*She pours out a cup of tea.*)

The Captain (rising wrathfully)—Now before high heaven they have given this innocent child Indian tea: the stuff they tan their own leather insides with. (*He seizes the cup and the teapot and empties both into the leathern bucket.*)

Ellie (almost in tears)—Oh, please! I am so tired. I should have been glad of anything.



"If I'd known who he was I'd have shot him myself," grumbles Nurse Guinness (*Helen Westley*) when she recognizes her burglar-husband in Heartbreak House.

While the earth rocks, these leisurely cultured Englishmen sit in their House. But the Burglar and

Nurse Guinness—Oh, what a thing to do! The lamb is ready to drop.

The Captain—You shall have some of my tea. Do touch that fly-blown cake: nobody eats it here except dogs. (*He disappears into the pantry.*)

Nurse Guinness—There's a man for you! They sold himself to the devil in Zanzibar before he was captain; and the older he grows, the more I believe it.

A Woman's Voice (in the hall)—Is anyone at home? Hesione! Nurse! Papa! Do come, somebody; and take my luggage. (*Thumping heard, as of an umbrella, on the wainscot.*)

Nurse Guinness—My gracious! It's Miss Addy. Lady Utterword, Mrs. Hushabye's sister: the one I told the Captain about. (*Calling*) Coming, miss, coming.

HURRYING out, she is intercepted by Lady Utterword, who bursts in, much flustered. Lady Utterword, blonde, is very handsome, very well-dressed, and so prelate in speech and action that the first impression—very seriously—is one of comic silliness.

LADY UTTERWORD—Oh, is that you, Nurse? Who are you? You don't look a day older. Is nobody home? Where is Hesione? Doesn't she expect me? Where are the servants? Whose luggage is that on the steps? Where's Papa? Is everybody asleep? (*Sees Ellie*) Oh! I beg your pardon. I suppose you are one of my nieces. (*Approaching her with outstretched arms*) Come and kiss your aunt, darling.

Ellie—I'm only a visitor. It is my luggage on the steps.

Nurse Guinness—I'll go get you some fresh tea, ducky. (*She takes up the tray.*)

Ellie—But the old gentleman said he would not come himself.

Nurse Guinness—Bless you! He's forgotten what he went for already. His mind wanders from one thing to another.

Lady Utterword—Papa, I suppose?

Nurse Guinness—Yes, miss.

Lady Utterword (vehemently)—Don't be silly, Nurse. Don't call me "miss."



Ellie (going to her with the cup)—Don't be so distressed. Have this cup of tea. He is very old and very strange; he has been just like that to me. I know how dreadful it must be; my own father is all the world to me. Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean it. (The Captain returns with another cup.)

The Captain—Now we are complete. (He places it on the tray.)

Lady Utterword (hysterically)—Papa, you can't have forgotten me. I am Ariadne. I'm little Paddy Patkins. Won't you kiss me? (She goes to him and throws her arms round his neck.)

The Captain (woodenly enduring her embrace)—How can you be Ariadne? You are a middle-aged woman: well preserved, madam, but no longer young.

Lady Utterword—But think of all the years and years I have been away, Papa. I have had to grow old, like other people.

The Captain (disengaging himself)—You should grow out of kissing strange men: they may be striving to attain the seventh degree of concentration.

Lady Utterword—But I'm your daughter. You haven't seen me for years.

The Captain—So much the worse! When our relatives are at home, we

(Continued on page 78)

linger on unafraid in the garden of Heartbreak
ness Man flee for their lives.

Nurse Guinness (placidly)—No, lovey. (She goes out with a tray.)

Lady Utterword (sitting down with a flourish on the sofa)—I don't know what you must feel. Oh, this house, this house! I came to it after twenty-three years; and it is just the same: luggage lying on the steps; the servants spoilt and impossible; nobody at home to receive anybody; no regular meals; I'm ever hungry because they are always gnawing bread and butter or munching apples; and, what is worse, the same disinclination in ideas, in talk, in feeling. When I was a child I was used to it: I had never known anything better, though I was poor, and longed all the time—oh, how I longed!—to be a lady, to live as others did, not to have to do everything for myself. I married at nineteen to escape it. My husband is Sir Hastings Utterword, who has been governor of all the crown colonies in succession. I have been the mistress of Government House. I have been poor: I had forgotten that people could live like this. I used to see my father, my sister, my nephews and nieces (I ought to, you know), and I was looking forward to it. Now the state of the house! The way I'm received! The impudence of that woman Guinness, our old nurse! My Hesion might at least have been here; some preparation might have been made for me. You must excuse my going this way, but I am really very much hurt and annoyed and disillusioned; and if I had realized it was to be like this, I wouldn't have come. I have a great mind to go away without a word. (She is on the point of weeping.)

(Also very miserable)—Nobody has been here to receive me. I thought I ought to go away, too. But how can I go? My luggage is on the steps; and the fly is gone.

The Captain emerges from the pantry with a tray of Chinese tea and a very fine tea-set on it.

The Captain—Your tea, young lady. What! Another lady! I must fetch another cup. (He makes for the pantry.)

Lady Utterword (rising from the sofa, suffused with emotion)—Papa! Don't you know me? I'm your daughter.

The Captain—Nonsense! My daughter's upstairs asleep. (He vanishes through the door.) Lady Utterword retires to the window to conceal her tears.)



Elizabeth Risdon
as Ellie Dunn
finds the end
of happiness in
Heartbreak House.



In "Curiosity" are found both the technical skill and the poetic fancy that distinguish Arthur Spear's painting.



Another example of Spear's fine imaginative sense.

FIELDING, when wishing to compliment a painter, did not say the work breathes but it "thinks." True it is that an artist is a prince ruling in the world of the imagination. That is why there are, as Jules Lemaitre observed, a thousand ways of seeing nature, and the power of an artist may be measured by his ability to compel Nature to submit to the arrangement of his intelligence and of his heart, as Paul Delacroix was continually reminding his pupils. When it is realized that the mission of art is not to copy nature but to reproduce it, a

truer appreciation of the artist's task will come to all men. It is one thing to copy and another to reproduce. The first is a slavish exertion, the second requires creative abilities. To reproduce nature one must know nature, and from the elements of such knowledge reconstruct or produce that which will appear to us as part of nature.

But in art this is not enough. The work presented must be more than a mere picture, more than a mirror of nature's effects; it must suggest that it is the work of a creator, just as in nature a great tree, a beautiful meadow or a colorful hill suggests at once its separate entity.

In such a painting as Spear's "Curiosity" we find a multiplicity of qualities of excellence—design, color, truth, technique. "Curiosity" is one of the most beautiful paintings Spear has produced, one of the loveliest works of contemporary American painters. The design is rhythmic, the color exquisite, the anatomy of the figures correct, the effect of light under water carefully studied, as also are the fish forms, the sea plants, the sea monster, and the sea floor. Technically the canvas leaves nothing to be desired, as the paint is laid on with knowledge, free from

*"Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul."*

spired by the aspect of the world. It is a work which immediately suggests that the soul of the artist possesses, within the recesses of his being, a power above nature. With Arthur Spear part of this power is a rare fancy—not fancy for the sake of the fantastic, but the same fancy whereof is woven the web of the poet's dream:

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all niggling, and is fresh and sparkling quality.

SPEAR is a master in anatomical drawing, as this picture reveals. The water-maidens, reclining fathoms deep on sea rock, luminous with the glow of submarine phosphorescence, seem natural, so far as they are drawn, even though we wise men know there are no such things as mermaids.

ARTHUR SPEAR'S works show him to be a poet in soul whose fancy brings to life a loveliness for which we may be grateful indeed. Too rarely do we meet with such a modern painting. How ill we could afford to lose the work of a Gaston La Touche, Charles Sims! Nor can we afford to overlook the genius of Arthur Spear.

Elevated in conception, Spear's pictures are, nevertheless, pictures for everyone, works for just the few. Their appeal is wide, they are not over the heads of the people. Ruskin once said that all good art agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.

Spear's art is great-souled art and the why such a picture as "Curiosity," here produced, stands as a significant example of progress of American art.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Mrs. Wharton's New Novel

COURTESY OF D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS

EDITH WHARTON," says Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, "is a writer who brings glory on the name of America; and 'The Age of Innocence' is her best book. The appearance of such a book as 'The Age of Innocence' by an American is a matter for public rejoicing. It is one of the best novels of the twentieth century and looks like a permanent addition to literature."

ON A January evening of the early Seventies, Christine Nilsson was singing in "Faust" at the Academy of Music in New York.

Though there was already talk of the erection, in remote metropolitan distances "above the Forties," of a new Opera House which should compete in costliness and splendor with those of the great European capitals, the world of fashion was still content to huddle every winter in the shabby red and gold boxes of the old Academy. Conservatives cherished it for being old and inconvenient, and thus keeping out the "new people." New York was beginning to dread and yet be drawn to; the sentimental clung to it for its historic associations, the musical for its excellent acoustics, always so problematical in halls built for the hearing of music.

AS Madame Nilsson's first appearance that winter, and what the daily press had learned to describe as "an exceptionally brilliant audience" had gathered to her, transported through the slippery, wet streets in private broughams, in the stately family landau, or in the humbler more convenient "Brown coupé." To go to the Opera in a Brown coupé was not as honorable a way of arriving as in one's own carriage; and departure by the same means had the immense advantage of saving one (with a playful allusion to dramatic principles) to scramble into the Brown conveyance in the line, instead of waiting till the cold-and-gin-congested nose of one's own coachman gleamed under the port of the Academy. It was one of the livery-stableman's most masterly instincts to have discovered that Americans would get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

WHEN Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the club box that had just gone up on the garden terrace, there was no reason why the young man should not have come earlier, for he had been at seven, alone with his mother and had lingered afterward over a book in the Gothic library with glazed black-tint bookcases and finial-topped chairs. The only room in the house where Newland Archer allowed smoking. But, in the face, New York was a metropolis, and fully aware that in metropolises it was the thing to arrive early at the opera; that was or was not "the thing" played out as important in Newland Archer's New York as the inscrutable totem terrors had ruled the destinies of his forefathers thousands of years ago. . . . If he had his arrival in accord with the prima's stage-manager he could not have reached the Academy at a more significant moment than just as she was singing, "He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me!" prinkling the falling daisy petals with as clear as dew.

He sang, of course, "Mama!" and not "He loves me," since an unalterable and stonied law of the musical world ruled that the German text of French operas by Swedish artists should be translated Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences. This seemed as natural to Newland Archer as all the other notions on which his life was molded. It was the duty of using two silver-backed chairs with his monogram in blue enamel at his hair, and of never appearing in any without a flower (preferably a garland) in his buttonhole. "Mama . . . non m'ama . . ." the prima sang, and "Mama!" with a final

burst of love triumphant, as she pressed the disheveled daisy to her lips and lifted her large eyes to the sophisticated countenance of the little brown Faust-Capoul, who was vainly trying, in a tight purple velvet doublet and plumed cap, to look as pure and true as his artless victim.

Newland Archer, leaning against the wall at the back of the club box, turned his eyes from the stage and scanned the opposite side of the house. Directly facing him was the box of old Mrs. Manson Mingott, whose monstrous obesity had long since made it impossible for her to attend the Opera, but who was always represented on fashionable nights by some of the younger members of the family. On this occasion, the front of the box was filled by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Mingott, and her niece, Mrs. Welland.

Slightly withdrawn behind brocaded matrons sat a young girl in white with eyes ecstatically fixed on the stage-lovers. As Madame Nilsson's "Mama!" thrilled out above the silent house (the boxes always stopped talking during the Daisy Song) a

warm pink mounted to the girl's cheek, mantled her brow to the roots of her fair braids, and suffused the young slope of her breast to the line where it met a modest tulle tucker fastened with a single gardenia. She dropped her eyes to the immense bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley on her knee, and Newland Archer saw her white-gloved finger-tips touch the flowers softly. He drew a breath of satisfied vanity and his eyes returned to the stage.

NO EXPENSE had been spared on the setting, which was acknowledged to be very beautiful even by people who shared his acquaintance with the opera houses of Paris and Vienna. The foreground, to the footlights, was covered with emerald-green cloth. In the middle distance symmetrical mounds of woolly green moss bounded by croquet hoops formed the base of shrubs shaped like orange-trees but studded with large pink and red roses. Gigantic pansies, considerably larger than the roses, and closely resembling the floral pen-wipers made by female parishioners for fashionable clergymen, sprang

from the moss beneath the rose-trees; and here and there a daisy grafted on a rose-branch flowered with a luxuriance prophetic of Mr. Luther Burbank's far-off prodigies.

IN THE center of the enchanted garden Madame Nilsson, in white cashmere slashed with pale blue satin, a reticule dangling from a blue girdle, and large yellow braids carefully disposed on each side of her muslin chemisette, listened with downcast eyes to M. Capoul's impassioned wooing, and affected a guileless incomprehension of his designs whenever, by word or glance, he persuasively indicated the ground-floor window of the neat brick villa projecting obliquely from the right wing.

"The darling!" thought Newland Archer, his glance flitting back to the young girl with the lilies-of-the-valley. "She doesn't even guess what it's all about." And he contemplated her absorbed young face with a thrill of possession in which pride in his own masculine initiation was mingled with a tender reverence (Continued on page 81)



Drawing by W. B. King, courtesy of Pictorial Review

New York's "Age of Innocence"—in the Early Seventies, as Edith Wharton describes it.

EDITH WHARTON, author of "The Age of Innocence," presents in this much-talked-of new novel a brilliant picture of New York society of the Seventies as she herself actually knew it. For Mrs. Wharton (née Edith Newbold Jones)—born in New York in 1862, daughter of a Rhinelander and great-granddaughter of General Ebenezer Stevens of the Revolutionary Army—belonged to the innermost circles of old New York. She was educated, of course, in the exclusive fashion of the day—never went either to school or to college, but received her training from governesses and tutors at home and from long periods of travel abroad. In 1885 she was married to Edward Wharton of Boston, and in 1899 she published her first book—a volume of short stories. Since then Mrs. Wharton has written some fifteen novels, novelettes, and volumes of short stories. Her most notable are "Ethan Frome," "The House of Mirth," "The Fruit of the Tree," and this latest and perhaps finest of them all, "The Age of Innocence." Mrs. Wharton, who for the last ten years has been living in Paris, always writes carefully and critically, usually devoting her mornings from seven to eleven to her work. But in spite of her devotion to writing, she found time, during the early days of the war, to establish and take charge of a work-room for destitute Frenchwomen and to house great numbers of the Belgian refugees who poured into Paris. In recognition of these services the French government has conferred upon this most distinguished of our American women novelists its Cross of the Legion of Honor.



To provide a sanctuary for migratory birds and wild animals a tract of land that will eventually comprise 500 square miles has been established on the Gulf of Mexico.

A Fish that Played Rip Van Winkle

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

ACCORDING to the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, there is danger that the salmon of the Pacific Coast may meet the fate of the Atlantic salmon if our laws are not modified in such a way as to give them further protection.

The mention of Atlantic salmon will come as a surprise to many fishermen. Not everyone is familiar with the fact that in the aboriginal days salmon ran up the Connecticut River in great numbers, and probably also up the Housatonic and the Hudson, although it appears that the records as regards the latter are somewhat untrustworthy. So far as the Connecticut River salmon are concerned, however, not only are the records adequate, but it is possible to give the exact date at which the barrier was erected which led to their extermination. The year was 1798.

The barrier consisted of a high dam put across the Connecticut River about 100 miles from its mouth. For some years after that the salmon appeared in vast droves at the foot of the dam, but the numbers decreased year by year until finally the migration, or attempted migration, stopped altogether. It is recorded that in 1872 a straggling salmon came to the dam and was regarded as a new or unknown fish by the fisherman who captured it.

ON THE Pacific Coast, the salmon still swarm up the rivers in numbers that seem almost inexhaustible; and the laws give them protection by forbidding the use of nets at the mouths of the rivers for a certain number of hours each week during the season of migration. But it appears that in Alaska the laws are subject to evasion; and the fate of the Atlantic salmon is cited as showing how readily this fish may be exterminated if shut off from the spawning beds in the upper courses of rivers.

At first blush, the menace to the Alaska salmon might not seem a matter of great significance. But we learn that the value of the salmon products of Alaska in the year 1918 was no less a sum than \$53,514,812. This is seven and one-half times the original purchase price of Alaska. That comparison reveals the salmon in its true light as an economic factor of genuine importance.

There are obvious sentimental reasons why the salmon should be preserved; but it is not necessary to bring these forward in support of the economic argument.

Why Not Put the Sun to Work
Pumping Water out of Pears
Their Search for the Golden Monkey
A Palm Beach for Birds
Looking for Life Boats

PALM BEACH FOR BIRDS

How Louisiana will guard our bird-life with a vast sanctuary

MOST bird-lovers have noted with interest the report of the recent taking over by the State of Louisiana of a great tract of land designed as a sanctuary for wild-animal and bird life. The tract involves a present of about 224,000 acres; and it is planned to obtain additional acreage until the sanctuary comprises about 500 square miles, with a mile frontage on the Gulf of Mexico.

Such is the present culmination of a plan for the preservation of wild life which originated with Mr. Ed Avery McIlhenny and in which he had the cooperation first of Charles Willis Ward and subsequently of the Russell Sage and Rockefeller foundations. The idea was to provide a place where migratory birds, coming from the North, might winter in safety; and where various species of animals and birds that are permanent residents of the region of the Gulf might be allowed to propagate, undisturbed by trappers and pot-hunters.

The original tract of land devoted to this purpose was known as the Ward-McIlhenny tract and comprised 60,000 acres. Subsequently the McIlhenny tract of 79,300 acres and the Grand Chenier tract of 85,000 acres were added, the former through the generosity of Mrs. Russell Sage and the latter under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. The tract is the home of many interesting species of birds that were in danger of extinction, including the snowy egret and that unique swimmer, the roseate spoon-bill. (The latter is so designated because of the snakelike appearance of its head and neck when it swims with its body submerged.)

SAND-BILLS AND WHOOPING CRANES

Our water-fowl will become extinct unless protected.

THE region is also the winter home of great numbers of birds of many species, notably waterfowl that come from the North. Many of these have decreased in numbers in recent years at such a rate as to suggest their early extinction.

Even birds like the ducks, geese, swans, and cranes, whose breeding haunts are in the secure fastnesses of Arctic and sub-Arctic Canada, must pass through such a gantlet during their semiannual migrations as to decimate their ranks beyond recuperation.



The Alaskan swan is one of the many species of bird that will become extinct unless they are protected from hunters.

unless safeguarded against further depletion during the months of the winter sojourn in the South. There are many fowls of the Mississippi Valley where today the migratory birds are practically unknown, although only twenty or thirty years have elapsed since the rivers and ponds, prairie sloughs fairly teemed with mallards and pin-gall and a half-score of their confrères; while the Canada goose, the blue goose, and the white-front were abundant those spectacular giants of the bird population, the sand-bill and the whooping crane, were regular tenants.

requires but the most general knowledge of the facts to convince one that the Louisiana bird sanctuary has been sloped none too soon.

LOOKING FOR LIFEBOATS

ances are still open to invent life-saving appliances at sea. The technical journal *Shipbuilding and Shipping Record* calls attention to the fact that there is still great need of improvement in the lifeboat equipment of our passenger ships. In the *Titanic* disaster very few ocean liners carried enough lifeboats to accommodate even half of the passengers. After the disaster, there was reform to the extent of making obligatory for ships to carry enough lifeboats nominally to rescue all passengers. But in point of fact the actual provisions are rather wide of the prescribed ideal.

On any ships, to be sure, carry a large number of collapsible boats, and these may prove of service. But at best they are rather poor substitutes for boats made of more substantial materials, and the exact limitations of their utility are not as yet known through actual tests.

Meantime, in providing a larger number of lifeboats of the familiar type, there is increase of weight that disturbs the balance of the ship; so that it is necessary to make ships wider beam. This is a minor consideration, but unfortunately it is the opinion of experts that the lifeboat problem, even when meeting all requirements of the present, must usually prove inadequate because of the great difficulty or impossibility of launching the boats on the starboard side when the ship heels even slightly, as it is almost impossible to do in case of an accident. Attempts have been made to provide improved davits, but the problem of launching boats from the upper side of the ship, particularly in bad weather, has by no means been solved. It is suggested that it should be possible to slide the boats across the ship on the lower side in order to launch them there, but at present this is not feasible.

The truth of the matter appears to be that the familiar method of launching boats on davits, to be equipped with tackle and pulley, is an antiquated method for which a greatly improved substitute should be found in our inventive



Have you a plan for avoiding the dangers of launching lifeboats in a rolling sea? No satisfactory solution of this problem has yet been found.

MAKING UP FOR TORPEDOES

German submarines speeded up the production of the world's ships 60 per cent

JUNE, 1914, just before the world war broke out, the tonnage of ships under construction in the ships of the world was 3,162,890. At the end of September, 1920, the tonnage of ships under construction was 7,565,171. This great increase is largely due to the necessity of making up for war losses. As a result of course, the greatest activity is observed in the United Kingdom, which suffered the greatest losses. No less than

3,731,098 tons of shipping is under construction there, as against 1,722,134 in June, 1914; including 229 vessels of 6,000 tons and upward and 64 vessels of 10,000 tons and upward. Vessels launched in the preceding three months aggregate 483,057 tons.

It is especially interesting to observe that the amount of British shipping under construction, which represented 54.7 per cent

of the world total in 1914, still represents 49.3 per cent in 1920, only a slight relative decrease. Moreover, while the total of ships in the world under construction has decreased by 483,000 tons since September, 1919, the British tonnage has increased during that period enormously.

Comparison with conditions in the United States is thought-provocative. It appears

that in March, 1919, the tonnage under construction in this country amounted to 4,185,523; whereas in September, 1920, it had fallen to 1,772,193, a decrease of 58 per cent. But in the same period, British ship production had increased by 65 per cent. Meantime production in France had increased by 27,000 tons; in Holland by 24,000 tons; and there had been slight increases also in Italy, Japan, Norway, and Belgium.

The inferences to be drawn from these simple statistics are fairly obvious.

WHO TOOK OUR WOODS AWAY?

Three-fifths of the lumber wealth of this country is gone—and the rest is going

SOME of the effects of the depletion of our forests are brought home to all of us by what we hear of paper shortage and the high cost of building materials. The subject is so important that it has been investigated by the United States Department of Agriculture, in response to a Senate resolution, and a report contributed by the official forester, Mr. William B. Greeley, has made a variety of interesting statistics available. The report not only gives the facts as to timber depletion but, what perhaps is more important, it suggests practical remedies.

The statement that three-fifths of the timber originally in the United States is gone—forests originally covering 822,000,000 acres being reduced to one-third that area—has obvious import.

One does not need to be an economist to gather meaning from the statement that we are cutting more of every class of timber than we are growing; that we are even using up the trees too small for the sawmill—but upon which our future lumber supply depends—three and one-half times as fast as they are being produced.

But the statistics perhaps come home most



The immediate effect of the German U-boat warfare was a vast increase in the world's shipbuilding capacity.



The value of the salmon products of Alaska in one year is now seven and a half times the original purchase price of that territory, amounting to \$53,514,812 in 1918.

cogently when stated in dollars and cents, and here they are truly eloquent. It appears that prior to 1805, the wholesale prices on upper grades of soft-wood lumber in New York ranged from \$20 to \$25 per thousand feet. A price of from \$35 to \$45 marked the period of thirty years or more prior to 1917, when most of the lumber came from the Lake states or the South. But under the abnormal conditions of 1910 prices jumped to a new level of around \$130 per thousand feet, with a considerable part of the material coming from the Pacific Coast.

The building grades of fine lumber cut near the Great Lakes retailed in the Middle West at \$15 to \$20 per thousand feet prior to 1900. Timber depletion forced these prices up to \$25 and \$35 when Southern pine took over the market. And today the shortage of Southern pine, together with other factors, has advanced prices to \$80 or \$85 per thousand feet. In March, 1920, average mill prices in the South and West had advanced 300 per cent or more over those quoted in 1914. Average retail prices in the Middle West increased from 150 to 200 per cent. The increase has been wholly disproportionate to operating cost; and at last the prices became so high that buying was automatically checked.

FOUR APPLES FOR A CENT

What high wages and the consequent rise in freight rates have done to our fruit markets

DOUBTLESS many city dwellers were heartened last autumn when they read in official market reports of the wonderful abundance of apples and the record pear crop. And doubtless most of them were proportionately exasperated when they visited the nearest fruit-stand and found fairly good apples placarded at ten cents each and really excellent pears at twenty cents each.

If the would-be purchaser chanced to have been recently in the country, say fifty or a hundred miles from New York, and there to have seen wagonloads of fine-looking apples rotting under the trees or carted to the cider mill and sold at four dollars a ton (say four or five big apples for a cent), his feelings were not especially soothed by the recollection.

Still the observation was not without its value, as demonstrating one of the fundamental defects in our economic system—the inadequate solution of the problem of

bridging the gap between producer and consumer.

It is an old problem. A few years ago a promising start towards its solution seemed to have been found when refrigerator cars were introduced, making the fresh fruits of California marketable in New York City and Philadelphia and Boston. But then came the boost in coal prices and railway wages and the car shortage—and the twenty-cent pear. So the refrigerator car does not give the answer.

PUMPING WATER OUT OF PEARS

90 per cent of fruit consists of water—for which the buyer pays

IN SEEKING a solution, ingenious minds have gone back to an old principle with an up-to-date modification. They have suggested that the proper thing to do is to remove the water from the fruit and thus reduce the transportation charges by about ninety cents in the dollar—since most fruits do not contain more than ten per cent of solid matter.

Obviously there is no novelty in that idea. The novelty is supplied by new methods of drying, as developed and applied on a large scale in Germany under war conditions, and as specially studied at the Harriman Research Laboratory in New York City and by the Chemical Engineering Department of Columbia University. The process developed consists of the utilization of a vacuum drying oven, a vacuum pump, a condenser, and

a small hot-water pump. The water pump keeps the walls of the oven supplied with hot water so that a uniform temperature is maintained. The vacuum pump withdraws vapor from the drying chamber into a condenser so lighted as to permit visual observation of the rate of condensation.

Thus the fruit is rapidly dried; and no principle is introduced that was not invoked by our grandparents when they put trays of sliced fruit out in the open to be dried by sun and wind—as the California prune-grower or raisin-grower does today. But the essential difference is that the laboratory worker has command of the elements, so to speak. In effect he controls sun and wind. He is not at the mercy of passing clouds. And he can force matters to such an extent that the drying of his fruit is effected so rapidly that there is no danger of fermentation. Indeed, he can exclude altogether the fungoid germs upon which fermentation and decay depend.

THEIR SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN MONKEY

Strange questions in science that explorers in Asia hope to answer

DID man leave any fossil remains of his existence during the 250,000 years between the ape-man of Java and the oldest prehistoric man of Europe? is one at least of the questions that representatives of the American Museum of Natural History hope to answer in the course of the explorations that they are undertaking. The project, in which the Museum has the cooperation of the American Asiatic Association and of *Asia* magazine, contemplates the zoological exploration of regions of Central Asia that are almost or quite unknown to the western world. There are even remnants of nearly thirty living tribes bearing such unfamiliar names as Lolos, Mo and Lisos as to whose origin and antecedents nothing is known. The forests of the region have been carefully guarded by the Chinese, who ascribe to them medicinal qualities. Then there are many varieties of animals that have hitherto been little sought by zoologist or hunter: wild horses of the Gobi Desert, and camels and asses, and antelopes that run sixty miles an hour. On the Tibetan steppes, we are told, are enormous snow-leopards, giant pandas, and beautiful golden monkeys, some of these species being among the rarest and least-known animals of the world. In the forests of Y-churia is the long-haired tiger of the Amur River; a tiger larger and finer than the Royal Bengal of India, which has furnished sport for kings and emperors; a tiger living in caves amid forests drifted deep in snow.

Such are some of the allurements of the region as recorded in a bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History. The expedition plans five years of work covering everything of interest, zoologically, anthropologically, and paleontologically.



Three-fifths of our timber has already been used. How long will the rest of it last?

cally. Specimens of fossil remains and living animals will find their way in due course to the Museum of Natural History and the New York Zoological Gardens respectively.

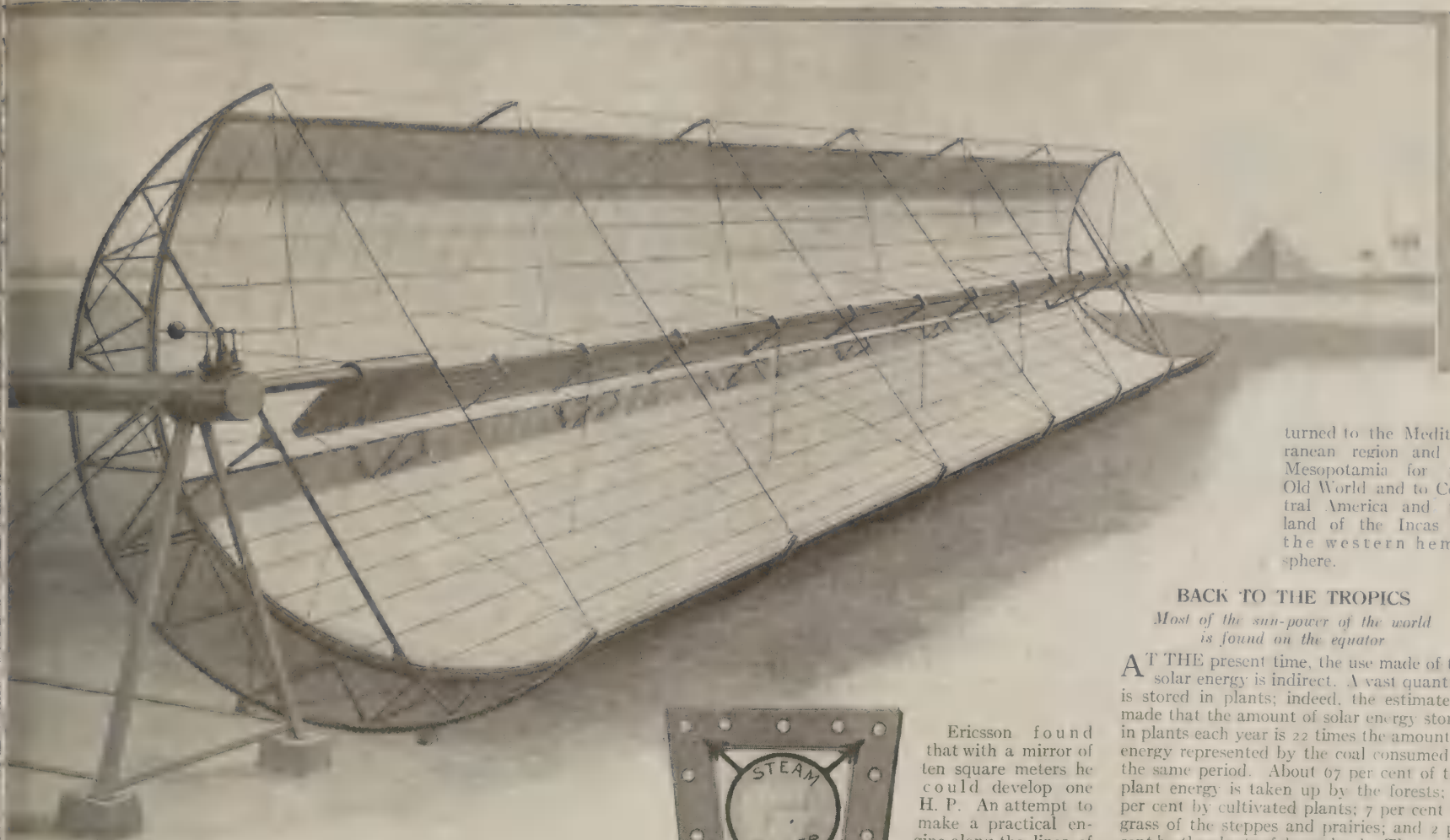
WHY NOT PUT THE SUN TO WORK?

Science has already begun to convert solar energy into usable horse-power

PROFESSOR SVANTE ARRHENIUS, the famous Swedish chemist, was last year given the Franklin Medal by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

Professor Arrhenius is noted not only for his technical discoveries in chemistry but for his philosophical discussions of world-problems. On this occasion, he gave an address on the world's supply of energy, in the course of which he made interesting comparisons.

He tells us, for example, that for every horse-power developed by burning coal the equivalent of 5,000 H. P. of energy goes to

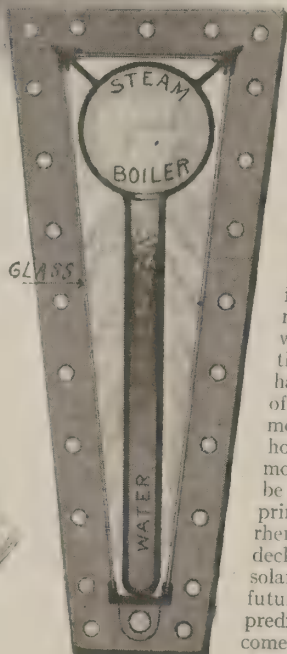
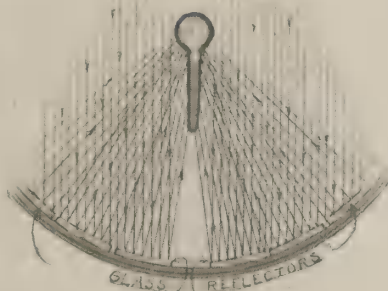


the sun's rays are reflected by this arrangement of mirrors upon a steam generator that converts the heat into horse-power.

in the winds; and not less than 70,000 in the unused sunshine. Unfortunately wind nor sunshine has the direct utility of coal; so there is little probability that either will be used on any vast commercial scale until a shortage of coal tenses the world.

best, the windmill has proved a rather useful method of transforming energy for purposes of pumping water. Attempts have been made to store the energy at it can be utilized to perform work needed; but this has not been accomplished economically.

to the use of sunshine, there has been progress since about the year 1888, when Ericsson developed his solar engine.



Ericsson found that with a mirror of ten square meters he could develop one H. P. An attempt to make a practical engine along the lines of his investigation was made by Mr. Shuman, of Philadelphia, who constructed a mirror of 1,200 square meters and installed it in Egypt, not far from Cairo. It was found, however, that this engine had only half of the power per unit of surface of Ericsson's model. It is believed, however, that a much more efficient engine could be constructed on a similar principle. Professor Arrhenius does not hesitate to declare that he thinks the solar engine has a great future; and he ventures the prediction that the time may come when the center of civilization will have re-

turned to the Mediterranean region and to Mesopotamia for the Old World and to Central America and the land of the Incas for the western hemisphere.

BACK TO THE TROPICS

Most of the sun-power of the world is found on the equator

AT THE present time, the use made of the solar energy is indirect. A vast quantity is stored in plants; indeed, the estimate is made that the amount of solar energy stored in plants each year is 22 times the amount of energy represented by the coal consumed in the same period. About 67 per cent of this plant energy is taken up by the forests; 24 per cent by cultivated plants; 7 per cent by grass of the steppes and prairies; and 2 per cent by the plants of desert lands. The energy received by forests alone is fourteen times the energy of the coal used.

But unfortunately the forests that receive this energy are mainly in the tropics. In temperate regions we are depleting the forests just as we are exhausting the coal supply; further justifying the prophecy that centers of manufacture, and therefore presumably of civilization itself, will ultimately shift back towards the equator.

THE TIDES IN HARNESS

Will the present coal shortage lead to the development of water power?

PROFESSOR ARRHENIUS gives interesting statistics as to the water supply, which is the only store of energy that at present is at all in competition with coal.

According to his estimate, Asia is the country best supplied with water power, the available horse power there being 236,000,000 as against 100,000,000 each for Africa and North America, 94,000,000 for South America, 65,000,000 for Europe, and 30,000,000 for Australia.

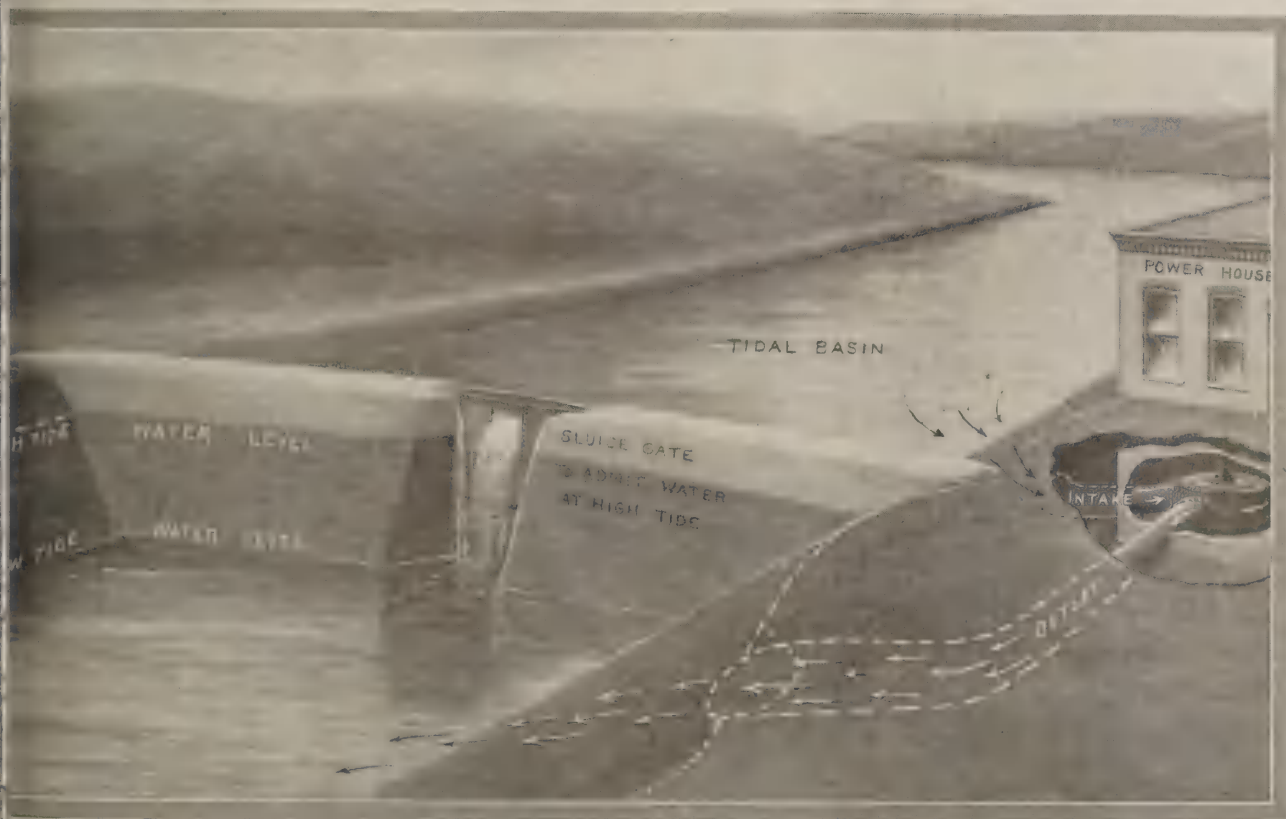
A comparison between individual countries shows the United States in the lead with 100,000,000 H. P.; as against 26,000,000 for Canada, 13,000,000 for Norway, 10,000,000 for the Balkan countries, 6,000,000 for France, 1,430,000 for Germany, and 1,000,000 for Great Britain. This represents 1 H. P. per inhabitant in this country, as against only one-fiftieth that amount for each inhabitant for Great Britain.

THERE are two obvious sources of energy which Professor Arrhenius did not discuss; namely, the earth's interior heat and the ocean tides. As to the feasibility of tapping the great caldron of the earth's interior, no definite experiments on a large scale have ever been made. But a great deal of attention has been given to the utilization of the colossal power in the rising and falling tides.

A recent writer in the *Scientific American Monthly* tells of estimates to the effect that if the waters of the ocean at a given point were allowed to flow into a basin one mile square and then used to turn turbine wheels as the tide recedes, an average daily output of 110,000 H. P. hours would be available.

Of course there would be great fluctuations in different regions and at different seasons, as there is great variation in the tides. In the basin of the Severn there is a tidal oscillation of 42 feet at some seasons, and it is estimated that 20 square miles could be made available as a basin to hold the water and that 10,000,000 H. P. hours daily of power could thus be made available.

It must be added, however, that all such estimates are theoretical only. Hitherto no practical utilization of the tides on a commercial scale has been made.



Will science evolve some such plan as the one illustrated above for using the tides to turn turbine wheels, thus creating power?

My Adventures with a Silk Hat

Foolish Letters to Sensible Men - XIV
To William Howard Taft
By K.C.B.



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.
 NEW HAVEN, Conn.

MY DEAR Will.
 BACK IN nineteen nine.
 WHEN YOU were President.
 MAYBE YOU remember.
 THAT OUT in Seattle.
 WHERE I then lived.
 WE HAD an Exposition.
 AND ANYWAY, Will.
 ALONG ABOUT a month.
 BEFORE YOU came.
 I GOT a letter.
 AND THE letter said.
 THAT I was one.
 OF A committee of twelve.
 TO ACCOMPANY you.
 IN HIRED automobiles.
 FROM YOUR hotel.
 TO THE Exposition.
 AND I was worried.
 ABOUT WHAT to wear.
 AND I asked a barber.
 WHO HAD one time traveled.
 ON A Presidential train.
 AND HE suggested.
 A HIGH silk hat.
 AND LONG frock coat.
 AND STRIPED pants.
 AND WHATEVER I did.

NOT TO wear tan shoes.
 AND I went downtown.
 AND BOUGHT a silk hat.
 AND A whole new suit.
 AND FOR a week.
 I PRACTICED wearing it.
 AROUND THE house.
 AND MY wife pretended.
 SHE WAS the president.
 AND I'D rush up to her.
 AND WITH my left hand.
 I'D LIFT my hat.
 AND WITH my right.
 I'D SHAKE hands with her.
 AND FINALLY I did it.
 WITHOUT DROPPING my hat.
 AND ALL evening long.
 I'D SIT around.
 WITH EVERYTHING on.
 TRYING TO think.
 ABOUT SOMETHING else.
 AND AT last I did it.
 AND THEN I felt.
 THAT I'D be all right.
 AND ON the morning.
 THAT YOU were coming.
 I DRESSED all up.
 AND LEFT the house.
 AND A neighbor woman.
 WANTED to know.
 WAS I going to a funeral.
 AND ALL of the children.
 WENT ALONG with me.
 TO THE street-car line.

AND GETTING on the car.
 I KNOCKED off the hat.
 AND GOT red in the face.
 AND RECOVERED the hat.
 AND GOT aboard the car.
 AND FELT like a lighthouse.
 ON A very dark night.
 AND ARRIVED downtown.
 AND WALKED two blocks.
 TO YOUR hotel.
 AND A newsboy I knew.
 WANTED to know.
 WHAT HAD happened to me.
 AND A crossing policeman.
 WHO LIVED near me.
 STOPPED ALL the traffic.
 TO LET me cross.
 AND MOST of the autos.
 I KNEW their drivers.
 AND THEY blew their horns.
 AND ACROSS the street.
 I HIT my hat.
 ON A drugstore awning.
 AND KNOCKED it off.
 AND ALTOGETHER.
 IT WAS quite exciting.
 AND I reached the hotel.
 AND THE rest of the committee.
 ALL HAD silk hats.
 AND LONG frock coats.
 AND WE stood around.
 TRYING TO think of something.
 BESIDES OUR clothes.
 AND YOU came down.



AND WE all shook hands.
 HOLDING OUR hats.
 AND WERE put into autos.
 AND WENT to the fair.
 IN OPEN cars.
 AND OUR hats would blow off
 AND ONE was run over.
 BEFORE THE motorcycle policeman.
 COULD RECOVER it.
 AND ALL day long.
 WE WERE at the fair.
 AND THEN the committee.
 WENT HOME the back streets.
 THAT'S A long while ago.
 AND JUST for the clothes.
 IT COST me \$80.
 AND I never wore them again.
 AND LISTEN, Will.
 DON'T LET Mr. Harding.
 GIVE YOU a job.
 WHERE YOU'LL need a committee.
 AND IF he does.
 DON'T COME to our town.
 FOR JUST today.
 I GAVE my suit.
 TO THE janitor.
 HE'S GOING to die.
 OR GET married or something.
 AND NEEDS a new suit.



A Gentleman in Arkansas

By B. L. T.

ALMOST PERFECT

IT HAS long been our opinion that if Keats had spent an hour or two more on his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," all of the stanzas would have been as good as three of them. And if the baker in Scottsbluff, Mo., had devoted ten minutes more to the appended advertisement, perfection would have been achieved:

*Not the cheapest but the best
Made to suit the best of test,
And as to purity
Plenty of security.
You can see how its made
So you needn't be afraid,
And as to the freshness
You have lots of evidence.
Watch our trays all in a row
How quickly empty they go.*

O YOU SEE THAT BOULDER?"

FRIEND of ours, an architect, is greatly interested in geology. Only lately he read, with very little skipping, the monumental work on the subject by Chamberlin and Salisbury. He is full of the subject when, after dinner at a country house, at which he was attending, he took a short stroll with one of the other guests, to whom he had been, as is usual, imperfectly introduced. "Do you see that boulder?" he remarked to his companion. The latter looked and looked, without enthusiasm. "That," said our friend, "was brought down by a glacier. You can tell by the marks on it."

The other gentleman was properly impressed, but not nearly so impressed as our friend when, on returning to the house, he discovered that his companion was Professor Salisbury. He has avoided the scientist ever since, but we tell him that he is wrong in that, as scientists are ticklish to discover anybody other than a colleague who is interested in their specialties.

"GACHUS"

HOSE afflicted do not need to be reminded, but it may be news to non-sneezers that Mr. Gachus is secretary of the United States Hay Fever Association.

CUPID CARRIES A CARD

H. LESSNER, of Alton, Ill., known as "Alton's Marrying Justice of the Peace," carries a union label on his stationery.

THE SYMPATHETIC LADY

RE: It was at the Conservatory recital. The young, aspiring violinist was making heroic contribution, in the course of which produced a tremolo. The lady sitting next to me whispered: "My! Isn't he nervous! I feel so sorry for him."

A. M. P.

MY GOODNESS!

Ad from Wausau, Wis., Record-Herald] A new Ford truck for sale. Looks like a h—l, goes like the d—l. Price d—n low. Washington St.



EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE FILMS

A GENTLEMAN in Arkansas appears to be planning an educational campaign of unlimited extent. He writes to the Atlas Educational Film Company:

"Please send me the price and name of all moving picture films, price per foot and name of every kind you have, good and bad, as bad as ever be on the face of the earth. Special films with pictures of bad necked low down womens and mens. Answer soon."

THE OBITUARY MUSE

[Concluding stanza of a tribute]
*The flowers they were beautiful,
Donated by the peoples,
But the biggest bouquet that he got
Was purchased by the Eagles.*

OR WHEN YOU PAY?

EDWARD LIMPUS and Ethel Limpus are doctors of chiropractic in Tampa, Fla. Which makes us think of the question which floated over the partition in the osteopath's offices: "When does it hurt you most, when you set or when you lay?"

AND WHILE WE ARE IN A SAD HUMOR

[From an Ohio newspaper. Omitting the first five stanzas and the last three]

SUCH was the fate of one we knew
Of one we loved, and youthful, too,
Of one whose race so soon was run,
The Widow B——'s Middle Son.

That night he went to Delaware,
And everything to him seemed fair,
His darling sweetheart by his side,
How dear he loved her, she was to be his bride.

When they returned, 'twas getting late,
He saw her home, his fair young mate,
He said good-night, and kissed her dear,
Little dreaming of what a tragedy was near.

The night was dark, and the hour was late,
He sat down on the track to wait,
We do not know the exact time,
The car came rushing down the line.

He had been working very hard that day
With his brothers bailing hay,
He must have been very tired and weak,
For very soon he fell asleep.

The car came rushing down the line,
The motorman saw him, but not in time,
The quick as a lightning flash not long
Which hurled him into the great beyond.

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE PUT SOMETHING IN THE CHICKEN OR SOMETHING

[From the Manchester, Iowa, Press]

THE M. M. club met on Thursday at the pleasant home of Mrs. Fred Stevenson. An elegant chicken dinner was served.

Will Clark is on the sick list and Cornelius Scott is in a discouraging condition.

Mrs. Minnie Skinner is improving slowly. The Smith family are all out of danger and improving.

Mrs. Harrison is caring for the members of the Fred Whitman family who are ill.

Fred Skinner is ill.

NEW LEAVES

RESOLVED, that till next New Year's chime

I'll get my copy in on time,
So's not to disarrange the planning
Of gentle, patient Mr. B——.

For Mr. B—— is growing gray
In watchful waiting, day by day,
For manuscripts by lazy writers
Who never come to time—the blighters!

Resolved, that I'll do all I can
To help this worthy, kindly man;
For nothing else so quickly ages
An editor as holding pages.

YE SKEPTICAL ED.

DEAR B. L. T.: I stand unmoved
By fawning praise or curses:
The fact remains, when copy's short,
I have to write (sic) your verses.

While your good resolutions hold
My kindly mien won't hurt you
But if your new leaves fall, beware
Lest patience lose its virtue!

K. B.

THINGS WE ARE TOLD EVERY DAY

THAT Work & Fretz are traffic managers in Detroit, and that the junior partner does the worrying for the firm.

That there is a sign on a lunch counter in Fairmont, Minn. (and in fifty other towns), reading: "Don't kick on our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."

YOU KNOW THE TUNE

"NO GIRL," say the rules of Northwestern University, "must walk the campus after dusk, unless to the library or to lectures, or for purposes of learning."

*I'm a merry little campus maid,
The campus sward I rove,
Picking Greek roots all the day
And learning how to love.*

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

A CORRESPONDENT asked us the other day what six books we should select if we could have only six. That stumped us. We were as perplexed as the young man who wished to buy a book for his sweetie and sought the advice of the bookstore clerk. "What can I get her?" he asked. "She has both the Rubaiyat and Tale of Two Cities."

DO YOU?

WHEN we see the sign of a movie theater, "Charlie Chaplin. First Run," we invariably do.

LANCELOT AND ELAIN

POETA nascitur, non fit," as Martial remarked when he dashed off an epigram. And the observation bears particularly on a certain kind of narrative verse. A bard in Kansas favors us with a dozen stanzas on "Lancelot and Elain." If we possessed his gift we should do the entire Mort d'Arthur in the same style. Listen!

*Elain the lovely, Elain the fair,
Elain, the maid of golden hair;
With a true, pure heart for love devine,
And eyes with sincerity that do shine.*

*O Lancelot, shameless beast of man,
Why keep the untrur queen in hand
When maid so good and pure as she,
Elain, would consecrate to thee?*

*O knight, when in the lovely cave you laid
Wretchedly suffering from wound ill made;
Elain who shrined your senseless soul
Paid a costly price to make you whole.*

*O Lancelot, greatest of the knights;
O Lancelot, entree in all fights
Why did you not reward our dove
With heart and soul's eternal love?*

MEBBE THE DEMON ILLUSTRATOR COULD MAKE A MAP OF THIS

[From the Excelsior Springs, Mo., Call]

WANTED a wife, at the Little Store on South St. No fat ones need apply.

B. L. T.:

How's this?

—D. I.





While Mac lay there, face down on the floor, the message he'd been waiting for came.

The One that Lost

By Bruno Lessing
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

I USED to go fishing near a little hamlet on Tom's River on the Jersey coast. When it rained I usually killed time by playing cards with the telegraph operator in the rear of his office. One day, in the midst of our game, a tall, bent scarecrow of a man came through the office and poked his head into the doorway of the rear room.

"Any message?" he asked. The operator, immersed in his game, shook his head. The visitor came farther into the room. With a rusty knife he cut a piece from a plug of tobacco and inserted it in his mouth. Then, with his hands clasped behind his back, he stood and watched the game.

HIS clothes were in tatters; it seemed wonderful that the dilapidated fragments held together. He must have been at least seventy years old but, despite the stoop of his figure, he looked healthy. His cheeks showed a tinge of pink through the sunburn, and his eyes were clear and bright. He watched the game thoughtfully, chewing his tobacco in a mechanical fashion.

"What d'ye call that game?" he asked. "Piquet," replied the operator, absently.

"Bet ye two bits you lose," said the old man.

The operator looked up at him and pointed to the door. "Beat it, Mac," he said. "You're bothering me."

With a sound that was suspiciously like a sigh the old man turned and went out. The operator lost the game and laughed.

"Mac would have won his two bits," said he, but added, immediately, "although, of course, if I had bet with him he would have lost. He always loses."

"Who is he?" I asked.

The operator shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven only knows. He's been in here

at least once a week for three years asking if there's a telegram or a cablegram for him. There has never been a single one. He lives in a little hut outside the village. Fishes, I imagine, and runs errands."

ON THE following day I came across him at the boat landing. He was sitting upon an inverted barrel, holding his knee between his clasped hands and staring into vacancy.

"How did that game come out?" he asked, when he became aware of my presence.

"I won."

He nodded.

"That's the way it goes," said he. "If I'd 'a' bet I would 'a' lost. I always lose when I bet."

"Then why do you bet?"

He stared at me with unseeing eyes. "Going fishing?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Bet you don't catch more'n ten pounds. Bet you two bits."

I declined the bet and, seeing my guide rowing towards the landing, left him.

"Saw you were talking to Mac," said the guide, presently.

"He's a queer chap."

"The queerest. He's been hanging around these parts five or six years. He sort of settled down in a little hut about three years ago where he looks after himself. Nobody knows where he's from or even what his name is. We just call him Mac. I guess he's Irish or Scotch or something like that. Did you ask him any questions?"

"He said he always lost when he bet, so I asked him why he bet."

"Yes, he's a great hand at betting. Someone sends him a little money every month, I heard, but it's all gone almost as soon as he

gets it. A little for food and the rest for betting. He'll bet on anything. But he never answers a question. If you ask him one thing he'll start in talking about something else. I guess he's a little cracked." I caught less than ten pounds that day.

ON MY next trip my guide was unavailable and I went to the telegraph office to ask the operator where I could get another. While he was trying to think whom he would advise me to get, the door opened and Mac entered.

"He's as good a guide as any of them," said the operator. "Here, Mac! Want to take the gentleman fishing?"

"Any message for me?" asked Mac.

"Not today," said the operator. "Here's a chance to make a couple of dollars to bet with."

Mac nodded solemnly and, ten minutes later, he was rowing me down the stream. It was the first opportunity I had had to study him closely. His forehead was creased with countless wrinkles. His face seemed even more intelligent than it had upon a casual glance and there were traces of refinement about his features which indicated that, whatever his past had been, he had not always been the derelict he was now.

"Won any bets lately?" I asked.

He rowed on, strongly and steadily, gazing over my shoulder and ignoring my question. Presently he began to talk.

"IT'S funny how I can always win when I don't bet. Once I was playing in Singapore. It was something like faro. I watched it for a while and wrote down on a piece of paper whether the next card would win or lose. I won every guess. Then I put down some money and lost. I lost every bet I put down. When I thought I had lost enough I quit for a while and made some more mind-bets on paper. I won every bet. But

when I began to put money down again they all came wrong. I was cleaned out."

"How did you ever get started on your gambling craze?"

He nodded his head, slowly.

"Yes, sir. Cleaned out. Always get cleaned out."

He had been cleaned out in Macao, Carlo, in Ostend, in Calcutta, and in San Francisco.

A loser, that's what I am, Mac, the loser. I always lose."

Seems kind of funny, doesn't it? Now I'll bet you two bits you hook a fish inside of ten minutes."

TO HUMOR him I took the bet. He held my waist and never took his eyes from my face. At the end of ten minutes he handed it back to me with a long sigh.

"You can take the two bits out of my pay when we get back," he said. "I know I'll lose. There! You've got it now."

And, surely enough, just as the ten minutes had expired he caught quite a big fish.

"You've been quite successful as a traveler, haven't you?" I asked him, presently.

"Oh, I don't always lose. I've often been ahead of the game—way ahead. But I'm always in the end when I get cleaned out. I guess I never know when to quit. And I've played big. Mighty big, sir."

AFTER that day Mac came my regular guide. He would telegraph to the operator before leaving the city and Mac would be waiting for me at the boat landing when I arrived.

He had suggested that I telegraph to him direct but the old man had shaken his head, vigorously.

"I'd prefer not," he said, somewhat sharply. "I don't want no telegrams, except—"

"Except the one you're always inquiring for?" I asked, smiling.

"It's a good day for fishing," he replied.

I felt rebuked.

ONE day, however, I failed to telegraph in advance and, finding the telegraph operator busy, I set out to look for my guide myself. I had no difficulty in finding the little hut in a clearing of thin pine trees directly outside the village, but the door was locked and I answered my knocking. A colored man was wheeling a barrow of coal along the road and paused to watch me for a moment, and then he said:

"If you're looking for Mac," said he, "you'll find him over on the railroad track."

He pointed out the exact spot, some three hundred yards away. There I came upon him. A dozen men engrossed in a dice game upon the ground. Most of them were railroad employees. And with them was Mac.

"I'll be with you in a moment," said he when he recognized me.

I watched the game. When Mac had lost his last cent he straightened himself, stretched his arms, and yawned.

"Let's go fishing," he said.

I REMEMBER that upon that trip I gave him an old overcoat which I had brought from the city. It was an English affair of striking coloring. The weather had grown chilly and Mac's tattered garment hardly seemed to be sufficient to keep him warm. He accepted the gift with considerable dignity and his thanks were not effusive.

He had no difficulty in recognizing the overcoat when I beheld it on the back of the signalman at the railroad station, a day later.

"Rather a fine coat you've got there," I remarked.

He grinned.

"I won it from Mac," he said.

IN TRYING to piece together the many disjointed statements of Mac during our numerous fishing trips I found they formed a rather complete picture of a roving life which must have had for its starting-point a somewhat refined and affluent environment and then gradually deteriorated into the poor circumstances in which I had found him. He had rambled all over the globe and had

at every imaginable form of employ-
to make his living. He had been a
a soldier, a longshoreman, a waiter, a
man, a messenger, and a farmer. And
where and under all circumstances
d gambled. But somehow or other
ature lacked vitality. The mainspring
actions was hidden; the meaning of
remained unrevealed. Two glimpses
to me that were exceptionally puzzling.
d never succeeded in making out his
ality. Little tricks of speech some-
suggested English origin but, at other
his phrases, gathered from the four
rs of the globe, might have indicated
e came from any English-speaking
nity on earth.

WERE seated in the rowboat, at
nchor, when I said to him:
eaking of gambling, Mac, there was
eresting article in the newspaper the
day about a chap who came to New
nd could not find work. He went into
bling house and laid down a Greek
ary in some rare binding—all that he
ft of his patrimony. He wanted them
him have five dollars' worth of chips
nble with. He was an Englishman.
tryman of yours, wasn't he?"

slowly cut a piece from his eternal
f tobacco.

Greek dictionary, hey? Well, I've

for a soul."

no amount of questioning could drag

ng further from him. The other

e came about in this wise:

was rowing towards the mouth of the

Ahead of us I saw two women in a

at, rowing in the same direction as

as. As he overtook them I saw that

f them were young and that the one

as rowing was rather attractive in

ance. She rested on her oars.

this a good place to anchor for fishing?"

ed.

he sound of her voice Mac started.

ext moment, by a tremendous effort,

ith something in his manner that sug-

fright, he had propelled our boat a

feet ahead of the other and was apply-

hself to the oars as if bent upon escap-

m the young women.

s as good as any other place," I re-

nd, turning to my guide: "Are you

of them?" I asked.

men!" he muttered.



"Bet ye two bits you lose," said Mac hopefully; and then the telegraph operator ordered him out.

absence of Mac I did not know where to turn for
a guide, so I threw myself upon the resources
of my friend, the telegraph operator.

"I'm afraid you're up against it," said I, re-
flectively. "There's only one chap around
here who's any good and I got him last night
for that English lawyer. He's crazy about
fishing. He's staying here for a week. How
long are you going to stay?"

"Only for the day," said I. "But I'd like
to meet that lawyer chap. Couldn't we get
a bigger boat and go out together?"

The telegraph operator grinned.
"I guess I can fix it," he said. "But before
you go back you've got to tell me all about it."

For an Englishman brought suddenly face
to face with the prospect of sharing a row-
boat with a stranger, Mr. Wilbur of John-
ston, Wilbur & Coates proved to be excep-
tionally amiable. He was short and stout,
red-faced and genial, wore heavily rimmed
glasses and, for a lawyer, was rather simple
and apparently guileless. He seemed
greatly pleased, when the operator told him
of my plight, to share his boat with me.
And, once started, even while my mind was
still struggling to plan a campaign of assault
upon his confidence, it required but the men-
tion of Mac's name with the statement that
I had known him and had been interested in
him, to draw the whole story from

How I Escaped Cousin Hiram

By Walt Mason



He quoted his favorite poem, to the effect that the man worth while can smile when everything goes dead wrong. . . . That evening I had his books burned.

FOR many years I so greatly admired S. Tillinghast Foxworthy that I hadn't much time for anything else.

He was known far and wide as Sunshine Sam and his mission in this world was to illuminate our darkened lives and make us smile under our burdens. He always seemed to be on hand where there was trouble or affliction. When Simeon Gorse lost his cow, Mr. Foxworthy arrived at his stricken abode early in the morning, with tender words of sympathy. When Gregory Spry got lost in a blizzard and was frozen to death, Foxworthy hastened to his widow and assured her that the loved and lost one would suffer from cold no more; and after the funeral Mrs. Spry got to thinking this over, and came to the conclusion that it implied unpleasant things, and she stepped up behind Mr. Foxworthy with a fence board, and flattened the top of his head with it.

THIS did not discourage him, however; great and good men the world over must suffer their reverses; and Mr. Foxworthy had the top of his head pumped up at the garage, until it resumed its original shape, and went around doing good just as though nothing had happened.

When he wasn't busy making a few timely remarks to his neighbors, he was writing cheerful books; I had a lot of them in the house, and valued them highly. I used to say to my aunt that it never would be known, until the sea gave up its dead, just how much good this remarkable man had done in the world; and my aunt would reply, "Fiddlesticks!" or something to that effect. She is a good aunt, as aunts go, but she originated in Missouri.

WELL, in the fullness of time I bought my first automobile, and the salesman gave me a few lessons in driving it, and then turned me loose to work out my own salvation. I was hitting up a pretty fair clip along a country road when I beheld a big elm tree loafing around in the middle of the pike. There were a lot of levers and pedals and push buttons in the car, and I should have manipulated some of them, no doubt; but I was panic-stricken, and the only thing I could think of doing was to toot the horn. This I did, and blew a clarion blast, but the tree was as independent as a hog on ice, and never budged an inch. I don't remember everything that happened after that

THE OPPRESSIVE OPTIMIST

THE optimist is everywhere, and, as he chases woe and care, a sunny smile is his; he often comes to my relief when I'm inclined to sigh and beef; he says there isn't any grief—alas, I know there is! "Cheer up!" he says when I repine, and shed about a quart of brine, because my hens don't lay. "Oh, there is better food than eggs! Eat tortoise-shell or ostrich legs, or croquet balls or cobbler's pegs, and smile by night and day!" But I have money in my fowls, and there is reason in my howls, if they produce no fruit; and drearily my tears shall flow, and I'll proclaim aloud my woe, though optimists may come and go, and their tin trumpets to: t. "Cheer up!" the Sunny Jims suggest when I am sore and beat my breast, because my cow's gone dry; but does it bring me milk and cream to hear that grief is but a dream? Ah, no! And I shall rant and scream, and wail around and cry. That sunshine stuff has little worth which says there is no grief on earth, no reason for a tear; the wise man counts on coming woes, adversities, and things like those, and is prepared to hand them blows when they come snooping near.

Walt Mason

WHEN I recovered consciousness I had one of the wire wheels around my neck, and so many bones were broken that I sounded like shaking dice when I moved; and S. Tillinghast Foxworthy was bending over me with his sunshine smile working like a dollar watch. I heard him saying, as from an infinite distance, that I should cheer up; hundreds of men had been busted up worse, and had lived to pay their income taxes.

My remains were carried home in a horse blanket, and during the days of suffering that followed there grew up in my breast a profound hatred of Mr. Foxworthy and all his works. One day he came to the door and pushed his head in and began quoting his favorite poem, to the effect that the man worth while is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong. I threw a bottle of Dr. Punkman's Peruvian Pain Paralyzer at him, and was glad to hear him howl when it spoiled his nose. That evening I had his books taken away and burned by the public hangman, and felt a lot better.

I HAD the services of the best veterinarians in town, and soon recovered my health; but while lying on my couch of pain I considered this optimism stuff in all its bearings and came to the conclusion that it is the poor-

est excuse for a philosophy that has been unloaded upon a trusting public.

Sane, reasonable optimism is of course an excellent thing. Without it the world would be in a bad way. We must believe that everything will be all right day after tomorrow, or next year, or sometime, or we couldn't endure the journey in this vale of tears. And in the face of affliction and adversity we must have hope and confidence, be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, or acknowledge that we are cravens. I have been preaching optimism, myself, for many years, in my patent germ-proof verses; but I don't deny the existence of such things as grief and trouble.

OPTIMISM, like all good things, may be overdone; and in this country it is overdone until it has become nauseating. There are professors of optimism who infest the Chautauqua circuits, and they make a fat living telling us that worry is the mark of a weak mind; and there are poets of optimism who tell you to keep on smiling, even when the cook resigns, or your wife elopes with a sewing-machine agent; and the country is full of people who are scattering sunshine at so much per scatter. Few of the sunshine experts work for love of the game. Sunshine would be moonshine if there were nothing in it.

MOST people have the idea that the shine theory is a modern production; it can be traced back to the early days of Charles Dickens. In one of his books he inserted an intolerable hero named Tapley, who was determined to be jolly no matter what hardships overtook him. Dickens loaded him down with every ship that had been invented up to that point. But Tapley still wore his imperishable and assured his constituents that he was wonderfully jolly. He wasn't human, man; or, if he was human, he was an idiot. But Dickens had such a pull that he aged to put Mark across, and was pinched for it. I was a small boy when I read that Dickens story; and I can remember how I wished I might have met Mark Tapley when I had a spiked club and a sandbag.

I have no doubt that some thoughtful American, reading this Dickens story, saw the possibility of this jolly business as a money-making scheme, and went out and organized a "Don't Worry" club. He hired a hall and told his audience that there was no such thing in the world as trouble, and pinned nice little badges on their coats, and they went forth, and organized "Don't Worry" clubs, and hired halls, and so the foolishness was spread over the country, and a false, shoddy, absurd optimism flooded newspapers, books, discourses, songs, and comic songs, and made the country ridiculous.

FOR two years there has been a curbing of extravagance in this country. But the smiths have been wearing silk shirts, the shoemakers have been wearing silk hats, and my car does it in a plug hat and dress, and has a cabinet phonograph playing grand opera music while he works. Politicians have been traveling their beats in limousines, and our local coroner insists on having an Oriental cushion when he sits on a corpse.

We have been charging all this up to a natural reaction after the war, but, as a matter of fact, much of it is due to the optimism we have been saturated with. We can't read sunshine stuff all the time, and we fail to absorb some of it. Through all this era of extravagance the wise men have been urging us to retrench and invest our money in Government bonds or other safe securities.

"Present conditions are unnatural," said the wise men; "the lady in dress can't always be wearing Russian sable, and the charwoman can not forever sport a diamond sunburst."

UT the words of the wise men made no hit with us. We have been assured over and over, by sunshine orators and writers, that everything is right side up with care in earth and the waters under the earth; there's no such thing as calamity, and everybody has a silver lining, and all the rest of it. And suppose the bottom does drop out of things one of these days, and we lose our jobs, and the corner grocer says our standards are no good; what will happen to us?

HERE are countless Sunshine Sams going around the country preaching the gospel of optimism, telling us, in lecture halls and autauqua tents, that there's nothing to worry over, that God's in His heaven, and so well with the world. And I doubt whether there's one able and eloquent man who makes a business of lecturing on Thrift; and what this country and its people need more than anything else under the sun is a thorough grounding in the rudiments of thrift. Thrift and the false optimism are diametrically opposed. Convince a man that there's nothing to worry over, and he will fail to see the necessity of saving his money.

OST of the old sports in the poorhouse were born optimists. When they were young and strong their services were in demand and they could earn as much as \$1.50 a day digging ditches or quarrying rock. The idea that they would grow old and incapable didn't occur to them. And now they are having a horrible time on a diet of stewed ones.

I, also, was a born optimist, and probably could have reached a box stall in the poorhouse before now, had I not finally acquired enough sense to abandon courses I found disastrous.

ONCE upon a time I had a head-on collision with a street-car in Chicago. The street-car was not seriously injured but I was shipped out to the county hospital, where I remained several weeks. I had about forty cents on my person at the time, and no other resources, and the hospital authorities didn't seem to have much use for a patient who was worth but forty cents. They didn't fan my

fevered brow or bring nosegays to my couch of suffering, but when I was able to leave said couch, they sent me into a cold shed where I stuffed bedticks with straw, day after day. There were several overseers, and they always paused in their weary rounds to swear at me, for they had heard about that forty cents, and felt an honest contempt for anyone who would arrive at the hospital with such a bundle.

AS I worked away at the ticks I dimly realized that a man was a fool to be picked up in the street with only forty cents in his clothes. I had been earning good wages, but, being of a sunshiny temperament, there didn't seem to be any object in saving money. When I left the hospital I was in a chastened frame of mind, and might have reformed there and then, had there been some wise and benevolent bystander to take me by the hand and tell me where to head in.

But I needed a good many hard lessons before I became as wise as a serpent, and I received them. At last the truth came home to me, after I had been knocked groggy a hundred times. And this is the truth:

Life is full of trouble, and wisdom lies in being prepared for it, not in clamoring that it doesn't exist.

If you paste that in your hat it will help you to be an optimist; for if you are prepared for trouble, you can stand up bravely when it comes, and drape a smile on your face, and convince the neighbors that you are a dead game sport.

FOR years I have been addicted to rheumatism, considering it one of the most attractive diseases in the almanac. I am quite convinced that there is such a disease as rheumatism, and that it hurts like thunder, and I have no patience with professional optimists who say it is but a figment of the imagination.

There is no standard disease that is entirely enjoyable; they all have their little drawbacks. But by being prepared for them you minimize those drawbacks. And the first thing necessary, in the way of preparation, is money in the bank. In the

dark hour of affliction and suffering there is no comfort like that of knowing that you have some guilders in pickle; though you may be laid up for weeks or months, the grocer and the druggist will be paid, and there will be no wolves camped at the front door. If you don't like your physician you can attach a can to him and hire another; if your nurse becomes too haughty you can shoo her away and get a better one. Sick men have their idle fancies, and it is often a great comfort to fire the doctors and nurses; and you can do this, or anything else in reason, if you have a bank account.

WHEN I am due for a siege of rheumatism I lay in a big supply of detective stories and phonograph records and other luxuries; and I can do this because I have the price. And I have the bulkiest time when I am sick, and my feet are wrapped up in poultices! For then I can read and smoke in comfort, and nobody asks me to go to lectures, or visit the neighbors, or attend an uplift meeting at the community house, or anything else. And if bores come to see me, I have a good excuse for sending them away.

There really is a great deal of fun in being sick, if you are properly equipped; and if you have practiced thrift, your equipment is all right. It is better to have a bundle in the bank than a noisy faith in the theory that the ravens that fed Elijah won't turn you down.

ONE of your sick spells may carry you off, and the first thing you know you'll be filling an untimely grave, to the credit of yourself and the satisfaction of the undertaker. In which case your last hours will be reasonably serene; for you will know that your aunt will not be left in want. There will be a package in the bank for her, and she won't have to take in washing in her old age, but may drill around town in her nice tin runabout, and eat ice cream and strawberries whenever she blamé pleases, and have all kinds of a time. Every good man should provide for his aunt; and he can't leave her a lot of sunshine or cheer-up poetry. The stuff that cuts ice with our aunts is money.

Life is full of troubles, and some of them are unexpected and unique. But if we

have been thrifty and prudent, nothing can take us by surprise; if we have our roubles in the bank, we are equal to any emergency. I was living in Emporia, under my own roof-tree, and expected to end my days there, and eventually have a funeral that would be the talk of the town.

My cousin Hiram lives at Beatrice, Nebraska, about two hundred miles away. He has a large family of assorted children, both male and female. They are as good as wheat, but very noisy, and I can't endure noise. One day I had a letter from Cousin Hiram, announcing that he was going to load his offspring into an auto and drive down and pay me a good long visit. I had invited him to do this very thing, as we all carelessly invite our relatives, when under the influence of home brew or other stimulants, but I never supposed he would have the nerve to accept the invitation.

THERE was consternation in our house when his missive came. I was telephoning downtown for a supply of sackcloth and ashes when my aunt reminded me that I had often expressed an intention of going to California. Why not do it? I dropped the telephone receiver and began packing a trunk. Two days later we were on the way to California, riding in a beautiful Pullman stateroom, with its plush furniture which was invented by the Master Torturer of the Spanish Inquisition.

It takes real money to go to California and escape a Cousin Hiram, but I had the money and our lives were saved. And real money is the true panacea for nearly all the ills of this life. If you practice thrift nothing can prevent you from having the money; if you believe in the foolish, irresponsible optimism of these modern times, you probably will be broke, and your Cousin Hiram will overwhelm you, and eat you out of house and home.

Thrift is the sanest and best thing in the world.

"BEATING carpets was the one sport that appealed to all that was best in me—and they even arrested me for that, too!" complains Walt Mason bitterly. See Hears's for March.

If Three Should Play

(Continued from page 27)

ve you all to myself with the sunshine on our face and the wind blowing through our hair. Good night, my darling, or I'll never let you go!"

Her hands slid into his, gripped tight, and she fled up the stairs. He watched her out of sight, turned slowly, lighted a cigarette, and went out into an empty world.

"You fool! What are you doing?" he asked himself bitterly. "There's no end in sight, not even a beginning. It's only hell for you and misery for her. You'll get to the point when kisses are no good; if you tell her by, you're doomed, and if you don't tell her, you're damned. The niceties of the voice, my dear Basil, make a micrometer gauge look like a sewing maid's yard measure, they do really."

But when Sunday came they went out of town together.

T WAS the old, old story of a man and a girl, a smooth-running car and a ribbon of endless road. In other ages it has been a coach, a chariot, two horses, what you will, but the actors in the drama are always a woman and a man, escaping from a world they know and avoid into another they know not and desire.

"We'll have the place to ourselves," he explained. "For this afternoon at least you shall be mistress of High Court."

A long, tree-bordered avenue wound imperceptibly from the highway. Basil stopped the car in front of a massive entrance, and Dolf stepped out into a world he hardly knew even by hearsay.

THE housekeeper received them with black-silk stateliness, apologized for the soot-gloom of many rooms, ascertained their wishes regarding lunch, and left them together. In the library, looking out over terraced gardens, Basil lighted Dolf's cigarette and his own, and went into half-painful revelations.

"You see, I'm rather the bad lad of the family. I was always in some hot water or other, and though Bill's a great sport, he never mentions me, so to speak, and I'm not encouraged here. That's why all the servants are the least bit sticky. They like

me quite well, but they're afraid it might mean trouble if the gov'nor knew I was here. But, I simply had to show you the place. We've been here for generations. That's partly why I love it all so."

His gray eyes stared out of the French windows into infinite distances, till Dolf went up to him and put her arms round his neck.

"I love you," he said simply. "You're not really wicked. You're just a darling, and you never did anything very wrong. I think it's mostly because you love life, and girls perhaps, and the things you like, too acutely. Most people cut their loves and their likes according to the world's pattern. It's very safe and worthy of them, and deadly dull. You'll never do that, and so you'll suffer, and make other people suffer, p'raps, but you'll get, and they'll get things in return neither would ever have had otherwise. And, after all, we have to buy every ounce of happiness in this life, and how expensive it is!"

He gathered the fair head against his heart, and it rested there, and they became very still. For after all, they were but free lances tilting against a hostile world, and the love of all such is wild love, hunted and harried, and seldom at rest. Its few brief intervals of peace, unspeakably dear, are not to be despised.

THREE months from the date of his first interview, Gillingham Kent asked Dolf to dine at his house in Bury Street. It was in



its way more a command than an invitation. Basil nodded thoughtfully on hearing the news.

"Don't be hasty with him, whatever happens, kiddo dear," he advised. "The world's a hard place and old gentlemen are amenable to careful handling. I doubt if any man, except a select few who often meet violent deaths, ever really means to be a brute. They usually are, but it's absence of mind with most. Men's minds are conspicuous by their absence, darling."

She found herself, not unexpectedly, the only guest. They ate in a small room, cunningly lighted, a perfectly arranged meal, perfectly served. He recommended Dolf a light white wine and drank mineral water himself. In the hour that dinner lasted she came to understand why Gillingham Kent in his own world had become a great man.

"Tell me what you've done," he said in his velvet voice. "Have your dancing and singing improved? Are your teachers satisfied?"

Dolf leaned her chin on her hands. The pure line of bare neck and shoulder gleamed softly in the shaded glow of electric light.

"I've done my very best—gone all out," she replied slowly. "Probably I'm not a genius, but hard work helps, doesn't it?"

"A genius can't succeed without it. No one drifts into fame. Listen, and I'll tell you."

She listened. He leaned back in his chair and analyzed his career remorselessly for her benefit. He told her of things he had counted

as certain successes which had failed, and failures redeemed from failure and become successes. He criticized stage personalities ruthlessly and exposed their weak points. She saw him no longer a dreamy, cigarette-smoking old gentleman, but a man who knew his job from A to Z, who would be right nine times out of ten.

"NOW," said Gillingham Kent when the coffee had gone its way, "you shall dance for me and I'll tell you how you've succeeded."

"But my frock!" she objected, smiling. "It's only suitable for ballroom dancing."

"You'll find your stage costume upstairs. Go and put it on." He rang for a maid to help her dress. "I shall be in the drawing-room. It has a phonograph and a parquet floor."

Subconsciously, all through the meal she thought of Basil, who colored every phase of her life, because, loving him as she did, knowing he loved her, life had no interests apart from their linked personalities. Whenever she went, she took Basil with her.

She came down, nervous and determined, to discover him seated on a settee in the big drawing-room. A cleared space at one end gave her room. He got up and set the phonograph playing the special dance number from "Naughty Girl!" Then he sank back on the settee and watched her out of deep-set eyes.

With heart beating wildly, and the trained smile of the professional dancer on her lips, Dolf flung herself into the music. She had no footlights, no audience, no atmosphere, no sympathy. She was simply a nerve-ridden, determined girl, who tossed her slender beauty to and fro with all the art she had been taught and all the natural grace of slender limbs and adorable lines. And, with the inspiration of a girl in love, she forgot Gillingham Kent motionless on the settee. She danced for Basil alone. In imagination his arms supported her, his steps matched hers, for his sake she threw all her soul into her task.

The music died away into the hiss on needle on wax. Gillingham Kent rose and stopped the clockwork.

"Come here, Dolf," he said abruptly.

SHE came to him noiselessly on satin-shod feet, her cheeks flushed, her breast rising and falling quickly. He put his arms round her, and she was conscious of an amazing vitality that gave her another clue to this extraordinary man's success.

"You perfect darling!" he said slowly and deliberately. "Do you know why I sent you away for three months to be taught this and that? I saw you were beautiful, but beauty's not enough for me, nor youth neither. I want character as well. You've got it for you haven't wasted a moment of these months. I can buy what's called love but no one can buy character. It has to be discovered, and there's not much available. You know I want you, of course. Who could help it? You can give me back youth the very air you breathe radiates it. But I don't want it for nothing. You shall have anything you choose. You're ambitious. I'll give you a career that any star in existence will envy. You shall have London at your feet. Money won't even interest you. Men will snarl and quarrel for you. And you won't refuse, because I won't let you!"

He kissed her passionately and her brain, diamond-keen and cold, worked at lightning speed, for her lover and herself. What had Basil said? "Don't be hasty with him. . . . Old gentlemen are amenable to careful handling. . . ."

"Have you a lover?" demanded Kent swiftly.

She lowered swift lids over the blue eyes. "There are always men, aren't there?" drawled her little clear-cut voice.

"I mean any particular man? Is there? Well, never mind. I can arrange his affairs, if they need arranging. Oh, of course, there was some story about some feller in the Hilarium chorus. But you're probably tired of him already, and in any case you can break with him as gently as you choose."

Alone in her little room that night she gazed long and earnestly at Basil's portrait, with an expression in her eyes she would never have let him see.

"Darling, you do forgive me, don't you? I did it for us," she murmured, over and over again.

THE girl in the blue suit that owed existence to a country tailor took shelter thankfully in the entrance of the Marylepad Street flats, furling her umbrella and shook the rain-drops methodically from its folds. Then, with the quiet purposefulness of the country-bred, she began her upward climb to the little flat Dolf shared with Netta Blatchley.

Dolf herself opened the door; the strange girl surveyed her with slow deliberation and half nodded as if confirming some preconceived impression.

"I should like to speak to Miss Dolf Farmer," she began in the singsong, soft voice of the country. "Tell her it's Mrs. Wray—Mrs. Basil Wray."

All the blood seemed to ebb from Dolf's heart in a dreadful wave of weakness. Then it flowed back, and a desperate impulse of destruction seized her. She longed to take this quiet, dowdy girl's head and dash it to pieces against the wall. But she only said: "I'm Dolf Farmer. Won't you come in?" And she led the stranger into Netta's little, gimcrack sitting-room.

Mrs. Wray followed on placid feet and sat diffidently on an unsubstantial chair. She looked about with the obvious relish of one who finds herself in new surroundings, and then came straight to the point.

"My friend, Mrs. Marshall, the housekeeper at High Court, wrote and told me my husband is going about with you. She said you seemed fond of one another and I thought I ought to let you know Basil's married. I don't suppose he told you?"

DOLF said nothing. She stood perfectly still, gazing at her visitor with a sort of incredulous horror. Mrs. Wray half nodded again, again as if in confirmation of an already established fact.

"He didn't mean any harm by not telling you," she went on simply. "I don't suppose he had the heart. You see, Basil's romantic, and when he falls in love he takes it hard. I live down in the country and Basil makes me an allowance. Of course it was ridiculous for him to marry me, but he insisted; that's his romance. We don't live together now. He's a gentleman and I'm not a bit suited to him. Old Lord Fordingbridge was dreadfully angry about it. But you can't stand against Basil when he's in love, and he insisted I should marry him. I was a lady's maid at High

Court at the time and Basil was only a boy, but most awfully handsome. First we were lovers, and then he would marry me. And I thought I'd come and tell you before you got too much in love with him. It's awfully easy to love Basil if he loves you. I hope I haven't done wrong in any way?"

Dolf heard her own voice saying, a long way off:

"No, you haven't done wrong. Thank you for coming. You're very pretty and I don't

and now you're here, and I can't kill you, and I shan't even kill myself. Oh, Basil! Why did you let her tell me? I couldn't bear it, anyway, but I could have borne it best from you."

He stood looking down at her with mingled misery and hopeless, defiant pride in his glance.

"How you hate me, don't you?"

"No," she said bitterly, "and you know it. I wish I could; it would make things easier for me."



"I thought I ought to let you know Basil's married. I don't suppose he told you . . ."

wonder he—married you. Won't you have tea before you go?"

"Well, thank you," said Mrs. Basil Wray, "I think, since you're so kind, I would like a cup. It's dreadful weather today, isn't it?"

AFTER Dolf had made tea, brought it, poured it out, and seen her visitor leave, she sat by the window, her hands clasped round one knee, trying to bear the frightful ache in her breast that seemed as if it would never depart from her in this life.

"If he'd only told me!" she murmured over and over again. "If he'd wanted me it wouldn't have made any difference. He could have had me if he'd liked. I'm not mean. I wouldn't for any other man God ever made, but I love Basil so."

Tears welled from the blue eyes and ran helplessly down her face. She felt the most forlorn creature in all the wide world. And upon her misery there intruded, of all people, the author of it, tall and desperately good-looking, in a new gray tweed suit, the very pink and flower of male grooming.

"Congratulate me, darling!" he began. "Dear old Gillingham Kent—Dolf! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered drearily. "Only your wife's been here, and I didn't kill her,

HE SAT on the arm of her chair, drew her fair, unhappy head against him, and stroked it gently.

"You see, Dolf," he explained with forlorn conviction, "I'm absolutely damned from birth where women are concerned. I can't help loving them, and up to a point they like to be loved, and after that they can't bear not to be, and it's rotten for both of us. The first time I loved I paid and we were all square. You heard about that this afternoon. It was foolish from every point of view except one. She'd have been far happier if we hadn't married. And now I've met you, and I love you, and you love me, and what's to be done? I could have told you I was married, but it wouldn't have helped. I've been going to, times out of number. But what difference would it have made? We just clung to one another from the beginning. We were damned from the start. If you want me you can have me, but you never would on those terms. There's nothing I can give you you'd take, and what you will take isn't worth having from your point of view—it isn't enough. I'd like you to believe it's hard for me, too—because I shouldn't have let you love me. At least you're that much better off. You didn't know."

"No," she murmured, "I didn't know. But if I had known, would I have been

strong enough? I'm not so sure, Basil, sufficiently to put it all on you. You do love me, don't you? You can tell me now it's finished and smashed to bits."

She held up her mouth and he kissed her very gently, very slowly, very spairingly.

"Yes," he said at last, "I do love you, you know I do."

SHE stood up and put her hands on his shoulders, looking at him for the last time with the frank love-look a woman only lets a man see once or twice in a lifetime.

"You've been the kindest thing, the dearest, you've made me frightfully happy, and I don't hate you. Good-by, and thank you ever so much."

IN THE great room at his suite of offices Gillingham Kent sat opposite Dolf, smoking an endless sequence of cigarettes recalling inevitably some scholarly antiquarian among his treasures. But behind the mask of detachment existed a steady, verile purpose in this ancient setting he played with the vigor of youth, the oldest game in the world.

"I want you," he said simply, "but I want you now. I've promised you not only riches but fame in return. You're life, inspiration, vitality, everything to me. I don't say I love you, because there isn't such a thing as love. It's simply a sex-complex in the brain. But you can see I'm perfectly straightforward. I do honestly admire you, and I can give you what no one else could. The only thing is for you to decide."

Dolf, seated in the vast leather chair, a table at her elbow, one of his cigarettes between her fingers, laughed softly. She had vaguely all he had said, but above it, a low, caressing voice murmured in her ears: "I love you, and you know I do." For Gillingham Kent it was the voice of doom.

She rose, walked across to the mighty fireplace, and stood with her back to it.

"There's one man I'd go out into the world with and follow from sea to sea if he hadn't a farthing," she answered slowly. "I'd do that because I love him and in his way he loves me. I can't have him because he isn't free, but equally I can't have anyone else because just now it would kill me. It's very nice of you to offer me all this. You'd be making a rotten bargain and I don't deserve it, but that doesn't affect your kindness. Try not to think I'm ungrateful. I just can't do anything else."

THE gray-haired man's expression never changed. "You are quite sure? Even at the risk of making an enemy you'd stick to your decision? Of course you realize that if I care to lift a finger you're finished as far as the stage is concerned?"

She shrugged her shoulders ever so faintly.

"I brought nothing into the world and shall take nothing out. I can't have less than nothing. And anyway I shall never go back to the stage—now."

Gillingham Kent rose, and held out his hand.

"I told you you had character and that character can't be bought," he said courteously. "At least you've proved the truth of that saying. I respect you immensely. You change your mind, about me or the stage, please let me know. Whatever you decide to do, my name is not without influence. I shall never ask anything in return except your friendship. I'd like to feel we part friends."

She took his hand and smiled. "We do, and it's not very usual in the case of a man and a girl, is it?" she said. "As a rule they're more, or much, more less. I think we've achieved rather a triumph."

BACK in the little flat, she flung her hair onto the bed, patted her hair mechanically, and stared at Netta Blatchley with aching, miserable eyes.

"Netta," she cried out almost in agony. "I've been in love with a man, and sometimes I feel as if I should die, only it hurts so much one can't. What is love, anyway, Netta?"

Dark, handsome Netta, whom life had taught many things, replied:

"Love's hell, dearie. But, unfortunately, all the most interesting people go there sooner or later."

DOLF thanked him gratefully. He had a daughter at home almost exactly her age. Watch for Dolf's next experience, "A Tangent into Gilead." Coming soon—in Hearst's

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How Big Business Men Grew Rich



For fifteen years he worked as a bank clerk without a promotion; at forty-six he was made president of the bank.

XVI - James S. Alexander By B. C. Forbes

SAVING is no magic key to certain success and a great fortune, but it does manifest, particularly when carried out under difficulties, a steadfastness of purpose which is necessary to the achievement of high ambitions. It evidences qualities which should contribute to success, either through direct application to the opportunities presented or through recognition by others who are in a position to facilitate advancement.

JAMES S. ALEXANDER, president of the second largest national bank in America, is entitled to speak of "steadfastness of purpose." His whole life exemplifies it. He worked for fifteen years as an obscure bank-clerk without receiving any recognition whatsoever. The institution was unprogressive; promotions were made only when death removed those near the top, and the rule of seniority was strictly observed. Yet young Alexander kept right on doing his level best to modernize the methods of doing his own particular line of work.

At forty-six he was made president of the bank!

LOOKING back, he doubts whether he was wise in staying so long in what was a rut with little better than a stone wall ahead.

"A young man, after having stayed in a place for a considerable period, should," says Mr. Alexander, "analyze his situation, study his prospects, and if he sees only a blind wall ahead he should look around to make a move. Admittedly, too many of our young men nowadays are apt to be restless and to shift about too much for their own ultimate good. Nevertheless, the other extreme should also be avoided, for any young man who possesses the right qualities should not rest content to stand still year after year. If he can not win advancement after earning it where he is, he should go after larger opportunities. Patience is not a greater virtue than perseverance."

Things no longer moved in a rut after Mr. Alexander gained the seat of power.

When he became president, in 1911, the bank's resources were less than \$200,000,000. In a few years he increased them to \$500,000,000. In the same time, the bank's surplus increased 150 per cent.

ALTHOUGH this record is spectacular, Mr. Alexander neither believes nor indulges in the spectacular. We occasionally read of men making fortunes almost overnight, and of others leaping into fame by one lucky stroke. Success rarely, however, comes that way, Mr. Alexander emphasizes. The ladder usually has to be climbed rung by rung.

AT THIRTEEN, Mr. Alexander went to work in a dry-goods store at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Even then he aspired to seek his fortune in New York; but he was entirely without funds. His first move was into the local bank. There he stayed until he was twenty. Promotion was out of the question.

After serious thought, he sent letters to a number of New York banks. The cashier of the National Bank of Commerce liked his neat handwriting, asked him to call, and gave him a job.

For twenty-five years he pegged along, at times working so many hours every day in artificial light that when Sunday came he was obliged to wear smoked glasses to keep the sun from hurting his eyes.

A high official of the American Express Company had become impressed by Alexander's unobtrusive but unusual ability and engaged him as treasurer of that important company. Not until he had gone did the management of the bank realize how important a part Alexander had played in keeping things moving efficiently. Within a year they enticed him back—as vice-president and at twice the salary formerly paid him. His elevation to the presidency followed. There were then only eight officers and 304 clerks; today there are thirty-six officers and over 1,000 clerks.

WHEN the World War came, James S. Alexander was a tower of strength in upholding the national and international

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structure. Official positions and abilities calling for rare qualities of leadership were his lot all through the war. Services France made him a Chevalier Legion of Honor, King Albert of Belgium created him a Knight Commander in the Order of Leopold II, and the King of Italy conferred on him the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

What has this man of silent but signalment to say of the best way to attain power and a competency?

"THE success of many of our great business leaders has been founded on the habit of saving, formed early and persistently followed. Funds thus accumulated afterward made it possible for them to seize opportunities that normally came to them as they came to others, but of which the less provident were unable to take advantage. Starts thus obtained gave them a footing on which to work out their future development.

"Emphasis in the future should lie, as it

normally did in the past, upon success through industry and savings rather than through a lucky stroke made possible by unusual circumstances.

"Our ordinary business history is full of instances in which a modest initial investment of a few hundred dollars, made possible by savings accumulated through self-denial from incomes that seem mere pittance, has grown into a great fortune when followed up with the same consistent care that made the original saving possible."

Put Not Your Trust in Princes

(Concluded from page 36)

struction of the world. The two are at and left hands of the same thing. can effect much without the other.

It is manifest that this reorganization of the world's affairs and of the education which we hold to be dictated by the change in war-communications, and the other conditions of human life brought about by science during the last hundred years reorganization carries with it a repudiation of the claims of every existing government in the world to be sovereign, to be anything more provisional and replaceable.

It is the difficulty that has checked the hands of men after their first step towards work for a universal peace. It involves, not but involve, a change of their habitual ideas.

few rulers, few governments, few will have the sense of mind to recognize and admit this reality. By a kind necessity they force upon subjects and public conflict of loyalties, feeble driftage of affairs from one greedy arrangement or cowardly evasion other, since the year of 1918, is very

due to the obstinate determination of those who are in positions of authority and inability to ignore the plain teachings of war and its sequelae.

are resisting adjustments; their minds fighting against the sacrifices of pride and vanity that a full recognition of their nation to the world commonwealth will

are prepared, it would seem, to fight the work of human salvation basely and persistently, whenever their accustomed peace is threatened.

In the schools and in the world of thought the established thing will make a righteous fight for life. The dull and honest in high places will suppress greater ideas when they can and ignore any dare not suppress.

seems too much to hope for that there be any willingness on the part of any head authority to admit its obsolescence and prepare the way for its merger in authority.

not creative minds that produce ideas, but the obstinate conservatism of established authority. It is the blank of acceptance the idea of an orderly transition towards new things that gives a visionary quality to every constructive idea.

RE are one or two existing states to which men have looked for some opening of their duty to mankind as a

whole and of the necessarily provisional nature of their contemporary constitutions.

The United States of America constitute a political system profoundly different in its origin and in its spirit from any Old World state; it was felt that here at least might be an evolutionary state; and in the palmy days of President Wilson it did seem for a brief interval as if the New World was indeed coming to the rescue of the Old, as if America was to play the rôle of a propagandist continent, bringing its ideas of equality and freedom, and extending the spirit of its union, to all the nations of the earth.

From that expectation, the world opinion is now in a state of excessive and unreasonable recoil.

President Wilson fell away from his first intimations of that world-wide federal em-

an unexampled appeal to the whole world. It could have created a new epoch in history.

The Prince of Wales has been touring the world-wide dominions of which some day he is to be the crowned head. He has received addresses, visited sights, been entertained, shaken hands with scores of thousands of people and submitted himself to the eager yet unpenetrating gaze of vast multitudes. His smallest acts have been observed with premeditated admiration, his lightest words recorded. He is not now a boy; he saw something of the great war, even if his exalted position denied him any large share of its severer hardships and dangers; he can not be blind to the general posture of the world's affairs. Here, surely, was a chance of saying something that would be heard from end to end of the earth, something kingly and great-minded. Here was the occasion for a fine restatement of the obligations and duties of empire.

BUT from first to last the Prince has said nothing to quicken the imaginations of the multitude of his future subjects to the gigantic possibilities of these times, nothing to reassure the foreign observer that the British Empire embodies anything more than the colossal national egotism and impenetrable self-satisfaction of the British peoples.

"Here we are," said the old order in those demonstrations, "and here we mean to stick. Just as we have been, so we remain. British! We are Bourbons."

These smiling tours of the Prince of Wales in these years of shortage, stress, and insecurity, constitute a propaganda of inanity unparalleled in the world's history.

NOR do we find in the nominal rulers and the official representatives of any other country any clear admission of the necessity for a great and fundamental change in the scope and spirit of government.

These official and ruling people, more than any other people, are under the sway of that life of use-and-wont which dominates us all. They are often trained to their positions, or they have won their way to their positions of authority through a career of political activities which amounts to a training. And that training is not a training in enterprise and change; it is a training in sticking tight and getting back to precedent. We can expect nothing from them.

AT SOME point the independent states will, as systems, resist, and unless an overwhelming world conscience for the world state have been brought into being and surround them with an understanding watchfulness, and invade the consciences of their supporters and so weaken their resisting power, they will resist violently and disastrously.

But it will be an incoherent resistance because the very nature of the sovereign states of today is incoherence.

There can be no world-wide combination of sovereign states to resist the world state, because that would be to create the world state in the attempt to defeat it.

"If things continue to drift," says H. G. Wells, "life will become intolerably insecure." But he believes there is one remedy. See "As Men Fight for Peace." Coming—in Hearst's.

On the March Cover—out February 20th—watch for

THE GREATEST GIRL OF ALL

Ninth in a Penrhyn Stanlawes famous beauty series of

SEE AMERICAN GIRLS FIRST!

brace; his mind and will were submerged by the clamor of contending patriotisms and the subtle explanation of Old World diplomacy in Paris; but American accessibility to the idea of a federalized world neither began with him nor will it end with his failure. America is still a hopeful laboratory of world-unifying thought.

AND the British Empire, which according to many of its liberal apologists is already a league of nations, linked together in a mutually advantageous peace—to that, too, men have looked for some movement of adaptation to this greater synthesis which is the world's preeminent need.

But so far the British Empire has failed to respond to such expectations. The war has left it strained and bruised and with its affairs very much in the grip of the military class, the most illiterate and dangerous class in the community. They have done perhaps irreparable mischief to the peace of the empire in Ireland, India, and Egypt, and they have made the claim of the British system to be an exemplary unification of dissimilar peoples seem now to many people incurably absurd.

It is a great misfortune for mankind that the British Empire, which played so sturdy and central a part in the great war, could at its close achieve no splendid and helpful gesture towards a generous reconstruction.

SINCE the armistice there has been an extraordinary opportunity for the British monarchy to display a sense of the new occasions before the world, and to lead the way towards the efforts and renunciations of an international renaissance. It could have taken up a lead that the President of the United States had taken up and relinquished; it could have used its peculiar position to make

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PERKINS & CO., Lawrence, Kansas



We submerged and came up again—and there on our starboard bow was a giant battleship playing its searchlight relentlessly.

When the Rising Sun Went Down

(Concluded from page 35)

but finally I succeeded and stepped forth on the bed of the ocean.

A SIGHT appalling in its silent tragedy greeted me. Looming in dread majesty for fifty feet above the deck of the boat from which I had come, the hull and masts of the Japanese cruiser appeared like a painted picture in a setting of green. In her side yawned the great ragged hole that had been the death wound of the ship.

Examination showed we had received a glancing blow as the cruiser sank, and only our propeller blade was held by a part of the ship's anchor chain. It seemed probable that by starting our engines now we might get clear of the wreck.

Then I went back to the side and crawled into the diving compartment. As I worked at the gear to close the opening, I became conscious of a slight oscillation of the boat, as though it were freeing itself from the mud of the bottom. Then the bow began slowly to rise and a rattling sound at the stern seemed to indicate the loosening of the chain that held the propeller. In a moment I could feel that the boat was mounting rapidly in the water.

WHEN I tapped on the compartment door and it was opened and I once more stood inside, we were on the surface, bobbing up and down with the wash of the waves. It was then that we felt the reaction of escape which I hold is no shame even to a brave man. As we opened the portholes and each took his station, we moved in a limp fashion, all trembling, though we tried to hide it.

If the great dead warship at the bottom of the sea was a tragic sight, the spectacle that

appeared above was one to fire the blood. Lurid pillars of flame lighted the sky in patches where torch bombs had been fired to lure an enemy to destruction. The smell of explosives and the noxious fumes of gases drifted with the wind and poisoned the atmosphere. The spasmodic booming of great guns, the sharper report of rapid-firers, the exploding of shells, and the muffled sound of bursting torpedoes mingled in a continuous and varying clamor. The American warships in the harbor had emerged to the attack and from the shore the land batteries threw aerial torpedoes far out to sea.

AND we could only watch it all. There within our hull were all the potentialities of destruction, and only motion was lacking. Through all the long night we rode idly, helplessly there, and not even a torpedo-boat spied us out. The tide of the fight had run northward and we were far in the wake of it, with two warships somewhere under our keel, and how many more meeting a like fate elsewhere we could only conjecture.

With the approach of morning came a temporary lull in the combat. As the daylight crept slowly over the scene the battleships of the Japanese drew together in a wide half-circle about the great fleet of transports laden with troops with which the first invasion of the States was to have been undertaken.

Darkness no longer screened the operations of the torpedo-boats of the Americans, and the big ships of the Mikado still outnumbered ours by nearly three to one. Their aerial detectors filled the air, bringing reports

of the presence of hostile submarines and directing the fire of the gunners.

AS WE watched from a distance the changing maneuvers, an enemy aircraft, scouting along the coast line, approached us. The Stars and Stripes floating from the turret where we had raised it, proclaimed our nationality as we rolled helplessly in the sea's trough.

The airship, veering slightly, hovered above us, and a bomb was dropped over the side. It struck ten feet from the turret, shattering two of the deck plates, through which the seas as they washed over us began to pour. The airmen continued their course; but Burke, with an oath, sprang for the turret door. "We'll try the gun on them," he said.

The quick-firer spat out a rain of shot as our boat, rolling in the sea, presented in succession almost every angle of fire. It was only chance aiming, but of a hundred shots it was not necessarily a miracle that one of them should hit.

Like a bird wounded in mid-flight the airship dipped one of its wings, fluttered crazily in its interrupted progress, then shot rapidly to the ocean surface. Its boat bottom kept it there atop the waves.

OUT on the deck of our ship we tumbled, following Clarke, taking our rifles with us at the captain's command. A hundred feet away the crew of the disabled hydroplane had begun to clear the wreckage and make ready to start the motors.

"Pick them off," cried the captain, bringing his rifle to shoulder, while Clarke trained the turret gun along the waves.

"Only gas bombs," called the captain. "No shells—we need their boat."

As he spoke I noticed our disappearing deck as the intake of water through the wrecked plates weighted down the vessel.

It was murder on our part, deliberate, calculated murder. But it was a sort of that war sanctions. The Japanese had no chance for life against us. But neither we chance on a sinking ship.

At one hundred feet such a fusillade pumped into the plane could not fail to mark. In a few minutes the enemy was destroyed.

It was an easy feat for Jones, football player and athlete, to swim the distance the corpse-laden hydroplane and to start a motor and to pick us up as we stood in the turret of the sinking Edison-Maxim.

WHEN next we headed northward the Rising Sun hauled down, the Stars and Stripes aloft, great clouds of smoke and gases once more were rising above the lines of the Japanese and darkening the view. But with no call out we could see amidst it, here and there, darting streaks of boats with white-flecked waves, such as we ourselves had been for a few hours; and when battleship and carrier vanished from the blockading line, we knew the cause.

The Edison-Maxims had saved the day for America.

CAN any woman afford to surrender her good name and the safety that marriage affords? Watch for "I Show Faith the Village" Mrs. Van de Water. In Hearst's for March.

The Story of a Hungry Millionaire

(Continued from page 20)

NATURALLY, avarice never entered into Baron Moses's motives of action. For luxury is a satisfaction which is soon exhausted when one can desire nothing without securing it at once—when there is no privation to stimulate the joys of anticipation. Whatever Baron Moses wished for he had, and therefore he did not wish. So in spite of his wealth the rich man's life was strangely barren.

Philanthropy had no interest for him—because he had no regard of any sort for his fellow-man. Baron Moses neither loved nor was loved. But he conceded that a very rich man must perform certain acts of charity to settle accounts with public opinion as well as with himself. At Karlsbad Moses had seen on a number of

middle-class houses the Pharisaic inscription: "Schutz gegen Bettelei—Protection against Mendicancy."

On condition that you hand over a given sum to the municipal authorities, you have the right to arrest any beggar and to let starve whomsoever you will, and nobody has the right to accuse you of hardness of heart,

inasmuch as you have given. This is simplified Christianity, the Gospel adapted to administrative purposes.

Moses could not understand any other of charity. Every year, therefore, he gave into the hands of competent authorities an invariable sum. This done, he was absolved, say sincerely, "I am a kind-hearted man."

But as for climbing himself the stairs of dingy hovels, and being moved by the

human suffering—giving himself the in-
e pleasure of making joy out of wretched-
—that impulse never came, never could
e to this unfortunate prisoner of wealth.
felt dimly that something was lacking in
rosities which cost him no real sacrifice,
what it was he did not know.
I am not rich enough to destroy poverty,"
could console himself.

FRIENDSHIP, perhaps, would have brought
im the affection which this rich man
much needed, but he had no under-
ding of the reciprocity of friendliness
sary to friendship. Whom did he know
ng men? Beggars, parasites, dealers
speculators, conspiring against his check-
noble lords whom he flattered with a
of contempt, and who in turn humored
who even courted him while despising
The rest of the human race was for him
ded letter.

us the rich man lived, barricaded be-
a wall of gold against all the joys of life,
d to his fellow-beings only by the ties
iprocal suffering. And living to himself
e, he grew embittered of life—a man
de humanity!
intradiction was unbearable to him. It
became difficult to seem to agree with
pinion unless one repeated exactly his
ments or exaggerated his sentiments.
it was a curious fact that this bizarre
er of his which again and again caused
le to tremble for his reason, his long fits
lence, interrupted by wrathful cries
only his wife could appease, did not
to affect in any way his practical sense
fairs, his remarkable financial perspi-
v.

ENTUALLY Baron Moses, in the midst
f his constantly increasing riches, was
ed to one subject of conversation—and
was hunger.

wanted to know why so many thou-
of letters came to him constantly with
essage: "W. are hungry." He wanted
ow what that meant.
y were people hungry? He had never
hungry, nor anybody whom he knew.
why should people who were hungry be
h a hurry to proclaim the fact to the
world? Why tolerate that rabble of
rs who repeat the same unintelligible
at every crossroad?

iously it was a conspiracy against the
ky people who are not hungry. What,
were the policemen doing?
l then came a new variation on the
theme. Why should he be denied the
age of being hungry? It wasn't fair.
very man have his turn. Let others
now about those who were going
y. He wanted to be hungry now.
or days and days the wretch would
all food in order to know at last the
ne enjoyment of a tortured stomach.
the horrible esophageal tube was forced
form its task, and the millionaire, half
d, was compelled, notwithstanding his
r strike, to swallow the food refused by
adness.

ceaseless struggle between the mad-
n and his nurses developed; his guard-
ized every occasion to force food down
roat, and the madman pretended to
them, only to dispose, at the earliest
le moment, of the food of which he had
rred to partake.

mately, the deceit of the Baron suc-
so well that the digestive organs,
ng in the end, imperiously claimed
ue. Moses felt a racking pain and a
sive agony. His haggard face con-
l under the strain.

is must be the effect of hunger,"
it Moses, distracted with anguish,
ultant over his success.

ionless, sunk in his armchair, he
d the joy of conquered hunger, and
o mute guardians, thinking he had
asleep, quietly withdrew.

moment they had departed, Moses
shed forth victoriously from the room.
amps and the convulsions which shook
ere irrefutable evidence of the fact that
s in the grip of an elemental craving
d. And when one is hungry one must
m the fact to the whole world with
ve voice and outstretched hand!
as the rule and custom which so often
ed the sleep of those to whom God
nied the good fortune of being fam-

s lost no time. Two steps from his
busy tradesman passed. The hungry
n to meet him.

"Sir, I beg you—I am hungry. I am very
hungry! I haven't eaten for three days!"

Unconsciously the millionaire found him-
self copying the inflections of voice, the
attitudes of the very beggars who once used
to pursue him. The imitation was all the
easier because hunger really held him in its
clutches—doleful hunger, clamorous hunger
and would not let go. He had forgotten
already that his suffering was of his own
seeking. When he cried, when he moaned,
when he proclaimed his wretchedness, when
his poor thin hand shook, stretched out in
vain quest of a copper, it was not mere
acting. He was really hungry at last. He
begged for bread and they refused him, him,
the Baron Moses of Goldschlambach!

Rebuffed, he moved with threatening
words from one to the other—he besought,
he lamented, he cried out again and again

"I am hungry."
His breast was shaken with sobs, his eyes
were haggard, and his head was giddy.

VAGUELY in the midst of the whirl of
madness which dragged him on, the
hungry millionaire saw a haunting vision of
days past, saw the gestures and words which
had so often been his own, recognized the
mood which binds, paralyzes, and makes
inactive the mercy of the crowd.

"We can not relieve all that poverty!"

He could hear it in his inmost soul, from
which those same words had so often emerged,
and he recognized himself in the crowd.
But it was he who implored now, and at the
same time it was he who rebuffed.

"One can not relieve all that wretchedness."

Why not? He knew now that one could if
one would! He wanted to cry out: "I have
found the secret of life." He felt that he
must give—give everything, as was com-
manded by one of his own race whom that
race nailed to the Cross.

AT LAST he wanted to give! Suffering, born
of his wretchedness, vanquished for one
moment the madness born of his overflowing
wealth. He vowed that no one should suffer
again as he was suffering—that through his
efforts the ultimate misery of hunger should be
forever conquered. But first—and instantly
—his terrible hunger must be appeased. If
someone would only give him a penny for food
—give to Moses in order that Moses might
give in turn! Hundreds of millions would
be played against a penny! The wager was
open. But no one would put up the stakes.
For the passers-by turned away and the
penny which might have been given was
withheld.

The mendicant multimillionaire raged at
their hard-heartedness, hurled insults at the
crowd.

"Isn't someone going to send for the
police?" a passer-by asked, and Moses,
hearing these words which until yesterday
might well have been his own appeal for
police assistance, was terrified. He saw
himself pursued, tracked, exposed to the
brutalities of constables who would not recog-
nize in him a man whom it was their duty
to protect. And suddenly he began to run,
his hunger projecting him like a shell-burst
amidst an indifferent crowd. For he had
just one sensation, one idea, one purpose:
to eat, to eat at any price, no matter where,
no matter how.

WITHOUT knowing how, he found him-
self in a baker's shop. He reached out
his hand, he touched, he stole bread, which
is forever the object of feverish desires, the
innocent cause of so much evil, so much
pain.

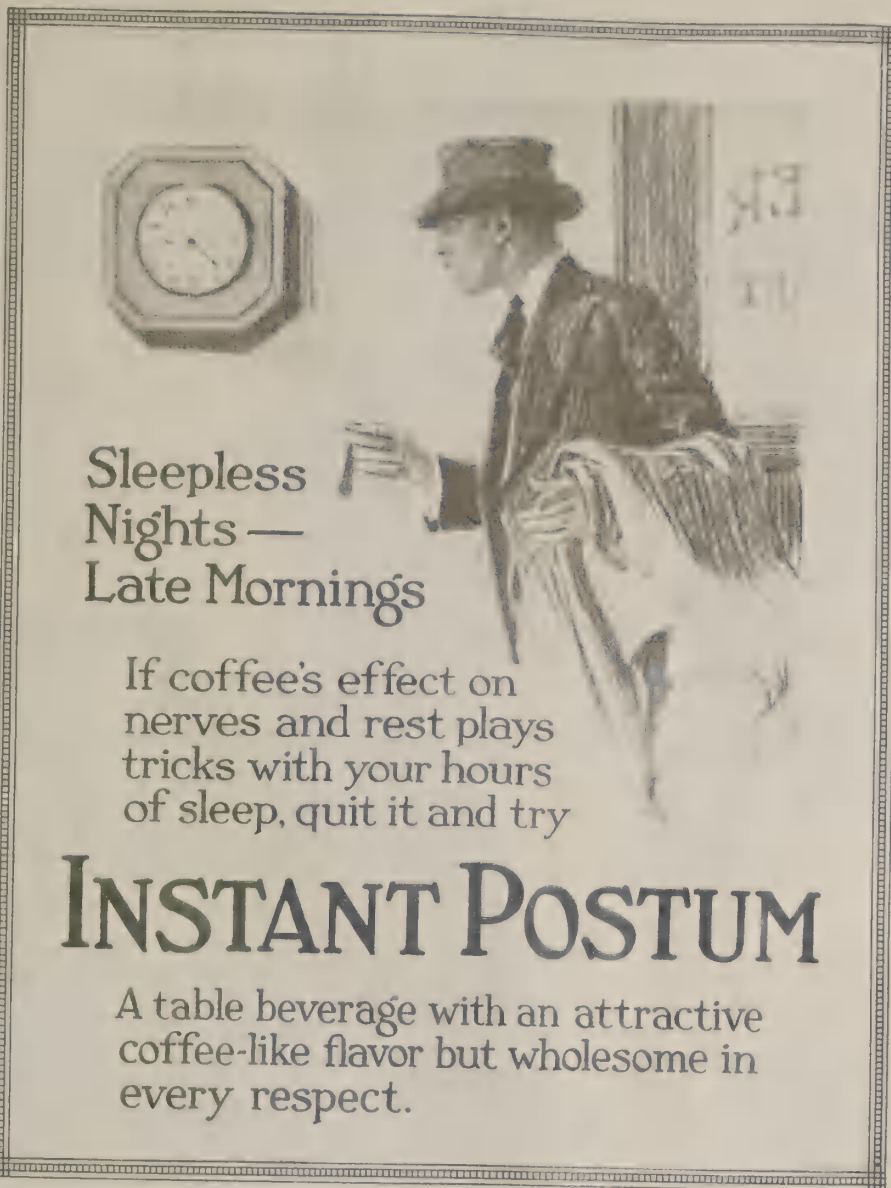
Then a paralytic stroke slew him, and he
fell a prostrate, inert mass. Human pity
was moved at last—too late.

IF MOSES could have been cured, who
knows what sort of man he might have
been thereafter?

But Moses was dead. The poor multi-
millionaire had had to become a madman in
order to be illumined with the light of reason,
and it was only from the touch of death on
the threshold of infinity that he had received
the sense of life.

ONE might philosophize over the adven-
ture. I have only disguised its details,
after meeting it in actual life, amidst the
Shakespearean realities of our inexorable
existence.

THE Rev. David East was a lion-tamer—but
she was of the sort who dies for her faith!
Watch for G. K. Chesterton's "The Man Who
Shot the Fox"—to appear in Hearst's for March.

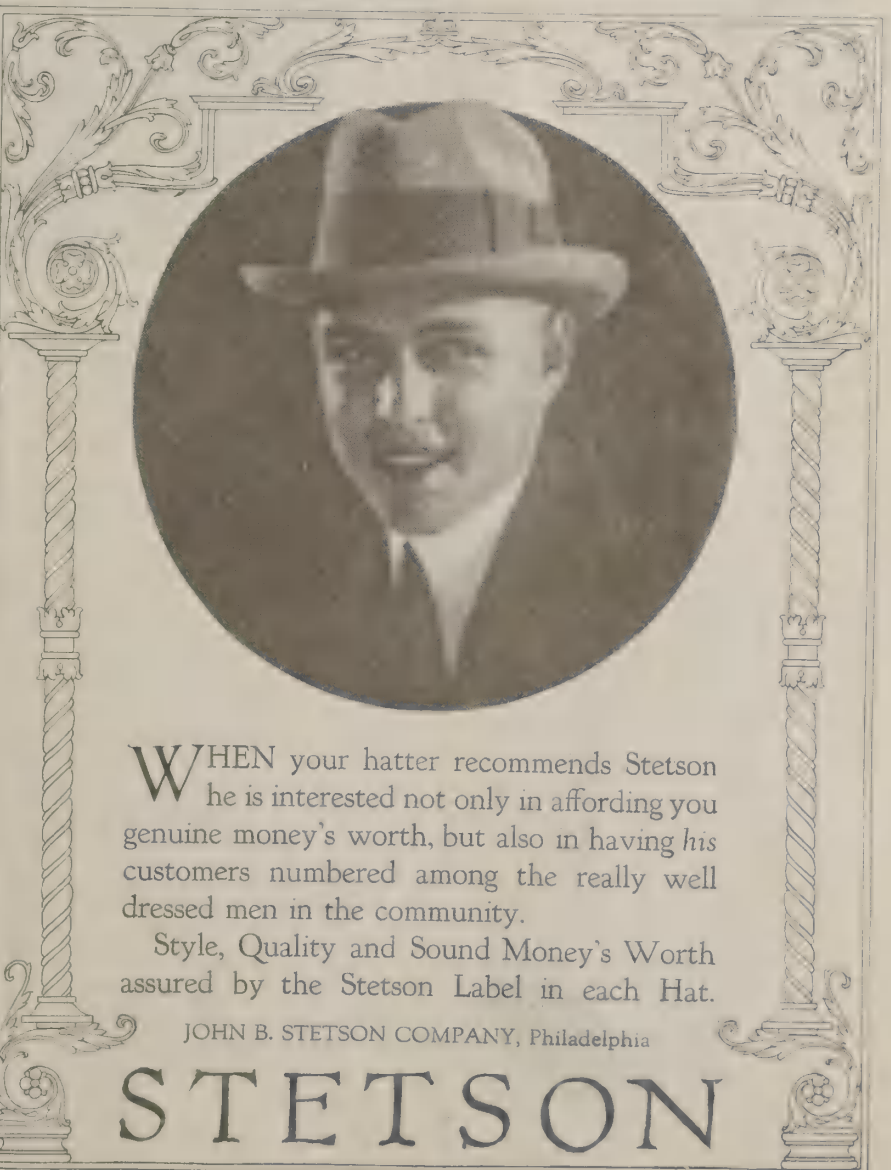


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Late Mornings**

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STETSON

the owner of two or three taxicabs, concerning whom the Duchess, who was almost omniscient in her own world, knew much that the said owner ardently desired should be known no further. A few sentences with this gentleman, and fifteen minutes later, huddled back in the darkened corner of the taxicab, she rolled over the Queensboro Bridge out upon Long Island on her mission of releasing a fact whose effect she could not foresee.

AN HOUR and a half after that Larry was leading her to a bench in the scented darkness of the Sherwoods' lawn. She had telephoned "Mr. Brandon" from a drugstore booth in Flushing, and Larry had been waiting for her near the entrance to Cedar Crest.

"What brought you out here like this, Grandmother?" Larry whispered in amazement as he sat down beside her.

"To tell you that the police are after you," she whispered back.

"I knew that already."

"Yes, I knew that you would."

"But how did you find out?"

"Maggie told me."

"Maggie!"

"She came down to see me, told me what had just happened at her place, told me about Barney hurrying away to slip the news to that Gavegan, and begged me to warn you at once. She was terribly nervous and wrought up."

"Maggie did that!" he breathed. His heart leaped at her unexpected concern for him.

"Maggie did that!" And then: "There wasn't any need; she should have known that I would know."

"It was rather foolish in a way—but Maggie was too excited to use cool reason." His grandmother did not speak for a moment. "Her losing her head and coming shows that she cares for you, Larry."

He could make no response. This was indeed the clearest evidence Maggie had yet given that possibly she might care.

"MAGGIE may have lost her head in her excitement," he managed to say, "but, Grandmother, there was no reason for you to come away out here to tell me about the police."

"I didn't come away out here to tell you about the police," she replied. "I came to tell you something else."

"Yes?"

"You're sure you really care for Maggie?"

"I told you that when I was down to see you this evening."

Though the Duchess had decided, the desire to protect Larry remained tenaciously in her and made it hard for her jealous love to take a risk. "You're sure she might turn out all right—under better influences?"

"I'm sure, Grandmother."

THE Duchess felt that the moment had now arrived for her to unloose her secret. But despite her fixed purpose to tell, her words had to be forced out, and were halting, bald.

"Jimmie Carlisle—is not her father."

"Grandmother!"

"Her father is Biff Mellis."

"Grandmother!" He caught her hands. "Why—why—" But for a moment his utter stupefaction paralyzed his speech. "You're—you're sure of that?" he finally got out.

"Yes." She went on and told how her suspicion had been aroused, how her interview with Biff Mellis had transmuted suspicion into certainty, how she analyzed the motive which had actuated Jimmie Carlisle in so perverting the directions of the man who had held Jimmie as his most trusted friend.

Larry was fairly stunned by this recital of what had been done. And he was further stunned as he realized the fullness of what now seemed to be the circumstances.

"Think of it!" he breathed. "Maggie trying to be a great adventuress because she was brought up that way, because she thinks her father wants her to be that—and having never a guess of the truth! And Biff Mellis believing that his daughter is a nice, simple girl, happily ignorant of the life he tried to shield her from—and having never a guess

Children of Whirlwind

(Continued from page 39)

of the truth! What a situation! And if they should ever find out—"

He broke off, appalled by the power and magnitude of what he vaguely saw.

LARRY was silent for several moments. "You've known this for some time, Grandmother?"

of a temper; if Biff Mellis should learn how he had been defrauded, all the man's vital forces would be instantly transformed into destructive, vengeful rage that would spare no one and count no cost. The result would doubtless be tragedy, with no one greatly served, and with Biff very likely back in prison.

A TREMENDOUS wrong had been done here, a wrong which showed a malignant, cunning, patient mind. But as Larry finally saw the matter, the point for first consideration was not the valueless satisfaction of making the guilty man suffer, but was the



"At your age I was twice as pretty as you are—and I played the same game. Look what I got out of life. . . ."

"For several weeks."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I was afraid it might somehow bring you closer to Maggie, and I didn't want that," she answered honestly. "Now I think a little better of Maggie. And you've proved to me I can trust a great deal more to your judgment. Yes, I guess that's the chief reason I've come out here to tell you this: you've proved to me I've got to respect your judgment. And so whatever you may do—about Maggie or anything else—will be all right with me."

She did not wait for a response, but stood up. Her voice, which had been shot through with emotion these last few minutes, was now that flat mechanical monotone to which the inhabitants of her little street were accustomed.

"I must be getting back to the city. Good night."

LARRY sat long out in the night after his grandmother had left him. What should he do with this amazing information placed at his disposal? Tell Biff Mellis? Or tell Maggie? Or tell both? Or himself try to meet Jimmie Carlisle and pay that traitor to Biff Mellis and that malformer of Maggie the coin he had earned?

He decided against telling Biff Mellis—at least, he would not tell him yet. He recalled the rumors of Biff Mellis's repressed volcano

restoration to the victims of some part of those precious things of which they had been unconsciously robbed.

And then Larry had what seemed to him an inspiration: his inspiration being only a sane thought, and what the Duchess, though she had not pointed the way to him, had thought he would do. Maggie was the important person in this situation—Maggie, whose life was just beginning, and whose nature he still believed to be plastic! Not Biff Mellis or Old Jimmie Carlisle, who had almost lived out their lives and whose natures were now settled into what they would be until the end. By playing upon the finer elements in Maggie's character he had all but succeeded in rousing to dominance that best nature which existed within her.

He would privately tell Maggie the truth and tell only her and leave the using of that knowledge to her alone.

Yes, that was the thing to do! And he would do it within the next twelve hours; for Dick had told him that Maggie was coming out again to Cedar Crest on the afternoon of the day which was now rousing from its sleep. That is, he would do it if the police or the allies of his one-time friends did not locate him before Maggie came. But of that he had no serious fear; he knew he had made a clean get-away from the Grantham, and that the shrewd Duchess had left no scent by

which those bloodhounds of the Police Department could trail her.

LARRY undressed, had a bath, shaved, dressed again, and started to work. That day the most Larry did was abstractedly going through the motions of work. He was completely filled with the situation, its many questions, and with the suspense waiting for Maggie to come and of this out a way to see her privately.

The meeting, however, proved to be a difficulty; for Maggie, who arrived at Cedar Crest had come primarily on Larry's account. While they were on the piazza, Dick had gone into the house for a fresh supply of cigarettes, and Miss Sherwood being in an animated discussion with Hunt, Maggie

"Miss Sherwood, I've never had a chance to look down at the Sound from the edge of your bluff. Do you mind?"

"Mr. Brandon shows me?"

"Not at all. Tea was served for half an hour, so you have your time. Have Mr. Brandon show you the view from just the other side of the old rose-bench; that's the view."

They walked away, chatting mechanically until they were in a garden seat behind the rose-bench.

"DID your grandmother tell you word about the police?" Maggie asked with a pressed excitement as soon as they were seated.

"Yes. She came out about midnight."

"Then why, while you had time, didn't you get far away from New York City?"

"If I'm to be caught, I'd be caught; in the meantime this is as safe a place as any other for me. Besides, I wanted to have at least one talk with you—after some new Grandmother told about you."

"Something new about you?" echoed Maggie, startled by the grave tone. "What?"

"About your father," said, watching closely for effect upon her of his revelations.

"What about my father? What's he been doing that you don't know about?"

"You do not know a single thing that your father has done."

"What?"

"Because you do not know who your father is."

"What!" she gasped.

"Listen, Maggie. What I'm going to tell you may seem unbelievable, but you've got to believe it, because it's the truth. I can see that you'll accept what I tell you if you want proofs."

"You can accept what I tell you as absolute facts. You are by birth a different person from what you believe yourself. Your father is not Jimmie Carlisle and your mother—"

"Larry!" She tensely gripped his arm.

"YOUR mother was of a good family—imagine something like Miss Sherwood—though not so rich and not with such social standing. She died when you were born. She never knew what your father's business actually was; he passed a country gentleman. He was about the smoothest and biggest crook of his time, a straight crook if there is such a thing."

"Larry!" she breathed.

"He kept this gentleman-farmer side of his life and his marriage entirely hidden from his crook acquaintances; that is, from except one whom he trusted as his most intimate friend. Before you were old enough to remember, he was tripped up and sent away on a twenty-year sentence."

"And he's—he's still in prison?" whispered Maggie.

Larry did not heed the interruption. "I had developed the highest kind of ambition for you. He wanted you to grow up a simple woman like your mother—something like Miss Sherwood. He did not want you ever to know the sort of life he had known and he did not want you to be handicapped."

the knowledge that you had a crack for a r. He still had intact your mother's me, a small one but an honest one. So t you and the money in the hands of his d friend, with the instructions that you to be brought up as the girls of the families are brought up, and believing elf an orphan."

"That friend of his, Larry?" she whispered

"Jimmie Carlisle."

"h-h!"

"DON'T know what Jimmie Carlisle's motives were for what he has done, ps to get your money, perhaps some against your father, which he was to show while your father was free, for other was always his master. But Old has brought you up exactly contrary orders he received. If revenge was mmie's motive, his cunning, cowardly could not have conceived a more ical revenge, one that would hurt your more. Till a few years ago, when word nt to your father that Old Jimmie was Jimmie regularly wrote your father the success of his plan, about how dly you were developing and getting h the best people. And your father— him in prison—now believes you have up into exactly the kind of young he planned."

"Why!" she choked in a numbed voice.

was white, staring, wilted. For once the defiance, self-confidence, bravado, out of her, and she was just an d and frightened young girl.

"a moment she managed to repeat stion Larry had ignored: 'Is my real still in prison?'"

"I'd like to see your real father?" he

er.

"Bink—I'd like to have a glimpse of he breathed.

"I, just before this, had noted Biff in his blue overalls and wide straw uning out a bank of young dahlias a up the bluff. He now took Maggie's I guided her in that direction.

"that man there working among the —the man who once brought you a of roses? Biff Mellis is his name. e man I've been talking about— ther."

"at her quivering under his hand for a , and heard her breath come in swift, lic pants. He was wondering what effect upon her of this climax of his on, when she whispered:

"you suppose—I can speak—to my

course. He likes all young women. told you that he and I were close

"a—come on." She arose, clinging to d drew him after her. Halfway to breathed: "You please say some—anything."

COGNIZED this as the appeal of whose faculties were reeling. There er been any attempt here at Cedar conceal Biff Mellis's past, and in case there had been only such con—as might help his evasion of his

And so Larry remarked as Biff ook his wide hat off his white hair d bareheaded before them:

"Miss Cameron knows who I really about my having been in Sing Sing; just told her about our having been here. Also, I told her about your daughter. It interested her and she e if she couldn't talk to you; so I her over."

stood aside and tensely watched ting between father and daughter, ed slightly, and with a dignified it overalls and over fifteen years of ould not take from one who, during and middle manhood, had been s the perfection of the finished gen- His gray eyes warmed with appref the young figure before him, just had seen them grow bright watching g figures disporting in the Sound.

very gracious for a young woman Miss Cameron," he said in a voice courtesy, "to be interested enough man like me to want to talk with

IE made the supreme effort of her to keep herself in hand. "I wanted o you because of something Mr. told me about—about your having r."

Larry felt that this was too sacred a scene for him to intrude upon. "Would you mind excusing me?" he said. "There are some calculations I've got to rush out." And he returned to the bench on which they had been sitting and pretended to busy himself over a pocket notebook.

While Larry had been speaking and moving away, Maggie had swiftly been appraising her father. His gray eyes were direct as against the furtiveness of Jimmie's; his mouth had a firm kindliness as against the wrinkled cunning of Jimmie's; his bearing was erect, self-possessed, as against Jimmie's bent, shuffling carriage. Maggie felt no swift-born daughter-love for this stranger who was her father. The turmoil of her discovery filled her too completely to admit a full-grown affection; but she thrilled with the sense of the vast difference between her supposed father and this her real father.

In the meantime her father had spoken. Biff would have been more reserved with men or with older women; but with this girl, so much the sort of girl he had long dreamed about, his reserve vanished without resistance and in its place was a desire to talk to this beautiful creature who came out of the world which the big white house represented.

"I have a daughter, yes," he said. "But Larry—Mr. Brainard, perhaps I should say—has likely told you all there is to tell."

"I'd like to hear it from you, please—if you don't mind."

"THERE'S really not much to tell," he said. "You know what I was and what happened. When I went to prison my daughter was too young to remember me—less than two years old. I didn't want her ever to be drawn into the sort of life that had been mine, or be the sort of woman that a girl becomes who gets into that life. And I didn't want her ever to have the stigma, and the handicap, of her knowing and the world knowing that her father was a convict. You can't understand it fully, Miss Cameron, but perhaps you can understand a little how disgraced you would feel, what a handicap it would be, if your father were a convict. I had a good friend I could trust. So I turned my daughter over to him, to be brought up with no knowledge of my existence, and with every reasonable advantage that a nice girl should have. I guess that's all, Miss Cameron."

"This friend—what was his name?"

"Carlisle—Jimmie Carlisle. But his name could never have meant anything to you. Besides, he's dead now."

MAGGIE forced herself on. "Your plan—it turned out all right? And you—you are happy?"

"Yes." In the sympathetic atmosphere which this young girl's presence created for him, Biff's emotions flowed into words more freely than ever before in the company of a human being. Though he was answering her, what he was really doing was rather just letting his heart use its long-silent voice, speak its exultant dream and belief.

"Somewhere out in the world—I don't know where, and I don't want to know—my daughter has now grown into a wholesome, splendid young woman!" he said in a vibrant voice.

"YOU'RE—you're sure she's all that?"

Again his words were as much a statement aloud to himself of his constant dream as they were a direct answer to Maggie. "Of course! There was enough money—the plan was in the hands of a friend who knew how to handle such a thing—she's never known anything but the very best surroundings—and until she was fourteen I had regular reports on how wonderfully she was progressing. You see, my friend had had her legally adopted by a splendid family, so there's no doubt about everything being for the best."

HIS gray eyes, bright with his great dream, were fixed intently upon Maggie; and yet she felt that they were gazing far beyond her at some other girl—at his girl.

"I—I—" she gulped, and swayed and would have fallen if he had not been quick to catch her arm.

"You are sick, miss?" he asked anxiously.

"I—I have been," she stammered, trying to regain control of her faculties. "It's—it's that—and my not eating—and standing in this hot sun. Thank you very much for what you've told me. I'd—I'd better be getting back."

"I'll help you." And very gently, with a firm hand under one arm, he escorted her to the bench where Larry sat scribbling noth-



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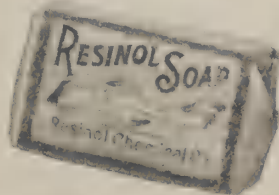
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ings. He then raised his hat and returned to his dahlias.

"Well?" queried Larry when they were alone.

"I can't stand it to stay here and talk to these people," she replied in an agonized whisper. "I must get away from here quick, so that I can think."

"May I come with you?"

"No, Larry—I must be alone. Please Larry, please get into the house, and manage to fake a telephone message for me, calling me back to New York at once."

"All right." And Larry hurried away.

She sat, pale, breathing rapidly, her whole being clenched, staring fixedly out at the Sound. Five minutes later, Larry was back.

"It's all arranged, Maggie. I've told the people; they're sorry you've got to go. And Dick is getting his car ready."

SHE turned her eyes upon him. He had never seen in them such a look. They were feverish, with a dazed, affrighted horror. She clutched his arm.

"You must promise never to tell my father about me!"

"I won't—unless I have to."

"But you must not! Never!" she cried desperately. "He thinks I'm— Oh, don't you understand? If he were to learn what I really am, it would kill him. He must keep his dream. For his sake he must never find out; he must keep on thinking of me just the same. Now you understand?"

Larry slowly nodded.

"There comes Dick," she whispered. "I must do my best to hold myself together. Good-by, Larry."

A minute later, Larry just behind her, she was crossing the lawn on Dick's arm, explaining her weakness and pallor by the sudden dizziness which had come upon her in consequence of not eating and of being in the hot sun.

LARRY was far more deeply moved this time when Maggie drove away with Dick, than on that former occasion when he had tried to play with adroitness upon her psychological reactions. Now he knew that her very world was shaken; that her soul was stunned and reeling; that she was fighting with all her strength for a brief outward composure.

He had loved her for months, but he had never so loved her as in this hour when all her artificial defenses had been battered down and she was just a bewildered, agonized girl, with just the emotions and the first thoughts that any other normal girl would have had under the same circumstances. His great desire had been to be with her, to comfort her, help her; but he realized that she had been correct in her instinct to be by herself for a while, to try to comprehend it all, to try to think her way out.

When Maggie was out of sight, he excused himself from having tea, left Hunt and Miss Sherwood upon the veranda and sought his study. But though he had neglected his work the whole day, he now gave it no attention. He sat at his desk and thought of Maggie: tried to think of what she was going to do. Her situation was so complicated with big elements which she would have to handle, that he could not foretell just what her course would be.

But Larry's thoughts were not to remain exclusively with Maggie for long. Shortly after six Judkins entered and announced that a man was at the door with a message. The man had refused to come in, saying he was only a messenger and was in a hurry; and had refused to give Judkins the message, saying that it was verbal. Thinking that some word had come from his grandmother, or possibly even from Maggie, Larry went out upon the veranda. Waiting for him was a nondescript man he did not know.

"Mr. Brandon, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes. You have a message for me?"

Before the man could reply, there came a shout from the shrubbery beyond the drive: "Grab him, Smith! He's the man!"

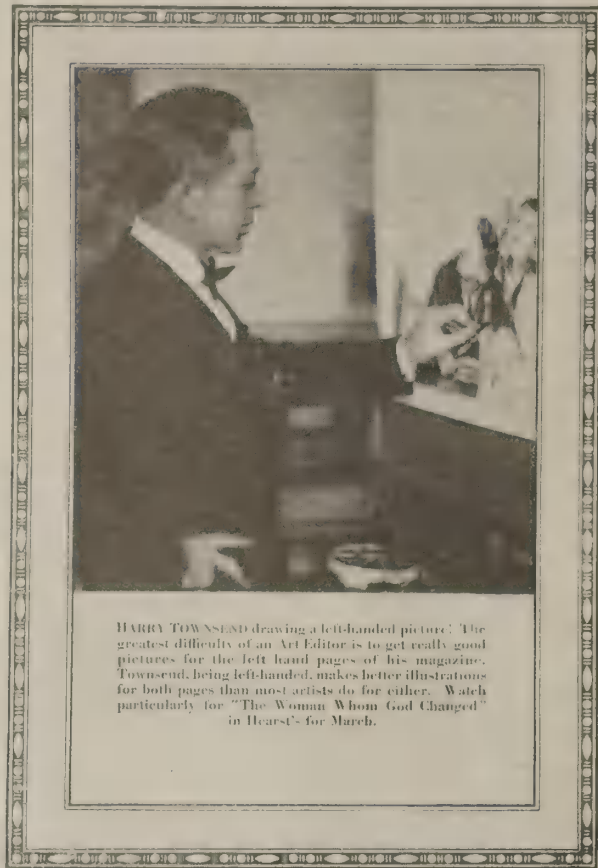
Instantly Smith's steely arms were about Larry, pinning his elbows to his side, and a man broke from the shrubbery and hurried towards the house.

INSTINCTIVELY Larry started to struggle, but he ceased as he recognized the man coming up the steps. It was Gavegan. Larry realized that he had been shrewdly trapped, that resistance would serve no end; and the next moment handcuffs were upon his wrists.

"Well, Brainard," gloated Gavegan, "we've landed you at last!"

"So it seems, Gavegan."

Please



"You thought you were clever, but I guess you know now you ain't one, two, three!"

"Oh, I know how clever you are, Gavegan," Larry said dryly, "and that you'd get me sooner or later if I hung around."

As a matter of fact, Larry's capture, which was as unspectacular as his escape had been strenuous, was the consequence of no cleverness at all. Larry had said to Barney Palmer the night before that he knew who Barney's sucker was; and Barney had passed this information along to Chief Barlow. "Follow every clue; luck may be with you and one of them may turn up what you want." This is in substance an unwritten rule of routine procedure which effects those magnificent police solutions which are presented as more mysterious than the original mystery—for it is well for the public to believe that its police officers are unfailingly more clever than its criminals. Barlow had done some routine thinking; if Larry Brainard knew Dick Sherwood was the sucker, then watching Dick Sherwood might possibly reveal the whereabouts of Larry Brainard. Barlow had passed this tip along to Gavegan. Gavegan had grumbled to himself that it was only a thousand-to-one shot; but luck had been with him, and his long shot had won.

MISS SHERWOOD, Hunt behind her, had been drawn by the sound of voices around to the side of the veranda where stood the four men.

"What are you doing?" she now sharply demanded of Gavegan.

"Don't like to make any unpleasant scene, Miss Sherwood, but I've gotta tell you that this so-called Brandon is a well-known crook." Gavegan enjoyed few things more than astounding people with unpleasant facts. "His real name is Brainard; he's done time, and now he's wanted by the New York police for a tough job he pulled."

"I knew all that long ago," said Miss Sherwood.

"Eh—what?" stammered Gavegan.

"Mr. Brainard told me all that the first time I saw him."

"Hello, Gavegan," said Hunt, stepping forward.

"Well, I'll be— If you ain't that crazy—" Again the ability to express himself coherently and with restraint failed Gavegan. "If you ain't that painter that lived down at the Duchess's!"

"Right, Gavegan—as a detective a should be. And Larry Brainard was and is now, my friend."

Miss Sherwood again spoke up sharply. "Mr. Gavegan—if that is your name, will please take those foolish things off Brainard's wrists."

GAVEGAN had been cheated out of a sensation. That discomfort, perhaps made him even more than he was by nature.

"Sorry, miss, but he's with having committed a crime and is a fugitive from justice. I can't."

"I'll be his security. Take off."

"Sorry to refuse you again, but he's a dangerous man away once before. My order to take no risks that'll give another chance for a get-away."

Miss Sherwood turned to Larry. "I'll go into town with you so will Mr. Hunt. I'll see you get bail and a good lawyer."

"Thank you, Miss Sherwood," Larry said. "Gavegan, I we're ready to start."

"Not just yet, Brainard, Miss Sherwood, but we've search warrant for your place just want to have a look at room Brainard used. No what kind of crooked stuff been up to. And to make search warrant O. K. I'll issued in this county and bring along a county officer to see Show it to the lady, Smith, have all your keys, Brainard."

Larry handed them over. Miss Sherwood, Hunt and looking silently on, the two began their examination.

begin with the papers on Larry's desk and in its drawers; and his life Gavegan had not been considerate in a search as he was with Miss Sherwood's eyes coldly upon him.

A MINUTE passed. Then Gavegan entered, a puzzled, half-triumphant on his red face, holding out a square paint-covered canvas.

"Found this thing in Brainard's chest. What the he—I mean what's it doing here?"

There was not an instant's doubt what the thing was. Larry started. Hunt started, and Miss Sherwood started. But it was Miss Sherwood who first spoke.

"Why, it's a portrait of Miss Cameron! And painted by Mr. Hunt! amazement she turned first upon Larry upon Hunt. "When did you ever paint a portrait, when you did not meet Miss Cameron before you met her here? And Brainard, how do you come to possess Cameron's portrait?"

It was Gavegan who spoke up promptly and not either of the two suddenly deflated men. And Gavegan instantly saw the situation a chance to get even for humiliation his self-esteem had just suffered.

"Miss Cameron, nothing! Her real name is Maggie Carlisle, and she used to live in a dump of a pawnshop down on the East run by Brainard's grandmother. I know her there, and so did Mr. Hunt."

"But—but," gasped Miss Sherwood. "she's been coming out here as Maggie Cameron!"

"I tell you your Maggie Cameron! Maggie Carlisle!" said Gavegan, gloating. "I've known her for years. Her father, Old Jimmie Carlisle, a notorious crook. And she's mixed up right now with her father and some others in a crooked game. Brainard here used to be sweet on her, probably still is, and if he's been letting her come here, without telling you who she is, well, I guess you know the answer. I tell you, miss, that give me a chance I'd turn up something against this Brainard!"

MISS SHERWOOD'S face was white with set with grim accusation that was waiting to pronounce swift judgment. Hunt, it is true that Miss Cameron is Maggie Carlisle the officer mentions, that you knew it all the while?"

"Yes—" began the painter.

"Don't blame him, Miss Sherwood," Larry interrupted. "He didn't tell you cause I begged him not to as a favor to Blame me for everything."

er judgment upon Hunt was pronounced in cold finality, her eyes straight into his: "Whatever may have been Mr. Brainard's motives, I unalterably hold him to be." She turned upon Larry. The face which had only been seen in gracious moods, was as sternly stern as a prosecuting attorney's. "We're going to go right to the bottom of this. Mr. Brainard. You too have known all along that this Miss Cameron was really the girl Carlisle this officer speaks of?" "Yes."

And you have known all along that she is the daughter of this notorious criminal, Jimmie Carlisle?"

An impulse surged up in Larry to tell the newly learned truth about Maggie. But he remembered the injunction that the truth never be known. He checked his emotion just in time.

"Yes."

And is it true that Maggie Carlisle is what is known as a crook—or has had some inclinations or plans?"

"It's like this, Miss Sherwood—"

A direct answer, please!"

"Yes."

And is it true, as this officer has suggested, that you were in love with her, yourself?"

"Yes."

You are aware of my brother's infatuation for her? That he has asked her to marry him?"

"Yes."

Her voice now sounded more terrible to Larry.

"I took you in to give you a chance. Your repayment has been that, knowing these things, you have kept silent and let my brother be imposed upon by a lying operation. And who knows, since I admit that you love the girl, that you have not been a partner in the conspiracy from the first?"

"That's exactly the idea, miss!" put in Larry.

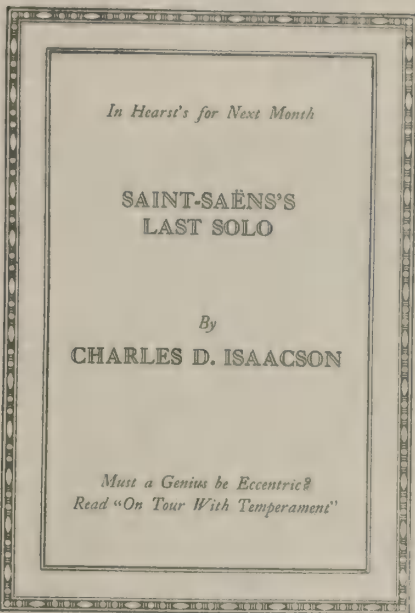
LARRY had foreseen many possible wrong turns which his plan might take, but he was appalled by the utter unexpectedness of this disaster. And yet he recognized the evidence justified Miss Sherwood's judgment of him. It all made him seem an old and a swindler.

At the moment Larry was so overwhelmed he made no attempt to speak. And once Gavegan was content merely to wait over his triumph, there was stiff

silence in the room until Miss Sherwood said in the cold voice of a judge after a jury has brought in a verdict of guilty:

"Of course, if you think there is anything you may say for yourself, Mr. Brainard, you now have the chance to say it."

"I have much to say, but I can't blame you if you refuse to believe most of it."



Larry said desperately, fighting for what seemed his last chance. "I loved Maggie Carlisle. I believed she had splendid qualities. Only she was dominated by the twisted ideas Old Jimmie Carlisle had planted in her. I wanted to eradicate those twisted ideas, and make her good qualities her ruling ones. But she didn't believe in me. She thought me a soft-head, a police stool, a squealer. Then I had to disappear; you know all about that. Not till I had been with you for several weeks did I learn that she was being used in a swindling scheme against Dick."

"I DID think of telling you or Dick. But my greatest interest was to awaken that better person I believed to be in her; and I knew that the certain result of my exposing her to you would be for me to lose the last bit of influence I had with her, and for her to pass right on to another enterprise of similar

character. So the idea came to me that if I didn't expose her, but caused her to be received with every courtesy by her intended victims, the effect upon her would be that she would feel a revulsion for what she was doing and she would come to her best sense. I told this to Mr. Hunt; that's why he agreed not to give her away. And another point, though frankly this was not so important to me: it seemed to me that a good hard job might be just what was needed to make Dick take life more seriously, and I saw in this affair a chance for Dick to get just the job he needed."

"That's all, Miss Sherwood—except that I have seen signs which make me believe that what I figured would happen to Maggie Carlisle has begun to happen to her."

"Bunk!" snorted Gavegan.

"I know that part of what he says is true," put in Hunt.

MISS SHERWOOD ignored Hunt and his remark. The look of controlled wrath which she held upon Larry did not change.

"If that is the best Mr. Brainard has to say for himself, Mr. Gavegan, you may take him with you, and without any interference from me. I ask only that you take him out of the house at once."

With that she moved from the room, not looking again at either Hunt or Larry. For a brief space there was silence, while Gavegan let his triumph feed gloatingly upon the sight of his prisoner.

A FEW minutes afterwards Larry was in a car beside Gavegan, speeding away from Cedar Crest towards the city. Larry's thoughts were the gloomiest he had entertained since he had come out of Sing Sing months before with his great dream. All that he had counted on had gone wrong. He was in the hands of the police, and he knew how hard the police would be. He had incurred the hostility of Miss Sherwood and had lost what had seemed a substantial opportunity to start his career as an honest man.

The only item of his great plan in which he did not seem to have failed completely was Maggie. And he did not know what Maggie was going to do.

AND Maggie does several surprising things! "Dick Sherwood proposed to me again and this time I said yes," she announces coolly to whom it may concern. See Hearst's for March.

The Little Red Foot

(Continued from page 31)

"Still," said I, "communication was still possible when I got my hurt last June."

"Sir?"

"Is that not true?"

She looked at me in troubled silence.

"Did not Lady Johnson's brother come here in secret to give her news, and take as much away?"

She did not answer.

"Once," said I, "although I had not asked, you told me that you were a friend to liberty."

"And am so," said she.

"And have a Tory lover."

AT THAT her face flamed and her wool dropped into her lap. She did not look at me but sat with gaze ahead of her as though considering. At last:

"Do you mean Captain Watts?" she asked.

"Yes, I mean him."

"He is not my lover."

"I ask your pardon. The inference was as natural as my error."

"Sir?"

"Appearances," said I, "are proverbially deceitful. Instead of saying 'your lover,' I should, perhaps, have said 'one of your lovers.' And so again I ask pardon."

"Are you my lover, sir?"

"I?" said I, taken aback at the direct shot so unexpected.

"Yes, you, My Lord. Are you one of my lovers?"

"I think not. Why do you ask me that which never could be a question that yes or no need answer?"

"I thought perhaps you might deem yourself my lover."

"Why?"

"Because you kissed me once, as did Captain Watts—and two other gentlemen."

"Two other gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir. A cornet of horse—his name escapes me—and Sir John."

"Who?" I blurted angrily.

"Sir John Johnson."

"The dissolute beast!" said I. "Had I known it that night at Johnson Hall—"

But here I checked my speech and waited till the hot blood in my face was done burning.

And when again I was cool: "I am sorry for my heat," said I. "Your conduct is your affair."

"You once made it yours, sir—for a moment."

Again I went hot and red; and how I had conducted with this maid plagued me so that I found no word to answer.

SHE knitted for a little while. Then, lifting her dark, young eyes: "You have as secure a title to be my lover as has any man, Mr. Droque. Which is no title at all."

"Steve Watts took you in his arms near the lilacs."

"What was that to you, Mr. Droque?"

"He was a spy in our uniform and in our camp!"

"Yes, sir."

"And you gave him your lips."

"He took what he took. I gave only what was in my heart to give to any friend in peril."

"What was that?"

"Solicitude."

"Oh! You warned him to leave? And he an enemy and a spy?"

"I begged him to go, Mr. Droque."

"Do you still call yourself a friend to liberty?" I asked angrily.

"Yes, sir. But I was his friend, too. I did not know he had come here. And when by accident I recognized him I was frightened, because I thought he had come to carry news to Lady Johnson."

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"And so he did! Did he not?"

"He said he came for me."

"To visit you?"

"Yes, sir. And I think that was true. For when he made himself known to his sister, she came near to fainting; and so he spoke no more to her at all but begged me for a tryst before he left."

"Oh! And you granted it."

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I was in a great fright, fearing he might be taken. . . . Also I pitied him."

"Why so?" I sneered.

"Because he had courted me at Caughnawaga. . . . And at first I think he made a sport of his courting, like other young men of Tryon gentry who hunt and court to a like purpose. . . . And so, one day at Caughnawaga, I told him I was honest. . . . I thought he ought to know, lest folly assail us in unfamiliar guise and do us a harm."

"Did you so speak to this young man?"

"Yes, sir. I told him that I am a maiden. I thought it best that he should know as much. . . . And so he courted me no more. But every day he came and glowered at other men. . . . I laughed secretly, so fiercely he watched all who came to Cayadutta Lodge. . . . And then Sir John fled, and war came. . . . Well, sir, there is no more to tell, save that Captain Watts dared come hither."

"To take you in his arms?"

"He did so—yes, sir—for the first time ever."

"Then he is honestly in love with you?"

"But you, also, did the like to me. Is it a consequence of honest love, Mr. Drogue, when a young man embraces a maiden's lips?"

HER questions had so disconcerted me that I found now no answer to this one.

"I know nothing about love," said I, looking out at the sunlit waters.

"Nor I," said she.

"You seem willing to be schooled," I retorted.

"Not willing, not unwilling. I do not understand men, but am not averse to learning something of their ways. No two seem similar, Mr. Drogue, save in the one matter."

"Which?" I asked bluntly.

"The matter of paying court. All seem to do it naturally, though some take fire quicker, and some seem to burn more ardently than others."

"It pleases you to be courted? Gallantries suit you—and the flowery phrases suitors use?"

"They pleasurably perplex me. Time passes more agreeably when one is knitting. To be courted is not an unwelcome diversion to any woman, I think. And flowery phrases are pleasant to notice—like music suitably played, and of which one is conscious though occupied with other matters."

"If this be not coquetry," I thought, "then it is most perilously akin to it."

NICK came at eventide, carrying a great pike by the gills, and showed us his fingers bleeding of the watery conflict.

"Is all calm on the Sacandaga?" I inquired.

"Calm as a roadside puddle, Jack. And every day I ask myself if there be truly any war in North America or no, so placid shines God's sun on Tryon. . . . You mend apace, old friend. Do you suffer fatigue?"

"None, Nick. I shall sit at table tonight with Mistress Grant and you—"

My voice ceased, and, without warning, the demon that had entered into me began a-whispering. The first ignoble and senseless pang of jealousy assailed me to remember that this girl and my comrade had been alone for weeks together—supped all alone at table—accompanied each the other while I lay ill!

Senseless, miserable clod that I was to listen to that demon's whispering till my very belly seemed sick—sore with the pain of it—and my heart hurt me under the ribs.

Now she rose and looked at Nick and laughed; and they said a word or two I could not quite hear, but she laughed again as though with some familiar understanding, and went lightly away to her evening milking.

"We shall be content indeed," said Nick, "that you sit at supper with us, old friend."

But I had changed my mind, and said so.

"You will not sit with us tonight?" he asked, concerned.

I looked at him coldly.

"I shall go to bed," said I, "and desire no supper—nor any aid whatever. . . . I am tired. The world wearies me. . . . And so do my own kind."

And I got up and all alone walked to my little chamber.

So great an ass was I.

SO PASSED that unreal summer of '76, and so came autumn upon us with its crimsons, purples, and russet-gold.

"Mother Earth hath put on war-paint," quoth Penelope, knitting. She spoke to Nick, turning her head slightly.

She spoke chiefly to him in these days, I having become, as I have said, a silent ass and so strange and of so infrequent speech

and defend her. And though God knows I meant her no wrong, nor had passion, so far, played any rôle in this my ridiculous behavior, I had not so far any clear intention in her regard. A fierce and selfish longing obsessed me to drive others off and keep her for my own where in some calm security we could learn to know each other.

THE first snow came, as I have said, like shot-scattered down from a wild-duck's breast. Then followed days of golden stillness, with mornings growing ever colder and



"I do not choose to be kissed by any man," said Penelope saucily.

that they did not even venture to remark to me my reticence; and I think they thought my hurt had changed me in my mind and nature. Yet I was but a simple ass, differing only from other asses in that they brayed more frequently than I.

For once, coming upon Penelope unawares, I did see her gazing upon a miniature picture of Steve Watts, done bravely in his red regimentals. Which, perceiving me, she hid in her bosom and took her milk-pails to the orchard without a word spoken, though the color in her face was eloquent enough.

JEALOUSY is sure a strange malady and breaketh out in divers disorders in different young men, according to their age and kind.

I was jealous because Penelope had been courted by others; was jealous because she had been caressed by other men; I was wildly jealous because of Steve Watts, their tryst by the lilacs, his picture which I discovered she wore in her bosom; I was madly jealous of her fellowship with my old comrade, Nick, and because, chilled by my uncivil conduct and by my silences, she conversed with him when she spoke at all.

And for all this silly grievance I had no warrant nor any atom of lucid reason. For until I had seen her no woman had ever disturbed me. Until that spring day in the flowering orchard I had never desired love; and if I even desired it now I knew not. I had certainly no desire for marriage or a wife, because I had no thought in my callow head of either.

Only jealousy of others and a desire to be first in her mind possessed me—a fierce wish to clear out this rabble of suitors which seemed to gather in a very swarm wherever she passed; so that she should turn to me alone, lean upon me, trust only me in the world to lend her countenance, shelter her,

the frost whitening shady spots long after sunup.

Nights had become very cold and we burned logs all day long in the chimney place. My Indian was snug enough in the kitchen by the oven, where he ate and slept when not on post; and we, above, did very well by the blaze where we roasted nuts and apples and drank new cider from Johnstown and had a cask of ale from the Johnson Arms by wagon.

Also, in the cellar, was some store of Sir William's—dusty bottles of French and Spanish wines; but of these I took no toll, because they belonged not to me.

But a strange circumstance presently placed these wines in my possession; for, upon a day before the first deep snow fell, comes galloping from Johnstown a man in caped riding coat—one Jerry Van Rensselaer—to nail a printed placard upon our Summer House—notice of sale by the Committee for Sequestration.

But who was to read this notice and attend the vendue save only the birds and beasts of the wilderness. I do not know; for on the day of the sale, which was conducted by Commissioner Harry Outthout, only some half-dozen farmer folk rode hither from Johnstown, and only one man among 'em bid in money—a sullen fellow named Jim Huetsen, who had Tory friends, I knew, if he himself were not of that complexion.

His bid was five pounds—which was but a beggarly offer, and angered me to see Sir William's beloved lodge come to so mean an end. So, having some little money, I showed the Schoharie fellow a stern countenance, doubled his bid, and took snuff, which I do not love.

And Lord! Ere I realized it, Summer House Point Lodge, and contents, and

riparian rights as far as Howell's house mine; and a clear deed promised.

Bewildered, I signed and paid the Sequestration Commissioner out of my buckles pouch in hard coin.

SO WHEN Commissioner Outthout those who had come for the vendue drunk as much of my new ale as they could to carry home a-horse, and were a-bumping down the Johnstown road a flock of Gilpins all, I took my parcel and went into my bedchamber; and sat upon my trundle-bed and read what writ upon my deed, making me the owner of Summer House and of all that appertained to the little hunting lodge.

But I had not purchased it selfishly; the whole business began with an impulse of love for Sir William, who had loved me place so well. But even as that impulse came, another notion took shape in my mind, added scone.

I sat on my trundle-bed a-thinking and God forgive me—admiring my own lofty romantic purpose.

The house was still, but on the very roof overhead I could hear the moccasins tread of Nick, pacing his post; and from below in the kitchen came the distant thump and splash of Penelope's churn, where she was making new butter for to salt it against needs.

FILLED with the sad pleasures of renunciation, I came down into the kitchen where, bare of arms and the Penelope stood a-churning. She looked at me out of partly lowered eyes, as though doubting my mood—poor child. And I saw the sweat on her flushed cheeks, and the yellow hair, in disorder from the labor, curled into damp little ringlets. But when she smiled I saw that lovely glimmer dawn and she asked me shyly what I had there—for never before had I come into the kitchen.

So, still smiling, I gave an account of I had bought Summer House; and listened, wide-eyed, wondering.

"But," continued I, "I have already my own glebe at Fonda's Bush, and a house there be many with whom Fortune has been so complacent, and who possess neither glebe nor roof, yet deserve both."

"Yes, sir," she said, smiling. "There many such folk and always will be in the world. Of such company am I, also, but saddens me not at all."

I went to her and showed her my deed; she looked down at it, her hands clasped the churn handle.

"So that," said she, "is a lawful deed; have never before been shown such instrument."

"You shall have leisure enough to study this one," said I, "for I convey it to you."

She came from her churn and caught my arm, where I had turned to ascend the steps.

"You are jesting, are you not, My Lord?"

"No! And do not use that term, to me."

"You—you offer to give me—me—estate!"

SHE stood looking at me out of her big eyes, and slowly their troubled wonder changed to dumb perplexity. And, looking she took up her apron's edge and was twisting it between both hands.

"I do give you Summer House," answered, "because you are orphaned, live alone and have nothing. I give because a maid ought to possess a portion, and, thirdly, I give it because I have none of my own, and never desired more of anything than I need. So take the Summer House, Penelope, with the cattle and few land; for it gives you a station and a seat among men and women of this odd world, ours, and lends to yourself a confidence and dignity which only sheerest folly can throw."

She came, after a tense silence, slowly took me by the hand.

"John Drogue," says she in a voice clear, "I can not take of you this estate."

"You shall take it! And when a where you sit a-knitting, the young gather round you like flies around a supper—then you shall know what countenance give them, and they shall know what color give their courting—suitors, gallants, or Tory—the whole rabble!"

*The Commissioners for selling real estate in Tryon County sold the personal property of John Johnson some time before the Hall and were sold. The Commissioners appointed for the confiscated personal property in Tryon County appointed later, March 6, 1777.

"Oh!" she cried softly. "John Droque!" she fell a-laughing—or was it a quick that checked her throat?

RE I was in a proper frenzy now, nor dreamed myself a target for the high, where I vaped and strode and uttered aloud my moral jeremiad. So," said I, "you shall have Summer use; and shall, as you sit a-knitting, make choice of honest suitors at your ease not be waylaid and hunted and used out ceremony by the first young hothead entraps you in the starlight! No! be the quarry of older villains any later with persuasion. No! For today slope Grant, spinster, is a burgess of astown, and is a person both respectable and taxed. And any man who would court must conduct suitably and in a customary manner, nor, like a wild falcon, circle her, awaiting the opportunity to strike. No! All that sport—all that gay laxity folly is at an end. And here's the end that ends it!" I added, thrusting the element into hands.

And, Lord!" she breathed. "Have I, then, lusted so shamelessly? And did I so lose your favor when you kissed me had not meant that, and I winced and hot in the cheeks. I am not a loose woman," she said in her bewildered way. "Unless it be a fault I find men somewhat to my liking, and gay manners pleasure me and divert

said: "You have a way with men. None sensible to your youth and beauty." Is it so?" she asked innocently. Are you not aware of it?" I had thought that I pleased. You do so. Best tread discreetly. Best sider carefully now. Then choose one and kiss the rest. "Choose?"

Aye." Whom should I choose, John Droque?" Well," said I, sullenly, "there is Nick. He also is your Cornet of Horse—your boots. And there is the young gentleman whose picture you wear in your bosom."

APTAIN WATTS?" she asked, so naively that jealousy stabbed me in the side, so that my smile became a grimace. Sure," said I, "you think tenderly on when Watts."

Yes." In fact," I almost groaned, "you enter for him those virtuous sentiments not coming to the maiden of his choice. . . . You not, Penelope?" He has courted me a year. I find him able. Also, I pity him—although his science causes me concern and his ardor inconveniences me. . . . The sentiments I train for him are virtuous, as you say. And so are my sentiments for any man."

But is not your heart engaged in this?"

With Captain Watts?"

Yes."

Oh! I thought you meant with you, sir."

Affected to smile, but my heart thumped ribs.

Have not pretended to your heart, love."

No, sir. Nor I to yours. And, for the

er, I know nothing concerning hearts

the deeper pretensions to secret passions

which one hears so much in gossip and

ance. Yet I am not indifferent to men

and have used men gently . . . and

even them . . . being not hard but

il by disposition."

I made a movement of unconscious

face and drew from her bosom the

picture of Steve Watts.

"You see," said she, "I guard it tenderly.

He went off in a passion and rebuked me

rely for my coquetry and because I

ed to flee with him to Canada. . . .

being an enemy to liberty, I would not

ant. . . . I love my country—better

I love any man."

He begged an elopement that night?"

Yes."

With marriage promised, doubtless."

Lord!" says she. "I had not thought so

I thought that love, offered, meant

image also. . . . I thought they all meant

—save only Sir John."

BOTH fell silent. After a little while:

"I shall some day ask Captain Watts

he means," said she, thoughtfully.

ely he must know I am a maiden."

"Do you suppose such young men care!"

I said sullenly.

But she seemed so white and distressed at

the thought that the sneer died on my lips

and I made a great effort to do generously by

my old schoolmate, Stevie Watts.

"Surely," said I, "he meant no disrespect

and no harm. Stephen Watts is not of the

corrupt breed of Walter Butler nor debauched

like Sir John. . . . However, if he is to be

your lover—perhaps it were convenient to

ask him something concerning his respectful

designs upon you."

"Yes, sir, I shall do so—if he comes

hither again."

So hope, which had fallen a-flickering,

expired like a tiny flame. She loved Steve

Watts!

I turned and limped up the stairway—

and, at the stair-head, met Nick.

"WELL," said I savagely, "you may not

have her. For she loves Steve Watts

and dotes on his picture in her bosom. And

as for you, you may go to the devil!"

"Why, you sorry ass!" says he. "Have

you thought I desired her?"

"Do you not?"

"Good God!" cried he. "Because this

poor and moon-smitten gentleman hath rolled

sheep's eyes upon a yellow-haired maid,

then, in his mind, all the world's aflame to

woo her, too, and take her from his honest

arms! What the plague do I want of your

sweetheart, Jack Droque, when I've one at

Pigeon Wood and my eye on another, too!"

Then he fell a-laughing and smote his

thighs with a loud slapping.

"Aha!" he cried. "Did I not warn you?

Did I not foresee, foretell, and prophesy that

you would one day sicken of a passion for

this yellow-haired girl from Caughnawaga!"

"Idiot," said I in a rage, "I do not love

her!"

"Then you bear all the earmarks!" said he,

and went off, stamping his moccasins and

roaring with laughter.

And I went on watch to walk my post all

a-tremble with fury, and fair sick of jealousy

and my first boyish passion.

SNOW came as it comes to us in the Nor

thland—a blinding fall, heavy and monoto-

nous; and in forty-eight hours the Johnstown

road was blocked.

Summer House was covered to the veranda

eaves. We made shovels and cleared the

roofs and broke paths to stable and well.

Here, between dazzling ramparts, we lived

and moved and had our being, week after

week; and every new snowstorm piled

higher our palisades and buried the whole

land under one vast white pall.

UPON the New Year we made a feast

and had a bottle of Sir William's port,

another of Madeira, a punch of spirits, and

three pewters of buttery ale.

Lord! There was a New Year. And first,

not daring to give drink to my Saguenay,

we fed him till he was gorged, and so rolled

him in a pile of furs till he slept by the oven

below. Then we set twenty dips afire by

the chimney, and filled it up with dry

logs . . . I am sorry we had so little sense;

for I was something fuddled, and sang

ballads—which I can not—and Nick would

dance, which he did by himself; and his

hornpipes and pigeon-wings and shuffles and

war-dances made my head spin and my

heavy eyes desire to cross.

Penelope's cheeks burned, and she fanned

and fanned her with a turkey wing and

laughed to see Nick caper and to hear the pit-

eous squalling which was my way of singing.

She had sipped but one glass of Sir William's

port, but I think it was a glass too much;

for the wine made her so hot, as she vowed

that her body was all one ardent coal, and so

presently she pulled the hair-pegs from her

hair and let it down and shook it out in the

firelight till it flashed like a golden scarf

flung about her.

Her pannier basque of rose silk—gift of

Claudia and made in France—she presently

slipped out of, leaving her in her petticoat

and folded like a Quakeress in her crossed

foulard, and her white arms as bare as her

neck.

Which innocently concerned her not a

whit, nor had she any more thought of her

throat's loveliness than she had of herself in

her shift that morning at Bowman's.

SHE sat cooling her face with the turkey-

wing fan and watching Nick's contra-

dancing—his own candle-cast shadow on

the wall dancing vis-à-vis—and she laughed

and laughed—a-fanning there, like a child

delighted by the antics of two older brothers.



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while Nick whirled on moccasined feet in his mad career, and I fied windily to time his gambolading.

Then we played "Swallow! Swallow!" and I guessed correctly how many apple pips she held in her hand when she sang:

*"Who can count the swallow's eggs?
Try it, Master Nimble-legs!
Climb and find a swallow's nest,
Count the eggs beneath her breast,
Take an egg and leave the rest
And kiss the maid you love the best!"*

But it was her hand only we might kiss, and but one finger at that—the smallest—for, says she: "John Drogue hath said it, and I am mistress of Summer House! What I choose to give—or forgive—is of my proper choice. . . . And I do not choose to be kissed by any man, whether he wears silk puce or deerskin shirt!"

ON THE last day of March maple sap ran. Nick and I set out that day to seek a sugar-bush for the new mistress of Summer House.

Snow was soft and our snowshoes scarce bore us, but we floundered along the hard woods, and presently discovered a grove of stately maples.

All that day we were busy in the barn making buckets out of staves stored there; and on the first day of April we waded the softening snow to the new sugar-bush, tapped the trees, set out spouts and buckets, and also drew thither a kettle and dry wood against future need.

The south wind came warm with spring and fluttered the wash which Penelope was hanging out to dry and whiten under soft, blue skies.

In pattens she tripped about the slushy yard, her thick, bright hair pegged loosely, and her child's bosom and arms as white as the snow she stepped on.

NICK made a snowball and flung it at me, but I dodged it. Then Penelope made another and aimed it at me so truly that the soft lump covered my cap and shoulders with snow.

But her quick peal of laughter was checked when I sprang up to chasten her, and she fled on her pattens; but I caught her around the corner of the house under the lilacs.

"You should be trussed up and trounced like any child," said I, holding her with one hand whilst I scraped out snow from my neck with t'other.

At that she bent and flung a handful of snow over me; and I seized her, bent her back, and scrubbed her face till it was pink.

Choked with snow and laughter, we swayed together, breathless, she still defiant and snatching up snow to fling over me.

"You truss me up!" she panted. "Do you think you are more than a boy to use me as a father or a husband only has the right?"

"You little minx!" said I, when I had spat out a mouthful of snow. "Is not anyone free to trounce a child?"

AT THAT I slipped, or she tripped me; into a drift I went, and she pounced on me and sat astride with a cry of triumph.

"Now," says she, "I will take your scalp, my fine friend." And she twisted one hand in my hair.

"Hui-! Kou-ee!" she cried. "A scalp taken means war to the end! Do you cry me mercy, John Drogue?"

I struggled, but the snow was soft and I sank the deeper, and could not unseat her.

"I drown in snow," said I. "Get up, you jade!"

"Jade!" cries she, and stopped my mouth with snow.

I struggled in vain; under her clinging weight the soft snow engulfed and held me like a very quicksand. I looked up at her and she laughed at me.

"Do you yield you, John Drogue?"

"It seems I must. But wait!"

"You threaten?"

"No! Do you mean to drown me, you vixen!"

"You engage not to seek revenge?"

"I do so."

"Why? Because you love me tenderly?"

"Yes," said I, half choked. "Let me up, you plague of Egypt!"

"That is not a loving speech, John Drogue. Do you love me or no?"

"Yes, I do—you little——"

"Little what?"

"Object of my heart's desire!" I fairly yelled. "I am like to smother here!"

"THIS is All Fools' Day," says she, sick with laughter to see me mad and at her mercy. "Therefore, you must tell me lies, not truths. Tell me a pretty lie—quickly!—else I scrub your features!"

After a helpless heave or two I lay still.

"You say you love me tenderly. That is a lie, John Drogue—it being All Fools' Day. So you shall vow, instead, that you hate me. Come, then!"

"I hate you!" said I, licking the snow from my lips.

"Passionately?"

I looked up at her where deep in the snow, under the lilacs, I lay, my arms spread and her two hands pinning my wrists. She was flushed with laughter and I saw the devils of mischief watching me deep in her dark eyes.

"It was under these lilacs," said I, "that I had my first hurt of you. You should heal that hurt now."

That confused her, and she blushed and swore to punish me for that fling; but I grinned at her.

"Come!" said I. "Heal me of my ancient wound as you dealt it me—with your lips!"

"I did not kiss Steve Watts!"

"But he kissed you. So do the like and I forgive you all."

"All?"

"Everything."

"Even what I have now done?"

"Even that."

"And you will not truss me up to ch me when you go free? For it would s me and I could not endure it."

"I promise."

PENELOPE looked down at me uncertain.

"What will you do to me if I do she asked."

"Drown you in the snow three times day."

"And I needs must kiss you to bu safety?"

"Yes, and with hearty good will," so She glanced hastily around, perhaps seek an avenue for escape, perhaps who might spy us.

Then, looking down at me, a-blush yet laughing, she bent her head slowly to mine, and rested her li mine.

Then she was up and off like a young lynx, fleeing, stumbling on her pattens like a white hare, I lay very still in m, unstirring, gazing up into the bluest, sky that my dazzled eyes ever had un upon.

It was very still there in the sun. And, as I sat there, it seemed to that I was putting more behind than the icy and unsullied month winter, and that I should never be any more, with a boy's passionless a troubled soul.

AND a brave man's task shortly confronts Drogue. For he stays on at Summer Point to withstand a raid while Nick Penelope away to safety. See Hearst's for M

Rosalie and the Emotional Appeal

in that mysterious process known to women as "dressing." And if ever Rosalie appeared young and fresh and desirable, if ever her eyes had the velvet glimmer of violets, if ever her lips were soft and alluring, it was now.

She had scarcely been in Billy's office long enough to open a complicated handbag, from which her intention was to draw the ring, when the door opened and Wilbur Watkins came in. Billy, perturbed by Rosalie's attractiveness and disconcerted already at the prospect of a scene, however summary, with anyone so attractive, welcomed the intrusion.

WILBUR had intended to seek out a certain cloak-and-suit model who often helped make gay his pilgrimages to New York, and take her to lunch, but when his eyes took in the picture which Rosalie made—and he seemed to have a swift technique for such appraisal—he glowed with sudden cordiality.

Of the small talk which followed the introduction, Billy heard little. He was occupied in realizing how thoroughly sinister this Watkins individual actually was. Deadly corroboration of Billy's fears came when Wilbur sang: "Tell you what, folks—let's lunch together. It'll be my party! Whatcha say we go somewhere where there's a bit of jazz?"

Said Rosalie demurely: "I'm simply wild about dancing. But Billy doesn't like it, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I dance occasionally," came ingloriously, in faint tones, from Billy.

A whack on the back from Wilbur.

"S all right, young-feller-me-lad! We'll all go to the 'Pink Pup.' I'll buy you the best lunch in little old Noo York, and you can go to it while I take care of the dancing."

HAD Billy known it, his brave "Oh, I dance occasionally" had wrung Rosalie's heart, and a simple silence on his part, sad but noble, during the next hour would have hastened a happy conclusion to his problem. But Billy knew not, and he sat with taciturn scornfulness. Therefore Rosalie, eager and strangely flushed, slid and curved through every dance with Wilbur Watkins. They did not miss a single number, and even the intervals when they sat at the table were filled with animated discussion of the Tickle-Toe and Camel-Walk.

Billy had to return to the office at one, but Wilbur Watkins had "all the time in the

world for a step- per like this girl of yours." So it was not till four o'clock when Billy's telephone-calling found Rosalie at home.

"About Watkins," he began. "I—I don't know exactly how to say it, but—you oughtn't to go out with that sort of fellow."

Made amiable by victory, Rosalie became patronizing.

"Billy," she laughed, "you're jealous!"

"Look here!" said Billy, desperately. "When you danced with him, didn't he—well, didn't he squeeze you a little?"

"Te-de-delum-tum-te-tum, te-de-delum-tum-te-tum, boom-boom, you'd be surprised!" Rosalie sang, from a popular song.

BILLY brooded at his desk for but a short time after this, for he was mounting rapidly to that aloofness which is the sign of True Mentality. Few were the minutes he devoted to assuring himself that it was "disinterestedly and for her own good" that he had spoken to Rosalie. His real thought he gave to the larger consideration—to the Problem itself.

Stripped to its skeleton, the Problem was simply this: Rosalie was the Emotional Type—a Sentimentalist—while Billy had learned to face the Facts of Life and was—well, to put it flatly, an Intellectual. It was evident, therefore, that life was something which from now on he should have to live alone. This would involve nothing spectacular with regard to Rosalie—probably he should marry her. That, as the New England authors might say, was in his tradition. But it would not affect his inner existence. No longer could he look forward

Continued from page 23)



to receiving from Rosalie that solace and stimulation, which comes from a comprehending sympathy with one's struggles, hopes, and triumphs. Already, Billy told himself grimly but calmly, they were as far apart as the poles.

When, some time later, Billy again turned his attention to the papers on his desk, it was with a new impatience, a contempt for details. He began, in this restless spirit, to seek the Big Idea which, as every good business man knows, lies somewhere hidden in the facts about every business.

He found it. The big weakness of the Varsity Clothing Company lay obviously in its ancient sales force.

Even with the few

facts which he had, Billy was able to see clearly that only one thing could be done—in some way that rotting sales organization would have to be burned out and replaced by a new force of up-to-date, up-and-alert salesmen. He made some hurried notes of his proposed method of analysis, and went into the office of the Big Boss.

IT WAS just before closing-time when he got back to his office, and he called Rosalie again on the telephone.

"About tonight," he said, with the briskness of a man of affairs, "—would you be very much disappointed if I asked to call it off? I've just outlined a plan of attack for the Varsity Clothing Company, and it has been approved by the Big Boss. Going to perform a bit of cold-blooded, wholesale firing of their sweet, old-fashioned salesmen"—he paused to let it sink in—"and I must begin tonight to work out my preliminary plans—this

evening and every other evening this

Then I spend a week in Buffalo. I— "It's perfectly all right," Rosalie in.

"Only I wish I had known so Wilbur asked me to go dancing with this evening, and I told him, of course I couldn't."

Wilbur! She was calling him Wilbur! Billy's eyes hardened and his teeth cl together.

"It isn't too late," he suggested, he remembered later that his tones most admirably metallic. "Wilbur— probably know—is staying at the Ma more. You might call him up."

"I will!" replied Rosalie, promptly.

AFTER a week in Buffalo Billy returned a failure on every count.

Not even to himself could he give fication, for to youth does not occur excuse of immaturity.

He would have to resign at the of course. But he would have to do it head hanging low, for there was no respect left in him.

HE CAME into the office after the hour to get his mail that evening.

of the lights were on at the desks of b workers. Tony Harris, a cub copy and old cron, greeted him with the d tion he most desired.

"Well, old topper, so you're back from im-por-tant trip! I suppose you clo billion-dollar deal. If I were you, th I'd stay in town and make a hit wit girl instead of with the boss. She's cabaretin' around with this Watkins g beat the band."

Billy strolled out, saying, with cal nonchalance: "Glad to hear it! Wilbur to show Rosalie a good time I was gone."

Out on the street, Billy took the su for Broadway. He felt now two great impulses. One was for food, and the was to get his hands on Wilbur Watkins excellent opportunity for both, he would be found at the "Pink Pup."

As he consumed a huge porterhouse Billy pictured to himself a luxurious carnage. He could see, in his mind's eye elegant Wilbur and the somewhat hesitating Rosalie as they entered cabaret. He saw them, in his mind's start with surprise as he came to table. Then he saw the picture of bi

Wilbur out of his chair by the neck, giving Wilbur a right upper-cut and a left jab, picking up the fallen creature and holding him again, and again, and again, frightened waiters protested and an proprietor hurried up from the front cabaret and men applauded and shrieked or fainted away. He was looking over this picture and the great slab pie before him, when, looking up, he held, first, Rosalie, and second, at her Wilbur.

Next moment they saw him, and he in the lead, wormed their way through the tables across to him.

"LY!" Rosalie cried, and gave him an unmistakable pressure of her hand. "Did you get back?"

"Night—just a while ago." Billy rose. "Do you join me?"

As madness, something said inside him, against all reason.

He realized sharply that Rosalie should ignore him, according to everything that had gone before, and that he should have left the cabaret as soon as possible—that he would never have gone there. And yet, he was, affably greeting them; uttering commonplace phrases. . . . He awoke to that Rosalie had asked him, for the first time, to dance with her!

On the floor, he said: "I don't understand why you came to my room and talked to me."

"Of course you do," Rosalie said. "Don't you like it?"

"Why, yes?"

Rosalie raised her violet eyes to his and looked at them swiftly; then her fragrant hair came very close to his face.

"Because I love you, Billy!"

"I don't understand. You've been going out with this—well, you're with him now!"

"You don't understand?" Rosalie looked at him with surprise. "Why, hasn't—why, don't you really know? Aren't you talking, Billy?"

"Of course not! All I know is that you—Billy's voice shook a little—"you were going to dance with him—that's all."

"That day. . . . I was mad that day."

Why, he couldn't have lied to me!" The dance music stopped, and while they stood on the floor applauded for an encore, he looked up at Billy in consternation. "Why, he told me that he had talked over with you—"

The music began again, and they continued dancing—the simple steps of the tango, unadorned, according to Billy's instructions.

"What did you talk over with me?"

"Well, Billy, he said that he was going to

have you made advertising manager of his company—"

"His company!"

"And that you were going to get a salary big enough so that you and I could get married right away, but that it would be best for me to be your assistant for a while—because I know stenography—and—and—he was to see me as much as possible and give me the—fundamentals of the business so I would be prepared—"

"Him give you the fundamentals of that business! Why, that—that—why, Rosalie, he doesn't know a thing about that business! He and his sporty cousins and his brother—why, that business would really grow if they weren't there! I'm going to take that guy out into an alley and—Rosalie, I have an idea!"

It was almost midnight, but Rosalie had explained to her parents; and they were sitting before the fireplace in the living-room

of her home, apparently not very near to parting. Billy was at her knees, and her hands were tenderly playing with his hair, while he was talking.

He was telling her about the week at the Varsity Clothing Company.

"I never will forget that old man, the founder of the business, looking over the place, like a mother looking over her children. And that simple sentence he spoke: 'We here like living too much!' I can see what you meant when you said you thought it was beautiful. And if it is good business to make that group of kind-hearted old boys miserable—to fire them—then, I decided, I wasn't cut out for business!"

"Billy!" said Rosalie. "Last week I studied that book on character-reading you brought over once, and I compared its diagrams with your photograph. Billy, dear, do you know that you are the Emotional Type?"

But he was looking tenderly at the knuckles of his left hand.

"I really think that Wilbur will be in the hospital for a few days," said Billy, the Intellectual.

"But, sweetheart, that was a silly thing to do. It will lose you your job!"

Billy grinned up at Rosalie happily.

"It won't if my Idea gets over."

"Your idea?"

Billy rose, and posed before Rosalie with a pompous air.

"GENTLEMEN," he said, "as the result of our investigation of your problem, and in the light of our twenty years of experience in advertising and merchandising efficiency, it is obvious that something radical must be done to save your company from destruction in the terrific competition which the next few years will bring in the clothing field. We have discovered the one weak spot—the one rotten fabric in your texture. You have seven executives here who are eating the life of your business. You need efficiency at the very heart of your business. To save yourselves from bankruptcy, we recommend, gentlemen, that these executives be—er—replaced by ambitious and capable men taken in from the outside. Your sales force is fine in caliber and can be trained to a large extent along more progressive lines, and we therefore—"

"Oh, Billy!" Rosalie tactlessly interrupted his speech and upset his pose by throwing her arms around him. "You're wonderful!"

WOULD you do what Harrison Pollard did, if you had just three months more to live? Watch for "Silhouettes and Starlight," by Valma Clark—Hearst's rotogravure for March.



"I have all the time in the world—for a girl like you!" Wilbur insisted.

The Woman God Changed

(Continued from page 17)

RE is a theory of an old medical school whose name, not that it matters, it to have forgotten. And it is this: every seven years the human body is renewed. We have not the same bones, nor the same skin, the same muscles at thirty as we had at twenty-eight. They are all renewed and are eliminated, and new tissue takes their place. It may be wrong but it is a theory. It explains to us how a weak athlete of some years ago becomes a champion, baldheaded, repulsive man of middle age.

It explains how the well-fed man of middle age may turn into a harsh-faced monk. It explains to us how the soft succubine girl of a dozen years before became the Amazon that Anna Janssen is today. Yet this may be wrong about the body. But out of the mind (and there you have the person) there is one thing certain, not a fact—but a fact—that people change completely. Like a child's slate, the mind is, on a thousand things are written. The slate is so much for granted; the old slate is so much for granted; the old slate is so much for granted.

And gallantly they write this for a man for a falsehood. But day by day we learn, as the old saw goes. And equations become quadratic. And the slate is altered month by month by new factors of life are realized. A correction, a readjustment. The change is gradual, but occasionally, very suddenly, by some mental or spiritual shock all on the slate is sponged clear. A new and startling departure takes its place. As we see in the inner personality of

Anna Janssen the change from the petty arithmetic of Broadway, the venal crooked sums of Sinister Street, to the gigantic calculus of life as the Lord God conceived it, when He formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. . . .

THE district attorney turned from his last witness to the twelve men in the box.

"Gentlemen," he said, in the manner of a workman well satisfied with the progress of the job in hand. "I have proved the crime and proved the perpetrator, the circumstances, the setting, the motive. There is but one more thing to be done to clinch this case home like a nail in a horse's shoe. It is now ten years between the time this murder was committed and the bringing of the prisoner to the bar of justice. There is but one more thing to do to remove the smallest iota of doubt that the prisoner at the bar and Anna Janssen, Alastair de Vries's mistress, are one and the same person. And to prove this I shall call to the witness-stand the detective who arrested Anna Janssen in Tahiti, and in whose custody the prisoner has been from that day until she was brought to justice here—a period of nine years and four months in all."

"Officer Thomas McCarthy!"

"Officer Thomas McCarthy to the stand."

The public craned forward, and with that strange shifting sound that betokens an im-

mensity of interest they settled themselves in their seats for the recital of the detective. Here was the great attraction of the trial—the story of McCarthy and Anna Janssen alone on a desert island, a murderess and the officer who arrested her. More than the morbid interest of the killing of De Vries, more than the realistic tale of old New York that was, more than the spectacle of a woman dicing for her life, more than the prospect of watching Donegan, the greatest of criminal lawyers, harass the court, and pound the battered witnesses, and at last possibly and probably carry off the prisoner as in an old-time rescue from Tyburn, was the promised recital of the adventure in the lonely southern sea. There had been one romantic story of it in one day of the papers, and then no more, for the matter would have called forth intense comment from the papers, arousing sympathy or hatred, and the case was *sub judice*.

BUT that one story stirred the imagination of the public. And the sordid tale told of a woman killing her fickle lover in an attack of offended vanity faded into a golden haze of romance. The scented smell of the tropics came to their nostrils, and their eyes saw golden sands and phosphorescent seas. And here the palms murmured with a rustle as of exotic silks, and the Bird of Paradise winged its iridescent flight through the opaque Marquesan dusk. And the spirits of

strange gods moved upon the face of the waters. . . .

Here was a setting for Scheherazade and here characters for a master writer: a patrolman of New York, young, athletic, unspoiled, canny with the knowledge of his native city, brave as only his kind is brave; and here a woman from the sloughs of the Tenderloin, an admitted beauty, a proven murderess.

What drama had happened in that isle of dreams, in that immense act of nine rolling years? And did she love him, or did she hate him? And had he succumbed to her, as Adam to Lilith in Eden before Eve was? Or had he resisted her as Anthony of Egypt resisted the succuba in the desert near Fayum? And did she wheedle him with words sweeter than honey? Or did she curse him with strange black blasphemies? Or was it just one long dumb vigil of hatred? Or had they become friends, hunter and hunted, marooned now on the islands of strange dead gods?

In God's name, what?

At any rate they would soon know.

"Officer Thomas McCarthy, this way!"

THEN, of a sudden, up rose Howard Donegan. The judge on his bench, the jury-men, the prosecuting attorney, the court, the prisoner herself, all looked at him with a hesitant surprise. Somehow his action was surprisingly dramatic. He stood up slowly and said nothing, but looked around. Into the drama of crime and romance, there was



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injected a new element, powerful, sluggish, but immensely sure.

"If it please the Court," went his heavy, significant voice, "may I say a few words?"

"It is hardly regular, at this period, Mr. Donegan," the judge said, puzzled. "Surely you will have an opportunity later on."

"The opportunity is opportune only now." Like some strange gargoyle in an old cathedral the great animal appeared. His eyes, under their threatening hoods, were black and beady like the eyes of some malevolent creature of the jungle. His mouth, a wide thin slit, pouted like the mouth of a fish. His sedentary body was massive and grotesque like some monster of a mad artist's drawing. His voice creaked like uncoiled machinery—but God! what power was there.

"YOUR Honor, men of the jury, and Mr. District Attorney, at any point I could have obstructed the course of this trial until all of you were weary in your chairs. I could have obfuscated facts and motives and testimony until you were as uncertain of truth as Pilate. The woman Wilkins—I could have shown that her word was no more to be depended on than the word of the village idiot. Mr. Howland Christy, De Vries's relative—I could have shaken him on the stand until he would have been uncertain of his testimony, for he is an honest man. And the usher of the cabaret—if I had concentrated on him, I could have made that whisky-sodden brain, that broken will, contradict everything he had said.

"But I did none of these things. I made no haze of doubt out of honest facts. For why? Because these facts are true. I grant them freely!"

THERE was a rustle and murmur in the room. The public was suddenly aghast. What was this from Donegan? Treachery? Who ever heard of a counsel granting things like that? Good Lord, what was the man doing? The murmuring went on in spite of the judge's gavel, the attendants' cries.

Donegan swept the room with his black, minatory glance, and the murmuring died.

"Your Honor, Mr. District Attorney, men of the jury, a crime is not an instantaneous action. What goes before a crime is important, and not less important is what follows it. Has the affair been brooded over, or has it been the result of momentary passion, and has the deed been regarded with smug satisfaction, or with quaking horror?"

"And what effect has this had on the prisoner, on the world, on its time? So many things have to be taken into consideration when we are adjudging the crime.

"Gentlemen, the law and legal procedure is as easy to comprehend as a child's primer. The office of the district attorney is to see that a malefactor is brought to justice. The office of the jury is to decide whether that action was or was not done. The object of the judge is to weigh, decide, and in the name of the people say what shall be done with a member of the community who has hurt the interests of the community by his or her action. The duty of the counsel for the prisoner is to see that his client is not traduced by fake witnesses, nor his or her liberty endangered by unfacts.

"But the object of all in the courtroom is to see that justice is done, though the heavens crumble.

"I HAVE examined no witnesses. I shall examine none. But I ask this of the latitude of the Court, and in the name of that Justice whose servants we one and all are, as much myself, advocate for the prisoner, as the district attorney for the people of the state of New York, as the jury in the box, as the judge on his bench: that the next witness, Thomas McCarthy, shall be allowed to tell his own story in his own way, relating facts which may not seem germane to the case, but which I claim are as pertinent as the pistol with which the crime was committed or the corpus delicti itself. I ask this of the Court and I request the Court so to direct."

"This is hardly regular, Mr. Donegan."

"I ask this in the name of Justice!"

"This is a court of Justice, Mr. Donegan."

The judge's manner had a slight rebuke.

"But if the district attorney is agreeable—"

The district attorney, a little nettled, but rather awed before the tremendous purpose of Donegan, shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well, Mr. Donegan," the judge nodded.

"THE district attorney"—Donegan addressed the jury—"is calling Thomas McCarthy to prove the identity of Anna

Janssen. He is an officer of the City of New York, a witness for the State of New York. The attorney has called him to prove that the prisoner in the dock is Anna Janssen. I shall not examine him. But when he has given his testimony for the district attorney he will have given his testimony for me.

"And I shall have proven that the chorus girl who killed Alastair de Vries is not the woman who stands in the dock!"

There was an instant's sighing from the courtroom, a momentary relaxation. So Donegan had fought and won his first fight and now they were going to hear the History of the Spicy Isles. Now all the mystery would be lifted that had been hanging about the courtroom like a necromancer's mist.

"Call Thomas McCarthy!" Donegan barked from the side of his mouth.

"Officer Thomas McCarthy."

"Thomas McCarthy to the stand!"

AS HE stood in the witness-box, McCarthy seemed to bulk tremendously in the room. As Anna Janssen seemed to fill the court spiritually, so he seemed to fill it physically. Emanations of strength, emanations of power came from him like current from a battery. He was not six feet tall, but so erect did he stand, so free was his carriage that he seemed to tower above all in the courtroom. He was not a big man but he suggested tremendous strength, so easily with the smallest movement did the sinews ripple beneath his coat. Brown as copper, his face had not the strange mystery of Anna Janssen's, because his eyes and hair were black, where hers were fair. Yet he was strange.

It was principally that he was out of place in his city clothes. One could have imagined him easily as some young athlete in the Olympic games, hurling the discus possibly, or flinging himself over the high jump. Or one might have suffered him in the clothes of summer in the country, soft rolling collar and roomy sport coat. But in the "business suit" of some department store, he seemed like an actor some inept stage manager had dressed. Grotesquely, a police badge was pinned to the lapel of his coat.

AS HE entered the box Anna Janssen turned towards him with a swift outpouring of her eyes. It might have been interest, but it was warmer than interest. It might have been appeal, but it was more confident than appeal.

"You are plain-clothes officer Thomas McCarthy?" the district attorney examined.

"Yes, sir. Number 8017."

"Attached to Police Headquarters?"

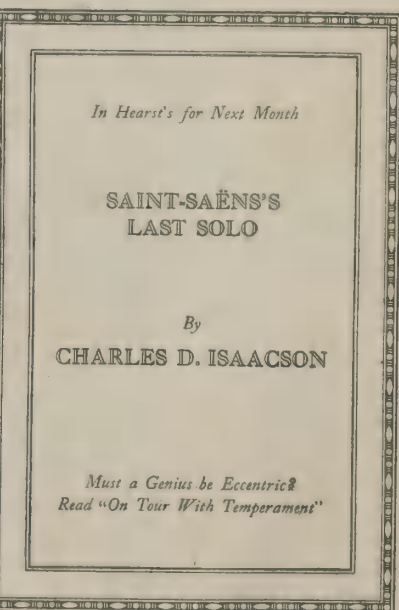
"Yes, sir."

"Tell us the circumstances under which you arrested the prisoner."

"The Commissioner—the Commissioner—" McCarthy began, faltered, suddenly stopped.

"Yes, the Commissioner."

But McCarthy seemed struck by sudden panic.



"Yes, yes!" the district attorney became irritable. "The Commissioner—" He rapped the table.

Donegan rose.

"McCarthy," he explained gently, "has had no one to talk to for seven years but my client. He finds it hard to get his words right. Take your time, McCarthy," he told the witness. "Close your eyes. Say it as if you were saying it to yourself."

The prisoner threw him a look of gratitude.

"I WAS on the vice squad under Inspector O'Gara." The witness found words at last. "One morning the Commissioner sends for me. It was when the trouble on about the graft in the Raines law had. The Commissioner looks at me kind hard.

"Are you on the square, McCarthy?" says.

"Yes, Commissioner, I'm on the square," I tells him.

"It's news to me they's anyone on square," the Commissioner laughs kind mean.

"Tell me, McCarthy, were you ever mixed up with a woman?" I gets chilled all because I thinks someone's trying to fix me.

"No, sir. Never," I answers.

"Then why weren't you?"

"I don't know," I says, "except it my people were from Ireland and brought me up their own way. When I was a Commissioner, I could go to confession without holding out, and I guess I can do today."

"Oh, you're one of them good Irish," he sneers. "I heard tell on them, but I met one before."

"Well, you meet him now," I looks cold in the eye. And then I'm sorry, because I see he means nothing. He's just sore.

"Well, square cop," he says, "I got a for you. Anna Janssen," he says, "is for a rich guy hides her and brings her to on his yacht. She's there now. The authorities," he says, "have made a plan to go get her."

"All right," I says, and turns to go.

"Just a moment, McCarthy," he says, said: "Get her." You understand? Get and keep her. Was a man to try and escape on you, what would you do?"

"I'd shoot," I says. "I'd bring him alive or dead."

"Well, shoot her."

"Oh, gee, Chief!" I says. "I can't shoot a woman."

"Well, then, shoot yourself," he says. any rate, if you come home alone, you home cold storage. I'll pay the freight. That'll be all," he says.

"I GOES to Paris, and from Paris to seilles—"

"That's all right, McCarthy," the district attorney waved. "It doesn't matter how you went. Tell us what happened Tahiti."

"IN TAHITI something tells me all is right. The steamer I come on docks the morning and leaves that afternoon, and hopes to make it with Janssen. Maybe because I can't get their French and Consul is not a well man, but they delay until the steamer goes and then I'm left. The extradition papers must be in order, they say. But there is too much of this prisoner stuff.

"Well, all's finished and they takes me her. 'Well, Janssen,' I says, 'we got you. Now that you got me what are you going to do with me?' she laughs; and every laughs. Right away I see they're all root for her, and they like me just like a son likes water.

"Honest, Judge, I don't blame the. They's few white women in that place as such as they are, they're not lookers. The Kanaka girls, for all they are pretty a picture, they ain't human and they ain't healthy, you know, as we white people. Anna certainly had the looks, and was white, and had the pep, and they were all crazy about her. The Frenchmen are daffy about women, and they don't care nothing about a woman shooting a man nothing at all.

"SO THEY smiles at me and they says, 'You must see our beautiful island before you sail away with the belle prisoner!'

"Your island is fine," I tells them, "and it's offense meant, but it's got nothing to do with Manhattan Island. And as for the belle prisoner," I says, "ain't you folks forgetting something? This dame is as nifty a little murderess as ever I sees."

"It was a crime passionnal," they says, and they shrugs their shoulders.

"Tell that to the judge," I says. "I'm on the copper."

"Well," they say, "unfortunately Monsieur will have to enjoy our island for some weeks. The next liner will not be here until then."

"Oh, is that so?" I laughs. "Well, let me tell you something. While you guys were examining the papers for your belle prisoner"

doing a little scouting around the harbor. And they're a schooner leaving tonight for San Francisco. I guess that'll do us all.

"Impossible!" They go wild. "A lady of travel—"

"Cut that lady stuff," I says. "She's my sister."

It was a trading schooner, dealing in copra, oranges, cotton, mother-of-pearl such like, but once she must have been a yacht. There were staterooms still left her though now they were filled with for trading, but I made a deal with the captain and he cleans one out and fixes it up for Janssen. And then I takes Janssen down to the docks.

"Judge, you'd 'a' thought she'd saved the way instead of killing De Vries, the way she acted about that woman. They lined up the docks of Papeete, all the men and a lot of women, too. And they sang when they danced and they said good-by. When you get off, come back," they says to me. They got on my nerves so much, I had could do not to laugh dirty, when they about getting off.

Janssen looks at the boat, and looks at the people. And she goes crazy-mad. "Damn damn you!" She turns on me. "Only you, I'd not be going back!"

"Yeh, only for me," I says, "you wouldn't killed De Vries. It's all my fault, hey?"

"Listen to me, Janssen. You're my sister, and my prisoner you'll remain. I had the game; now pay up, and stop lying. You and I are from the same place, and I know you. You ought to know a little better. I wouldn't have been for you if I hadn't been able to take of myself. All your French friends save you from a New York cop, once out to get you. You're beat, Janssen," I says; "you might as well give in."

"She looks at me a long time. 'I'm not beat yet,'" she says.

"THE captain tells us he's going to stop at Nukahiva and a few other islands to take cargo aboard. He's an old guy and sensible, and Janssen plays up to him to beat the band, so I takes no risks and keeps close. Even if he is an old guy and hasn't any ambition, still and all, nobody likes a copper, and everyone hates to see a prisoner taken home, especially if it's a woman. So I give Janssen and him no chance for private conversation. Once clear of the Islands, I think, and all will be well. Janssen sees my game.

"You don't give me much chance with the old fellow."

"No, ma'am," I laughs. "That's your business. I give you no chance. You're beat, Janssen. What's the use of fooling yourself?"

"Oh, I've still got an ace in the hole. I'm not beat yet!"

"SHE turns in early. 'I suppose you're going to lock the door?' she asks me.

"What's the use? They're other keys. The islands are near to hand, and they could put you off in a boat. I'm not going to lock the door," I tells her, "but I'm going to sleep outside it, up against it. It opens out, and the smallest movement will wake me up. You're beat!"

"All right! I'm beat," she says, and she turns in.

"I puts myself against the door, and falls asleep on the deck. It might have been ten minutes after it, but it was really hours, the door opens. It's the middle of the night, for the stars are high, and there's nothing to be seen, and the waves keep lapping the bow of the schooner and she dips pretty like a cantering horse. And suddenly I'm awake and lonely and wet with dew. I looks up and there's Janssen above me, big and handsome and her eyes like the stars.

"You're not comfortable there, Mr. Carthy," she whispers.

"I can't say as I'm on a bed of roses," I tells her.

"Why don't you come inside?"

"I don't know what you mean," I says.

"Never mind what I mean," she laughs. "Come on in."

"I think I'll stay where I am," I says kind of short.

"I'M not accustomed to having invitations like this refused." There was a kind of jar in her voice.

"They're lots of things you're not accustomed to, you'd better get accustomed to right away," I says. "You're accustomed to fine hotels. Now you got to get used to the Tombs. You're accustomed to lying down on couches. Now you got to get accustomed to sitting up, very straight, in a chair at Sing Sing. I didn't want to be brutal towards her, Judge, but I didn't want her to be making passes like that at me.

"What she says to me then I couldn't tell, Judge. But she closes the door with a slam and leaves me be.

"I notices the wind is getting kind of high, and that when the schooner pitches she sort of jars, and that under the green light on the starboard side of the boat the water is rushing past very quick. The boat is lying over and the sailors pass me quick as lightning, and in the cordage the air is whining like a broken fiddle-string, but over it all I can hear Janssen cursing in her cabin, cursing just like the girls cursed in the old days when a pinch was made in the Tenderloin, cursing me because I wouldn't fall for her."

BUT by what miracle can that notorious creature, cursing the officer who takes her back to justice, be this splendid calm-eyed woman in the prisoner's box? See *Hearst's for March*.

The High Cost of Lying

(Continued from page 19)

att won't ever lose any footage on her, gh—because I'll never call 'Camera' she's workin'. I don't know what att's gettin' out of it," says Jaxon, "but sayin' high, whatever it is. She—"

The window banged shut with a jar that the somnolent chauffeur and made picture-hatted damsel jump six inches.

GATT, purple with mortification, turned penitently towards the girl at the side. But Maire was no longer at his side. She had shrunk into the very farthest of the wide seat—as far as might be the raucous voice which was proclaimed failure. Like a little heartbroken she looked, as she cowered there in the darkness.

ygatt tried to speak. Just then someone beside the car lighted a cigarette.

The match flash showed him that Maire not only cowering in her corner like a cowed child, but crying like one. And looked back a dual yearning to swear and wrangle the "extra" maiden. Then, while as still seeking the right thing to say in a situation that had no possibilities for a right answer, Maire burst out:

"It's true! It's all true, Dick! I was a bit as bad as he said. And I was a. I was awful. Honestly I was! I—ew I was pretty bad. But I thought ups I'd learn. I—"

"You will!" he declared. "Everyone be badly. In a few days—"

It would not have it so. Nerve-rack tears had smashed down her sorry little face of deception.

"To!" she wailed. "I'd never learn it in million years—just as that horrible Jaxon said. Some people can. Some can't. I'd always read that. But I t have sense enough to believe it and now I was one of the people who never. But I knew it, today. Only I wouldn't ess to myself that I did. It—it meant so to me! It meant everything!"

"LOOK here!" broke in the man, speaking the more abruptly, by reason of an sudden roughness in his throat. "Look Maire, you poor kid! If anything on appeals so to a man or a woman, as to everything, then it is a thing the man woman (especially the woman) can do kicking long enough to it. If your heart soul are so set on this picture work that cry over the thought of losing it—in

spite of what you said before, about its just being a freak whim—then you've got the temperament and the talent hidden away somewhere in you. And Jaxon is due to find it out, in time, and cultivate it. So don't be unhappy over—"

"It isn't that," she sobbed. "It isn't the career-part of it that means so much to me, or that means anything at all to me. Oh, what's the sense of lying all the time? It meant everything to me, because it offered me a living salary. And that meant I could have square meals once more and—"

"What?" blithered the man.

"Listen!" she rushed on, speaking fast as though in fear of losing courage for the miserable little confession. "When I met your sister, first—back in the Brearley School days—and when she visited us, up at Springfield, well, we were still the kind of people she thought we were—the kind she told you we were. Then, last year, when Dad died—well, there wasn't a dollar to divide between my brother and me. Dad had just been skating along on ice that was so thin it melted the minute he died. My brother got a job, out in Cleveland. And I came to New York. I'd—"

"But," he interrupted, "if—"

"I'D ALWAYS heard," she continued, unheeding, "that the only way to make a success was to seem prosperous. That's why I told your sister I had come here to be independent and make my own way—to prove a rich girl can support herself as easily as a poor one. 'Independent!' Oh, how I hate being independent! I loathe it. But it accounted for my shabby little room and for the kitchenette housekeeping I did. And they laughed when I said I kept a car to go to work in. (It was always a car that belonged to the Interborough, except when I was in walking distance.) People thought I was eccentric. I was broke."

"Good Lord!" growled Mygatt, aghast. "But why didn't you tell Sis, and let—"

"I thought I could do things. I thought I could do anything. She and the rest got me such lovely jobs! As a shopper and as a tea-room hostess, you know, and—and all the other things. But I did awfully in all of them. It seems everything calls for a knack. And I haven't a knack. I—"

"A knack!" he blithered stupidly. "Why, it—"

"That's why I've been so delighted over the chrysanthemums you've sent me," she wept in sudden shame. "That's why I've been hinting that I loved to have them around me, every day they're in season. Heaps and armfuls of them. No girl who wasn't supposed to be rich would have dared to hint so brazenly for masses of expensive flowers. But those chrysanthemums have kept me from going supperless, time and again."

"BUT, good Lord!" he sputtered, "you can't eat chrysanthemums! They—"

"Yes, you can," she made sobbing contradiction. "At least I can. I'll tell you how. The dairy-lunch man, two doors away from me, is in love. Not with me," she explained hastily. "With a girl whose hair won't behave and whose eyes don't have very good teamwork. I went in there, one day, for a glass of milk. I was wearing some chrysanthemums. He was staring at them. I asked if he was fond of flowers, because he looked at them so yearningly. He said he hadn't any use for them, himself, but the girl he was trying to get engaged to (he called her 'a certain party I'm keepin' steady comp'y with') was crazy about them. He showed me her picture. That's how I know about her hair and her eyes. She had funny teeth, too. They don't look quite—indigenous."

"I don't—"

"You will, presently. I had been buying things to eat there, for nearly a year. So I suppose he thought I was worthy of his sacred confidences. He said his girl was daft over chrysanthemums; and she was always pestering him to buy them for her. But the biggest chrysanthemums cost something like nine dollars a dozen. And she didn't care for the other kinds. He seems to be a pretty cautious waster, even when he's in love. And nine dollars was too much for him to think of, without shuddering. He said he'd noticed I wore chrysanthemums sometimes. And he said if ever I had more of them sent to me than I wanted, he'd be glad to take the extra ones off my hands at two dollars a dozen—if I'd take out the pay in trade.

"That gave me my life-saving idea. And I began to hint to you, and to every man who came near me, that the way to my heart was through a chrysanthemum garden. He was a game little bargainer. He kept his word. Even once when I brought him three dozen huge chrysanthemums in two days. I had steak twice that week!" she



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finished in retrospective relish. "But lately—"

"Oh!" groaned Mygatt, a queer sickness encompassing him as he visualized the make-shift. "And you mean to say—"

"THEN, last week, I ran across a newspaper story that told about the fortunes all sorts of untrained people—stevedores and shopgirls and so on—have been able to make as motion-picture actors. And I thought I saw a real chance. So I pretended to you that I was stage-struck. I had to add that part about its just being a whim—because that was the excuse I'd made when I failed at all the other things. I told people I'd grown tired of the jobs and that I wanted something else to do. This motion-picture fiasco was the last chance. I'm—I'm through!"

For a moment there was silence—strained, tense, awkward silence—as the car crept up the incline from the ferry. Then, almost in a whisper and with a trace of dazedness in his tone, Mygatt spoke.

"And here, month after month, I've been waiting!" he murmured brokenly. "Waiting and waiting! Waiting for you to get tired of all your successive fads and get rid of that Joan of Arc idea of 'independence'! I've been waiting for the 'independence' fever to burn itself out of your brain, so that you could be normal again and could come within reach of a common mortal like myself! I hadn't the nerve to tell you—to tell you what you must know I've been aching to tell you—for fear of being snubbed for presuming to break in on your 'career.' Besides, I'm—I'm mortally afraid of 'independent' women. I feel so far beneath them. But—well, I'm not an atom afraid of you, any more!"

And he proceeded to give practical proof



"I'm mortally afraid of 'independent' women," Mygatt confessed.

through which she had been lost. But she had paid too much for her polish. And, being triumphant herself, she would always demand triumph from those beside her.

He might place a hungry hand on that elaborately coiled head of hers, over which for two long hours a studious handmaiden had toiled, but beneath that crown of tawny loveliness and within the narrow temple of bone were no altars at which he could kneel.

IT WAS only her bodily beauty that he had worshiped, though, God knows, that had seemed enough. Alert and narrow-limbed and silken-sheathed, she flashed perfection as the varnished chassis of her landaulet flashed finish. And behind that shrill demand for delight in her, that imperious demand for completeness in the machinery which bore her about the world, would always stand the need for money. That, at any rate, Skelton would be able to give her. And some day, when he had built his golden pavement to the doorway of the temple, he too would perhaps look in and find the unexpected on that lonely altar-stone.

That, Grieve told himself, was no longer his funeral. It was something between Mavis and the man she would go to, now that the way had been made easy. And it had been made easy, for now there would be no collusive intrigues and divorce-court humiliations and aftermaths of club-talk and newspaper exploitation. His business had failed, and the blow had been too much for him. He was simplifying things for Mavis and the man who remained to make her happy. And his own part in it all might have been done differently, of course, if there had been time. But in this he insisted on candor. He was oddly averse to deceit in this final gesture, since, after all, it was only a gesture. His life was already shot to pieces. He himself was already shot to pieces, and this last small act of clearing the stage, of making his exit after the ultimate possible line had been spoken, could at least be quick and clean-handed. He was entitled to at least that luxury.

HE SAT looking up at his wife's portrait, more wistfully than he imagined, wondering why it should seem to fall back from him, like a receding shore-line studied over a steamer's wake. Then he turned away from it, with an effort, and stared slowly about the familiar room.

Already it seemed touched with a remoteness which perplexed him. Even the muffled sound of the staccato street-traffic came to him sadly, like the fading blitheness of a circus-band heard from a boy's sick-bed. Between the walls that he knew so well crept a yearning overtone, a mystical and

autumnal pensiveness shot through with pain and at the same time touched with a wonder that grew almost pleasurable. The air seemed crowded with floating and whispering farewells, so that the soft melancholy which surged through him tempted him to turn aside and luxuriate in it while that strange machinery of emotion known as his body was still able to feel and know and respond to such things. For those things would soon be gone, like a song ended, like music that had come to a close.

Then he sat up, sharply, appalled by the uncomprehended completeness of that finish. It was more than the mere ending of life's music, he remembered; it was the sudden smashing of the instrument itself, for all time, for ever and ever, as long as the lonely stars wheeled through their lonely aeons of space. The thought mounted, burst, and evaporated in his brain, like a star-shell, and he sank back in his chair with a sudden Arctic cold about him. It would take courage, after all, more courage than he imagined.

A LOG snapped, in the Caen fireplace, as sharp as the crack of a pistol, and a start of nervous terror needled through Grieve's inert body. It reminded him of what for a moment he had tried to forget. But there was nothing to be gained, he remembered, in dilly-dallying. And on some central throne at some inner court of consciousness, he knew, Determination sat quiet-eyed in the midst of tumult. So the sooner the tumult was shut out the better.

He took a deep breath as he rose from the chair, snapped out the light above the shadow-box, and stepped slowly over to his earlier seat at the end of the library table. He sat down with a fortifying parade of deliberation. He was equally deliberate in movement as he reached to the table-drawer and opened it. For until then he had kept the revolver out of his sight. He had kept it hidden away like something unpalatable, just as, when a child, he had preferred not seeing until the last the spoonful of castor-oil which he was compelled to swallow. But now he took up the firearm with no distinct sense of repugnance. It impressed him, in fact, as a singularly compact and clever instrument, balancing so neatly in his hand, proving so easy to hold by its tessellated, rounded grip. He also wrung a forlorn gratification out of the fact that his fingers were quite steady, though the increasing moist chilliness of his body prompted him to look towards the fire, which

had burned so low that it no longer gave out any ponderable heat or light.

Yet it was light, he remembered, which was bothering him. For he had no wish for light, at such a time. So he put down the revolver, and for the second time got heavily up out of his chair, reached over to the heavily shaded table-lamp, and switched it off. He found something vivifying in the sudden enveloping darkness, as though a shadowy power had already taken him into its arms. It seemed a fitting antechamber, he felt, for that deeper and darker silence into which, in a minute or two, he would be ushered.

THE one thing he asked of that entrance, he told himself, was that it should be abrupt, instantaneous. About that, he reminded himself as he resumed his chair at the table-end, there must be no mistake, no stumblings and missteps. The safest and surest way would be to put the pistol-barrel in his mouth, with the trigger up, so that the trick could be done with the slightest pull of a forefinger. He even opened his mouth and felt exploratively along his moist palate, wondering if that bony roof would be thick enough to deflect a bullet. But by getting the barrel-end well back, he knew there would be no danger of that. And there would be no pain, for the machinery that registered pain would no longer be there. In five minutes, in two minutes, Time would stop for him. He would stop, stop like a watch on which a hammer-head had fallen.

It would all be over and done with, he repeated as he padded along the table-top until he had found the revolver. Over and done with, for Eternity, he remembered as he threw his head well back and deliberately inserted the metal barrel between his teeth.

THEN his tortured soul shied away suddenly, terror-stricken at the stupendous awfulness, the incomprehensible black wastes of time and space involved in that benumbing word "Eternity." It seemed something too tremendous to enter as he was entering it, appalled as he sat at the sudden sabering thought that something, after all, might endure, that some grieving and ghostly remnant of what he had been might persist. He was assuming a power which perhaps was not his. He was arrogating to himself a prerogative which life's accumulation of instincts warned him as standing above and beyond his own will. He was defying the God he had never seen and had forgotten to pray to.

of his fearlessness—"with the consent governed."

THE car had swung into upper Avenue before Maire collected of her wonted self-control to say shyly "You'll never be able to trust me—lieve in me, Dick! I know you You'll always be remembering what I was. And—"

"I wish," he broke in irrelevantly, missing her scared words as unwelcome reply, "I wish I had gotten a good look at that woman's face, so I could know next time I see her at the studio woman with the criminal hat and the cock voice. I—"

"Oh, please, no!" begged Maire. "I was perfectly right. Don't fire her. —for my sake, Dick! She might get as hungry as I—"

"Fire her?" repeated Mygatt, in scorn. "Fire her? Not I. I want to her a contract that'll take her breath. If it hadn't been for her—"

"Dick!" cried Maire, smitten with veritable inspiration. "Let's stop where, for an engagement dinner! And let's have a— a gorgeously enormous steak—all sprinkled with chops!"

"You see," she explained shamefacedly, "I ate my last ten-cent credit on my two dollars' worth of chrysanthemum breakfast. Oh, I can never see another chrysanthemum as long as I live with sizing up, unconsciously, its face value ham and eggs or buttered toast!"

IT was war to the bath between the boy and the four-year-old—and certain defeat one of them! Mr. Flintheart Bathes a Day by Roland Pertwee—coming soon in Hearst's

And the cringing soul that writhed on the side of thought cried out for mercy. It was more than he could stand.

Yet it had to be done, he repeated, as he became more acutely conscious of the duality in his own make-up, as though body stood, a house divided against itself with the voice of one side pleading for survival while the voice of the other side demanded its fall. Life was sacred, tried to tell himself, even life crushed and shattered was sacred. But it was sacred only when it stood touched with dignity. And the one dignifying end for it, now, to release it from its ludicrous incompetency. That was the only resource left to him. The sum and substance of all he was now come to an end, must be snuffed out, a stroke. But his mind choked, in stark horror, at the thought that he must do it cold blood, and with his own hand. It was too much for him. It was more than he could face.

HE WAS whimpering quietly, foolishly, as he slowly lowered the hand which held the revolver clutched between its fingers. He sobbed like a sick child as he sat there in the darkness, bathed in sweat, corroded with the acids of a self-hate which gave double edge to his sense of defeat. But he could not do it. He was too cowardly. It was his own brain that held him back. A brain that lay like a watchdog across the threshold of his soul. And that watchdog would have to be drugged, in some way before a torch could be set to his huddled chambers of memory. But he could not do the thing with his own hand. He could not. He could not coldly and calmly take his own life. It had to be done, he remembered. But he was not man enough to do it.

He sat there for a long time, burning with an inward fire of humiliation which left him unconscious of the ague shaking his body. He sat bathed in that final shame of shame against which he could marshal no torturing extenuation. It was that ultimate weakness which could not reach up to the power to eliminate weakness. And he beheld himself dragging on through empty and meaningless days, shadowed always by that self-hate which would be forever asking why he walked among the living when the soul of his was already dead.

There were worse things than Death, he told himself with a resurging of bitterness through his cold body. And to wipe the slate clean, at one sweep—

But that thought stopped in his brain, like a burned-out pinwheel. It stopped because introspection, repeatedly tapped, cracked like an ice-block. He sat back in his chair, thinly aware of some distracting factor about him.

FOUND himself unable to fathom this feeling, until through the velvety silence which surrounded him he heard unmistakable sound of a door being opened. It was being opened there in front of him, slowly, and with infinite precaution. As he waited, scarcely breathing, his sensitized hearing harvested a faint sound out of the silence, the sound of an involuntary inhalation, for all the world that of an animal sniffing up-wind. Then, as he waited, he caught the sound of a door as it was softly closed again. He waited, for a moment, that he was once alone in the room. But after still another long wait sounds of a different nature came to him, a small sliding noise like that of a hand passed along a wall-surface, muted by minute floor-tremors as the sound to which this hand belonged moved away or the other in the darkness. The intruder, whoever he might be, was moving along the wall for the light-switch. It was plain that he had no definite knowledge of where that switch stood. It was equally plain that he imagined himself alone in the room, for a faint grunt of surprise came from him. This, in turn, was followed by a silence so unbroken that the intruder at the table grew afraid of his own unheeded breathing, which threatened to give him away to the intruder. It was not fear that had taken possession of Grieve. It was more the stirring and going out to the open of kenneled instincts, the habitual response of heightened consciousness to forces that carried the promise of danger. He was so cool-headed, in fact, that he made no effort to move, though he was guarded movement in territory which he knew so well might have carried him to comparative safety.

MERELY sat there, waiting, silent and alert-minded and singularly composed, reminding himself that someone had entered the room and at that instant stood confronting him in the darkness, not more than a dozen paces away from the table where he sat. He did not move when the light-switch clicked and the bulbs set in the paneled ceiling showered sudden radiance over the room. It was a moderated light, yet in contrast to the velvet-black darkness which had placed it seemed strong enough to make his eyes ache. Of this, however, Grieve was not consciously aware. What usurped the field of his attention was the figure standing slightly forward from the wall, looking at him with a stare like a rabbit's, wide-eyed and vacant.

WAS not a prepossessing figure. Over his bony blue-gray face with its stubbled skin and its wide compressed mouth a flabby hat-brim had been pulled down. It had been pulled down like a cowl, almost to the level of the eyebrows. This partly covered the eyes, which in a breath or two seemed to lose their harelike vacancy and on an expression that was reptilianly intense yet motionless guardedness. The breast-pocket of the worn and ill-fitting suit which covered the gaunt figure protruded a tip-tilted rod of steel, with the intruder only too obviously had seen some door or window in the rear house. For Grieve knew now, beyond shadow of doubt, that this interloper was a burglar, a sneak-thief of the night who had slipped into what must have proved an otherwise too fragile invasion of his deserted

what held the attention of the man at the table was the heavy black-barreled gun gripped in the burglar's right hand and held in close against the gaunt waist-line. He disliked the look of that snub-nosed rod of dark metal, but he disliked it even more as it slowly rose and protruded, like a snake's head, until its one-eyed menace was directed straight at his own expanse of shirt above the table-edge.

On't you make a move or a sound," the man with the black automatic in his hand, with husky savagery, "or I'll blow your head off!"

together. There he stood, perplexed by the look of cool unconcern on the face of the man he was covering. And this perplexity took on a coloring of panic as he watched the other's momentary satiric smile, the smile which so plainly implied some fortifying knowledge as yet undivulged to the newcomer.

"Don't try any tricks wit' me," that newcomer said with husky intentness as he leaned still closer over the table-end, "or you'll never move again!"

Grieve, slowly lifting his head, regarded him with a lackluster eye.

"You're excited," he quietly and indifferently remarked. "Sit down and have a drink."

"Shut up!" barked the man standing at the table-end, with a quick and wrenlike look back over either shoulder, as though in search of some presence or some reason for the other's unnerving calmness of mind. "Shut up or I'll shut you up wit' this!"

"What good would that do?" inquired Grieve.

It had just occurred to him that this prowler of the night had been driven and harried even as he himself had been driven and harried. The cards of life had been stacked against him or he would never have been shouldered into this foolish craft of the burglar who faced danger at every step and death at any door he might open. And even now, with the power which his balanced weapon gave him he stood bathed in a sweat of terror, suffering acutely at the thought of his own threatened safety, shaken to the core by the fear that what he so well merited might be closing in about him. And as though in confirmation of this the blue-jowled burglar suddenly asked a question.

"WHAT'RE you waitin' for?" he demanded, with a touch of awe which the roughness of his tone could not quite override.

"I was merely waiting for you," quietly responded the other man.

"Well, it'll do you damned little good," retorted the man who held the automatic, with an obviously forced parade of ferocity.

"Why?"

"You'll know that when I get through wit' you," was the other's reply.

But Grieve merely laughed a little. For the man was only masking himself behind a show of ugliness, like a frightened milk-snake with its mouth wide and no venom in its fangs. And for the person who had already touched bottom, Grieve remembered, life no longer held peril or pitfall.

"What are you going to do to me?" asked Grieve, luxuriating in the thought of his invulnerability.

"I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do wit' you," announced the man with the black-barreled gun; "at the first move you make to put anything over, I'm goin' to blow your head off!"

"I think you said something to that effect before," explained Grieve, as he folded his arms. Yet it startled him a little to observe the particularity with which his enemy made note of each one of those small movements. He leaned closer, with the black automatic balanced in a slightly tremulous hand and panic in his pale eyes.

"I think you said something to that effect before," repeated Grieve. "You're a burglar, of course. And you're taking a burglar's chances. But the thing that perplexes me is that you should be so mortally afraid of me. Why is that?"

IT OCCURRED to him, even as he put the question, that cowardice was an unlovely thing, translating man at a stroke into what was degraded and disgusting. Yet here was a man so afraid for his own safety that he stood ready to be stamped into an extreme not untouched with courage.

"Why is that?" repeated the man in the armchair, wondering if it was merely life that stood so precious or the thought of Sing Sing that stood so abhorrent.

But Grieve's burglar, instead of answering that reiterated question, busied himself with a quick and dexterous appraisal of the table that stood between him and his enemy.

On that table, within easy reach of the other man's finger, he saw the mother-of-pearl bell-button. And, seeing it, he accepted it as the key to the situation, as the cause and the explanation of the other man's sustained fortitude. For there, within reach, lay his voice of warning, his call for help, his chance for betrayal. And the expression of horror in the staring rabbit's eyes was so ridiculous that Grieve himself leaned forward and inspected the bell-button.

It impressed him as an especially foolish



What Doctors do for their own sore throats

"I want to congratulate you, Doctor, on the great success I hear you are having with your throat cases. I myself have attacks of inflamed throat every winter, can't seem to get rid of them. Wish you would take a look at mine and tell me what to do."

"I guess, Doctor, I will have to introduce you to Formamint. Here's a real good throat antiseptic with which you will keep the soft tissues in an almost constant antiseptic bath, because you will find Formamint pleasant and convenient enough to use frequently. I find that the average patient will readily dissolve a Formamint tablet in his mouth every hour or so, and you know how hard it is to get them to use gargles or sprays consistently, even two or three times a day, especially children."

"Formamint tablets certainly relieve sore throats and are heading off a lot of tonsillitis for me, but I am even more interested in their prophylactic power, and so I am advising my patients to use them freely during the throat and influenza season to prevent infection."

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Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

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"I Show Faith the Village"—Another Greenwich Village Story by Virginia Terhune Van de Water—in Hearst's for March.

piece of machinery, as nothing more than an ornament, now, since no living soul remained in the house to answer any summons which it might carry to the far end of its circuit. But the other man, he suddenly remembered, had no reason to know that it was now a toy and nothing more. The other man did not know!

So Grieve looked up, with a smile of triumph

about his lips. Then he sat arrested by the sudden gray-white ferocity that mounted to the other man's face.

"You touch that bell, and as sure's God made you, I'll shoot!" gasped out the intruder with the automatic.

Grieve looked for a moment into the pale eyes narrowed with purpose. He laughed a little and took a deep breath. Then he

reached out and placed the point of forefinger on the mother-of-pearl button.

HER hunger, the terrible cold of the North, as not ing to Miriam Helston, when she faced this new menace. Watch for "Snowblind" by Arthur Stringer—in Hearst's for March.

Must We Shoot Our Fat Men?

(Continued from page 32)

IT IS a well-established fact of physics that you can't make something out of nothing. You can't build a mountain of flesh out of air or water. It is built out of food. The food goes into the body through the mouth. There is no other way for it to get in. It is absolutely sure and irrevocable that the flesh can be reduced to any degree desired by reducing the food.

Tom's charge that Bill eats as much food as he does is probably not correct. He keeps a box of chocolates in his desk and gets an ice-cream soda twice a day. I know lots of fat people who tell you how little they eat. You may be a normal person, slim and frisky, and eat three meals a day and a pound at a meal. You may have a friend who is fat and waddly. That friend will tell you how carefully she diets. She takes a cup of coffee (without sugar) and a piece of toast for breakfast and some tea and wafers for lunch. She diets rigidly. She virtually goes without two meals a day. Her statement is perfectly true. But she eats six pounds of food for dinner. Her sum total of food consumed for the day is six pounds while yours is three. These fat people are quantity eaters. There is an occasion in the span of each day when they stock up those storehouses of fat that lie beneath their skin and in the cavities of their bodies.

THE similarity of the operation of the human body and of a furnace is remarkable. The purpose of the furnace is to keep the house properly heated. Coal is put into it for that purpose. If the proper

will burn more rapidly or a vacation may be taken on stoking the furnace and allow it to burn out. The draft may likewise be opened up for burning the fuel in the human body. The method of doing this is through great physical exercise. The greater the activity of the human being the more energy the machine requires and the more fuel he burns. It is thus that work reduces the flesh. One lays off in stoking his clogged furnace so may he lay off in putting fuel into his body. He may stop eating until the surplus fuel is burned out.

The human body or any other animal body is a perfect machine in this respect. It burns its fresh fuel as long as it is being supplied and holds its accumulation in reserve. At the moment the daily fuel supply is stopped it gets right after the reserve. But it knows full well what tissue is there for fuel purposes and what is otherwise useful. It shovels otherwise useless fat right into the fire. It will touch no other of the body tissue until the fat is gone. Scientists, doctors, horse-traders, all agree that this is a fact. The human body does just what the hibernating bear does. There is nothing remarkable about it, nothing heroic, tragic, painful, extreme. It is nature's way.

THE man with the temperament of a lion would perform this cure for corpulence and think nothing of it. But you, a man so placid and easy-going, so conservative and satisfied that he will not take any risk.

He will perspire and melt down his corpulence. He will go his plodding way pantingly and will agonize over the lacing of his shoes. He will bear physical discomfort over so ordinary a thing as lying in bed, but he will not deny himself his food. The man bears a hundred times greater than you would the discomfort of shaking them off, but he hasn't the pep to do it. If he had had the character for such a task he would never have allowed himself to become so fat.

The man or woman who carries extra weight is as much an addict to his drug. As he has accumulated corpulence, his exertion has become difficult and has been abandoned. Bodily slothfulness has induced a fatal slothfulness and a weakening of the will.

These slaves to food will not rise up and cure themselves. Sooner or later the community will have to take them in hand and bring them back to normal.

This can be done at any time by declaring corpulence a crime and by assessing appropriate punishment—incarceration without food.

THERE are many reasons why corpulence should be declared a crime and punished. The first and obvious reason is that the fat person is consuming more than his share of the food of the community. The second reason is that he occupies more than his allotted space in all public places—he slows up the flow of normal life for everyone. He is too deliberate. He is a criminal in the third place because he is committing suicide, which is against the law.

WHEN corpulence is declared a crime in the eyes of the law, the person guilty of the crime will have been discovered.

Conceive the satisfaction in preparing evidence against such a criminal. When he is presented he mutely testifies against

corpulence. If the public refused to take the fat man's alibi, if it understood him for what he is and pinned to him the ticket of disapprobation which he deserves, the very force of that condemnation might shame him to his cure.

The whole stupendous, misunderstood, misrepresented subject, the fact, cause, and cure of corpulence, can be written in twenty-seven Anglo-Saxon words of one syllable, each of which even the lethargic mind of the obese ought to be able to understand. Here they are:

Fat comes from food. If you have too much fat you eat too much food. You can get rid of the fat if you eat less food.

Our scientific friends say it differently and increase the confusion. Here is the way one of them puts one part of the fact: "Adipose tissue, subcutaneously imposed," he said, "is derived from carbohydrates ingested."

IN CAMPAIGNING against the curse of corpulence the first fact to establish in the public mind is that it comes from food and that it can be eliminated by laying off food. If some philanthropic millionaire would spend his hoard emblazoning these twenty-seven little words, or some other words that express the need better, from billboards throughout the nation, in flashing them in electric lights, in displaying them in advertising pages, until the idea is implanted in the mind of every American citizen, the way would be paved, the journey would be half traversed, towards the accomplishment of this, the reform which cries most loudly for attention.

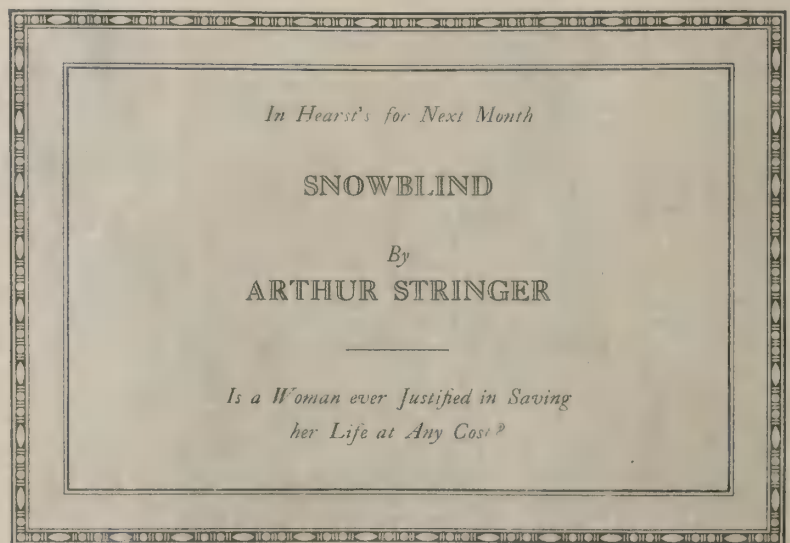
LET us get back to the fundamentals and understand this element of superabundant flesh and the causes from which it springs.

Way up here in the twentieth century we are likely to lose sight of the fact that man is an animal. He breathes, eats food, drinks water, like any other animal. If a horse is put in a stall and given all the food it can eat, and little exercise it accumulates flesh. If it is given less food, or more work, it gets thin.

Exactly the same is true of the intentions of nature towards man. Aboriginal man had his season of abundance and his season of food shortage. His body found it necessary to conserve within it the materials necessary to tide it over certain seasons. Nature swathed him roundabout with flesh that he might go weeks and months without food when the necessity arose.

MAN'S mere animal body has not yet learned that the necessities of the aborigine are not still with him. When food is abundant it stores up subsistence just as the squirrel puts away nuts for winter. But the time of fasting never comes; the flesh remains perennially and increases.

The closer a man is to the jungle the more likely he is to accumulate flesh. Where one comes from a line of people who have known plenty for many generations he is unlikely to store away reserves beneath his skin. His instincts no longer dread the season of shortage. But people who have worked much and denied themselves grow heavy with prosperity, as promises to be demonstrated in the era of prosperity and plenty that is ahead of us.



amount of fuel is put on the coals at the proper intervals the proper amount of heat is generated and the results are those desired.

Food is the fuel of the human body. It is burned up in the body just as coal is burned up in the furnace. It generates the heat that keeps the body warm and the energy that operates it.

With the furnace, if additional fuel is added and the drafts are kept so regulated that the amount of heat furnished remains the same, some of the fuel remains unconsumed and the furnace becomes clogged.

The same is true of the human body. If more food is eaten than the system needs to generate its energy, there is a residue left over, and this Nature stores away in the body in the form of fat. This fat is nothing more than unburnt fuel. It is still in the furnace ready to be burned when needed.

IN THE case of the furnace there are two ways to get rid of the accumulated fuel. The drafts may be opened so that the fire

if. His very appearance is a plea of
The evidence may be weighed on a
scale. There will be no wrangling
rs, no third degree, no cross-examina-
The accused steps on the steelyards
ings up his sentence. It is the perfect

punishment is no less perfect. In
nancing it the judge has but to hark
to those jungle days of enforced fasting
en the seasons of plenty. He has but
ess nature's cure for corpulence. The
ler is put away
period propor-
e to his offense
hout food.

PERIMENTS
ve shown that
man without
oses weight at
te of two pounds
v. Therefore,
the scales in-
an overweight
venty pounds,
entence is auto-
ally ten days.
ere is sixty
ls overweight,
entence is thirty
-without. Or
entence might
indeterminate,
g when normal
conditions are
ed.
o be released
o pounds," the
might say.
sider the joy
ny a husband,
i decades ago
e stalking of
lusive affinity,
aring a sen-
of 120 pounds pronounced on her
once had form but long since became

re again is a crime which prison does
ccentuate, but for which it furnished
nerring cure. No Warden Osbornes
quired to lead these offenders back to a
ul life. There is none of that baffling
ology here which seeks the quirk in a
lered mind, and the cure for it. There
problem of reeducation. The criminal
ngly goes forth cured of the offense
hich he was arrested.

problem of incarceration would be
ery simple. The only supplies re-
l for a month's stay in the calaboose
be a jug of water. The wards for fe-
would need to be twice as large as those
ales. While the offender is restrained
ould be repaying to the community
of the debt he owes. He would be con-
g no food and his share would remain
reserve he has so long looted. To a
e he would expiate his sin.
ould not be necessary to resort to this
ne. It is not a great task to overcome
lence and those who campaign against
ragon should issue many warnings be-
esorting to those methods which may
aranteed to be finally effective. Any
ay cure himself of corpulence. The
to self-cure should be so well blazed
there will be no excuse for him who
not follow it. But we will temporize
this offender only so long. Then will
methods that will be summary, not to
ough.

THESE preliminary days of advance-
nt towards the great reform we will do
thing we can to smooth the way for these
going, perambulating butterballs. We
however, that if one stops eating short
ere is really no great discomfort at-
d thereto. We will not be moved by the
s of these people who have yielded to
every whim so long that the will is sub-
d.

e first day of a fast there is a bit of a
mess in the stomach but nothing that is
ularly distressing to endure. A tooth-
is many times worse. After the second
ere is a depression, a bit of a weak feel-
the stomach. It could hardly be ranked
hardship. A thin man would think
ng of enduring it. But this fat man is
ature self-indulgent. He may be ex-
d to make a great fuss about the mere
r of going two or three weeks without

t to make it easy for him, to leave him
ly without excuse before we lock him
e intend to make it perfectly clear how

he can reduce without even the necessity
of suffering hunger for a single moment.
We will reduce him while at the same time
giving him five big meals a day that will
prevent his in'ards giving a single gripe of
distress.

We will put him on a "fodder diet."

THE fat man's tummy has got the habit of
being stuffed full of food. Well, let him
keep it stuffed, but with the sort of eats that
do not make fat. Let him get a five-gallon

flesh but if there were it would be worth
while. The bearer of a fifty-pound handicap
undoubtedly suffers because of it. The
authorities all agree that he would suffer
much less in throwing it off than in retain-
ing it. And he would become a useful
citizen instead of a nuisance. The food sup-
ply for the needy would be more abundant.
That loss to the community of innumerable
trained, professional men who die between
forty and fifty, because of the flesh they
carry, would be saved.

Enduring the incon-
venience of dieting
would save these
men twenty or
thirty years of life.
It is a prize worthy
of suffering to ac-
quire.

IT IS admitted that
there is no possi-
bility of saying just
how much food any
human body will re-
quire. Each man's
furnace burns a dif-
ferent amount of
fuel, depending large-
ly on the draft of en-
ergy passing through
it. A diet that is too
much for one man
is too little for an-
other. Each indi-
vidual must learn to
gauge his own bodily
need by the amount
of flesh he carries.
When he is too fat
he must put on the
brakes a bit, must
lay off the sweets and
starches. He can not
get around the stern
fact that too much

WHAT A MAN SHOULD WEIGH

Age	5 ft. 0 in.	5 ft. 1 in.	5 ft. 2 in.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 6 in.	5 ft. 7 in.	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 9 in.	5 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 11 in.	6 ft. 0 in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 3 in.	6 ft. 4 in.	6 ft. 5 in.
15	107	109	111	113	115	118	122	126	130	134	138	142	147	152	157	162	167	172
20	117	119	122	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152	156	161	166	171	176	181	186
25	122	124	126	129	133	137	141	145	149	153	157	162	167	173	179	184	189	194
30	126	128	130	133	136	140	144	148	152	156	161	166	172	178	184	190	196	201
35	128	130	132	135	138	142	146	150	155	160	165	170	176	182	188	195	201	207
40	131	133	135	138	141	145	149	153	158	163	168	174	180	186	193	200	206	212
45	133	135	137	140	143	147	151	155	160	165	170	176	182	188	195	202	209	215
50	134	136	138	141	144	148	152	156	161	166	171	177	183	190	197	204	211	217
55	135	137	139	142	145	149	153	158	163	168	173	178	184	191	198	205	212	219

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD WEIGH

Age	4 ft. 8 in.	4 ft. 9 in.	4 ft. 10 in.	4 ft. 11 in.	5 ft. 0 in.	5 ft. 1 in.	5 ft. 2 in.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 6 in.	5 ft. 7 in.	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 9 in.	5 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 11 in.	6 ft. 0 in.
15	101	103	105	106	107	109	111	112	115	118	122	126	130	134	138	142	147
20	106	108	110	112	114	116	119	122	125	128	132	136	140	143	147	151	156
25	109	111	113	115	117	119	121	124	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	154	158
30	112	114	116	118	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150	154	157	161
35	115	117	119	121	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154	157	160	163
40	119	121	123	125	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158	161	164	167
45	122	124	126	128	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161	164	168	171
50	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	156	160	164	167	171	174
55	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	156	160	164	167	171	174

can and fill it entirely full of spinach, cooked
and ready to eat. Then, whenever tummy
gives a quirk, shovel in a forkful of hay.
Tummy will wrap itself around this mat-
tress stuffing and be perfectly satisfied. The
hay will nourish the body, the useful mus-
cular part of it, but will contribute nothing
to the fleshy part. Kale, cabbage, turnips,
cauliflower, almost any of the green vege-
tables, will serve this purpose. So may the
fat man fast with his stomach stuffed and
with no inconvenience other than that of
forgoing the pleasure of gluttony to which
he is accustomed.

THE alleviation of any possible hardship
may be carried even further. The fat
person may get thin while eating freely of
all that galaxy of fresh fruits and berries
which the market offers at its height, with
the single exception of bananas. Bananas
are fattening. Other fresh fruit is nourish-
ing but tends little to increase the fatty
tissues.

As a matter of fact, one can be quite self-
indulgent and still reduce his flesh. There
is danger in telling the fat man the less
strenuous methods because he may be de-
pendent upon to follow the easiest way. As
a matter of fact he may live well and re-
duce. He can not get those maximum and
immediate results he would secure if he had
the character for actual fasting but he can
reduce. He can, in fact, eat all the following
materials and yet tend towards attenuation:

Lean meats and fish (except pork, bacon
goose, sausage, shad, fresh salmon, sardines,
mackerel), thin soups, eggs not cooked in
grease, fresh fruit except bananas, dried
fruits without sugar, berries, string beans,
lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, asparagus,
green peas, brussels sprouts, cabbage,
cauliflower, okra, onions, celery, watermelon,
tomatoes, artichokes, spinach, squash, beets,
turnips, oyster plant, fruit and vegetable
salads, tea, coffee (sweetened with saccharine
or unsweetened), buttermilk, skimmed milk,
lemonade, orangeade, ginger ale, desserts
made of gelatin or Irish moss.

THERE are likewise certain foods which
must be avoided. First among these
are the starches, including bread, crackers,
cereals, macaroni, tapioca, cornstarch, pota-
toes, nuts. There are likewise the sweets,
including candy, sugar, preserves, sirups,
honeys, chocolates, marmalade. The sweet
taste without any flesh-building result may
be obtained by using saccharine tablets.
There are the fat meats and fishes and other
meats cooked in grease. There are the rich
sweet desserts.

There is here plenty that is good to eat.
There is no real hardship in reducing the

flesh is absolute proof of the consumption of
too much food.

It is as well, also, to admit that the
exercise cure is a myth. Assuredly exercise
opens the draft, but no man is going to take
enough exercise to work off fifty pounds of
flesh and keep it worked off. It would re-
quire five hours in a gymnasium every
day. No fat man is going to take that
amount of exercise. He would have to keep
it up to keep the flesh down. The funda-
mental thing is that he is stoking in too
much fuel.

THE fat man has got to work out his
destiny through a regulation of his food
intake.

This is a warning to him to be up and at it.
If he does not the country is to be organized
to declare him a criminal and to punish him.
All those who have an innate respect for the
human form divine are to be called to arms
to fight against its desecration. The Bol-
shevists are to be put on his trail as the
individual who most obviously deserves
bombs because he is getting more than his
share of food, that food for which others
are dying. He is to be held up to the
scorn of the world, to be advertised as the
indolent, phlegmatic, selfish, sluggish, greedy,
unlovely gourmand that he is. His name
is to be made a byword of derision. He
is to become as the lepers of old, des-
pised and stoned from the walks of normal
men.

THE Public Health Service, the Army,
the life-insurance companies, all those
agencies that attempt to establish the
proper weight in proportion to the height,
have accepted average weight. The prop-
ortions of the average American man
and woman at given ages, according to
life-insurance examinations of 220,000 indi-
viduals, are shown in the table on this
page.

THE likelihood of death increases rapidly
with the accumulation of flesh. The
greater the amount of flesh carried, the
sooner may death be expected. Figures,
combined from the experience of forty-three
life-insurance companies, for men between
forty-five and fifty, show that this likelihood
of death increases approximately five per cent
for each five pounds of overweight—whereas,
those who are underweight even up to forty
pounds have about the same chance of life
as a normal person.

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periences of a pretty, wide-awake girl who
took a factory job. Coming soon in Hearst's.

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if used for every-day toilet
purposes. Largest selling
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purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and
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perfume. Everywhere for 25c. Sample each
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Laboratories, Dept. AA, Malden, Mass.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



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dear, with some nice

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and forget that horrid
old cough."

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old dad the night trip to
the drug store next time
by having an extra bottle
of Kemp's Balsam in the
house all ready for big
and little coughs alike.

Get a bottle now.
Le Roy, N. Y.

have to think of all their good points or it would be impossible to endure them. But when they are away, we console ourselves for their absence by dwelling on their vices. That is how I have come to think my absent daughter Ariadne a perfect fiend; so do not try to ingratiate yourself here by impersonating her. (He walks firmly away to the other side of the room.)

Ellie (rising and coming to the table to put down her empty cup)—Lady Utterword, do you think Mrs. Hushabye really expects me?

Lady Utterword—Oh, don't ask me. You can see for yourself that I've just arrived; her only sister, after twenty-three years' absence! And it seems that I am not expected.

The Captain—What does it matter whether the young lady is expected or not? She is welcome. There are beds; there is food. I'll find a room for her myself. (He makes for the door.)

Ellie (following him to stop him)—Oh, please! (He goes out.) Lady Utterword, I don't know what to do. Your father persists in believing that my father is some sailor who robbed him.

Lady Utterword—You had better pretend not to notice it. My father is a very clever man; but he always forgot things; and now that he is old, of course he is worse. And I must warn you that it is sometimes very hard to feel quite sure that he really forgets.

JUST then Mrs. Hushabye bursts into the room tempestuously and embraces Ellie. She is a couple of years older than Lady Utterword and even better-looking. Unlike her sister she is uncorseted and dressed anyhow in a rich robe of black pile that shows off her white skin and statuesque contour.

MRS. HUSHABYE—Ellie, my darling, my pettinkins! (Kissing her) How long have you been here? I've been at home all the time; I was putting flowers and things in your room; and when I just sat down for a moment to try how comfortable the armchair was, I went off to sleep. Papa woke me and told me you were here. Fancy your finding no one, and being neglected and abandoned. (Kissing her again) My poor love! (She deposits Ellie on the sofa. Meanwhile Ariadne has left the table and come over to claim her share of attention.) Oh! You've brought someone with you. Introduce me.

Lady Utterword—Hesione, is it possible that you don't know me?

Mrs. Hushabye (conventionally)—Of course I remember your face quite well. Where have we met?

Lady Utterword—Didn't Papa tell you I was here? Oh! This is really too much. (She throws herself sulkily into the big chair.)

Mrs. Hushabye—Papa!

Lady Utterword—Yes, Papa. Our papa, you unfeeling wretch! (Rising angrily) I'll go straight to a hotel.

Mrs. Hushabye (seizing her by the shoulders)—My goodness gracious goodness! You don't mean to say that you're Addy!

Lady Utterword—I certainly am Addy; and I don't think I can be so changed that you would not have recognized me if you had any real affection for me. And Papa didn't think me even worth mentioning!

Mrs. Hushabye—What a lark! Sit down. (She pushes her back into the chair instead of kissing her, and posts herself behind it.) You do look a swell. You're much handsomer than you used to be. You've made the acquaintance of Ellie, of course. She is going to marry a perfect hog of a millionaire for the sake of her father, who is as poor as a church mouse; and you must help me to stop her.

MRS. HUSHABYE runs on gaily—but none the less earnestly—to tell how much she disapproves of pretty, youthful Ellie's proposed marriage to stupid, fat, rich, old Boss Mangan. And Lady Utterword grows increasingly resentful because her homecoming is being ignored for the sake of Ellie's affairs. At last she can stand it no longer.

LADY UTTERWORD (rising suddenly and explosively)—Hesione, are you going to kiss me, or are you not?

Mrs. Hushabye—What do you want to be kissed for?

Lady Utterword—I don't want to be kissed; but I do want you to behave properly and decently. We are sisters. We have been separated for twenty-three years. You ought to kiss me.

Mrs. Hushabye—Tomorrow morning, dear, before you make up. I hate the smell of powder.

Heartbreak House

(Continued from page 43)



"My dreams are all dashed to pieces, so I think I should like to marry a very old, very rich man. . . . Are you very rich?" Ellie of "Heartbreak House" asks calmly.

Lady Utterword—Oh! You unfeeling— (She is interrupted by the return of the Captain.)

The Captain (to Ellie)—Your room is ready. (Ellie rises.) The sheets were damp; but I have changed them. (He makes for the garden door.)

Lady Utterword—Oh! What about my sheets?

The Captain (halting at the door)—Take my advice: air them; or take them off and sleep in blankets.

"I WILL not be ignored and pretended to be somebody else. I will have it out with Papa now, this instant!" declares Lady Utterword and flounces out of the room. Whereupon Mrs. Hushabye has an intimate, tender talk with Ellie. Though she can not persuade the girl to give up her intention of marrying Boss Mangan, she does get her to confess to a secret romance. She has been meeting one Marcus Darnley, to whom she has had no proper introduction but who seems to know, says Ellie, "lots of the most splendid people. Fashionable women who are all in love with him! His life has been one long romance: He was found in an antique chest one summer morning in a rose garden, after a night of the most terrible thunderstorm, with 'Marcus Darnley' embroidered on his baby clothes and five hundred pounds in gold! When Mrs. Hushabye refuses to believe such nonsense, Ellie is much hurt.

ELLIE (flushing)—Hesione, don't say that you don't believe him. I couldn't bear that.

Mrs. Hushabye (soothing her)—Of course I believe him, dearest. But you should have broken it to me by degrees. (Drawing her back to her seat) Now tell me all about him. Are you in love with him?

Ellie—Oh, no! I'm not so foolish. I don't fall in love with people. I'm not so silly as you think.

Mrs. Hushabye—I see. Only something to think about—to give some interest and pleasure to life.

Ellie—Just so. That's all, really.

Mrs. Hushabye (caressing her)—Pettinkins, my pettinkins, how I envy you! And how I pity you!

Ellie—Pity me! Oh, why?

A VERY handsome man of fifty comes into the room from the hall, and stops short at sight of the two women on the sofa.

ELLIE (seeing him and rising in glad surprise)—Oh! Hesione, this is Mr. Marcus Darnley.

Mrs. Hushabye (rising)—What a lark! He is my husband.

Ellie—But how— (She stops suddenly, then turns pale and sways.)

Mrs. Hushabye (catching her and sitting down with her on the sofa)—Steady, my pettinkins.

The Man (with a mixture of confusion and effrontery, depositing his hat and slick on the teak table)—My real name, Miss Dunn, is Hector Hushabye. I leave you to judge whether that is a name any sensitive man would care to confess to. I never use it when I can possibly help it. I have been away for nearly a month; and I had no idea you knew my wife, or that you were coming here. I am none the less delighted to find you in our little house.

Ellie (in great distress)—I don't know what to do. Please, may I speak to Papa? Do leave me. I can't bear it.

Mrs. Hushabye—Be off, Hector.

Hector—I—

Mrs. Hushabye—Quick, quick! Get out.

Hector—If you think it better— (He goes out.)

Mrs. Hushabye (laying Ellie down at the end of the sofa)—Now, pettinkins, he is gone. There's nobody but me. You can let yourself go. Don't try to control yourself. Have a good cry.

Ellie (raising her head)—Damn!

Mrs. Hushabye—Splendid! Oh, what a relief! I thought you were going to be broken-hearted. Never mind me. Damn him again.

Ellie—I am not damning him. I am damning myself for being such a fool. (Rising) How could I let myself be taken in so? (She begins prowling to and fro, her bloom gone, looking curiously older and harder.)

Mrs. Hushabye (cheerfully)—Why not, pettinkins? Very few young women can resist Hector. I couldn't when I was your age. He is really rather splendid, you know.

Ellie (turning on her)—Splendid! Yes, splendid looking, of course. But how can you love a liar?

Mrs. Hushabye—I don't know. But you can, fortunately. Otherwise there wouldn't be much love in the world.

Ellie (staring at her thoughtfully)—There's something odd about this house, Hesione, and even about you. I don't know why I'm

talking to you so calmly. I have a heart that my heart is broken, but that break is not like what I thought it must be. Mrs. Hushabye (fondling her)—It's life educating you, pettinkins.

AND Hesione Hushabye knows—has been sympathy and magnificent have been learned from life. Nothing, apparently, can disconcert or upset her, for when she comes in suddenly from the door and catches Hector kissing the seductive Utterword, she laughs lightly and gives her husband gentle warning. "Take care, child. I don't believe any man can kiss without falling in love with her!" And the invincible, goes off to charm Ellie's attractive suitor. For if she can not hope to persuade Ellie to break her ridiculous engagement, she herself will fascinate Mangan! so well does she succeed that before the day is over the Boss is actually asking Ellie to give him his freedom. She refuses.

ELLIE—Mr. Mangan, we must be sensible, mustn't we? It's no use pretending that we are Romeo and Juliet. We can get on very well together if we choose to make the best of it.

Mangan—Suppose I told you I was in love with another woman!

Ellie (echoing him)—Suppose I told you I was in love with another man!

Mangan (bouncing angrily out of his chair)—I'm not joking.

Ellie—Who told you I was?

Mangan—I tell you I'm serious. You're too young to be serious; but you'll have to believe me. I want to be near your father. Mrs. Hushabye. I'm in love with her. Now the murder's out.

Ellie—I want to be near your friend Hushabye. I'm in love with him. (She adds with a frank air) Now we are one another's confidence, we shall be friends. Thank you for telling me. Of course you are free to throw overboard your engagement if you like; but, if you do, never enter Hesione's house again. Take care of that.

Mangan (gasping)—You little You've done me. (On the point of collapsing into the big chair again he recovers himself.) Wait a bit, though; you're not so cute as you think. You can't beat Boss Mangan as easy as that. Suppose I go straight to Hushabye and tell her that you're in love with her husband.

Ellie—She knows it.

Mangan—You told her!

Ellie—She told me!

Mangan (clutching at his bursting temper)—Oh, this is a crazy house. Or else I'm clean off my chump. Is she making a bet with you—she to have your husband and you to have hers?

Ellie—Well, you don't want us both, do you?

BECAUSE she senses a spiritual link between herself and old Captain Shotover, Ellie appeals to him for sympathy and understanding. The old mariner is busy at a drawing-board. Ellie, standing sentry over her chair, contemplates him for a moment.

ELLIE—Does nothing ever disturb you, Captain Shotover?

Captain Shotover—I've stood on the beach for eighteen hours in a typhoon. Life's a stormier; but I can stand it.

Ellie—Do you think I ought to marry Mr. Mangan?

Captain Shotover (never looking up)—Rock is as good as another to be wrecked on. Ellie—I am not in love with him.

Captain Shotover—Who said you were?

Ellie—You are not surprised?

Captain Shotover—Surprised! At my age?

Ellie—It seems to me quite fair. You want me for one thing; I want him for another.

Captain Shotover—Money?

Ellie—Yes.

Captain Shotover—Well, one turns cheek; the other kisses it. One provides cash; the other spends it. . . .

Ellie (with a short laugh)—What a world it is!

Captain Shotover—It doesn't concern me nearly out of it.

Ellie—And I'm only just beginning.

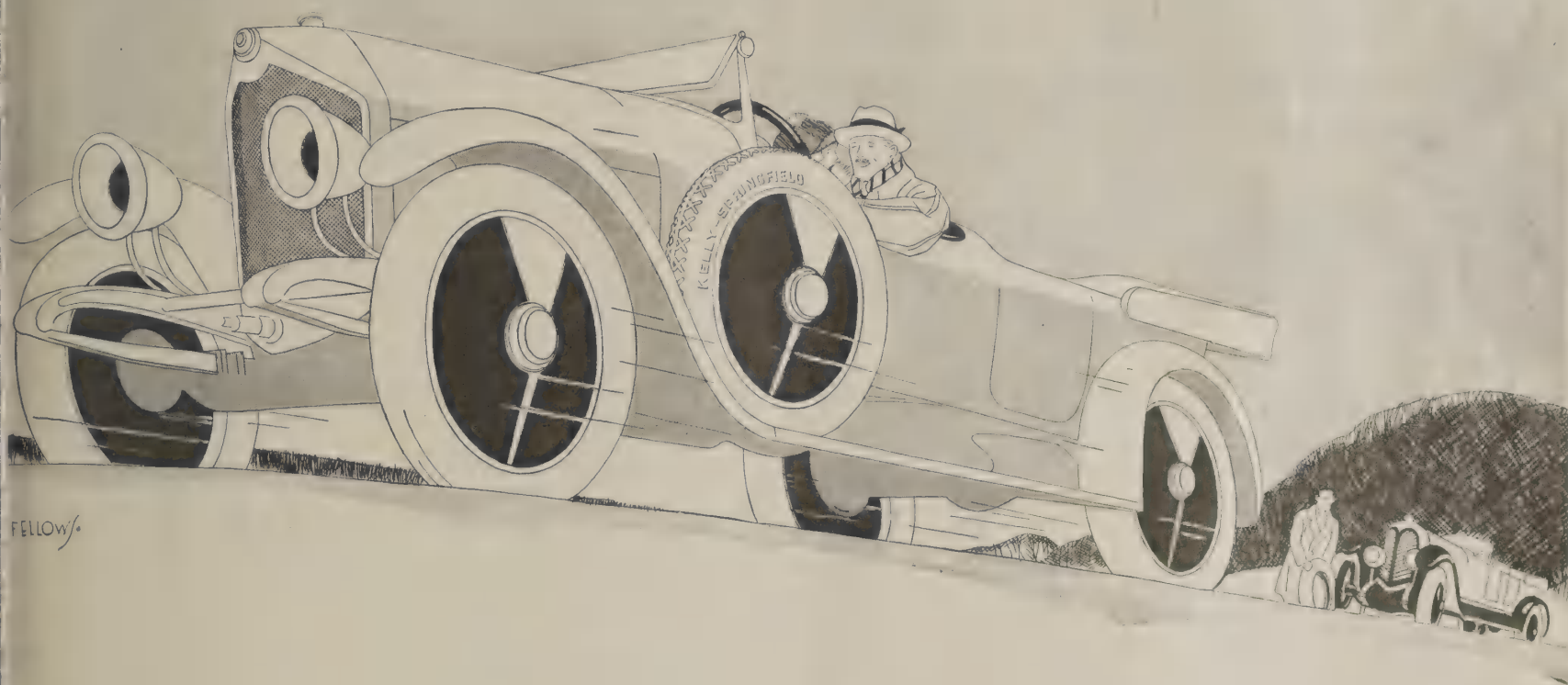
Captain Shotover—Yes; so look ahead.

Ellie—Well, I think I am being very decent.

Captain Shotover—I didn't say you were. I said look ahead.

Ellie—What's the difference?

Captain Shotover—It's prudent to gain the whole world and lose your own soul.



"We've been pretty lucky, haven't we, Jack? We've never had tire trouble yet."

"That hasn't been luck, dear; it's been judgment. I've always stuck to Kelly-Springfields."



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don't forget that your soul sticks to you if you stick to it; but the world has a way of slipping through your fingers.

ELLIE protests wearily that only old-fashioned people believe you can have a soul without money. "They think the less money you have, the more soul you have. Young people nowadays know better. A soul is a very expensive thing to keep; much more so than a motor-car. It eats music and pictures and books and mountains and lakes and beautiful things to wear and nice people to be with. . . ."

CAPTAIN SHOTOVER—I can't argue; I'm too old; my mind is made up and finished. All I can tell you is that, old-fashioned or new-fashioned, if you sell yourself, you deal your soul a blow that all the books and pictures and concerts and scenery in the world won't heal. (He gets up suddenly and makes for the pantry.)

Ellie (again seizing his arm)—You shall not run away from me. I can hypnotize you. You are the only person in the house I can say what I like to. I know you are fond of me. Sit down.

Captain Shotover (yielding)—Take care: I am in my dotage. Old men are dangerous; it doesn't matter to them what is going to happen to the world.

THEY sit side by side on the sofa. She leans affectionately against him with her head on his shoulder and her eyes half closed.

ELLIE (dreamily)—I should have thought nothing else mattered to old men. They can't be very interested in what is going to happen to themselves.

Captain Shotover—A man's interest in the world is only the overflow from his interest in himself. When you are a child your vessel is not yet full; so you care for nothing but your own affairs. When you grow up, your vessel overflows; and you are a politician, a philosopher, or an explorer and adventurer. In old age the vessel dries up; there is no overflow; you are a child again. . . . You are looking for a rich husband. At your age I looked for hardship, danger, horror, and death, that I might feel the life in me more intensely. I did not let the fear of death govern my life; and my reward was, I had my life. You are going to let the fear of poverty govern your life; and your reward will be that you will eat, but you will not live. . . . I can't think so long and continuously. I am too old. I must go in and out. (He tries to rise.)

Ellie (pulling him back)—You shall not. You are happy here, aren't you?

Captain Shotover—I tell you it's dangerous to keep me. I can't keep awake and alert.

Ellie—What do you run away for? To sleep?

Captain Shotover—No. To get a glass of rum.

Ellie (frightfully disillusioned)—Is that it? How disgusting! Do you like being drunk?

Captain Shotover—No; I dread being drunk more than anything in the world. To be drunk means to have dreams; to go soft; to be easily pleased and deceived; to fall into the clutches of women. Drink does that for you when you are young. But when you are old—very very old, like me—the dreams come by themselves. I drink now to keep sober; but the dreams are conquering.

Ellie—You dread it almost as much as I used to dread losing my dreams and having to fight and do things. But that is all over for me; my dreams are dashed to pieces. I should like to marry a very old, very rich man. I should like to marry you. I had much rather marry you than marry Mangan. Are you very rich?

Captain Shotover—No. Living from hand to mouth. And I have a wife, somewhere in Jamaica—a black one; my first wife—unless she's dead.

Ellie—What a pity! I feel so happy with you. (She takes his hand, almost unconsciously, and pats it.) I thought I should never feel happy again.

Captain Shotover—Why?

Ellie—Don't you know?

Captain Shotover—No.

Ellie—Heartbreak. I fell in love with Hector, and didn't know he was married.

Captain Shotover—Heartbreak? Are you one of those who are so sufficient to themselves that they are only happy when they are stripped of everything, even of hope?

Ellie (gripping the hand)—It seems so; for I feel now as if there was nothing I could not do because I want nothing.

Captain Shotover—That's the only real

strength. That's genius. That's better than rum. . . .

AND Ellie makes use of her new courage and strength. That evening, when the Hushabys and their guests are all gathered together in the moonlit garden of Heartbreak House, and Mangan is boasting that he could govern all England if he would, Ellie announces calmly that she has decided not to marry him, after all.



MISS HELEN WESTLEY of the New York Theatre Guild—but not as she appears in the rôle of Nurse Guinness of Heartbreak House! (See the Play of the Month on page 41.) Miss Westley is distinctly a lady of parts—for not only has she appeared in every one of the half-dozen or more plays the Theatre Guild has produced, but she appeared with John Barrymore in "Redemption," and before that she was one of the Washington Square Players. But Miss Westley has done her most skillful work in such recent Theatre Guild successes as "John Ferguson," "Jane Clegg," and this latest brilliant Shavian comedy, "Heartbreak House."

MANGAN (indignantly)—What! Do you mean to say you are going to throw me over after my acting so handsome?

Ellie—Only half an hour ago I became Captain Shotover's white wife.

Mrs. Hushabye—Ellie! What nonsense! Where?

Ellie—In heaven, where all true marriages are made.

Lady Utterword—Really, Miss Dunn! Really, Papa!

Ellie—Yes. I, Ellie Dunn, give my broken heart and my strong sound soul to its natural captain, my spiritual husband and second father.

SHE draws the Captain's arm through hers, and pats his hand. He is fast asleep.

MRS. HUSHABYE—Oh, that's very clever of you, pettiks—very clever. Alfred, you could never have lived up to Ellie. You must be content with a little share of me.

Mangan (sniffing and wiping his eyes)—It isn't kind—(His emotion chokes him.) . . . Ever since I came into this silly house I have been made to look like a fool, though I'm as good a man in this house as in the city.

Ellie (musically)—Yes; this silly house, this strangely happy house, this agonizing house, this house without foundations. I shall call it Heartbreak House.

BUT all of the inhabitants of Heartbreak House—except Boss Mangan—are frankly troubled over what must happen sooner or later to charming, thoughtful folk like themselves and to England, if the Empire's destiny be left longer to the Capitalists like Boss Mangan . . . and to Providence.

CAPTAIN SHOTOVER—Every drunken skipper trusts to Providence. But one of the ways of Providence with drunken skip-pers is to run them on the rocks.

Mazzini—Very true, no doubt. But in politics, I assure you, they go into jellyfish. Nothing happens.

Captain Shotover—At sea nothing happens to the sea. Nothing happens to the sun comes up from the east and down to the west. The moon grows sickle to an arc lamp, and comes later until she is lost in the light and things are lost in the darkness.

typhoon, the flying-fish glitters like sunshine like birds. It's amazing they get along, all things considered. Nothing happens, except something worth mentioning.

Ellie—What is that, O Captain my Captain?

Captain Shotover (savagely)—Not the smash of the drunken ship on the rocks, the splintering her rotten timbers, the tearing rusty plates, the drowning of the like rats in a trap.

Hector—And this ship we are This soul's prison we call England.

Captain Shotover—The captain his bunk, drinking bottled ditch and the crew is gambling in the castle. She will strike and split. Do you think the laws will be suspended in favor of Ellie because you were born in it?

Hector—Well, I don't mean drowned like a rat in a trap. I have the will to live. What am I?

Captain Shotover—Do? No simpler. Learn your business Englishman.

Hector—And what may my business as an Englishman be, pray?

Captain Shotover—Navigation, it and live; or leave it and be damned.

Mazzini—I thought all that out; but I assure you nothing will happen. (A dull distant explosion is heard.)

Hector (starting up)—What was that?

Captain Shotover—Something happened. (He blows his whistle.) Breakers!

(The garden lamp goes out.)

Hector (furiously)—Who put that out? Who dared put that light out?

Nurse Guinness (running in from the middle of the expanse)—I did. The police have telephoned to say I am summoned if we don't put that light can be seen for miles.

Hector—It shall be seen for a hundred miles. (He dashes into the house.)

Nurse Guinness—The rectory is a heap of bricks, they say. Unless I can give the rector a bed he has now lay his head this night.

Captain Shotover—The Church is rocks, breaking up. I told him so unless it headed for God's open sea.

Nurse Guinness—And you are all down to the cellars.

Captain Shotover—Go there yourself and all the crew. Batten down the hatches.

BUT of all the Hushabye guests, Boss Mangan is the only one who is frankly terrified. He and a burglar who has caught in the act of making off with Utterword's diamonds and shut up in the cellar, flee for their lives and take refuge in the garden of Heartbreak House. A terrific explosion shakes the earth.

HECTOR—Where did it fall?

Nurse Guinness (in hideous triumph)—Right in the gravel pit! I seen it. So right! I seen it. (She runs away toward the gravel pit, laughing harshly.)

THEY wait in silence and intense expectation. Hecione and Ellie look at each other tight. A more distant explosion is heard.

MRS. HUSHABYE (relaxing her shoulders)—Oh! They have passed us.

Lady Utterword—The danger is over. Captain Shotover—Turn in, all hands. The ship is safe. (He sits down and goes to sleep.)

Ellie (disappointed)—Safe! Safe! Safe! (She sits down and goes to sleep.)

Hector (disgustedly)—Yes, safe. A damned dull world has become suddenly! (He sits down.)

Mazzini (sitting down)—I was quite after all. It is we who have survived Mangan and the burglar.

Hector—The two burglars—

Lady Utterword—The two practical business—

Mazzini—Both gone. And the clergyman will have to get a new house.

Mrs. Hushabye—What a glorious experience! They'll come again tomorrow night.

Ellie (radiant at the prospect)—Oh, Th

Mrs. Wharton's New Novel

(Continued from page 45)

abyssal purity. "We'll read 'Faust' by the Italian lakes . . ." light, somewhat hazily confusing the projected honeymoon with the piece of literature which it would be a privilege to reveal to his bride. It was that afternoon that May Welland guessed that she "cared" (New England phrase of maiden avowal), ready his imagination, leaping ahead of engagement ring, the betrothal kiss, the march from "Lohengrin," pictured his side in some scene of old European

Newland Archer's self-complacency is seen to its depths and the club box with gossip, when a slim young woman in velvet gown caught up theatrically by bosom, and with a band of diamonds, her dark curls, makes her appearance May Welland in the Mingott box. "I think the Mingotts would have tried . . ." is the amazed verdict. For this young woman, so unconscious of the she is attracting, is the Countess—the little Ellen Mingott of years gone—married "brilliantly" abroad, but husband after a brief time, and has come back to the New York of her

act was ending, and there was a stir in the box. Suddenly Archer felt himself impelled to action. The desire to be the first to enter Mrs. Welland's box, to proclaim his world his engagement to May, and to see her through whatever es her cousin's anomalous situation involve her in; this impulse overruled all scruples and sent him hurrying through corridors to the farther side of the

know my niece Countess Olenska?" Welland inquired as she shook hands with her future son-in-law. Archer bowed, extending his hand, as was the custom introduced to a lady; and Ellen bent her head slightly, keeping her gloved hands clasped on her huge feathered. Having greeted Mrs. Mingott, a large blonde lady in satin, he sat down beside his bride and said in a low tone: "I hope to tell Madame Olenska that we're . . . I want everybody to know—I want to let me and this evening at

Welland's face as the dawn, looked at him with diant eyes. "If you persuade Madame said; "but why change what is settled?" He answered but that his eyes returned, added, still more smiling: "Tell yourself: I give e. She says she play with you a were children." ade way for him ng back her chair, aptly, and a little ously, with the that the whole ould see what he ng, Archer seated at the Countess's side.

id use to play together, didn't we?" d, turning her grave eyes to his. re a horrid boy, and kissed me once door; but it was your cousin Vandie, who never looked at me, that I ove with." Her glance swept the e curve of boxes. "Ah, how this e back to me! I see everybody nickerbockers and pantalettes," she th her trailing, slightly foreign er eyes returning to his face. ble as their expression was, the an was shocked that they should re-unseemly a picture of the august before which, at that very moment, was being tried. Nothing could be taste than misplaced flippancy; and ered somewhat stiffly: "Yes, you n away a very long time."

"Oh, centuries and centuries! So long," she said, "that I'm sure I'm dead and buried, and this dear old place is heaven." Which, for reasons he could not define, struck Newland Archer as an even more disrespectful way of describing New York society.

SHORTLY there is a scandalous rumor abroad that Ellen intends to get a divorce! And Archer, almost against his will, finds himself taking the unhappy young woman's part. "Women ought to be free—as free as we are! I'm sick of the hypocrisy that would keep a woman of her age buried alive if her husband prefers to live with harlots!" Yet on his first visit to Ellen in the shabby little house she has hired for herself, far down on unfashionable West Twenty-third Street, Archer tries hard to make her realize how exacting the conventions of their circle are. Gently he urges Ellen to cling to the women of her family. "They like and admire you—they want to help you."

SHE shook her head and sighed. "Oh, I know—I know! But on condition that they don't hear anything unpleasant. Aunt Welland put it in those very words when I tried. . . . Does no one want to know the truth here, Mr. Archer? The real loneliness is living among all these kind people who only ask one to pretend!"

She lifted her hands to her face, and he saw her thin shoulders shaken by a sob.

"Madame Olenska! Oh, don't, Ellen!" he cried, starting up and bending over her. He drew down one of her hands, clasping and chafing it like a child's while he murmured reassuring words; but in a moment she freed herself, and looked up at him with wet lashes.

"Does no one cry here, either? I suppose there's no need to, in heaven," she said, straightening her loosened braids with a laugh, and bending over the tea-kettle. It was burnt into his consciousness that he had called her "Ellen"—called her so twice; and that she had not noticed it. Far down the inverted telescope he saw the faint white figure of May Welland—in New York.

BUT the arrival of a certain Mrs. Struthers interrupts them. That Ellen should give cordial welcome to a woman whom all elite New York regards as "impossible" offends

thing too rich, too strong, in their fiery beauty. In a sudden revulsion of mood, and almost without knowing what he did, he signed to the florist to lay the roses in another long box, and slipped his card into a second envelope, on which he wrote the name of the Countess Olenska; then, just as he was turning away, he drew the card out again, and left the empty envelope on the box.

"They'll go at once?" inquired he, pointing to the roses.

The florist assured him that they would.

THE next day he persuaded May to escape for a walk in the park after luncheon. As was the custom in old-fashioned Episcopalian New York, she usually accompanied her parents to church on Sunday afternoons; but Mrs. Welland condoned her truancy, having that very morning won her over to the necessity of a long engagement, with time to prepare a hand-embroidered trousseau containing the proper number of dozens.

The day was delectable. The bare vaulting of trees along the Mall was ceiled with lapis lazuli, and arched above snow that shone like splintered crystals. It was the weather to call out May's radiance, and she burned like a young maple in the frost. Archer was proud of the glances turned on her, and the simple joy of possession cleared away his underlying perplexities.

"It's so delicious—waking every morning to smell lilies-of-the-valley in one's room!" she said.

"Yesterday they came late. I hadn't time in the morning—"

"But your remembering each day to send them makes me love them so much more than if you'd given a standing order, and they came every morning on the minute, like one's music-teacher—as I know Gertrude Lefert's did, for instance, when she and Lawrence were engaged."

"Ah—they would!" laughed Archer, amused at her keenness. He looked sideways at her fruitlike cheek and felt rich and secure enough to add: "When I sent your lilies yesterday afternoon I saw some rather gorgeous yellow roses and packed them off to Madame Olenska. Was that right?"

"How dear of you! Anything of that kind delights her. It's odd she didn't mention it; she lunched with us today, and spoke of Mr. Beaufort's having sent her wonderful orchids."

"Oh, well, no wonder mine were overshadowed by Beaufort's," said Archer irritably. Then he remembered that he had not put a card with the roses, and was vexed at having spoken of them. He wanted to say, "I called on your cousin yesterday," but hesitated. If Madame Olenska had not spoken of his visit it might seem awkward that he should. Yet not to do so gave the affair an air of mystery that he disliked. To shake off the question he began to talk of their own plans, their future, and Mrs. Welland's insistence on a long engagement.

"If you call it long! Isabel Chivers and Reggie were engaged for two years; Grace and Thorley for nearly a year and a half. Why aren't we very

well off as we are?"

It was the traditional maidenly interrogation, and he felt ashamed of himself for finding it singularly childish. No doubt she simply echoed what was said for her; but she was nearing her twenty-second birthday, and he wondered at what age "nice" women began to speak for themselves.

BUT when Ellen Olenska really undertakes to secure her divorce, it is Newland Archer who (because he is marrying into the family) is sent to urge her against so disgraceful a step. Ellen is passionately eager to be free—to cut herself off from her unhappy past. Yet Archer convinces her that for her own and her family's sake she must give up her plan. But as the days pass, Archer's occasional rare meetings with Ellen Olenska fix her more and more deeply in his



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SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

In Hearsi's for Next Month

Archer gravely, and he leaves as soon as he well can.

HE WAS not sorry for the dénouement of his visit: he only wished it had come sooner, and spared him a certain waste of emotion. As he went out into the wintry night, New York again became vast and imminent, and May Welland the loveliest woman in it. He turned into his florist's to send her the daily box of lilies-of-the-valley which, to his confusion, he found he had forgotten that morning.

As he wrote a word on his card and waited for an envelope he glanced about the embowered shop, and his eye lit on a cluster of yellow roses. He had never seen any as sun-golden before, and his first impulse was to send them to May instead of the lilies. But they did not look like her—there was some-

dreams, till a note from Ellen is capable of throwing him into such uncertainty that he runs away from her, follows May Welland to St. Augustine and for his peace of mind—begs her desperately to marry him soon—now. But he fails to persuade her and, accepting his defeat, returns home. But back in New York again he can not resist the temptation of making at least one more brief call at Ellen Olenska's little house.

ELLEN was dressed as if for a ball. Everything about her shimmered and glimmered softly, as if her dress had been woven out of candle-beams; and she carried her head high, like a pretty woman challenging a roomful of rivals.

TELLING this irresistibly lovely woman of his feeling for her, or reporting his recent talk with May, had been far from Archer's intention. Yet that is exactly what he does.

ELLEN started up and, freeing herself from him, moved away to the other side of the hearth. "Ah, don't make love to me! Too many people have done that," she said, frowning.

Archer, changing color, stood up also: it was the bitterest rebuke she could have given him. "I have never made love to you," he said, "and I never shall. But you are the woman I would have married if it had been possible for either of us."

"Possible for either of us?" She looked at him with unfeigned astonishment. "And you say that—when it's you who've made it impossible?"

He stared at her, groping in a blackness through which a single arrow of light tore its blinding way.

"I've made it impossible—"

"You, you, you!" she cried, her lip trembling like a child's on the verge of tears. "Isn't it you who made me give up divorcing—give it up because you showed me how selfish and wicked it was, how one must sacrifice one's self to preserve the dignity of marriage . . . and to spare one's family the publicity, the scandal? And because my family was going to be your family—for May's sake and for yours—I did what you told me, what you proved to me that I ought to do. Ah!" she broke out with a sudden laugh. "I've made no secret of having done it for you!"

She sank down on the sofa again, crouching among the festive ripples of her dress like a stricken masquerader; and the young man stood by the fireplace and continued to gaze at her without moving.

"Ellen! What madness! Why are you crying! Nothing's done that can't be undone. I'm still free, and you're going to be." He had her in his arms, her face like a wet flower at his lips, and all their vain terrors shriveling up like ghosts at sunrise. The one thing that astonished him now was that he should have stood for five minutes arguing with her across the width of the room, when just touching her made everything so simple.

She gave him back all his kisses, but after a moment he felt her stiffening in his arms, and she put him aside and stood up.

"Ah, my poor Newland! I suppose this had to be. But it doesn't in the least alter things," she said, looking down at him in her turn from the hearth.

"It alters the whole of life for me."

"No, no—it mustn't, it can't. You're engaged to May Welland; and I'm married."

AND Ellen is right. For a telegram arrives which settles in the minds of both any lingering hope they may have had. Dated from St. Augustine and addressed to Madame Olenska it reads: "Papa and Mamma agree marriage after Easter. Am telegraphing Newland. Am too happy for words and love you dearly. Your grateful May."

Four weeks from that day Newland Archer is married. After a long wedding-tour abroad which May vaguely summarized as "blissful" and which Archer found somehow disappointing, they come back to New York, where Archer has every reason to be proud of this cool,

come once." He knew the power she would put in his hands if she consented; there would be no difficulty then in persuading her not to go back to her husband.

But something silenced the word on his lips. A sort of passionate honesty in her made it inconceivable that he should try to draw her into that familiar trap. "If I were to let her come," he said to himself, "I should have to let her go again." And that was not to be imagined.

But he saw the shadow of the lashes on her wet cheek, and wavered.

She turned away, and he followed and

FOUR POPULAR NEW BOOKS

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE," by Edith Wharton, appears in convenient, shortened form as the "Book of the Month" in Hearst's (see page 45). Besides this extremely popular new story of Mrs. Wharton's there are at least three other very attractive new novels on the best-seller list. "The Enemies of Women," by the famous Spanish novelist Blasco Ibáñez, was a few months ago a very successful serial in Hearst's. Now in book form, this vigorous story of Michael, who believed that he—and all other men as well—lived best without women, repeats its initial success. "In Chancery," by John Galsworthy, is another important new novel. Here the great English novelist tells a story of the period of the Boer War, and of Soames Forsyte, the Man of Property, who fights for himself and his own way—and finally loses to another of the Forsytes the wife who had never really been his. This intricate weaving of family ties, of the kith and kin of the Forsytes, into a slow-moving but none the less engrossing tale is thoroughly Galsworthian—and therefore welcome. Mary Roberts Rinehart's new novel is a book of a very different sort. Of up-to-the-minute American life, vividly written as Mrs. Rinehart's books usually are, "A Poor Wise Man" is a swift-moving story of love and adventure. Lily Cardew returns from the wars, and—over the protest of her family—clings to the friendship of Willy Cameron, a drugstore clerk she knew overseas. And this poor wise man very fully rewards the confidence of the foolish rich girl who loved him.

self-contained, beautiful wife of his.

A year and a half slips by and the idea that he could ever, in his senses, have dreamed of marrying the Countess Olenska is almost unthinkable—he sees her again! After that his mood is one of constant uncertainty. But Ellen holds his importunate lovemaking at bay, refuses to let him spoil his life by running away with her. Finally she offers to come to him—once and then go home.

THE blood rushed to the young man's forehead. "Dearest!" he said, without moving. It seemed as if he held his heart in his hands, like a full cup that the least motion might overbrim.

Then her last phrase struck his ear and his face clouded. "Go home? What do you mean by going home?"

"Home to my husband."

"And you expect me to say yes to that?"

She raised her troubled eyes to his. "What else is there? I can't stay here and lie to the people who've been good to me."

"But that's the very reason why I ask you to come away!"

"And destroy their lives, when they've helped me to remake mine?"

Archer sprang to his feet and stood looking down on her in inarticulate despair. It would have been easy to say: "Yes, come;

caught her by the wrist. "Well, then: come to me once," he said, his head turning suddenly at the thought of losing her; and for a second or two they looked at each other almost like enemies.

"When?" he insisted. "Tomorrow?"

She hesitated. "The day after."

"Dearest!" he said again.

She had disengaged her wrist; but for a moment they continued to hold each other's eyes, and he saw that her face, which had grown very pale, was flooded with a deep inner radiance. His heart beat with awe; he felt that he had never before beheld love visible.

Archer walked home alone. Darkness was falling when he let himself into his house, and he looked about at the familiar objects in the hall as if he viewed them from the other side of the grave.

WHILE he waits for word from Ellen, Archer tries to tell his wife the whole story. But May skillfully evades his confidence, and Archer passes several days in wretched suspense, hears nothing from Ellen. The first news comes to him in a letter to May. Ellen announces that she is going to Paris and says to May: "If any of my friends wish to urge me to change my mind, please tell them it would be utterly useless. . . ." And Archer,

waiting in vain for some signal from her, decides to throw everything to the wind and follow Ellen to Paris. But a brief visit with his wife turns Archer's whole black. He tells her that he is tired—and wants to go away.

"BUT I'm afraid you can't, dear," May said in an unsteady voice, "unless you'll take me with you." And as he was silent, she went on, in a clear and evenly pitched that each syllable tapped like a little hammer on his brain: "That is, if the doctors will let you go. . . . But I'm afraid they won't, you see, Newland. I've been sure since the morning of something I've been so long and hoping for—"

He looked up at her with a sick stare, she sank down, all dew and roses, and her face against his knee.

"Oh, my dear!" he said, holding her while his cold hand stroked her hair. There was a long pause, which the devils filled with strident laughter; then freed herself from his arms and stood up.

"You didn't guess?"

"Yes—I—no. That—is, of course, hoped—"

They looked at each other for an instant and again fell silent; then, turning from hers, he asked abruptly: "Have you told anyone else?"

"Only Mamma and your mother," she paused, and then added hurriedly, the flushing up to her forehead: "That is, Ellen. You know I told you we'd had a talk one afternoon—and how dear she was to me."

"Ah!" said Archer, his heart stopped.

He felt that his wife was watching him intently. "Did you mind my telling you first, Newland?"

"Mind? Why should I?" He made a last effort to collect himself. "But that a fortnight ago, wasn't it? I thought you weren't sure till today."

Her color burned deeper, but she held her gaze. "No; I wasn't sure then—but now I was. And you see I was right!" exclaimed, her blue eyes wet with vi-

IT IS all clear to Archer now—the lying fairness of Ellen which has kept her from coming to him—kept her from May of her husband at a time when she most need of him. So Archer accepts destiny and makes the most of it—and victory stands unchallenged her whole life. Becoming a substantial, successful citizen of New York, Archer almost forgets his wayward youthful dreams. For thirty years he has the word of Madame Olenska and then, one day, abroad, he has a chance to visit Ellen, who has been living in Paris all these years. Instead he chooses to sit on a bench in the outside her house and look up at her window.

"IT'S more real to me here than if I were up," he suddenly heard himself say, the fear lest that last shadow of youth should lose its edge kept him rooted at the seat as the minutes succeeded each other.

He sat for a long time on the bench thickening dusk, his eyes never turning from the balcony. At length a light shone through the windows, and a moment later a servant came out on the balcony, drew awnings, and closed the shutters.

At that, as if it had been the signal waited for, Newland Archer got up and walked back alone to his hotel.

Where Women Fail

(Continued from page 40)

THE conversation before dinner is irregular, sporadic, and perfunctory. You sit down to table, and then suddenly, as soon as the first dish is served, a tremendous outbreak of chatter occurs. The din is deafening, because six different conversations are proceeding at once in a very small space, and each is fighting against the disturbing noise of the other.

The hostess answers the chief guest with a somewhat preoccupied air; she is drinking in the sound of the enormous babble—the proof that her dinner is "going" and that the obligation to talk glibly and endlessly at dinner is being faithfully observed by all her guests. The tongues of the diners seem to be driven forward by the ruthless force of the obligation, and by the ambition of the hostess, so that the meal becomes a secondary matter, and under a kind of sinister enchantment, in a dream, in a trance, the guests eat and drink what

ever is thrust at them, their eyes saying: "Anything will do. I am busy and can only snatch mouthfuls at intervals."

BUT of course there is no interchange of real thoughts; all real thoughts hide themselves in terror amid the fracas. Occasionally one individual may by mastery seize the whole table, but he can not hold it. Neither the host nor the hostess attempts any direction. They have created a monster, and they watch it, helplessly.

UPON the reunion of the sexes in the drawing-room the inexperienced hope for some renewal of vigor on a plane of calm intelligence.

The hope is vain. The experienced know well enough that energy is exhausted and the evening virtually over. The guests, one by

one, depart in iridescent clouds of superlatives, and none among them can honestly say more than this: "I have dined."

None among them can satisfactorily answer the question, "Why did I come?"

The fact is that the hostess had thought of everything except a plan of intercourse. She had provided an opera of which the sole libretto was the menu of the dinner; and even the meal itself was impaired by the anarchy which she had taken no precautions to control.

THE musical At Home is an excellent invention, and ought, skillfully executed, to achieve much finer social results than any mere meal; for it puts a premium on the things of the spirit and averts attention from the body's gross desires. Surely it is better for a human being to have even a

surfeit of songs by Schumann than to overmuch roast goose and ingurgitate many liqueurs.

Admirable "talent" is usually enlisted for these solemnities; genius itself is hired for them. The dainties offered are the mouth of the eager, inexperienced simpleton water. He arrives shortly after the hour indicated on the card, and a handful of people in the vast drawing-room. The hostess says: "How sweet of you to come so early!"

IN ANOTHER forty minutes the room is comfortably full, and the concert is in bedtime by right.

A singer sings. At the close of the verse there are ecstatic murmurs of approval. New guests are continually entering. They surge inwards in an almost unbroken procession, and produce a considerable amount of noise in their prodigious effort

less. They greet their innumerable in the assemblage, unaware that smiles may be nearly as disturbing and footfalls. The close of the song the applause, maintaining the character of true re- it, is frenzied. Agitated listeners, who earlier had been saluting all over rtment, surround the artist and give understand that there never was, is d never could be anybody like him, t the pleasure he affords is so acute e well-nigh dangerous to life. The ay or may not be nauseated; none l; but he is amiable and evidently think of something fresh to say in .

E guests are continually entering. e room which was comfortably ow uncomfortably full. The supply s and sofas is long since exhausted. is terrific, and the movement of fans the sensation of restlessness. ve-struck "shoo" from somewhere e piano brings about a semi-silence, gradually and with great difficulty itself to quarter-silence. er artist sets to work. Few can see t many want to know who he is; for less has omitted to provide a plat- d the artist is compelled to do what ut of the midst of a jungle of panting eatures.

E affair unfolds itself. Guests are eppily entering. Beautiful and women now sit on the floor. succeeds to music, and rapture to but in fact the body has after all ed the spirit, and the rapture grows d more mechanical, for the physical as of existence at the At Home have the secret preoccupation of every- xcept the hostess. at the hostess, standing in ever- welcome near the door. Is she dis- by that which she has brought to

. She is radiant. She is triumphant. obtained the best artists and there is est crush in her rooms that ever was. r is her apotheosis. e exercise of brutal and disregarding you approach the door. t you go? So early? So sorry! How to see you here! Do have some- fore you go."

JCH for the encouragement of and the promotion of intelligent tcourse by the leaders of society the machinery of opulence at their

women are indefatigable in their to music, not only privately but in As soon as they have convinced es that an operatic season or a f ballet, for example, deserves on rounds to succeed, and is likely to they will all be godmothers to the They will buy the most expensive l persuade others to buy seats, and heir utmost to insure the success ich they count. They even attend rmances. It is true that they in- arrive late; that they have an air g the theater; that they treat the drawing-rooms and visit one an- those drawing-rooms, and talk herein, and gesticulate to their cross the auditorium; that they hapsodically that which they have ed to; and that they leave early, cutely exasperated the rest of the

method with young painters is ally different. It has to be. But in common with the other method: publicity and glory for themselves. never "adopt" a painter who is trait-painter, and when they have a portrait-painter they insist on ing portraits of themselves. They well. They show him off. They his prices. They give him more n he can do. They are nice to hey flatter him. But he must em—on canvas.

uel is, in nearly every case, that e of commercial and social triumph rtaken by artistic ruin. And he

THE women who lead society are the most stupid, snobbish, self-omen on the face of the planet. hem when they are not engaged in at and magnificent business of

giving or receiving hospitality in a spec- tacular manner, and you find that they often have an intelligent grasp of social, political, and artistic questions, that they feel genuine emotions of their own about these questions, and that they desire to act for the general good.

SOCIAL leadership is badly done not in the least because the leaders want per- sonal glory in large quantities, but because they have not understood the possibilities of what they are about. If they chose to put more brains into their work, they might easily double the harvest of personal glory, for nothing but thoughtlessness prevents them from earning the applause of the mul- titudes of sensible plain persons who now, while perhaps envying, sneer at, and deride them.

THERE are two things which the women whom Destiny has called to lead the social body might do at once to improve the whole structure of intercourse.

The first is to get rid of the nauseating atmosphere of exaggerated insincerity which renders it ridiculous.

I do not advocate that they should im- mediately and drastically adopt the habit of speaking nothing but the truth to their guests and their hosts. Truth is a dan- gerous commodity, and ought to be em- ployed accordingly. If it were not half veiled and sometimes hidden entirely in a tinsel of smooth phrases, intercourse, instead of being ameliorated, would be brought to an end. But in this matter there is a medium between the harsh directness of ruthless and unimaginative egotists and the soft sawder of flatterers who are determined to be agreeable at a cheap rate and by the tongue only. Common sense, the general verdict of mankind, will and always does indicate that medium. The present generation has lost it, and seems to be going farther and farther away from it.

A GAIN, though some verbal insincerity is essential to the maintenance of friendliness, such insincerity should be per- formed with skill, with due care, and with a real desire to achieve what it theoretically sets out to achieve.

The insincerities of today are performed with a negligent and cynical clumsiness which must astound the detached observer. They fulfill no good purpose; they are a canker at the root of the honesty of relation- ships. A reform of vocabulary would automatically involve a reform of tone and style, with the result of changing for the better the entire structure of intercourse from top to bottom.

THE second thing concerns the attitude of society towards the arts.

Anglo-Saxon communities do not respect the arts as do, for instance, Latin com- munities. The defect is admitted, it is notorious. Intelligent individuals every- where lament it.

Here is a work of social advancement which lies ready to the hand of social leaders. But social leaders, many of whom in private fully appreciate the potential significance of the arts in the life of the community, seldom do anything but *patronize* art, treat it as a toy, as an adjunct, as a mere tool convenient for the spectacular glorification of their personal activities. While using it, they openly flout it—certainly do not show the slightest respect for it.

The opportunity awaits them to raise all the arts to their proper place in the social fabric; for snobbishness, which upon occa- sion has high uses, would insure that their example was imitated. They have not the wit to take the opportunity. Yet if they did they would acquire more renown and prestige than all their existing practices obtain for them.

WHEN we turn to the broad aspect of social intercourse as conducted by the leaders, the following criticisms are obvious:

Too much is undertaken. Not only are the "functions," as they are called, too numerous, but they are as a rule too large in scale. They result in exhaustion and ennui. They are too frequently regarded as an unavoidable bore. And while in many respects physical luxury is absurdly over- accentuated, mere physical comfort is often glaringly neglected. Moreover, the gather- ings themselves are wrongly composed, in that the great axiom that you *can* have too much of a good thing is neglected. Twelve celebrated talkers, at a dinner of twelve, will infallibly ruin that dinner.

They work
naturally
and form
no habit

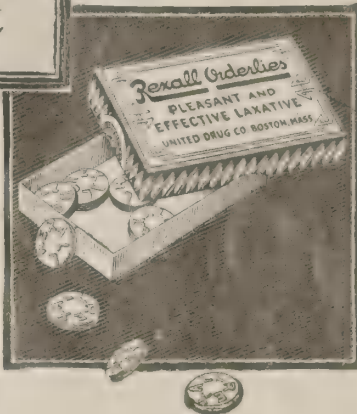
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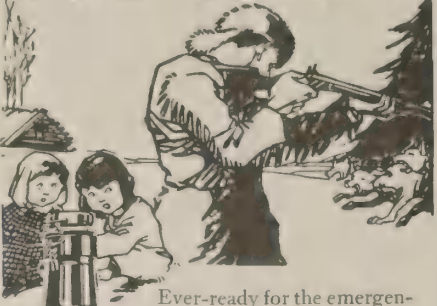
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And, what is still more important, ideas are not taken into account and the gatherings are not directed.

I am not suggesting that hostesses should give to their parties a didactic tendency, with a conscious aim of social improvement. I will admit that the paramount end should be the mere pleasure of human intercourse. I am ready to leave to special circles (where the craft of sociableness is clumsier even than it is in general circles) the conscious cultivation and spreading of special ideas.

I will allow that hostesses must arrange things for the aid of the sublime institution of marriage, and that a proportion of gatherings has to be, and ought to be, simply frivolous and bereft of all intellectuality.

BUT I hold that in the main human beings are interesting to one another by reason of their ideas, and therefore that you will not

get the best intercourse, and the most satisfying pleasure, unless conditions favor the smooth and full exchange of ideas.

In the large majority of cases hostesses collect the raw material of good intercourse and just waste it, leave it lying about, sterilize it, strangle it, stun it, or offend it into perfect futility. They do not realize that, bar miracles of chance, nothing excellent is produced without creative thought. And they do not think creatively in the region of ideas. If they gave half as much preliminary reflection to the circulation of ideas as they give to the circulation of high-class food and wines they would achieve intercourse which would positively change the color of society and multiply, beyond computing, the zest of life. They have not understood. They have misunderstood. They are still victimized by the singular delusion that ideas are the enemy of joy.

The Master of Man

(Continued from page 14)

"It's me to know, my dear. He used to come home every week-end, and his poor father thought it was to see him. But I knew better. 'Any fresh news?' he would say, and I knew what news he wanted. When your photo came he held it under the lamp and said, 'Don't you think she's like my mother, Janet—just a little like?' And I told him yes, and that was to say you were like the loveliest woman that ever walked the world—in this island, anyway."

Fenella was struggling to control herself. "Poor boy! How he worked and worked for you! Jacob never worked harder or

In Hearst's—Next Month

THE DUTY OF EVERY HONEST MAN

By

H. G. WELLS

Another Searching Look into
"The Future of Mankind"

FROM the day of the trial when Victor had returned home with a white face and said, "I don't know; I can't say; but it doesn't matter now," Janet had known what had happened.

It was that Collister girl who had corrupted Victor. She had always feared it since "Auntie Nan" had whispered over her counter that that good-for-nothing was boasting that Mr. Stowell had been "sooreying" with her in the glen. And now she had brought him under the very shadow of shame itself, just when life looked so bright and joyful.

Her boy! He might be Deemster and the first man in the island, after the Governor, but he was her boy still. How she wanted to lay his poor head on her breast as she had done so often! But she was frightened of him now and dare not say a word though her heart was bursting.

Then came the insular newspaper with the account of Fenella's outburst at the trial. That was the cruellest blow of all. She loved Fenella and had always thought there would never be anything so sweet as to spread her wedding-bed for her, but now that she had taken sides against Victor and publicly denounced him Janet's blood began to boil. She would go up to Government House and give Fenella a piece of her mind. Why shouldn't she?

IT WAS a dull afternoon when she set off for Douglas, and as she drove along the coast road she rehearsed to herself the sharp things she was going to say to Fenella.

But when Fenella came into the drawing-room, looking so pale as to be scarcely recognizable as the radiant girl she used to be, and kissed her and sat by her side and took her hand, Janet could scarcely say anything.

At length (Miss Green having gone) Janet braced herself, and said, not without a tremor:

"I've come about Victor."

"Then he has told you?" said Fenella.

"Indeed, he hasn't, and you needn't either, because I know."

Fenella drew her hand away and dropped her head.

"I don't say he hasn't done wrong," said Janet, "but you seem to think he's the only one who is to blame."

"Oh, no! I see now that the girl in Castle Rushen—"

"The girl? I'm not thinking about the girl. Of course she was to blame. But was there nobody else to blame also?"

"Who else?"

"Yourself."

"Janet!"

"Oh, I'm telling you the truth, dear. That's what I've come for."

"But it all happened before I returned to the Island."

"That's why. If you hadn't stayed away so long it wouldn't have happened at all."

THEN up from the sweet and sorrowful places of Janet's memory came the story of Stowell's love for Fenella—how he had worked for her and waited for her through all his long years as a student-at-law.

NOT that I would have them take their metaphorical baton, and openly conduct their assemblies as a conductor conducts an orchestra. We are in the twentieth century, not in the eighteenth; and the twentieth must be more subtle than the eighteenth. It is. Only hostesses have not kept pace with civilization. That is all. The future woman. In this affair of social intercourse in the field, as in the past, is peculiar. Five hundred of them in any country if they could summon their dormant genius, revolutionize the social life of a country.

We are yet only at the beginning of the course.

ARNOLD BENNETT points out serious—and quite unnecessary—flaws in the modern social system. Watch for "Wife a Slave?" Coming soon—in H.

"Janet!"

"Oh, I saw what you said at the trial."

"But nobody knows whom I—"

"Don't they, indeed! The men may as well be so stupid. They may as well think you meant somebody else. But can't deceive the women like that. Then he knew that you intended it for him. Just when you were about to become his wife, and you were the only woman in the world to him!"

"I was so shocked—I thought he had taken him for."

"Perhaps he wasn't, perhaps he was. Thousands of women have lost faith in men and clung to them for all that. They're the salt of the earth, I say. I am an old maid myself, but to stand up for a husband, right or wrong, that's what being a wife, if you ask me."

Fenella could bear up no longer. She flung her arms about Janet's neck and hid her face in her breast.

The darkness was gathering before her. She broke from their embrace, and then time for Janet to smooth out her silver and go. Fenella saw her to the carriage and whispered as she kissed her:

"Tell him to come back to me."

And then Janet went home with eyes.

DAY after day Fenella waited at the door, denying herself to Victor. She dressed every afternoon in the gown he had said he liked her in—holer off by the tips of her outstretched arms before crushing her breath out in his chest, and, sitting at the piano, playing pieces he loved. But still he did not come. Her pride, like a strong wrestler, repeatedly thrown to the earth and getting again. At length she determined to write. Writing was a terrible ordeal, and she never satisfied herself with her letters. It was:

DEAR VICTOR:

Don't you really think you've stayed long enough? Remember your "Marx"—especially your lovely and beloved women—won't they be talking?

But no, that was too much like threatening him, so she began again:

DEAR OLD VIKING:

Your courts are over, so you can't be away day and night now. Do you mean to stay away until my hair grows whiter? Go on, you bad boy!

No, not like that either. It was too loud after such a serious rupture. It was:

DARLING:

Did you really think I meant all I said day? Don't you know a woman better than that? I suppose you think I am very hearted and can never forgive. . . .

No, that was wrong, too. Again:

VICTOR:

Don't you think I have been patient enough? It has been very hard for me to love you still. . . .

But the trembling of her hand betrayed the emotion she wished to suppress. At last, after a long day of solitude and donment, two little lines:

VIC:

I am so lonely. Come to me. Your hearted

FENELLA

FENELLA'S eyes were down again.

"But that's not all. Not content with deserting him for so many years, you must try to disgrace him also."

BUT all her letters, with their supplications, were torn up in the smallest pieces and thrown into the

Did he stay away? Did he expect to bridge all the gulf between them? she had been thinking of the joyous their love, which had been ringing with the melancholy sound of far—but at length she thought he must be the idea that he could be suffering like swept down all her pride, and she had to go to Ballamoar.

As she was setting out somebody might word that Stowell was staying at home. That quenched all her humility. Yet never coming to see her! Oh, how very well!

Two days she felt and abashed. She heard that she was constantly to the law library, brought a memorandum explanation. Remembered that she in that wild moment she didn't that she was saying she would never in while that girl son.

was it! He was solid legal ground in the prisoner liberated, and had convinced officers of the hat this was a use for the ex-nercy, he would to her and say, "Collister is free!" all day after that it was at ease. Impatience got of her trans-

and she became eager to know what was on. There was only one person I tell her that—her father.

Down to breakfast on the sunny morning after the storm, she saw, among the Governor's plate, a large superscribed, "HOME SECRETARY." When her father had opened it she casually:

news yet about that poor thing in when?"

here's something here."

urse she's pardoned?"

re contrary, her death-sentence has irmed."

med?"

she's to die, and it only remains for the date of the execution."

I went out as before a thunderstorm, ag from her unfinished breakfast, ed from the room. A great wave of t down every other feeling.

at poor creature! Banned from her ing to fight her way through life only weapon she possessed, her woman over a man, and now living e that he would procure her pardon tragedy!"

LA determined to go to Castle en and break the news tenderly to

way to the railway-station she f Stowell. After all, he could have ing to save the girl's life. It was ble that if he had done anything rities could have been indifferent to on of the Judge who had tried the

me a shock to her also.

carriage dipped into the hill going he station she saw Stowell coming e bridge with rapid strides. Some- her that, having heard the news, ing to Government House to pro- what was the good of going now? Useless!

nce she got of his face before she er own. It was whiter and thinner re, as if from sleepless nights and She wanted to stop; she wanted ; she did not know what she

next moment her coachman, who seen Stowell, being occupied with ties of the hill, had swept into the rd.

she got out of the carriage her burning at once with the pangs of anger.

I girl dies there shall never be any- ven us—never!" she thought.

as as much as she could do to con- ears which were coursing down her

WHEN Stowell reached Government House he found the Governor in the garden, bareheaded and smoking a cigar of which he was obviously trying to preserve the ash, while he watched his gardener who was repairing the ravages of last night's storm among the flower-beds.

"Ah, you've come at last! But you have just missed Fenella. She has gone to Castle-town—that girl again, I suppose."

"I know. I saw her. And it's that matter I've come to speak about."

"So? Oblige me then by walking here so that I may keep an eye on the gardener."

Stowell winced, but stepped to and fro on

mercy, so that the death sentence may be commuted to imprisonment."

Again the Governor looked at Stowell's heated face and thought, "Yes, he's ill, and doesn't see that I am fighting his own battle."

"Do it, sir!" said Stowell. "Do it, for God's sake, before it is too late, and there is such an outcry throughout the Kingdom as will shake the very foundations of justice in the island."

The Governor was still smoking leisurely and keeping his eye on his flower-beds.

"Gardener, don't you think that bed of geraniums—" he began; but Stowell could bear no more.

"Good God, sir! Isn't this matter of sufficient importance to merit your attention?"

The Governor turned sharply upon him, threw away his half-smoked cigar, and said: "Come this way."

NOT another word was spoken until, returning to the house with a certain pomp of stride, with Stowell behind him, the Governor reached his room and closed the door behind him. Then, unlocking his desk, he took out a large envelope (the same that Fenella had seen at breakfast) and, handing the contents of it to Stowell, said:

"Look at that."

Stowell saw at a glance what it was and uttered a cry of astonishment.

"Then it's done."

"Yes, it's done. And now sit down and listen to me."

But Stowell continued to stand with the paper crinkling in his trembling fingers.

"You say Taubman told you I reported against the jury's recommendation. Quite true! As President of the Court I told the Home Secretary I saw no justification for it—no justification whatever."

Stowell was silent.

"You say it is fifty years since such a crime has been punished by death. Perhaps it is, but the fact that the statute remains is proof enough that the law contemplates cases in which it may properly be exercised. This in my view was such a case and I had every right to say so."

Still Stowell remained silent.

"YOU say the prisoner may have acted from a good motive. I see no good motive in a mother who takes the life of her child. You speak of her shame, but shame is no excuse for crime. Why shouldn't such women suffer shame? Shame is the just consequence of their evil conduct, and to try to escape from it by making away with their misbegotten children is crime."

Stowell was trembling but still silent.

"Pity for such won en is sentimental weakness. Worse, it is a danger to public safety. The sooner such people are put out of the world the better for the public good."

There was a palpable silence on both sides for some moments. The Governor glanced at Stowell's twitching face and began to be sorry for him. "Good Lord!" he thought.

"Why can't the man see that it's best for himself that the girl should die? As long as she lives the wretched scandal may break out again and his own share in it may come to light. And then Fenella! How could I allow her to marry him with that danger hanging over his head?"

Stowell's fingers were contracting over the paper that crinkled in his hand. At length he threw it on the desk and said:

"Your Excellency, if you carry out that sentence you will be committing a crime—a monstrous judicial crime."

THE Governor returned the paper to his desk, and then rose and said, with a ring of sarcasm, in his voice:

"So I am the criminal, am I? Well, I am responsible for public security in this island, and as long as I am here I am going to see that it is preserved. Offenses of this kind have been too frequent of late and they can only be put down by law. The prisoner in the present case has been justly tried and rightly condemned, and it shall be my business to see that she pays the penalty of her crime."

Stowell's pale face had become scarlet; his lower lip was trembling. Outside the sea was



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sparkling in the sunlight; a band was playing far off on the promenade.

"Your Excellency," said Stowell, quivering all over, "it will be a lifelong grief to me to resist your authority, but I must tell you at once that if you order that girl's execution it shall never be carried out."

"What do you say?"

"I say it shall never be carried out."

"Why not?"

"Because I shall prevent it."

The Governor rose. His face was red; his throat had swelled; his lips were compressed.

"Do you mean that you will go over my head—"

"I do."

The Governor brushed Stowell aside in making for the bell.

"There's no need for that. I'm going, sir," said Stowell, and at the next moment the Governor was alone in his room, speechless with astonishment and wrath.

Going down the corridor, Stowell passed the open door of the library—the room in which he had parted from Fenella. In quarreling with her father had he burnt the last bridge by which Fenella and he could come together?

"But, God forgive me, I could do nothing else—nothing whatever."

FENELLA found that the tragic news had reached Castle Rushen before her.

Bessie had received it at first with incredulity. Her expectation of pardon had reached the point of conviction, and every morning, as she rose from her plank bed, she had said to herself, "It will come today."

When Tommy Vondy went into the condemned cell, blowing his nose repeatedly and talking about death, how it came to everybody sooner or later, Bessie looked at him with terror and screamed: "Oh, God help me! God help me!"

For a while she raved like a madwoman. Everybody had lied to her and deceived her and the Deemster had done nothing because he wanted her out of the way.

But after a while an idea occurred to her and she became calm. Alick Gell! If Alick would go up to London and see the King and tell him that she had never meant to do wrong, he would forgive her. And then Alick would come galloping back, at the last moment, perhaps, waving a paper over his head and crying, "Stop!"

She had seen such things in her illustrated *Weekly Budget*—the story paper she used to read on Sunday mornings at home, while the dinner was cooking in the oven-pot and her mother was singing hymns in the Primitive chapel and her father was poring over the "Mistakes of Moses."

But would he do it? She had deceived him twice, and then his sisters had always been trying to drag him away from her.

All at once, like the echo of a bell through a thick mist over the sea, came the memory of his cry as she was being carried out of court: "Never mind, Bessie, I would rather be you than your judge!"

YES, he loved her still, and (out of the cunning which the air of a prison breeds) a scheme flashed upon her just as Fenella was being brought into her cell.

Fenella was amazed to find Bessie apparently reconciled to her end. She had expected torrents of tears and even the coarse language of the farmyard.

"The suspense was the worst. I shall be glad when it's all over," said Bessie.

The only thing that troubled her was to die while Alick was thinking so hard of her, and if her hand did not shake so much she would write to ask for his forgiveness.

"I'll write for you," said Fenella.

"And will you give the letter into his own hands, miss?"

"I'll try, dear."

Sitting by the door of the cell, under the light from the grill, Fenella wrote with the prison paper on her lap, while Bessie, without a vestige of color in her forlorn face, dictated from the bed:

"DEAR ALICK:

"You will have heard what is to happen. But the worst is the sorrow and shame I have brought on you. I thought perhaps you would have written me a few lines, though I know it is too much to expect after all I have done to you."

"Oh, if I could only have lived to make it up to you! We could have gone away, as you always said, to America or somewhere. I should have been so good and we should have been so happy and nobody to cast all this up to us."

"What I did was very wrong, but I see what good it will do to the King in my life, and me a poor girl he never saw the world. And I still think if there anybody to speak to him for me he forgive me even yet. But that's more anybody would do for me now, I suppose even you, though I have always loved dear."

BESSIE paused.

"Is that all?" asked Fenella, in a whisper.

"Not quite," said Bessie and she again.

"Mother was here last week and brought us your photo. It got wet in my bag way from Derby Haven, and it is all and smudged. But I kiss it constantly, is such company."

"When Father saw it he got mad and wanted to throw it in the fire. But with the good of taking spite on things that did anybody any harm? I do not blame one, but if Father had acted differently would never have happened. It is not me to judge him, but his day will come and his pride will have a fall."

"Good-by, Alick! My last thought be of you and my last prayer that God bless you. If I could only see you minute I think I should be satisfied if you can't come, write and say you me. It has been all through my life you that I am here, so think the best God bless you!"

"P. S. It's a week today, so there's time to lose."

Bessie signed the letter, filling the remaining space with crosses, and then wiped her eyes.

Fenella saw through the girl's pitifulterfuge, but knew well that Gell could do nothing. There was only one man on the island who could have saved Bessie, and he was the judge who had tried her.

Why hadn't he?

ALL the way home in the train Fenella asked herself this question. The answer she could find was that Stowell was afraid of offending her father, owing to him. But oh, if he had only resisted father in this case—standing up again and fearing no one—how she would have loved and loved him!

She found Government House shut with awe, as if a tornado had swept through it and gone. At length Miss Crepland explained what had happened. Mr. Stowell had called to see the Governor and turned out of the house!

Hardly had she reached her room when her father followed her into it.

"I suppose you know that Stowell has been here?" he said.

"Yes. What did he come for?"

"To threaten me—that's what he came for. To threaten me that if I attempt to carry out the sentence of the law on the girl in Castle Rushen he would prevent it."

Fenella tried to conceal her joy.

"What do you think he intends to do?"

"Appeal to the Home Secretary for me, I suppose. I shouldn't wonder if he leaves the island in the morning. He does, and brings back a pardon on the vote of censure upon me—nothing of it."

THE Governor strode across the room, passed his hand across his forehead. Suddenly he noticed that Fenella was there and he flamed out at her.

"But I see who is the cause of the insane conduct."

"Who?"

"You! You've broken with him, haven't you? Because he had the misfortune to counter that woman long ago you are responsible for everything she has done since. So to satisfy your ridiculous he falls back upon me. The fool damned fool! And you are no better than I. You don't know what's taking possession of women in these days. I'm sick to death of their feminist imbecilities and the brazening of their male asses!"

"But, Father—"

"Don't talk to me," said the Governor with flaming eyes he swept out of the room.

IF everything else fails, will Victor the breaker and help Bessie to escape—or let her suffer the law's full penalty for sin? Victor decides—in Hearst's for

OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

but a mightier power and stronger
than from his throne has hurled,
for the hand that spans the baby
is the hand that rules the world!

MIGHT have sung some pragmatic poet, inspired by Penrhyn Stanlaw's tale of "The Greatest Girl of All." Naturally, your Editor still regrets his enthusiastic offer to pose as the model for the baby shown on this cover so scornfully declined by the artist.

HARBINGER, so far as we can ascertain is something vague but cheerful, comes in the early spring. For the happiest little Harbinger on record for the "Yours-for-Sunshine" girl on the cover of Hearst's for April.

WISH to express the pleasure I have taken in your "Science of the Month," writes a Maine woman reader, of value and interest, and could be added to our great satisfaction."

THIS number, for the first time, the face of the Month and, in fact, all the departments that make Hearst's unique magazine have been moved forward into a more important position. do you like the change?

ARE WE MUCILAGINOUS?

OVER the Editor's Shoulder," postcards John Porter from Chicago, has to read a lot of slush before he finds what he wants. The Editor must be stuck on himself or he will not stick his readers."

PLEASE tell your wife to turn her back on me," writes to Walt Mason an enthusiastic lady in Norwich, Connecticut, "that I can give you a good bear-hug!"

ALTO will, in our opinion, have realized the need of all the sympathy his admirers mail him soon after Hearst's for April appears on the news-stands. For "Why Don't I Go to Church?" he chuckled in his quiet good-natured way that may prove a hornets' nest.

I can have your great regiments—Old Guard at Waterloo; your Riders of San Juan Hill; your Watch; your Bashi-Bazouks; your glieri. But for real quiet courage in the New York police!"

years it has been fashionable to use the police force of New York. "The Woman God Changed," incidentally is one of the greatest ever published in a magazine. Byrne has paid these men the tribute they richly deserve. (See page 44.)

At the North Pole—12-Year-Old Good-By, Battleships. Page 26.

the remarkable photograph of a fight of wild ducks—which appeared in the February Science of the Month—we are indebted to the Audubon Societies, whose activities in preserving bird-life have established it as our really important organizations.

STOVER—Macnooder—Brian de the Tennessee Shad—all the old Lawrenceville heroes that Owen Johnson famous (and vice versa!) will reappear in Hearst's for April in his new "The Bath Tub King."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF SELF-DENIAL

HAVE been able to extract the full measure of enjoyment of Hearst's by self-denial," writes an Atchison, Mo., obviously a direct descendant of the Saints and early Martyrs. Each Hearst's Magazine arrives on my closet shelf until I have copies complete. . . . I have just enjoyed my last year's allotment. Hence my enthusiasm!"



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THE MAN who made literature of Lawrenceville! Nobody has ever been able to do any boy's school stories to compare with Owen Johnson's famous studies of Dink Stover, Macnooder, and the Tennessee Shad. So Mr. Johnson himself is starting out to beat them in a new series. Watch for the first of his new Lawrenceville stories, "The Bath Tub King" in Hearst's for April.

IN THIS NUMBER READ:

The Man Who Shot the Fox
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Page 11

I Keep Going to Jail
WALT MASON

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Snowblind
ARTHUR STRINGER

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The Red Rays of Ahmed Hassan
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Page 8

I Show Faith the Village
VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

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HEARST'S for MARCH, 1921

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THE children were playing keeping house; all were gathered in their improvised mansions built of chairs and tablecloth. That is, all except one tiny tot alone in a far corner. "Why don't you play with the others?" asked a grown-up. "I am," answered the tot. "I'm the new baby." "Yes, but why don't you go in the house with the rest?" "I can't yet. I'm waiting to be born!"

THE games children play may indicate more than you realize. Some boys play with dolls; some girls play soldier; some men design clothes; some women go to Congress. See "The Four Sexes," in Hearst's for April.

THE artist caught it! A poem feels good with such treatment," writes Glenn Dresbach, speaking of Becher's illustration for "The Love Unsung" in Hearst's for February. "It's beautiful and I'm proud to see it in Hearst's."

ANOTHER one of Mr. Becher's splendid paintings will decorate Brian Hooker's Memorial Day poem "Bring Flowers They Loved" in Hearst's for June.

I FIND that Hearst's Magazine is almost at a premium here in this town," writes a friend in Alberta, Canada. "To my notion it is the best book on the market."

"THE Broad-Minded Marquis" is himself again. He will positively appear in Hearst's for April, resuming the popular "Jacob's Ladder" series, and will be followed by two of the best stories E. Phillips Oppenheim ever wrote.

IN THIS matter of the chemical "Eye," writes our Dr. Henry Smith Williams, "it is interesting to observe that the daily newspapers are making their usual futile attempt to keep up with your 'Science of the Month.' This item just now published by them as news appeared in Hearst's a year ago."

COMING: Montague Glass—who wrote "Potash and Perlmutter"—in a typical story he calls "The Sixth McNally," as well as Rex Beach in "Wells of Mammon," a new novel of the oil fields.

SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING

I HAVE never been a reader of Hearst's Magazine—in fact, of any of the Hearst publications. A week ago a friend insisted I read a certain story in the February number, and even gave me his copy. Out of courtesy, I read the story recommended, but then, I want you to know that out of pure, unadulterated interest and joy I read the February number from cover to cover. Up to that moment I had not the faintest conception that even a thirty-five-cent magazine could possibly carry not only the work but the intensely interesting work of so many high-class writers. As much as I once may have been prejudiced, from now on—even though I be disinherited—I intend to learn by personal perusal exactly how each of those serials progresses to a bitter end!"

TO THOSE who did us the favor of showing the February number of Hearst's to selected friends, our thanks! Every month there is a notable increase in the number of our readers—Hearst's is growing faster among more particular people than any other magazine.

HEARST'S doesn't want idle, indifferent readers—it is built for people who think for themselves and know what they like. If you don't care particularly for Hearst's, tell us—maybe we can still better it; if you do like Hearst's, why not make a point of showing your May number—with the start of Rex Beach's new novel—to some friend equally capable of appreciating it?

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine



Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

HOW THE TAXPAYER BENEFITS BY THIS EXPERT LUMBER SERVICE

ALL along the Atlantic Coast there are summer resorts with miles and miles of boardwalk, trodden by millions of feet and drenched with surf and sea fog.

Some of these boardwalks have been in service for 25 years, and are still sound and whole. The right wood in its proper place.

Others have been replaced every few years. The wrong wood for the purpose; or the right wood wrongly specified.

A good example of the need for an expert lumber service.



America uses more wood per capita than any other country in the world.

As in the past, so in the future, much of the development of the Nation depends on its lumber supply.

The typical citizen is accustomed to lumber. He naturally takes it for granted he knows all about it.

It will pay him, both in his private interests and as a taxpayer to check over what he really *does* know about choosing the most practical wood for a specific service!

It is something of a shock to the man who thinks of lumber vaguely in terms of "a nice clear board" to come face to face with questions about the specific quality of the various kinds of wood.

Which is best for strength? Which for exposure to weather? Which for interior trim?

Far-reaching questions—make no mistake about that!

Detailed, scientific knowledge of the species of lumber, their characteristics and availabilities, means *durable* and *economical* building today.

More than that, it means ample supply of lumber, present and future, for all essential needs—*conservation* and *economy* through the use of the *right* wood in its proper place.



This knowledge can be had by any lumber purchaser who wants to make use of it.

As substantial factors in the lumber business, the Weyerhaeuser people want to put at your service the results of their experience and investigations covering many years.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public, any desired information as to the quality of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.



Betting with Your Daily Bread

By Arthur Capper
U.S. Senator from Kansas

MORE wheat was sold in Chicago last October than was raised in the entire United States in 1920. Last year's corn crop was sold fourteen times in Chicago before a bushel of corn had reached the markets. More than 5,000,000 was lost in three months by speculating cotton and wheat, nearly half of which was netted up by commission houses and brokers.

ONLY about one per cent of the trading done in futures is a bona-fide transaction for actual delivery. Speculative trading of the remaining ninety-per cent abrogates the normal relationship between the ordinary supply and demand. The wheat, corn, and cotton speculators know when farmers must sell, and they take advantage of it by running down prices before the market gets crop, and then promptly running them up again before the consumer. The immediate result of this gambling is that the prices rise or fall the farmer always gets the worst of it.

WHAT is it going to profit us to keep knocking the farmer down and taking his property away from him? How are we going to be clothed and fed when we have knocked him out completely?

How can we make good our desire to become world merchants if three of the greatest staples are made the footballs of the speculator?

ON a parity with the present price of corn, the oil companies would sell gasoline for six cents instead of thirty; the coal barons would sell a ton of coal for two dollars and a half instead of twelve and a half; the clothier a suit for twelve dollars instead of

sixty; the shoe dealer a ten-dollar shoe for two dollars; and the packer would sell bacon and buy livestock at pre-war instead of at post-war prices. If these things are worth what is asked for them, corn should be and is worth more, and American agriculture would not today be in need of the credit pulmotor.

Ultimately, the Government must stop all gambling in wheat, corn, cotton, and other farm products by use of the taxing power of Congress.

THE problem which I commend to the attention of readers of Hearst's is to preserve the legitimate and useful hedge and to cut out the gambling and manipulating, which no one defends. The advocates of the board of trade have always said that "it ought not to be done, but it can not be helped without preventing hedging, which is the opposite of gambling."

It can not be solved by cutting out all future deliveries except by the owner, nor by allowing it without limit to those who are under contract to buy. Nor can it be solved by abolishing sales by men who do not own the grain. Nor can it be solved by requiring "delivery" under the present board of trade rules.

A bill is now before Congress to eliminate the wheat pit and blackboard, without, however, impairing at all the usefulness of the legitimate "hedge." It will put out of business the thousands of wire houses and bucket shops operating in every city in the United States, by making it impossible for gamblers and speculators to deal on boards of trade. The bill accomplishes this by imposing a prohibitive tax of ten per cent on all contracts for future delivery except when made by farmers, dealers, or manufacturers who are buying and selling for actual delivery.

THE Chicago Board of Trade as now conducted is the world's greatest gambling institution. The pure function of boards of trade is valuable, but when gambling becomes not merely an incident of such trading, but the main part of the business on the boards of trade, as we find it now, it is time for the Government to take a hand. It simply has reduced itself to an operation to bilk the people and the farmers out of hundreds of millions of dollars, and its success depends solely on how long the gamblers can prolong the raids and manipulate the market.

THESE grain and allied exchanges must be placed upon an honest basis and compelled to contribute to the security of business and the welfare of the country. Fortunately, I find that all grain and cotton dealers, millers, and spinners recognize the evils of the present system and are anxious to stop gambling in these products. They will heartily support this measure to place the business on a legitimate basis. I am also assured of the support of the farm organizations.

NOT only will the commission houses, brokers, bucket shops, and market speculators generally fight the bill, but announcement of their opposition, under various pretexts, has already been made.

It is essential to have public support. An economic reorganization that will benefit the farmer and consumer alike is of the utmost urgency.

The farmer's attitude has been misrepresented and misunderstood during the last few months; his desire to obtain a fair price for his products is not aimed at the pockets of the great public.

BY MEANS of a corrective law the farmer can get his rightful price simply by eliminating the speculative middlemen, who take from the public all they can and give the farmer as little as possible. As a result the cost of living has been little lowered while the farmer has practically been put into bankruptcy.



The Simple Answer

By Dr. Frank

ONE of the most absurd things to be found in this absurd world is the conflict between Labor and Capital. For they are the same thing. At least, they are interchangeable.

THE Public is the Cow; Labor and Capital are Opposing Thumb and Fingers which, properly cooperating, get milk.

For Thumb and Fingers to hate and fight, instead of getting busy and squeezing, is almost too stupid to be human; it must be the inheritance of some wild ass's strain up the evolutionary line.

For, think a minute! Why labor? What does anybody labor for? What is the only conceivable end of labor? Answer: Capital.

THE laborer works to lay up something. Every human being can produce more than he can eat and wear. The surplus is Capital.

And that surplus means to him all the finer things of life, such as education, amusement, culture; it means progress, better chances for his children than he himself received.

CVILIZATION is just another name for the surplus of Labor. That is Capital.

Hence the whole screed and yawp and snarl, half envy

and half passionate ignorance, about the perils of Capitalism and the accursed Wage System, gives sensible folk a pain.

ANY Labor that merely seeks to provide for present needs, and not to accumulate a bit of Capital, is only a temporary interruption of vagrancy.

A real laborer is bent on getting a surplus: a little home, maybe, or some Liberty bonds, or life insurance, or something of the kind which will increase his sense of security.

THE intermittent hobo has no right to call himself a laborer.

The river of Labor must debouch into the bay of Capital or it isn't a river; it's a gully of rain-water dried up by the noonday sun.

NOW turn the argument around. It works quite as well the other way.

That is, the only purpose, end, reason, or excuse for Capital is Labor.

Capital that is not in constant touch with Labor, fed and refreshed by Labor, dies. The only way it can keep alive is to keep paying Labor.



to a Great Question Crane

THE chief concern of every Capitalist is to find, without the slightest delay, a profitable investment for his money.

That means he must put it where it will give Labor a chance to work and pay him for it, which is the only possible way to obtain a profit, dividend or interest, on money.

Any money which is not, in one way or another, being constantly turned into Labor, is quite useless—just as any Labor that is not being constantly transformed into Capital, is not Labor at all, but slavery.

THIS interdependence of Labor and Capital is, of course, an idea that is as old as the hills. But in most cases the gigantic blunders of mankind are caused by our failure to see an Old Truth, not to find a New Truth.

No new, fancy, or Utopian theory is going to solve the industrial tangle which now distresses the world.

It will be solved only by getting back to bedrock common sense.

The fundamental fallacy that underlies all Labor trouble is the notion that Labor and Capital are antagonistic, and that one can prosper only at the expense of the other.

MILLIONS of men are now confused and aimlessly injuring themselves and everybody else, because they do not see that Labor and Capital are not enemies. They are partners.

The human race can thrive only as its workers are capitalists, and as its capital works.

THE very rich do not have much money. Only poor people, and silly people, hoard dollars. Rich men understand that unless Capital is working it is dying.

When J. P. Morgan died he had something like \$270 in real money. He had millions, of course, at his command, but they were all out at work.

NEVER, until Capitalist and Laborer sit down at the same table and do business on the principle of one hand washing the other, will we reach industrial peace and uninterrupted prosperity.

The Class maniacs, the fighters, the Capitalists who want to make Laborers slaves, and the Bolsheviks who want to abolish Capital are all simply wild men.

The world waits for their insanity to run its course.

THE reason why Capital, accumulating through the centuries, has not bought, owned, and enslaved the world, is that the only way Capital can keep alive is continually to be transformed into Labor. The reason why Labor has not long ago overthrown Capital is that every really worth-while Laborer is himself a Capitalist.

The Red Rays of Ahmed Hassan

By F. Britten Austin

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

OUR after-lunch coterie at the club had relapsed into silence and newspapers in the corner of the smoking-room. "What nonsense this archaism is in modern art!" exclaimed one of the group suddenly, holding up a reproduction of a much-discussed new picture which represented a saint with the usual dinner-plate at the back of his head. "He would be infinitely more effective if he were painted like a normal human being."

Dr. Harford, a physician of some distinction in the city, looked up sharply.

"It may be nonsense from the artistic point of view," he said. "But the halo itself is a scientific fact."

"What?" queried another, incredulously. "Do you mean to say that saints actually have halos, Doctor?"

"Saints—and sinners as well. There's no distinction of virtue," he replied.

"Come, Doctor! You can't put that over us!"

"It is a fact, I tell you," he repeated. "I don't say it is ordinarily visible. But it is there all the time—and it *can* be seen." He smiled. "I've seen it myself. Quite a story, that occasion. Like to hear it?"

Dr. Harford was one of our established raconteurs. There was a ragged chorus of: "Fire away! Let's have it, Doctor!"

WELL [he began], you remember that after the Armistice I went to Constantinople with the Relief Commission? A good many of us. I am afraid, never got beyond that interesting spot, but that was not our responsibility. We merely obeyed orders. As a matter of fact, much of the country was then very unsafe for non-Moslems. My particular section was one of those which remained at Stamboul. We were a cheerful little crowd, and we didn't grumble more than we could help. Three of us, a clever doctor man named Thompson, a young fellow (Forsyth) who was a millionaire from California, and myself, housed ourselves comfortably together in a flat in Pera which during the war had been occupied by a German doctor. Pera, you probably know, is the European quarter. Being of congenial temperaments, we three men kept together pretty much and had little to do with the other fellows in our section. But, of course, we associated, like all the other doctors and voluntary helpers, with the lady-nurses who had accompanied us.

THEY were all nice girls but, as always happens in any bunch of people, there was one who was exceptionally interesting. She was the youngest of the nurses—too young, perhaps, for such an expedition, although, naturally, there was a sister in charge of each group. Her name was Netta Mansfield. There was an attractiveness about her that wasn't merely a matter of her youth nor of her undeniable prettiness. She had personality—and she radiated an irresponsible gaiety that was infectious. When the bright eyes in the pretty little face under the fair hair smiled at you she was really fascinating.

Of course, we all fell for her, but Forsyth made most of the running. How far she reciprocated his evident feelings, it was impossible to say, for she was an errant little flirt and her smiles beamed equally on all of us.

WE WERE not left quite to our own devices in Constantinople. The Turkish Government very thoughtfully told off officials to look after us, ostensibly to give us every assistance in our mission, actually of course to throw every obstacle in our way. The particular official assigned to us called himself Ahmed Hassan. His age was something under thirty

and he was a typical example of the Young Turk, aping the European to excess, his hair plastered sleekly back from his forehead, his dress effeminately elegant. He had been educated in France and Germany and he spoke English fluently. I am told the old-fashioned Turk was a thorough gentleman. It may be so, but certainly his denationalized and degenerate Young Turk successor resembles rather a barber's assistant who has embezzled the till and spent a large proportion of the proceeds on sickly perfumery.

However, we had little to complain of in our particular specimen. He was less offensive than most of his type and, from the guide-book point of view, was certainly helpful. Effusively polite and loudly disclaiming all old-fashioned Mohammedan prejudices, he escorted us to every sight in the city, whether mosque or restaurant. A motorcar—alleged to be his own—was at our service whenever our own official cars were not available, and,



G. PATRICK NELSON

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The statements made in this story about the Becquerel "N" rays, and their emanation—as described in the footnote on page 72—from the human body, not only are based on fact but are scientifically correct.

The standard work upon the subject is Dr. Kilner's "Human Atmosphere," published by Rebman, and afterwards by Heinemann (Medical Books), Ltd. in 1912 or 1913. This work is now out of print, but a new edition is being published by Kegan Paul, Ltd.

A box of apparatus such as described was put upon the market before the war by Messrs. Baillière, Tindal, the well-known medical publishers of Covent Garden, London. Another box, of slightly different type, was issued by Heinemann (Medical Books), Ltd. The dicyanin came from Germany, could not be renewed during the war, and is, I believe, still unobtainable.

"Where is she? What have you done with her?" Forsyth shouted. "Answer me or I'll blow your brains out!"

to give him his due, he left nothing undone by which he might ingratiate himself. None of the men liked him, but we tolerated his presence and profited by his affability.

I DO not know whether women are less acute than men in their perception of the qualities which distinguish a gentleman from the other kind, but certainly the ladies of our party did not share our aversion to Ahmed Hassan. They persisted in regarding him as virtually the European which he strove to be, and to our disgust would accompany him, two or three together, in his motorcar to various points of interest around the city. He succeeded in impressing on them, of course, that in his own sphere he was quite a personage.

Some of the women openly flirted with him and perhaps Netta Mansfield was the worst offender. I don't suppose she realized the encouragement she gave him. She couldn't help flirting with everybody—it was just the expression of her natural vivacity.

The dandified young Turk responded only by the ceremonious politeness he had picked up and exaggerated from his Parisian acquaintances. He was always scrupulously respectful. But sometimes, when innocently enough she coquetted with him, just as she would have done with a young man at home, there was a flash in his eyes—suppressed on the instant—



As Ahmed Hassan recognized the photograph, his aureole leaped into livid flame—Netta Mansfield writhing there to escape his two sepulchral hands.

which made me uneasy. The hereditary instincts of a Turk, no matter how emancipated he may consider himself, do not qualify him for a just appreciation of a modern American girl's freedom of manners.

I WAS not alone in my uneasiness. I could see that Forsyth was more troubled than he cared to confess at the possible effect of these provocative, if innocent, familiarities upon our suave young cicerone.

Once or twice, indeed, he ventured on a mild reproof, but her merrily scornful, "Don't be so absurd, Jack," emphasized by the candor of her eyes, stilled the words upon his tongue.

One day, in our flat, he opened himself to me upon the subject.

"I wish you would say a word to Netta, Doctor," he said. "I don't like the way she makes herself cheap with that young Turk. She doesn't mean

anything, of course. She probably doesn't realize what she's doing, half the time. But one can't expect him to understand. And, anyway, one can never trust these fellows."

"Why don't you speak frankly to her yourself?" I replied. "You are more intimate with her than I am."

He shook his head.

"It's no use, Doctor," he answered. "I've tried

to warn her. She only laughs at what she calls my ridiculous jealousy. She won't see what I mean."

Thompson, who was present, joined in the conversation.

"I think, certainly, someone ought to warn her," he said. "It's a very thin veneer of civilization over these Turks—scratch it, and you find the barbarian. We don't want an outburst from our friend Ahmed Hassan that would provoke a scandal."

"Well, I'll do my best," I agreed. "But you know what she is. She thinks no wrong and she sees no wrong—and she is a very self-willed young woman."

"Try, anyway, Doctor," urged Forsyth. "I shall be immensely grateful to you. I could never forgive myself if any harm came to her—and yet I don't want to offend her."

I FOUND an opportunity that same afternoon. Passing by the hostel where the nurses of our section were lodged, I met Netta in the doorway with two or three of her companions, evidently prepared for an outing. In answer to my question, she informed me that they were going for a joy-ride with Ahmed Hassan. I drew her aside and, availing myself of the privileges of my gray hairs, remonstrated with her seriously on the imprudence of her conduct.

"Why, Doctor!" she exclaimed, with her bright, young laugh. "What harm can there be in it? Even if he is a Turk, he's a civilized one. I think he's a bit soft with all his bowing and scraping, but he behaves himself like a gentleman. I can't see any difference between him and a Frenchman or an Italian. He's had

road to meet the car which at that moment came along at a breakneck pace with the elegant Ahmed Hassan at the wheel. I watched them depart, Netta by the side of Hassan, her companions in the tonneau. She turned and waved a peace-making hand to me as they whirled off in a cloud of dust.

THE next morning, at an hour when I am ashamed to confess that I was still lying in bed, Forsyth dashed into my room, his face chalky white, and his eyes staring as though he were out of his senses.

"She's gone, Doctor!" he cried. "Gone! Disappeared utterly! Oh, my God!" He clutched at his brow in a gesture of desperation, as if to hold his wits together. "Gone!"

I sprang up from my bed.

"Not Netta?" I exclaimed.

"Yes—Netta!" The man was shaking in every limb. "Gone! Utterly disappeared!"

"But did she not return yesterday?" I asked.

"Yes—she returned safely enough. It must have been in the night. A message came from the matron—her room was empty this morning. Get your clothes on; we must find her—we must find her at once!"

I needed no more stimulation to get dressed. As I slipped into my clothes, I questioned him for further details.

"But how could she get out? Isn't the door locked or guarded?"

"Both,"

he answered. "It must have been through her window. She sleeps in a little room on the ground floor overlooking the garden at the back."

"Alone?"

"Yes—the other girl usually with her has gone sick—in hospital. She was alone last night. Oh, Netta! Netta!" His cry of grief and despair was heartrending.

"Perhaps she has gone off on some madcap escapade," I hazarded, trying to imagine anything but the worst. "It would be just like her to go off to see the dawn over the Bosphorus or something equally harebrained."

He shook his head.

THERE'S a twelve-foot wall round that garden, Doctor. I've seen it. And there are signs of a struggle among the bushes outside her window."

"You've been there this morning?"

"Yes. I dashed round directly I heard the news. They could tell me nothing—except that she went to bed happily enough last night and that her room was empty this morning. It has big French windows and they were open."

"But who could have abducted her?" I asked, putting on my coat. "Surely not—" I stopped at the suspicion, almost a certitude, which flashed into my mind.

"Yes! That's who it is!" he answered vehemently. "That scoundrel Hassan! You know as well as I do! Come along, Doctor! I want you to go round with me and find him. When we lay hands on him we shan't be long in getting hold of Netta. Thompson is coming with us. I've told him. Oh, my God, man! Be quick, be quick!"

"I'm ready," I answered, picking up my hat. "I think you're right. The first thing to do is to find Hassan. We'll see what he has to say for himself."

"I don't suppose we shall find him in his office, though he usually gets there at an unearthly early hour," said Forsyth. "It will be a matter of tracking him down. But I've a car waiting outside. Put that gun in your pocket!" he added, pointing to my revolver on the dressing-table. "You may want it. I have mine. There will be a few sharp words with Mr. Hassan when we do find him!"

I SLIPPED the weapon into my pocket and followed him into the living-room, where Thompson was awaiting us. Without more discussion, we dashed downstairs and into the Red Cross car for which Forsyth had telephoned.

A few minutes later we pulled up at the Ministry where Ahmed Hassan had a little office which he attended when he was not chaperoning us over Constantinople. The dirty Turkish sentry at the main entrance, recognizing us, let us pass without hindrance. It was by no means the first time we had visited our cicerone in the gloomy building where he exercised his somewhat mysterious official functions, and we ran quickly up the stairs to his room. Without the formality of a knock, Forsyth flung open the door.

There, much to our surprise, was Mr. Ahmed Hassan, placidly seated at his desk. He looked up at our entrance and, all politeness, rose to his feet.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, with his suave Continental accent. "To what do I owe the honor—"

Hegot no further. Forsyth sprang across the room and gripped him by the throat with one hand, while he pulled the revolver from his pocket.

"Where is she?" he cried, like a madman. "Where is she? Answer me this instant, or I'll blow your scoundrelly brains out!"

POOR Hassan could not have answered even if he would. Forsyth's furious grip on his throat was throttling the life out of him. He writhed in unavailing efforts to free himself, his eyes bulging almost out of his head, his face congested.

With some difficulty, we dragged our friend away, held him back.

"Don't be a fool, Forsyth!" said Thompson angrily. "Killing the man won't help us!"

"I'll kill him if he doesn't (Continued on page 71)

a European education and he doesn't believe in harems or anything like that. Besides, we have permission and I never go out with him alone. But really, Doctor," she finished with a touch of resentment, "Mr. Hassan has been very kind to all of us—you men as well—and I don't see why, if he behaves himself like a gentleman, we shouldn't treat him like one. At any rate, I'm going to treat him so until I have cause to think otherwise!"

With which defiance she tossed her pretty, fair head and ran out into the

Netta was innocent enough in her coquetry . . . but there was a flash in the eyes of Ahmed Hassan that made me uneasy





"I promised to marry him because he was a horrible man," said Mary Irving steadily.

The Man who Shot the Fox

By G.K. Chesterton
Illustrated by W.T. Benda

THE Rev. David East was walking with a companion up the single steep street that constituted almost the whole village of Windover. Even on that sunny afternoon the street was practically empty in front of him except for two figures walking far ahead; in whom indeed (as it happened) he was sufficiently interested to have picked them out even in a crowd. But if he had been in a mood for idler fancies he might have pictured, fleeing in fantastic rout before him, a whole mob of mythological animals.

For that string of houses had once been something very like a string of public-houses. Each house was now a monument of his victory over something that was for him a monster; and one that had been displayed on an escutcheon above the street, in the manner of a heraldic monster. He might well have prided himself on having played lion-tamer to the Red Lion and pig-sticker to the Blue Boar, Deerslayer to the White Hart and St. George to the Green Dragon.

When David East began his eager ministry in those parts, the hamlet was almost built of hostelryes; and the citizens would seem to have lived, not by taking in each other's washing, but by giving out each other's beer. He was in fact an earnest and enthusiastic preacher of the simple life; and it would be preferable, perhaps, if we could say that his eloquence had converted all that crowd of villagers, as it might well have done in any place where Puritanism has been a real popular tradition. But this was Old England, and a very old part of it, the Downs of Wessex; and he had needed to convert only one man: the man who walked at his side.

FOR the man was Sir Arthur Irving, the young squire who owned all that village; nor had he himself required much conversion. He had come from Cambridge with a youthful seriousness about his responsibilities as a social reformer; he was a young man of many intellectual tastes and even talents, including a talent for landscape-painting—which explained the light easel and camp-stool he was at that moment carrying to a sketching place on the hills beyond. In appearance he was tall and dark, with

IS A SON under any real obligation to make reparation for the wrongs of his father? After your father's death suppose you discovered that the fortune he left you actually belonged, morally if not legally, to another—what would you do?

features distinguished and even handsome save for a slight elongation that would have been called equine in a caricature—a type that often goes with silence and generally with solemnity.

His companion, the Reverend David, was also tall and capable of a fairly continuous silence; but there the resemblance ceased. He was older than the squire, and his flaxen hair was blanched prematurely even for his age; the face under it looked boyish and even babyish, until a second glance showed something resolute in the round chin and in the short nose something of a doglike pertinacity, which unconsciously accompanied the politeness and even mildness of his manner. And in his face, as compared with the landscape painter's, there was a vividness which might be the difference between talent and genius.

SIR ARTHUR looked as if he had not spoken for months; but East, however silent, always looked as if he had just that instant spoken, or was just about to speak. A fanciful critic might have suggested that he never slept. And indeed a certain silent vigilance and ubiquity was his strength in all social work; he never lost a link in a labyrinthine network of religious and political engagements.

What East saw before him, in the street swept clear of its signs, was, however, one of his easiest though one of his largest triumphs. And yet at the very

end of the straggling street, where the trees began to appear in a ragged fringe from over the brow of the hill, there was one sign left, and a strange one. Above the door of the last house, suspended from a short pole, hung a real fox's brush; and, as Hood and a healthy age of punsters might have put it, thereby hangs this tale.

AT THAT moment, however, David East was not thinking of his victories over the signs that had vanished or even of any defeat symbolized in the one sign that had remained. During his short speech and his long silence, his bright eyes had remained fixed on one of the two figures walking ahead—a feminine figure, that of the squire's sister, who was walking with a young man named Swayne. All four of the pedestrians had started out together, from the gates of the great country seat in the valley behind them, meaning to proceed together to the squire's sketching ground for a sort of light picnic. But Swayne and Mary Irving had insensibly drawn ahead; while the eyes of the men behind continued to follow them, even when they were mere dots in the distance.

The mild and patient persistency which marked East's manner was at present that of the lover and not the reformer; and his friend the squire would have been much more comfortable if he had been talking to the reformer. For he himself was the sort of English squire who is perhaps all the more English for being the very reverse of bluff and hearty, but who is national only in a very negative way. It was perhaps something sensitive in him that made him fully himself only when things were going smoothly. They were not going smoothly now.

"I AM very much distressed about this," he said, clearing his throat uncomfortably. "I am very much honored, of course, and all that. I have the greatest regard for you and your work, but I am very sorry this has happened. It can't altogether depend on me, you see; and the truth is, I fancy my sister—Well, the situation is a very delicate one to deal with."

If he had merely been at the Cambridge Union reconstructing the British Empire or in the House of Commons altering the hearths and homes of millions

of his poor fellow-creatures, he would have been a weighty, polished, and fluent speaker. But as it only affected himself, his sister, and his friend (and perhaps another friend walking ahead), he was only an English gentleman, a much pleasanter thing, and gaped and floundered like a fish.

EAST was still gazing steadily ahead at the two figures which began to draw towards the dark fringe of the woods against an edge of evening sky.

"You mean," he remarked quietly, "that I am too late."

"I have no right to say that," replied Irving. "I have really no right to say anything about it. But I do fancy I know enough to be rather sorry about this."

"Mr. Swayne is a lawyer, I think," observed East with as much composure as if he had been changing the subject.

"Well, he is a barrister, I believe," answered the young squire, "but I don't think he does much at that or gets most out of it. He's written several novels that have sold pretty well, I fancy. Mostly about murders, I think. For the rest he's a sort of free-lance journalist, but very consistent in his opinions; in fact, I should describe him as a rabid romantic. It's absurd for people to call him an adventurer; he's a very good family, and all that. But he's—well, I'm afraid he doesn't often listen to your sermons."

"So far as I know," replied East, with quiet contempt, "you are the only man of very good family who ever will listen to them."

SIR ARTHUR accepted the tribute rather hastily, for he was not unconscious of the abnormality of the social position. It is very rare indeed, in such a village of South England, that the chapel has grown greater than the church; but the circumstances in this case were peculiar. The Irving family had come from the industrial North only in the last generation, and the old squire, Sir Caleb Irving, had brought his religion with him. In fact (and the fact is far from

rare), the old squire was really a new squire, and only an old merchant. But at least he had a new religion; indeed, he had had several new religions.

Nor was the religion preached by the Rev. David East, which had caught the old man late in life and in a mood of sincere penitence, by any means unworthy or unsuitable to a sincere penitent. If it concerned itself, like certain other Puritanic beliefs, largely with the prophetic books and with the divine cryptogram of the Apocalypse, it interpreted them in a very practical and even political fashion, translating every opened seal as a modern emancipation, and every vial of wrath as the result of a social sin.

It was probably an exaggeration or perversion of their meaning which represented them as explaining the vision of wheels in Ezekiel as the success of modern machinery. And it can not be called less than a libel to say, as so many said, that these simple believers regarded the beasts with many eyes as the best types of ideal government inspectors. Nor was there a word of truth in the absurd assertion that they explained the symbols of baptism by water and fire as meaning the necessity of hot and cold water in the bathrooms.

Sir Arthur frowned as he remembered these ridiculous, not to say rebellious, rumors. He knew from whom all such jokes originally came: from the one spot that was now his eyesore, from the one man who still remained an incongruous figure in that landscape, and who, a few hundred yards up the road in front of them, stood at his own front door under the sign of the fox's tail.

BY THE time they reached the brow of the hill, where the straggling houses ceased and the woods began, the gold of evening had already reddened into copper, and sparks of it, here and there low down amid the dark woods, had the look rather of rubies. It was indeed the time and tint of sunset which Irving had carried his easel all that way to copy; but at that moment his gaze was not fixed only on the sunset.

The couple walking ahead had already paused to

await his coming; and their two figures on the brow of the hill, dark against the red and orange glow, were alone suggestive of all the suspicions that had caused him to withhold hope from his companion. The attitudes were almost conventional, and quite conversational; yet it seemed impossible to doubt the nature of the conversation.

THE Rev. David East seemed to take it very quietly, with head bent but eyes still bright and steady. It was not till long afterwards that Irving wholly understood the look in his face; but some part of it he understood only a few moments afterwards, with not a little amazement. For as he advanced, the group of two broke up and his sister came hurriedly towards him.

She was much smaller and slighter than her brother and much better-looking; being beautiful in the dark fashion in which he was only handsome, but also in a tragic fashion where he was only solemn. At this moment she looked especially tragic; and there was alive in her eyes that anxiety which is generally feminine, and comes of the co-existence of duty and doubt. She was of the sort that could be a martyr to her own faith, but only a skeptic about her own martyrdom.

But it was only a glimpse of this tragic mask that was given to her brother; for, very much to his surprise, she hurriedly excused herself from the party, saying she had forgotten to call at the carpenter's cottage opposite; into which she had vanished before her brother had recovered from his bewilderment.

THE next moment he found himself drawn apart by his friend Philip Swayne; and was still more surprised to find that gentleman, whose levity he had generally reason to lament, was now sobered by some similar shock. Swayne was tall, lean, and active, with red tufts of eyebrow and mustache and a shrewd, humorous blue eye. But just now his red hair looked redder against an unnatural pallor, and his face looked not only lean but haggard. (Continued on page 67)



"Before I go I'll tell you this!" Hook faced Sir Arthur and made his fantastic charge: "I am your brother."

Snowblind

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by
Walter Louderback

IT BEGAN to snow. Quiet and feathery, the first flakes fell, out of a slate-gray sky without a breath of wind.

They eddied and floated and drifted earthward, sometimes singly, in ghostlike hexagonal stars, and sometimes clinging together in a swan's-down mass. But whether alone or in interlacing colonies, they subsided gently, without haste and without sound.

Then the falling white feathers became more than intermittent. There was no longer a touch of soft timidity in their descent. The earlier note of reconnoiter went out of their movements, for once those creeping white advance-guards had established their positions and albified the earth with their quiet camps, some mysterious aerial message seemed to call for the main army behind them. So the fall of the white flakes was no longer sporadic and occasional. It became a sober and unhurried descent, imposing a dreamy and lonely peace on the muffled world.

THEN it began to snow in earnest.

The low-hung skies seemed to open and deliver themselves of crowded and swirling flurries of white. A silence, as absolute as death, crept over the earth. The light of midday darkened into an opaque twilight, and hour by hour the patient gray downpour continued.

It continued without haste and without passion, as though time were a thing to be no longer reckoned with, as though all emotion lay muffled and buried beneath that isolating blue-white mantle. It seemed to cover the world as a ceremonial sheet covers the dead, softening its grimnesses and concealing its scars. From Hudson Bay to the Rockies, from the Height of Land up to the Circle itself, that downy-starred deluge continued, imposing silence on rock and river, on slough and mountain-slope, on forest and open plain. It crowned swamp-alder and spruce and jack-pine with tiaras of white. It weighted birch and poplar-branches with soft crystals, and bent bracken and flag-fronds under coronets too heavy to be borne, compelling them to dip and relieve their burdened shoulders with movements as soft as the fall of the pyramided flakes.

ALL day and all night it snowed, without change and without cessation. But on the second day the frost deepened, and, with the birth of a wind out of the northwest, the listless and never-ending downfall lost its earlier aspects of serenity. The once vertical lines of descent became oblique. The illimitable army of white became something hurried and harried, something touched with passion and impatience. It quickened to the lash of the wind and hurled itself as an enemy upon the startled earth. It grew proud of its own power, and sang aloud of its strength. And as the wind grew tenser it lost the last of its flurrying downiness. It became a deluge, not of feathery crystals, but of flying particles of ice. A note of triumph crept into its assault.

By night the oblique lines had flattened out into horizontal strata of stinging gray whipcords, singing with Berserker madness as they flailed from forest to lake and from lake to mountain-slope. For by this time the storm had deepened into a blizzard. It tore at the muffling sheets of white and rolled them up and unrolled them again and scattered them in shreds to the four corners of the world. It filled coulée and cañon and trail-bed with its countless armies; it stung the flank of the pines with its unnumbered arrows; it whined and roared through the hemlocks and flattened under its gray heel the face of the marsh-lands. It ramped white-fanged through the stricken world

and drove all life from the open. And all the next day it raged and sobbed and lashed with its barbaric furies, malignant and merciless, shaking the earth to its bedrock, seeming to exult in its desecration of any enemy already dead. It uprooted cedar and balsam and buried them with glee, and bit at the ribs of stone it could not shake, and whined and crooned across the continent which it had challenged and subdued and held captive.

With the coming of the third day the storm had blown itself out. The calm of exhaustion filled the world. A green-blue sky, with the last of its fury

washed away, stood without wind or cloud. And a sun of Tuscan gold, swinging low in the South, looked down on a world of unbroken white, ribbed with wind-packed drifts, corrugated with its long defiles of dazzling whiteness.

MIRIAM HELSTON, immured in the Missioner's cabin where Elk Creek debouched into Lac Doré, on the fringe of the Barren Grounds, watched this blizzard come into being, assert its sovereignty, and blow itself out. She watched it in wonder touched with perplexity, for she knew now that



Renaud answered Miriam's cry with a grunt of animal-like unconcern . . . watched her impassively where she had fallen.

Father Paquette would never be able to strike north from Jackpine Crossing, just as Corporal Deane would be held up indefinitely at Fort Consolation.

She was in no peril, she knew, for that stoutly built little outpost cabin offered her shelter and food and fuel. But a great loneliness had crept into her soul at this isolation to which she was still a stranger. She felt as though all the world she had known and loved had slipped away through interstellar space, leaving her the last unit of mortal and moving life in a universe stricken with death. This wilderness was tragically new to her, for she had come out of the sustaining companionships of city life unfortified with any knowledge of its majesty and its menace.

Her entire pilgrimage, in fact, had been a mistake, a colossal error crowned with disillusionment. She should have taken Corporal Deane's advice, at the first, and gone out with the Missioner and his *métis* before winter set in. But they had told her that the man with the bullet in his hip was Grenville Helston, and the thought of her own brother lying helpless in a deserted fur-trader's post would have sent her toiling up to the wastes of the Arctic Circle itself.

That man had not been her brother, for all the hearsay evidence the Cree breeds had brought down to the rail-head, but an alcoholic remittance-man with a compound fracture of the femur. And that solitude-loving "squaw man" of the Barrons would surely have died, had not a Mounted Police surgeon on patrol planted the patient in a fracture-bed and had not the strange woman from the Outside remained with him during two long months of convalescence.

MIRIAM HELSTON did not regret those two months in the North. She was not a girl, but a resolute and self-reliant woman, and there was a strange beauty about that sub-Arctic autumn which made her isolation endurable.

Corporal Deane, too, effected incredibly wide detours in his patrol-work so as to come as often as possible within sound of her voice, which impressed him as one of the most beautiful voices in the world. She had liked that clear-eyed rider of the plains, and had learned much from him. But when the man with the shattered hip was able to move about again she awakened to the impossibility of the situation, and was glad to have Father Paquette's Chippewa trailer convey her as far as the Métis Mission School, where the Sisters took her in. Then fire had swept through that lonely little outpost, wiping out the school and its companion buildings, and with nothing left but the perilous shelter of tepees, she had hired two Cree guides and started for the south. At the Missioner's cabin on Elk Creek these guides had deserted her, stealing all they were able to carry away of her outfit.

She did not give way to panic, as a less resolute woman might have done. She knew that sixteen miles to the south lay Chicautibbi House, and that from there the route to the rail-head was kept open by the post-traders and the fur brigades. But when winter closed in about her, almost in a day, the consciousness of her isolation sharpened into actual disquiet. The ache for civilization grew stronger in her heart, and she knew that, whatever happened, she would have to strike overland for Chicautibbi House.

SHE waited until the weather cleared, for the weather, she felt, was her one possible enemy. Then, when she emerged from her dugout after Nature's three-day barrage and saw a world of hard-packed drifts and a sun of pallid gold shining down from a clean-swept sky, she set about making her preparations. She took food and matches and a pocket-compass, and over her greatcoat of plucked beaver she buckled the moose-hide belt that held a heavy woodsman's knife. On the plain deal table of the Missioner's cabin she left a note stating her destination and the time of her departure. Then she drew her fur cap down over the close-plaited hair of burnished gold and thrust her hands into heavy gauntlets of fur.

She stood for a moment, staring about the lonely cabin which had been an open shelter to her. It was a law of the frontier, she remembered, to leave that cabin as orderly as she had found it. And as she glanced about to make sure that the fire was out and everything stood in place, her eye fell on the pair of wooden goggles which hung at one end of the grub-box. They were snow-goggles, roughly carved out of birchwood and covered with buckskin and held together by a buckskin thong. The men of the North, she remembered, wore such things over their eyes in winter, when on the trail, and they were supposed to soften the glare of the sun. But they seemed rather foolish-looking to the woman who turned them over in her hand, and she put them back where they belonged. In six hours, she knew, she would be at Chicautibbi House, and during that journey she wanted all the sun she could get.



"Isn't there one white man here? Save me—from these!" Miriam raised her

SO SHE stepped out into the open, and carefully took her bearings. Then she struck out straight as an arrow towards the south.

She moved forward with a steady and confident stride, conscious of her strength, exhilarated with a sense of escape. Her body was warmly clad; her pulse-beat was vigorous; and the crystalline Northern morning was like wine to her lungs. There was no wind, and the only sound in all her world was the crunch of the snow, crisp as charcoal, under her moose-hide moccasins. And the world that lay about her seemed one of alabaster whiteness, coridored with blue-white drifts and overhung with a sky of pale blue that shaded off into opal green along the lonely and broken horizon. The air above that horizon seemed so crystal-sharp it promised to crack like glass

at any sudden movement along the paved floor of its peace. Yet it seemed a kindly world, for the traveling was easier than she had expected, and she liked the sheeted cleanness of the dips and undulations which she threaded, and the rhythmic song of her footsteps amid the noiseless emptiness through which she moved.

HER body glowed pleasurably and her cheeks flamed into the deeper rose of health and happiness. Her eyes, eager and infinitely bluer than the high-arching skies above her, made note of the pink tone which the low-hung sun imparted to the more southerly slopes about her, and drank in the grateful light with its odd simulation of warmth. For there was, she remembered, no actual warmth in that intense flood of light. Beneath its velvet, she knew,



beseeking, sightless face, and her voice was swallowed up in a derisive tumult of laughter.

were the icy claws of cruelty, ready to strike when they seemed most impassive.

Yet it brought her no physical discomfort. It brought, instead, an almost dizzy sense of well-being, of invigorating oxygenic activity, a valiant impression of self-reliance which drugged away some earlier mental depression born of vague memories of the desolation in which she stood engulfed. For she still seemed utterly alone in a world which showed no sign of life. She seemed alone in an illimitable stretch of illimitable solitude, in a world of sepulchral white silence where not even a fox-bark broke the stillness.

SHE was prodigiously glad of that buoyant wash of sunlight, she told herself, intensified in tone as it was by the reflected glare from the wind-packed snow.

Yet she noticed, as she kept her steady pace, that this light was strong enough to make her squint. It brought a scowl to the habitually smooth brow, a scowl so fixed that a slight pain crept across her frontal bone and prompted her to relax the line of her down-drawn brows. But this momentary unhooding of the retina resulted in a discomfort even more marked, an unwelcome stimulation of the optic nerve which prompted her to pucker eyes and brow once more into light-filtering contraction. That diffused white glare bothered her. Even when she closed her eyes, elongated discs of radiance still seemed to dance before her vision.

It was an annoyance, she told herself, and nothing more. Yet she began to be disturbed by the discovery that everything about her had taken on an outline of

prismatic hues, a rainbow corona of colors. When she stopped to study her compass and make sure of her route, she was startled to find a small aura of pearl and opal light circling about the instrument. It was so fixed and definite that she refused to accept it, at first, as something purely subjective. But when she saw the same nimbus of luminosity about her gauntleted hand, that hand lost a little of its steadiness. It was her eyesight that was at fault, and with that she must have nothing go radically wrong. So she scowled more protectively and half closed her eyes and went on again with bent head, intent only on sheering forward and sheering always to the south.

It hurt her, by this time, to look directly into the open sky, just as it brought a sharp pain across her temples to stare for any ponderable (Continued on page 75)



The Master of Man

By Hall Caine

Illustrated by Walter Louderback

"THE law is wrong; therefore it is right to resist the law." In two days simple, ignorant Bessie Collister is to be executed for the crime of infanticide—and the young Deemster who sentenced her would now gladly give his own life to save her from the gallows. But will Victor resist the Law? Can the Judge himself turn jail-breaker to save a guilty woman from her punishment?

WHEN Stowell left Government House in the heat and delirium of his anger he was at war with God and man. There was a kind of self-defense in thinking that, however deep his own wrongdoing, the whole world was full of infamy.

He found that news of the forthcoming execution had reached Fort Anne before he returned to it. To avoid the whispering groups in the public rooms he packed his bag and took the afternoon train to Ballamoar.

Alone in the railway carriage, he had time to review his situation. His visit to the Governor had been a wretched failure. But even if it had been a success what would have been the result to Bessie Collister? Substitution of the jail for the gallows. Instead of death, three years', five years', perhaps ten years' imprisonment. Was that all? Then thank God he had not succeeded!

"But what am I to do?" he asked himself.

Appeal to London? Useless! The Home Office would support the resident authority, and, having made a hideous error, he would be reluctant to correct it. Appeal to public opinion? Difficult and dangerous, like walking over volcanic ground that might open at any moment and swallow him up.

"Then what *can* I do?" he thought.

There was only one thing possible, but he hardly dared to think of it. It shivered at the back of his mind like the white water over a reef at the neck of a narrow sea.

SUDDENLY he saw that every argument he had used with the Governor against putting Bessie to death applied equally to keeping her in prison.

This was not a question of degrees of guilt—of murder or manslaughter. Either Bessie was guilty of murder and ought to be executed, or she was not guilty (not being responsible) and ought to be set at liberty.

"Then the law under which she had been condemned is a crime," he thought.

This fell on him like a thunderbolt. It terrified him. All his inherited instinct of reverence for the justice and majesty of the law revolted.

"The law a crime! Good heavens! What am I thinking about?"

And yet why not? Why had there been so much misery in the world? Was it because of the crimes committed *against* the law? No, but chiefly because of the crimes committed *by* the law. Yes, *that* was the real key to the long martyrdom of man throughout the ages.

"If a law is a crime it ought to be broken," he told himself.

But how? There was only one proper way in a free country—through parliament and by the slow uprising of the human conscience. But that was a long process, and meantime what would happen in this case? Bessie would be dead and buried! That must not be! The law that had condemned Bessie Collister must be broken at once—now!

But who is to break it?

He trembled at that question but found only one answer—himself! Since he had been the instrument of the law in dooming Bessie to death it was he who must set her free.

WHEN he reached this point on his dark way he was horrified and the perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"What? A judge break the law!"

He thought of his oath as Deemster and of the

For what far lands were that rascally skipper and his tramp schooner bound? Victor wondered idly—and a scheme for Bessie's escape leaped full-fledged into his mind!

execration that would fall on him if found out. He remembered his father's motto: "Justice is the most sacred thing on earth." No, it was impossible! His honor as a Judge forbade it.

But as the train ran on the call of nature conquered—the man triumphed over the judge again.

"What, after all, is my honor as a Judge compared to that poor girl's life?" he thought.

Law and justice were not the same thing by any means. Bessie Collister must not die! She must not remain in prison! She must escape! He must help her to do so. Secretly, though—nobody knowing; not even the girl herself or Fenella.

At St. John's, a junction between the north of the island and the south, the Bishop of the island stepped into Stowell's compartment. He had been holding a confirmation service at a neighboring church, and a company of young girls, in white muslin frocks, was seeing him off from the platform. While the carriages were being coupled he stood at the open door and said good-by to them.

"And now go home, dear children, and have your suppers and get to bed. Home, sweet home, you know!"

But the children would not go until they had sung again in their sweet young voices the hymn they had just been singing in church, "Now the Day Is Over." By the time the engine whistled and the train was moving out of the station, they had reached the verse:

*"Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain."*

STOWELL dared not look at them. He was thinking of the girl in Castle Rushen and picturing to himself a similar scene of joy and innocence which might have taken place only a few years before in the station by the glen.

"Ah!" said the Bishop, settling himself in his seat.

He was a short, dapper, almost dainty little man who talked continually, like the brook that



"I have well deserved it, Alick," said Victor . . . and as he spoke blood began to trickle down his cheek.

often runs behind a Manx cottage and fills it with cheerful chatter.

"I suppose you've heard the news, Deemster?"

He produced a small evening newspaper.

"That poor young person in Castle Rushen is to be executed, after all! Terrible, isn't it?"

Stowell bent his head.

"I really thought that after your address to the jury she would have been pardoned. But who am I to set up my opinion against that of the King's advisers? And then think of the effect of bad example! Those dear children, for instance, they are not too young to remember. And if that unhappy girl had got off who knows what effect——"

Stowell, nursing the fires of his rebellion, hardly heard the running stream of commonplace.

"And then Holy Wedlock! I always say that every act of carnal transgression is a sin against the marriage altar."

THE train was running along the western coast: the sun was setting; the Irish mountains were purple against the red glow of the sky behind them.

"And then think of the poor soul herself! It may be best for her, too! God knows to what depths she might have descended!"

Stowell wanted to burst out on the Bishop, but a secret voice within him whispered: "Hold your tongue! Say nothing!"

"All the same, I'm sorry for the poor creature, and only yesterday I was using my influence to get her into a Refuge Home for Fallen Women across the water."

The train drew up at the station for Bishop's Court, and the Bishop, after a cheerful adieu, hopped like a bird along the platform to where his carriage stood waiting for him, with its two high-stepping horses and its coachman in livery.

Stowell's heart was afire.

"Refuge Home! Send some of your fashionable women to your Refuge Homes! Holy Wedlock! There are more fallen women inside your Holy Wedlock than outside of it! Her soul! Yes, some of your damnable Churches are dragging poor women at the tail of their boat still!"

At the station for the glen Stowell got out himself, and there he saw a different spectacle—an elderly woman in a satin mantle, surrounded by a group of other elderly women in faded sunbonnets.

It was Mrs. Collister again. In one hand she held her blackthorn stick, and in the other she carried a small bundle in a print handkerchief—probably containing her underclothing.

Stowell understood. The news about Bessie had reached her home, and the heart-broken and almost brain-broken old mother was waiting for the south-going train to Castletown.

A hush fell on the women when Stowell stepped out

of the railway carriage, but as he made his way to the dog-cart at the gate, he heard one of them say:

"It's a wicked shame! But you'll be with the poor bogh at the end and that will comfort her."

A kind of fierce and almost savage pride had taken possession of Stowell.

"Not yet! Not yet!" he thought.

BUT from that time forward the Judge went about like a criminal.

He stayed at home the following day to think out his plans. All his thoughts revolved about Castle Rushen, the great, gray bastioned fortress—how was he to get the prisoner out of it?

He felt ashamed of some of the devices which occurred to him, but as often as he reminded himself that he was only trying to prevent a judicial murder he felt justified and even proud.

His first idea was to use the jailer, who was a simple soul and had obligations to his family. But he abandoned this thought rather from fear of the old man's garrulous tongue than from qualms of conscience.

It was Tuesday, and Bessie's execution had been fixed for the Monday following, but the day passed without bringing any better scheme to him.

After dinner he went out to walk on the graveled path in front of the house. The night was dark but quiet. After a while he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped and listened. The footsteps stopped also. It was nothing.

"What a coward I am!" he thought.

SOMEWHERE in the dark reaches of Wednesday morning an idea flashed upon him. It was usual for one of the Deemsters to make an annual examination of the prisons of the island, the time being subject to his own convenience. Stowell determined to make his examination of Castle Rushen now.

At eleven o'clock he was going round the Castle with the jailer. There were two sides to the prison, a debtor side and a criminal side, and they went over both—the jailer complaining of decaying doors and rusty padlocks and the Deemster, with a sense of shame, pretending to make notes of them, while his eyes and his mind were on other matters.

"Not much chance of a prisoner escaping from a place like this, Mr. Vondy?"

"Not a ha'p'orth! Those old Normans knew how to keep people out—and in too, sir. But there's one cell you haven't looked at yet, Your Honor—the girl Collister's."

"We'll leave her alone, Mr. Vondy. How is she now, poor creature?"

"Wonderful! That cheerful and smart you wouldn't believe, sir."

"Then she doesn't know——"

"Deed, she does, sir. But she thinks Mr. Gell, the advocate, is up in London getting her pardon, and she's listening and listening for his foot coming back with it."

Hopeless! Hopeless! Not an opening anywhere.

STOWELL went to bed on Wednesday night also without any scheme for Bessie Collister's escape. But in the gray dawn of Thursday morning, when the world was awakening from a heavy sleep, another idea came to him. The Antiquarian Society of the Island had made him a Vice-President when he became a Deemster, and having opened up certain portions of the Castle that were outside the precincts of the prison, they had asked him to inspect their discoveries.

With another spasm of hope, Stowell returned to Castletown.

"Give me your lantern, and let me wander about by myself, Mr. Vondy."

"Deed, I will, sir. Your Honor knows the Castle as well as I do."

There was said to be a subterranean passage under the harbor for escape in case of siege. Stowell found it (a noisome, slimy, rat-infested place, dripping with water), but the farther end of it had been walled up.

There was a foul dungeon in which a Bishop had been confined when he came in collision with the civil authorities, and tradition had it that he had preached through a window to his people on the quay. Stowell found that also, but the window was narrow and barred.

There were ramparts round the four square walls, but on one side they looked down into the backyards of the little houses that lay against the great fortress and on the other three sides they were exposed to the marketplace, the parliament-square and the harbor.

Hopeless again! Utterly hopeless!

FOR the second time Stowell went home in the lowering nightfall with a heavy heart. As the time approached for the execution his agitation increased, and on Thursday night also he tossed about,



"Don't tell her I'm here," Stowell ordered the jailer curtly. In the collapse

thinking, thinking. He had a key to the Deemster's private entrance to the Castle, and though the door was always bolted on the inside, a plan of escape occurred to him.

On Friday morning he was in the jailer's room. It had been the guardroom of the Castle and was hung about with souvenirs of earlier times—maps, plans, a cutlass that had been captured in a fight with Spanish pirates, a blunderbuss that had been used by Manx Fencibles, a keyboard, a line of handcuffs, and a rope, in a glass case, that had been used in the hanging of a Manx criminal.

"You haven't many prisoners in the Castle now, Mr. Vondy?"

"Aw, no! Didn't Your Honor discharge all but one at the last General Gaol?"

"And not much company?"

"Only Willie Shimin, the turnkey, and he's a

drunken gommernal, always wanting out, and never sure of coming back at all."

"What about your female warder?"

"Mrs. Mylrea? A dying woman, sir. Not been here since the trial, and if it wasn't for Miss Stanley——"

"Does she come often?"

"Nearly every day; now, sir."

At that moment there was the clang of a bell.

"There she is; I'll go bail," said the jailer, and snatching a big key from the keyboard he turned to go.

In the collapse of his better nature Stowell was afraid to meet Fenella, knowing well she would see through him.

"Don't trouble about me, or mention that I'm here," he said, and, picking up his lantern, he made a show of going on with his researches.

But as soon as the jailer had disappeared he turned rapidly to the Deemster's door and had



he was doing right. He even believed God was using him as an instrument of His divine justice, to correct the infamy of the world by a signal action. It was one of those lulls between the wings of a circling storm which come to the soul of man as well as to nature.

He was almost happy.

NEXT morning, under pretext of the Deemster's fortnightly court at Douglas (Taubman being down with his rheumatism again) and of important business to do before it, Stowell breakfasted by the light of a lamp and the crackling of a fire, and set out in his car to Peel.

Soon after six he was descending into the little white fishing-port that lies in the lap of its blue circle of sea, with the red ruins of its Cathedral at its feet and the green arms of its hills behind it.

The little town was still half asleep but there was a certain bustle of life at the harbor end of it. Middle-aged women were gutting herrings from barrel to barrel, while blood dripped from their broad thumbs; old men were baiting lines with shell-fish; cadgers' carts were standing empty at the foot of the pier, with their horses' heads in bags of oats and chopped hay; a hundred fishing-boats by the quay, with their sails hanging slack from their masts, were swaying to the ebbing tide, and an Irish tramp steamer, the *Dan O'Connor*, was lazily letting down the fires under her black and red funnel.

But at the pier-head, close under the blind eyes of the Cathedral, there was a scene of real activity. It was the fish auction, for the night's catch. The auctioneer, an Irishman, was standing on a barrel, with a circle of fish-cadgers around him and an empty space, like a cock-pit, in front, to which the long-booted fishermen, one by one, with ponderous agility, were carrying specimen baskets of herring and dropping them down on the red flags with a thud.

"Now, gintlemin, here is your last chance of a herring this week. We're a religious people in the Isle of Man and sorra a wan more will ye get till Tuesday."

STOWELL, who had drawn up his car, and was standing at the back of the crowd, was startled by this statement, having forgotten that the boats did not go out on Saturday or Sunday.

"Now, min, what do you say to forty mease from the *Mona*? Thirty-five shillin'! Thank you, Mr. Flynn! Any increase on thirty-five? No increase? Och, it's chating and decaving the poor fishermin you are, gintlemin."

"Thirty-six and a quid for yourself if you'll lave me to put a sight up on the missis," said a voice from the back of the crowd.

During the laughter which the rude jest provoked Stowell looked at the speaker. He was the skipper of the Irish tramp steamer—a grizzled old salt, spitting tobacco juice from behind a discolored hand, and having rascal written on every line of his face.

Turning away, Stowell walked slowly to the farther end of the bay, and as slowly back again. A new scheme had occurred to him. He was now more sure than ever that the Almighty was using him for His righteous ends since even his failures of memory were helping him.

BY THE time he returned the auction was over. The pier was empty and nobody was in sight except the Irish captain, who was standing on the deck of his ship by the (Continued on page 59)

of his better nature he realized that he was afraid to meet Fenella now.

opened it and stepped out and closed it behind him, before the jailer and Fenella (whose voices he could hear) had emerged from the Portcullis.

It was done! Light had fallen on him at last. Now he knew how Bessie Collister was to escape from Castle Rushen.

But wait! It was not enough that Bessie should escape from her prison; she must escape from the island also; and to do so by means of the regular steam-packet from Douglas to England was impossible. Was this to be another and still greater difficulty?

The tide was up in the harbor and the fishing-boats were making ready to go out for the night. As Stowell walked down the quay he saw a blue-coated and brass-buttoned elderly man coming up with unsteady steps—the harbor-master.

A sudden thought came to him. Why not by a fishing-boat?

He remembered his night with the herrings on the Governor's yacht, when, lying off the Carlingford sands, he had seen the lights of Dublin. Why could not a fishing-boat steal away in the darkness and put Bessie ashore in Ireland?

It was the very thing!

Only it must not be a Castletown boat, lest she be missed when the fleet came back to port in the morning.

AFTER dinner that night he walked on the graveled terrace again, but he had no fear now. The moon was shining in a pale sky and the bald crown of old Snaefell was visible through the motionless trees. He drew up on the spot on which he had first parted from Fenella, and as he stood there in the darkness a warm vision of the scene of so many years ago returned to him.

"Wait! Only wait!" he thought.

Stowell was satisfied with himself. He was sure



Jack recognized that his happiness depended upon Jill's qualities of mind and heart—and Jill exulted in the power these things gave her.

Is a Wife a Slave?

By Arnold Bennett

DO I seriously lay it down that the married woman of today is economically a slave? I do, in the majority of cases. And I add that this condition of hers colors the whole of marriage for her.

Ask the young woman who gives up a salaried situation for a husband whether she does not feel the shackles.

Watch the demeanor of the married woman who has money of her own which her husband can not touch or will not touch. Watch the demeanor of the married woman who has no money of her own but who has had force enough to obtain control of her husband's money.

Compare the demeanor of these women with the demeanor of the majority of married women, and you will (I hope) admit the immense influence of economics in the entire field of matrimony. The two demeanors are so different—sometimes subtly, sometimes spectacularly—that almost at first sight you can say with confidence, "That woman controls money," or "That woman is an economic slave." And the bright beams of conjugal affection will not suffice to blind your judgment.

The partial abolition of the laws which once enabled the husband to say to his wife, "What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own," has had the incidental advantage of letting us see plainly the difference between slavery and freedom for a woman; for in former times marriage meant economic slavery for all women; even the women who brought vast property into the connubial bargain.

IN THE majority of cases the married woman of today is economically at the mercy of her husband. The fact that by mutual agreement she undertakes duties which are not paid for in cash can not fairly disentitle her to the undisputed control of her share of the cash.

THE good husband, the generous husband who has read me so far protests here:

"But my wife has an ample allowance."

Exactly. And you, my fine fellow, are regarded as good and generous because you do an act of bare justice, because you are not guilty of an obvious injustice. You even regard yourself as good and generous on this account. The day has not yet dawned when society is not somewhat startled and pleased by the sight of a husband who in economics actually plays fair! Magnanimous husband! His noble nature forbids him to take advantage of his position.

There still lingers among us the odd theory that a married woman who is put into possession of money ought to be thankful that somehow she is not really entitled to the possession of money.

And, good and generous husband, I beg to direct your attention to that word which you have em-

ployed: "Allowance." The whole situation is implicit in that word. You "allow." You permit. You vouchsafe. You needn't; but you do. You have the right to withdraw what you grant. The thing is compassionate. You might think better of it. So the recipient had better be careful, lucky creature! Indeed, the word demands serious examination. We will, however, pass the word and come to the fact.

MANY husbands will say: "My wife has the spending of more money than I spend myself."

It may be true; it often is true. The housekeeping allowance may well easily exceed the husband's expenditure. But, as to the housekeeping allowance, the wife is only the husband's agent. She is an agent—though perhaps with a little more liberty to exercise initiative—as the husband's cashier at the office or agent for the petty cash. She allots the money as she chooses (provided she can suit the husband's appetite), but she is obliged to spend it on housekeeping. If she "saves on" the housekeeping and makes no secret of her economy, the chances are a hundred to one that the husband will reward her by saying, "You can manage with less."

Hence it is that multitudinous wives do make a secret of the economies in housekeeping and enter upon careers of deceit. Trifling deceit. Excusable. Justifiable deceit. But deceit! Involving what we term the "double life." Who has not heard the wife say, with an archness that covers uneasiness and humiliation, "I don't tell my husband, naturally."

The wife usually, though (Continued on page 58)

The First Year

By Frank Craven

COURTESY OF JOHN GOLDEN, PRODUCER

MRS. LIVINGSTON (complacently—for she has not the slightest suspicion of the dreams that are already stirring in her daughter Grace's mind)—Well, thank goodness I have a daughter and not a son.

Doctor Anderson (looking over with a knowing little twinkle at the attractive young girl who is deep in a library book at the other side of the room)—Wouldn't you like to have a son, sister?

Mrs. Livingston (with conviction)—No. Boys grow up and leave home.

Doctor Anderson (looking at Grace who now sits, oblivious of the book in her lap, with a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes)—Well, girls do, too.

Mrs. Livingston (fondly)—My girl won't. . . . Will you, Grace?

Grace (coming back with a start, uncertainly)—I haven't decided yet, Mother.

Doctor Anderson (teasingly)—You won't have much chance to leave home if you don't hurry up and grab one of these boys.

Mrs. Livingston (anxiously)—Don't get that notion in her head, Myron. She's young yet.

Grace (earnestly)—I'm twenty.

Mrs. Livingston—I wasn't married until I was more than that.

Doctor Anderson (smiling reminiscently)—Well, there was a reason for it in your case, sister. The town we lived in was so small it was hard for a young fellow to find it!

Mrs. Livingston (undisturbed)—Well, I'm satisfied to have a girl, and (looking at Grace meaningly) I'll be more satisfied to have her stay right where she is.

Doctor Anderson (shewdly, drawing a long, comfortable puff on his pipe)—You mothers are all alike. You don't want to lose them and yet your great ambition is to see them married and in a home of their own.

Mr. Livingston (Grace's father, catching the last few words and looking up from his evening paper)—What's it all about? Who's going to get married?

Grace (with sudden defiance)—I am!

Mr. Livingston (dropping his newspaper in astonishment)—Huh?

Mrs. Livingston (reproachfully)—Grace!

Grace (embarrassed for a moment, then recovering herself)—Well, I—I hope I am.

Mrs. Livingston (in a tone of relief)—Oh!

Grace (eagerly)—And when I do—I mean, if I do, I've got it all planned. I'd just have a very quiet wedding, and then I'd have a honeymoon—some place—it doesn't much matter where you go on your honeymoon. And then I'd want a home of my own, and the last place I'd want it is here in Reading!

FOR to Grace Livingston, getting married means just one thing—a chance to get away from the small town she has lived in all her life, and see the world. Young, pretty, eager for romance, Grace wants to know life. And she believes that she can only find it somewhere—almost anywhere, in fact—outside of Reading! Grace's discontent is increased when Dick Loring, one of the Reading boys, comes to say good-by to her. He's going West to be a construction engineer on the C. P. R.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (with amused tolerance)—Tired of us here, Dick?

Dick (glibly)—Oh, no! There are some I'll hate to leave. (Looks meaningly at Grace.) But there are some I won't miss much. I think, though, it's a good thing to get away. There isn't anything for me here in this town.

Mrs. Livingston—Well, you mustn't get too restless, Richard. You know what they say about rolling stones.

Dick (smartly)—A fellow has to do a little rolling, though, Mrs. Livingston, to find a good place to stop. There are a lot of fellows who'd have done better if they had rolled away from this village.

Mrs. Livingston (reprovingly)—Why, I think most of the boys we know are doing very nicely. Now, you take Nathan Allen, helping his father in the store. Mr. Allen told me he didn't know what he would do without Nathan.

Grace (resentfully)—That's all right for his father, but I don't see where it is helping Nate much. I think Nate is terribly stupid, anyway.

Mrs. Livingston—Grace!

Grace—Well, I do. If we didn't have weather, I don't know what he'd do for something to talk about.

Doctor Anderson (looking slyly at Grace)—What about Tommy Tucker?

Mrs. Livingston (defensively)—I won't let you call Tommy Tucker dull!

Grace (thoughtfully)—No, Tommy isn't dull. . . . But real estate isn't a very romantic business.



"I wonder if you'd marry me . . . if I said 'Yes?'" Grace (Roberta Arnold) gives a little tactful help to bashful Tommy Tucker.

AND so eager is Grace to get away that, when bashful Tommy Tucker calls round that evening with his weekly box of candy, she offers to marry him.

GRACE (determinedly—after Tommy has made several painful efforts and relapsed into embarrassed silence)—You do love me a lot, don't you, Tommy?

Tommy (with breathless eagerness)—Oh, Grace! I can't tell you how much.

Grace (laughing)—You don't have to. (Hesitating a little in embarrassment) I wonder if you would marry me if I said, "Yes."

Tommy (ecstatically)—Grace! (There is no possible doubt as to how Tommy feels about this!)

Grace (retreating a little)—Wait—if I said, "Yes."

Tommy (enthusiastically)—Yes!

Grace (coming to the point of her proposition)—Provided we go away some place to live?

Tommy (promptly)—All right. (Hesitating a little) But wouldn't it be almost the same if we took a couple of trips each year? (Hopefully) Then, when we come back everything would be practically new!

Grace (firmly)—I won't compromise on that, Tommy.

Tommy—All right. But there is my business, Grace.

Grace (appealingly)—Haven't you faith enough in yourself to build up another—some other place?

Tommy (doubt giving place to self-confidence)—Yes, I guess I could do that! Is that all you ask of me, Grace?

Grace (dreamily, seeing visions of New York, London, Paris)

—That's all, Tommy.

Tommy (coming towards her uncertainly, scarcely able to believe that Grace has really promised to marry him)—Gee, what a lucky fellow I am!

AND so they are married! After the honeymoon



"I think when the head stops aching you'll be all right!" says the Doctor after Tommy's young wife has hit him with a well-aimed vase.

Tommy opens a little real-estate office in Joplin, Missouri, and Grace keeps house for him in a tiny flat. But business doesn't go well. Tommy, and Mrs. Tommy find Joplin not half so exciting as they had dreamed it would be. At the end of that difficult first year Tommy stakes every cent he can raise—including Grace's one Liberty bond—on a piece of property the railroad needs for its right of way. But Dick Loring, an old rival of Tommy, turns up and queers the deal. Dejected and discouraged, the young couple quarrel—and Grace goes home. Whereupon Tommy—with the reckless courage of desperation and a cocktail—raises his price to \$125,000, and sells his property. But all the next week he is sick in the hospital as the result of prohibition cocktails. When he finally turns up in Reading to make peace, he finds Grace deep in talk with Dick Loring. And the outraged Tommy peels off his coat and smacks impudent young Loring across the face! Ensues a rough-and-tumble fight. Grace, afraid that her Tommy is getting the worst of it, throws a huge vase which misses Dick, and opens Tommy's head. Dick departs hastily and Grace, terrified, calls her uncle to dress poor Tommy's cut.

TOMMY (coming to and pushing Grace away from him)—I can't hold my own head, thank you.

Doctor Anderson (conciliatingly)—All right, but I want Grace to hold this adhesive plaster so I can cut it. (He cuts the plaster and Grace gingerly holds it in place for him.) There, that's fine! I think Tommy, after the head stops aching you'll be all right.

Roberta Arnold plays Mrs. Tommy Tucker—the girl who wanted romance. What she got was a flat in Joplin.



Tommy Tucker (Frank Craven) has staked Grace's Liberty bond on the success of this dinner-party, so he rises to carve the fowl!

Grace (torn between her concern for Tommy and her resentment)—Then that's all you'll need of me?

Tommy—One moment! I'd like to have a word with you, if I may—I won't keep you long. (And he offers Grace the check he got from the railroad for his Joplin property.)

Grace (coldly)—I won't touch it.

DOCTOR ANDERSON—Before you go, Tommy, there's one question I'd like to ask you.

Tommy—What is it, Doctor?

Doctor Anderson—What would you rather be than anything else in the world?

Tommy (promptly)—Single.

Doctor Anderson (gently persuasive)—I don't believe you mean that. You've passed the worst time.

Grace (in angry tears)—I have passed the worst time I ever had.

Doctor Anderson—Do you mind telling me what it's all about?

Grace (stubbornly)—I don't. He was downright brutal to me. I have marks on my arms yet where he held me.

Doctor Anderson—Oh! That's when you were leaving for good? And he grabbed you and didn't want you to go? Well, I know some women don't think that's flattering!

Grace (angrily)—Well, I don't.

Doctor Anderson (conciliatingly)—Why, Grace! Tommy talked of



Three buttonholes and only two studs for Tommy Tucker's dress shirt. "Which do you want me to dress first?" groans Mrs. Tommy. "Yourself—or me—or the maid?"

you all the time in the hospital and didn't want to live unless you came back to him.

Tommy (promptly)—That's when I was delirious.

Doctor Anderson (promptly)—No you weren't. And Tommy, when Grace heard you'd been sick, she nearly tore the time-table, looking up the first train that would take her back to you.

Tommy—If you think—

Doctor Anderson (taking each of them by the hand and trying to pull them together)—Shut up, Tommy! You two are just suffering from matrimonial measles, trouble that look terrible, but don't amount to anything. Everybody has them, and like measles it's better to have them young and get over them. Years from now you're either going to laugh at this or cry over it. If you let it take you apart, you're going to cry; so let's laugh at it. What do you say, Gracie? (She turns away.) How about you, Tommy? (He puts up his hand with a gesture of "Never again!") And, Tommy, you'll want to be around to see your baby.

Tommy (in amazement)—No!

Doctor Anderson—Don't look so scared—it's happened before.

Tommy—I know—but not to me. (Goes over to Grace.) Is it true, Grace? (She bows her head and Tommy comes, penitently, close to her.) Forgive me! (And as Grace puts her arms out Tommy says with a whimsical smile) I hope he likes us!



A Painter of Modern Dryads

By Gardner Teall

"ART is the perfection of Nature," wrote Sir Thomas Browne three hundred years ago in "Religio Medici." And there could scarcely be more definite and beautiful examples of the idea Sir Thomas meant to convey than in the paintings of the great French artist, Paul Chabas. For Paul Chabas's is not an art which improves on art; his dryads are not the dryads of old which some earlier master painted. They are lovely young beings—warm flesh-and-blood dryads of today.

"Before the Bath" is a typical embodiment of the unique talent which has won Paul Chabas so great distinction as an artist. The exquisite tenderness with which he portrays the unself-conscious beauty of girlhood, the indefinable grace and purity of adolescence, is unmatched. "A lovely being, scarcely formed or molded; a rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded." There is in all of Paul Chabas's portraiture

a mood of artistic honesty which is equally rare. In early youth Paul Chabas left his birth city, Nantes, to study in Paris under Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury. When he was twenty-one the Paris Salon accepted one of his pictures for exhibition, and from that time on he exhibited regularly.

In 1912 two of his canvases were awarded the rare distinction of a *Médaille d'honneur*. And one of the paintings thus indorsed was the famous "Matinée de Septembre," since known the world over as "September Morn."



"That a Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton Store. Hannibal invaded Rome!"—Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, gathering material for "Main Street."

Sinclair Lewis on "Main Street"

ON A hill by the Mississippi where Chippewas camped two generations ago, a girl stood in relief against the cornflower blue of Northern sky. She lifted her arms, she leaned back against the wind, her skirt dipped and flared, a lock blew wild. A girl on a hilltop—credulous, plastic, young; drinking the air as she longed to drink life. The eternal aching comedy of expectant youth. It is Carol Milford, fleeing for an hour from Blodgett College.

The days of pioneering, of lassies in sunbonnets, and bears killed with axes in piny clearings, are deadlier now than Camelot; and a rebellious girl is the spirit of that bewildered empire called the American Middle West.

In Carol's class there were two or three prettier girls, but none more eager. Every cell of her body was alive—thin wrists, quince-blossom skin, ingénue eyes, black hair. Even when she was tired her dark eyes were observant. She did not yet know the immense ability of the world to be casually cruel and proudly dull.

Daily, on the library steps or in the hall of the Main Building, the co-eds talked of "What shall we do when we finish college?" Even the girls who knew that they were going to be married pretended to be considering important business positions; even they who knew that they would have to work hinted about fabulous suitors. Carol was not in love—that is, not often, nor ever long at a time. She would earn her living.

But how she was to earn it, how she was to conquer the world—almost entirely for the world's own good—she did not see. Then she found a hobby in sociology.

The supplementary reading in sociology led her to a book on village-improvement—tree-planting, town pageants, girls' clubs. It had pictures of greens and garden-walls in France, New England, Pennsylvania. She had picked it up carelessly, with a slight yawn which she patted down with her finger-tips as delicately as a cat.

She dipped into the book, lounging on her window-seat, with her slim, lisle-stocking legs crossed, and her knees up under her chin. She stroked a satin pillow while she read.

But she suddenly stopped fidgeting. She strode into the book. She had fled halfway through it before the three o'clock bell called her to the class in English history.

She sighed: "That's what I'll do after college! I'll get my hands on one of these prairie towns and make it beautiful—be an inspiration. Why should they have all the garden suburbs on Long Island? Nobody has done anything with the ugly towns here in the

"MAIN STREET," Sinclair Lewis's relentless portrait of American small-town life, is one of the most widely discussed new books of the year. "America is a bigger country and a better one for having produced a novel like 'Main Street,'" says William Allen White. "To write it is to be great, but to read such a book and consider it well will be something eternally to the credit of this country." Whether we like this picture of many a small—and large—American town or not, none of us is willing to miss seeing ourselves and our neighbors!—as Mr. Lewis sees us. "Main Street" is, of course, a best seller, and appears as well on the Bookman's list of books most in demand at public libraries. By courtesy of the publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Howe, this important new novel is here presented in shortened form in *Hearst's as the Book of the Month*.

Northwest except hold revivals and build libraries to contain the Elsie books. I'll make 'em put in a village green, and darling cottages, and a quaint Main Street!"

BUT it was some three years before Carol had her chance to make her dreams come true. Then she fell in love at last—with big Doctor Kennicott, from Gopher Prairie. Of the love-making of Carol and Will Kennicott there is nothing to be told which may not be heard on every summer evening, on every shadowy block. But the trump card that Kennicott played in the game of persuading Carol to marry him was: "Come to Gopher Prairie. Make the town—well—make it artistic!" And Carol, delighted at this chance to make her life really count, consented. And so they were married! But Carol's first glimpse of the flat, drab, inconceivably ugly little town that she meant to reform rather terrified her, and her first solitary walk along Main Street, Gopher Prairie, did not reassure her.

MAIN STREET with its two-story brick shops, its story-and-a-half wooden residences, its muddy expanse from concrete walk to walk, its huddle of Fords and lumber-wagons.

Carol trailed down the street on one side, back on the other, glancing into the cross streets. It was a private Seeing Main Street tour. She was within ten minutes beholding not only the heart of a place called Gopher Prairie, but ten thousand towns from Albany to San Diego:

Dyer's Drug Store, a corner building of regular and unreal blocks of artificial stone. Inside the store, a greasy marble soda-fountain with an electric lamp of red and green and curdled-yellow mosaic shade. Pawed-over heaps of tooth-brushes and combs and packages of shaving-soap. Shelves of soap-cartons, teething-rings, garden-seeds, and patent medicines in yellow packages—nostrums for consumption, for "women's diseases"—notorious mixtures of opium and alcohol, in the very shop to which her husband sent patients for the filling of prescriptions.

A small wooden motion-picture theater called "The Rosebud Movie Palace." Lithographs announcing a film called "Fatty in Love."

Howland & Gould's Grocery. In the display window, black, overripe bananas and lettuce on which a cat was sleeping. Shelves lined with red crêpe paper which was now faded and torn and concentrically spotted.

Dahl & Oleson's Meat Market—a reek of blood.

In all the town not one building save the Ionic bank which gave pleasure to Carol's eyes; not a dozen buildings, which suggested that, in the fifty years of Gopher Prairie's existence, the citizens had realized that it was either desirable or possible to make this, their common home, amusing or attractive.

It was not only the unsparing, unapologetic ugliness and the rigid straightness which overwhelmed her. It was the planlessness, the flimsy temporariness of the buildings, their faded unpleasant colors. The street was cluttered with electric-light poles, telephone poles, gasoline pumps for motorcars, boxes of goods.

She escaped from Main Street, fled home.

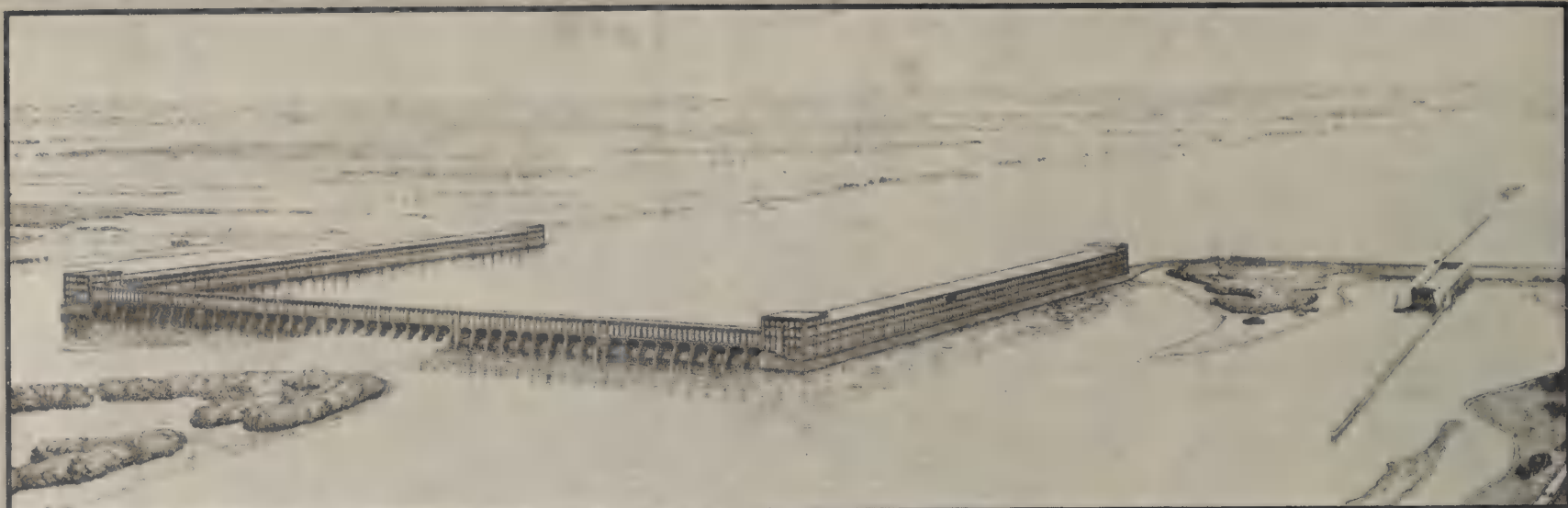
She wouldn't have cared, she insisted, if the people had been comely. She had noted a young man loafing before a shop, one unwashed hand holding the cord of an awning; a middle-aged man who had a way of staring at women as though he had been married too long and too prosaically; an old farmer, solid, wholesome, but not clean—his face like a potato fresh from the earth. None of them had shaved for three days.

"If they can't build shrines out here on the prairie, surely there's nothing to prevent their buying safety-razors!" she raged.

She fought herself: "I must be wrong. People do live here. It *can't* be as ugly as—as I know it is! I must be wrong. But I can't do it. I can't go through with it."

She came home too seriously worried for hysteria; and when she found Kennicott waiting for her, and exulting, "Have a walk? Well, like the town? Great lawns and trees, eh?" she was able to say, with a self-protective maturity new to her, "It's very interesting."

(Continued on page 50)



Courtesy of Hugh L. Cooper & Co., New York.

The greatest engineering project ever contemplated—the building of five great dams across the St. Lawrence River at an estimated cost of \$1,333,000,000—may soon be authorized, if the American and Canadian engineers have their way. Each dam, of the type shown above, is designed to generate 1,000,000 horse-power.

A Doctor in the Hall of Fame

THE election of Dr. William T. G. Morton to a place in the Hall of Fame has been much commented on, chiefly because Dr. Morton is the first physician to receive such recognition for medical services. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is already there, to be sure, but not so much for his scientific as for his literary accomplishments.

That Morton should have waited till this comparatively late day for recognition illustrates a number of interesting things with reference to the attitude of the world towards its benefactors. It is hardly open to question that Morton conferred upon humanity the greatest blessing that it ever received from a single individual. Before he made that famous demonstration, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in 1846, of the power of ether to annul pain, even a minor surgical operation was something to be dreaded, and multitudes of major operations that are now performed daily were quite impossible, or certainly not to be willingly submitted to by the average individual as an alternative to death. The boon of anesthesia, which Morton gave to the world, relieved humanity from an incomparable burden of suffering and made possible the development of life-saving operations not otherwise feasible. Even an unimaginative person can form some conception of the importance of this discovery as he faces an operation, and reflects that he is to sleep peacefully through an experience that otherwise would be a hideous ordeal.

Perhaps the most important event that has occurred on the American continent is the demonstration of the anesthetic power of ether made by Morton on that memorable 26th of October, 1846. It has seemed rather astonishing that the man who conferred this blessing upon humanity should have gone unhonored, scarcely known by name even to the generality of his beneficiaries.

That recognition of America's greatest benefactor was so long withheld is of no great significance, except as a commentary on the judgment of those upon whom selection of the names for the Hall of Fame depends. The perennial souvenir of Morton's achievement, however, is the anesthetic equipment of every operating-room in the world.

SAVING 5,000,000 HORSE-POWER

An engineering project that will furnish all the power needed for a population of 25,000,000

IT IS said that no practical engineer can look at Niagara Falls without being brought to the verge of tears at the sight of so much power going to waste. The layman can at least understand this feeling as he views the thunderous cataract; but it is not so easy for him to comprehend the fact that other millions of potential horse-power are going to waste in the smooth-flowing current of the river that finally conducts the waters of Niagara to the sea. The engineer understands this very well, however, and has long considered the pros and cons of har-

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

*Goodbye, Battleships!
12-Year Old Men
What About Red Hair?
Consider the Freight Car
Breed Better Boots*

nessing the St. Lawrence. It appears that in recent months the project has assumed new aspects of tangibility through hearings before the International Joint Commission originally appointed to adjudicate

differences between the United States and Canada with regard to boundary streams.

If the engineers have their way, at least five dams will eventually be constructed in the St. Lawrence, at a cost of one and a third billion dollars, calculated to generate something like five million horse-power.

It is asserted, on competent authority, that every hydro-electric horse-power saves, on the average, ten tons of coal per annum. It is estimated that modern civilization requires one horse-power for every five individuals of the population. So the proposed St. Lawrence dams would supply all the mechanical power required for a population of 25,000,000 people.

A large part of the power would doubtless be utilized in manufacturing concerns within a short



The proposed dams across the St. Lawrence River would be capable of transmitting power a distance of 350 miles, and furnishing all that would be required for a population of 25,000,000 people—thereby saving enormous quantities of coal.

distance of the source; but it must be recalled that it is nowadays quite feasible to transmit power over wires to a distance of at least 350 miles. Not only would this directly affect the industries of the regions involved but the saving in coal would probably be significant enough to modify coal prices, to the benefit of the entire population. Incidentally, the Erie Canal, which has not been a commercial success, would become a great artery of commerce.

The advantages of the project are obvious. Its disadvantages are the enormous cost entailed and sundry engineering difficulties associated with the formation of ice in the river. For example, the masonry around the control system must be kept at a temperature above the freezing point of water so that ice will not form and block the channel. But the engineers feel competent to deal with the entire situation, and there is every probability that what is described as the greatest engineering project ever contemplated will be authorized in the near future.

GOOD-BY, BATTLESHIPS!

Is the power of the submarine destroyer to be applied to the submarine itself?

THE destroyer *Satterlee* gave an interesting performance on the occasion of her speed trials, in the course of which she established a new record for vessels of her type, and a record far in excess of the speed of any larger type of warship. The best speed attained was at the rate of 38.257 knots an hour; and an average speed of 27.272 knots was made in five top-speed runs.

A few details as to the equipment of the boat are of interest. She was constructed at Newport News, and is one of the latest class of 1200-ton destroyers. The engines are two Westinghouse 14,000 H.P. turbines, each driving a propeller through a floating-frame gear which reduces the rated turbine speed of 3,050 revolutions per minute to 450 revolutions for the propeller. The power actually developed by the *Satterlee* was 31,223 H.P., this constituting another record for vessels of the type. The actual speed the propeller attained was 486.04 revolutions per minute. The consumption of fuel oil was less than one pound per minute per shaft H.P.

Chief interest attached to the performance of the *Satterlee* because of the possibilities of speed as applied to other types of boats, rather than because of any actual importance of the destroyer class itself. It is true that this type of boat did yeoman service during the war in the way of pursuing submarines. But the real problem for the naval engineer is to learn how to apply the power of the destroyer to the submarine itself. No one need question that this will be accomplished; and it goes without saying that when it is accomplished all battleships of the type at present dominant will become as obsolete as Nelson's ships of the line.

12-YEAR-OLD MEN

Tests of our intelligence shows that 70 per cent of us are but children mentally

IF THE ancient Greek admonition to "know thyself" may advantageously be applied to a nation as well as to an individual, then we Americans may well feel that the great war has conferred at least one extraordinary benefit upon us: It has revealed us to ourselves as we are, so far as our inherent intelligence is concerned. One must admit that the result is important if not startling, for we are revealed as a nation of morons.

The revelation came in the form of scientific tests of intelligence that were originally devised by French psychologists. The tests were applied to about 1,700,000 young men, prospective soldiers, gathered from all parts of the country and representing, therefore, an adequate cross-section of the masculine moiety of our population. The tests, it should be understood, applied to inherent intelligence, which is not to be confounded with education or ac-

quired knowledge. They revealed the fundamental structure of mind.

An analysis of the result has been made by Dr. H. H. Goddard, Director of the Bureau of Juvenile Research of Ohio, and his conclusions are set forth in an illu-

minative little book entitled "Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence."

An analysis appears to show that 10 per cent of the men examined reveal intelligence comparable to that of a supposedly normal child of the age of ten; while 15 per cent are mentally aged eleven; and 20 per cent have attained the mental age of twelve. Then comes the largest single group, representing 25 per cent of the whole, comprising individuals who showed a mental age of thirteen or fourteen years. Stated otherwise, 70 men out of every 100 were below the mental age of fifteen; and 45 of the 70 were of twelve year old mentality or younger.



Will the three dominant factors of destruction in the war of the future be the airship, the submarine, and the destroyer?

BETELGEUSE 260,000,000 MILES IN DIAMETER

SUN

Modern methods of measuring heavenly bodies reveal the inconceivably huge size of the star Betelgeuse, which is shown to be 27,000,000 times as large as the Sun. By comparison, the Earth is a negligible dust-speck.

IS HE A MORON?

One of your two neighbors is—if statistics are correct!

SUCH statistics take one's breath away.

In recent years we have heard a great deal of talk about the "morons," emanating from societies for the study of defective children and the like. A moron is defined as an adult who is of the mental age of from eight to twelve years. One had thought of the moron as an unfortunate defective whose existence, as an occasional phenomenon, must be provided for in charitable plans for the betterment of society. And now steps forth the statistician and reveals to us the moron, not as a rare phenomenon, but as a type that one meets on the street in practically every other individual.

Presumably one or the other of the neighbors who live on either side of us is a moron. Also, apparently one or the other of his neighbors. From which follows the rather startling question: Am I that neighbor, or is it the fellow on the other side?

Of course this is only a whimsical application of statistics. You and I are not morons. The men of our immediate acquaintance are not morons. But the men on the street; the men in the shops and factories, the men on the farms—all of that vast coterie which we talk and think of as the brawn and sinew of the nation are. Seventy per cent of them are below the normal mental plane of fifteen years; 45 per cent of them are below the age of twelve. The average man is a moron.

OUR ILLITERATE NATION

Are we lower in the scale of human intelligence than other first-class nations?

ALL of this, it should be emphasized, has nothing to do with education. We have known for some time that we are the most illiterate of the first-rank nations. Educators have made us painfully aware of our 10 per cent or so of adult illiterates. But a good many of us have been disposed to gloss over this disagreeable information and take refuge behind the assurance that the other 90 per cent of us are peculiarly intelligent; in fact, the brainiest people in the world. Now the new statistics force us in candor to question whether our rank as to intelligence is higher than our rank as to literacy. That conception of the average man as a moron—that visualization of half our population as a vast horde of child-minded men and women—assuredly gives one pause. Possibly it explains a good many features of contemporary social and economic and supposedly intellectual life that otherwise seem pretty nearly inexplicable.

MEASURING A STAR

Astounding revelations concerning our neighbors in space, made possible by modern science

THE popular imagination has been curiously stimulated by the report of the actual measurement of a star as made with the one-hundred-inch reflector at Mt. Wilson, utilizing a method devised by Professor Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago.

The star in question is the Alpha Orionis of the

astronomer, familiar to every amateur star-gazer as Betelgeuse, the star "in the shoulder of the giant" Orion. The measurement shows that the star has a diameter of about 260,000,000 miles. If this gigantic star were centered in the location of our sun, its surface would lie far out beyond the orbit of our earth, and not far from the orbit of Mars. About 27,000,000 suns like ours would be required to equal the bulk of the newly measured giant.

THE measurement of this star has been made by means of an interpretation of certain phenomena of the interference of rays of light. The instrument devised by Professor Michelson is called an interferometer, and is said to be twenty feet in length. Just what use, if any, is made of the extraordinary Rowland grating the construction of which taxed the ingenuity of instrument makers working under Professor Michelson's direction for several years, is not clearly revealed in the reports at present available. It is obvious, however, that the measurement has been made possible by combination of the light-gathering capacity of the world's greatest telescope and the imaginative genius of the foremost student of the phenomena of light.

Interesting and important this actual measurement of a star assuredly is. But it must not be supposed that the result is of a character to modify the pre-existing conception of the universe or to cause astonishment in the astronomical world. In point of fact, the giant star proves to be a trifle smaller than the size previously ascribed to it provisionally by Professor Eddington, of Cambridge, from calculations based on the star's known distance and apparent brightness. To speak exactly, Professor Eddington's estimate predicted that Betelgeuse when measured would show a diameter of 0.051 seconds of arc. The actual measurement shows 0.046 seconds of arc. The essential conformity is at once astounding and gratifying. It is possible that Professor Eddington's prediction is even more accurate than the figures suggest, inasmuch as it is admitted that further refinements of measurements may change the Mt. Wilson observations by ten per cent.

That, however, is a mere detail. The essential and outstanding fact is that the approximate size of a giant star is no longer a matter of inference or estimate but of actual measurement. That our sun is by comparison a mere spark of light and our earth an utterly negligible dust-speck drifting about it—these are facts to be interpreted by the cosmologist as consonant or dissonant with an anthropocentric conception of the



Measuring the stars is made possible by an interferometer—in combination with the world's greatest telescope.

universe according to his mental bias.

WHAT ABOUT RED HAIR?

Is it hereditary? And what characteristics go with it?

AT THE College of Agriculture at Moscow, Idaho, not long ago there was a good deal of excitement over the appearance of what to outward aspects was a red-and-white calf.

That may seem a small thing to get excited about, considering that calves of this color are born by thousands every year. But the peculiar feature of the Idaho case was that the parents of the red-and-white youngster were pure-bred Holsteins—and representatives of that breed are supposed to be universally black-and-white in color. In the mind of a cattle breeder, to suggest a red Holstein would be like speaking of a red crow or a red blackbird.

The authorities at the agricultural college are anxious to communicate with anyone who has knowledge of the existence of any other pure-bred Holstein that matches the anomalous one just presented to them. They suggest that the ancestors of all Holsteins were perhaps red-and-white; or at any rate that a strain of that color has at some time been bred in (perhaps to introduce some desirable trait, as a strain of bulldog is said to have been bred into the greyhound stock, to give it courage), and this will crop out inadvertently now and again.

Yet Holstein cattle in general breed so true to color that the explanation is not fully satisfactory. The Idaho breeders would like to test the heredity of this anomalous calf by mating it with other red-and-white animals of the same breed, if such can be found.

Meantime it may be recalled that there is seemingly a close relation between red-and-black colorations as applied to hair not only of animals but of human beings.

Red-haired individuals not infrequently appear in fraternities of black-haired children. The black fox is only a melanotic freak of the tribe of red foxes. The little screech owl frequently presents some individuals that are colored cinnamon-red and others that are gray (black-and-white) in the same nest.

But such examples, after all, are infrequent enough to emphasize the interest of the subject. Perhaps we shall know more about the hereditary causes underlying such phenomena after the authorities at the Idaho college have completed their studies of the red-and-white calf.

CONSIDER THE FREIGHT-CAR

535,000 more of them can be put into use merely by systematizing the handling of our present supply

ONE prominent cause of the high cost of commodities, we are assured, is the shortage of railway cars. We have further been assured that this shortage is not to be adequately met for a term of years, since the manufacture of freight-cars is a relatively slow business, conducted in comparatively few plants. But now comes a new witness with a more cheering message. According to the periodical *Steam*, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has issued an appeal in which it urges that nothing more is required than intelligent effort and coöperation between shippers and railway managers in order to effect the virtual creation of half a million freight-cars overnight. The

at of negro-

ancy is to be accomplished by the fuller and more expeditious loading of existing cars and their more prompt and efficient handling and unloading.

It is estimated that an average freight-car makes twenty round trips in a year, 43 per cent of the time being occupied between points of loading and unloading and at terminals where it is put on transfer tracks; and 11 per cent of the time in a train moving from one terminal to another. The car is in the hands of shipper or receiver 37 per cent of the time. During the remaining 9 per cent of the time it is laid up for repairs.

It is suggested that shippers can reduce the 37 per cent of the car's time during which they are loading or unloading it to perhaps 22 per cent. Aided by the shippers, and by giving greater care in checking up bad orders and by endeavoring to expedite the transit of cars at stations and the like, the railways should be able, it is explained, to increase the annual average number of round trips of each car by something like 5 per cent. This is equivalent to adding 360,000 new cars. The ideal aimed at is an average minimum movement of thirty miles a day.

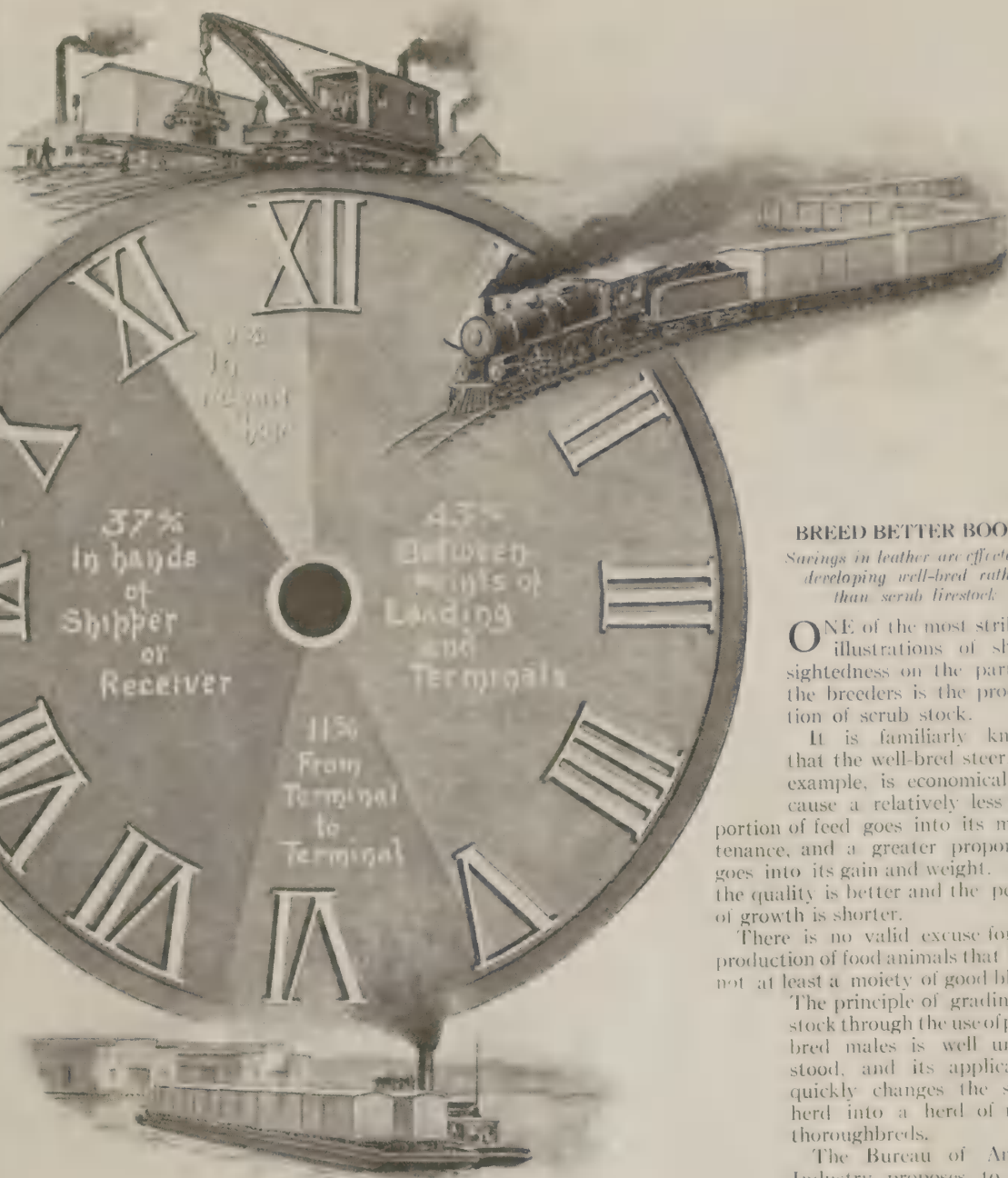
Then as to the load carried by the individual car: The average capacity of freight-cars is 41.6 tons. But the average load per car in 1919 was only 27.8 tons, or 67 per cent of capacity. The roads are now trying to get a 30-ton average. If this is done, the increase of carrying capacity of the cars actually in use will be equivalent to the addition of 175,000 new cars.

So there you have it: 360,000 cars in effect added by increased efficiency in loading, handling, and unloading; and 175,000 cars in effect added by merely loading each existing car a little nearer to full capacity. A total, then, of 535,000 cars added to the available supply, and all without the stroke of a car-builder's hammer.

A PIG GETS YOUR APPLE

Fruit that we need for food is being fed to pigs for lack of marketing facilities

THE example of the farmers in the Middle West is being copied elsewhere. As a single illustration, we learn that the farmers of Niagara County, New York, packed apples coöperatively last year. When the farmers of New England have fallen in line, there will be tens of thousands of bushels of



Fifteen per cent, it is estimated, can be added to the actual service of a freight-car by merely cutting down the waste of time in checking and handling it. This would be equivalent to adding 360,000 cars to our present supply.

apples available for the market that now rot on the ground or are fed to the swine. The small farmer will also be able to raise potatoes and other vegetables advantageously, as he can not now do because he does not know how to get to the market.

All of which should make it clear that agriculture is entering on a new era. It is becoming a standardized business. When coöperation has been carried to its legitimate limits, the average farmer will have been enormously benefited; and, after a time, prices will so readjust themselves that the saving effected will be shared by the ultimate consumer. The immediate result of coöperation will be increased remuneration for the farmer; the ultimate result will include benefits for us all.

initely inaugurated as a Federal State enterprise last August; and no fewer than forty-one states almost immediately fell in line. Within a few months more than twenty-five thousand pieces of literature were distributed to meet requests from the field.

A sort of roll of honor is being made of persons who use only pure-bred sizes for all their livestock.

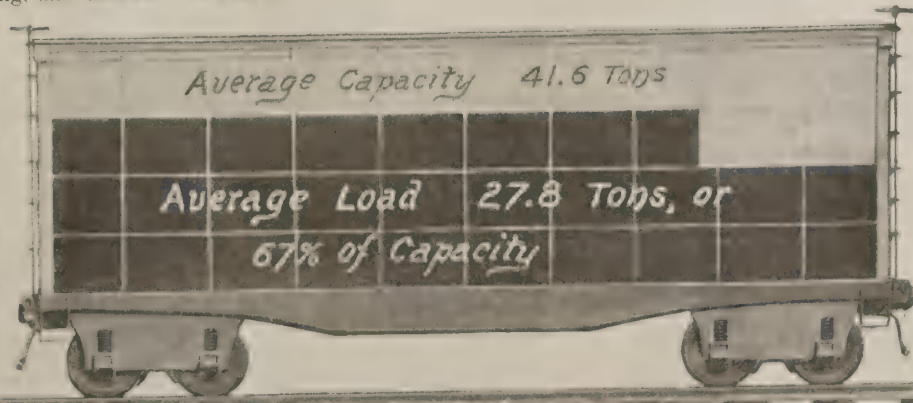
The underlying thought in the movement is to create in the minds of thousands and, if possible, millions of livestock-raisers interest in the basic principles of animal breeding.

The movement should have universal appeal, for it concerns the pocketbook of every consumer of milk, eggs, and meat; also, it may be added, of the purchasers of clothing and shoes and a host of universally employed by-products.

VACCINATE WITH FLOWERS

Can we be made immune to hay fever by inoculation with pollen?

A NUMBER of years ago it occurred to Sir Almroth Wright, the originator of the anti-typhoid vaccine, that it might be possible to develop immunity to hay fever by an inoculation process. Experiments were therefore conducted, in which the pollen of plants was used as a preventive agent. As some pollens are noxious, an obvious expedient is the preparation of extracts of these pollens to be used hypodermically in small but increasing doses, to develop tolerance. This has now become an established practice in preventive medicine, and in many cases the results are gratifying.

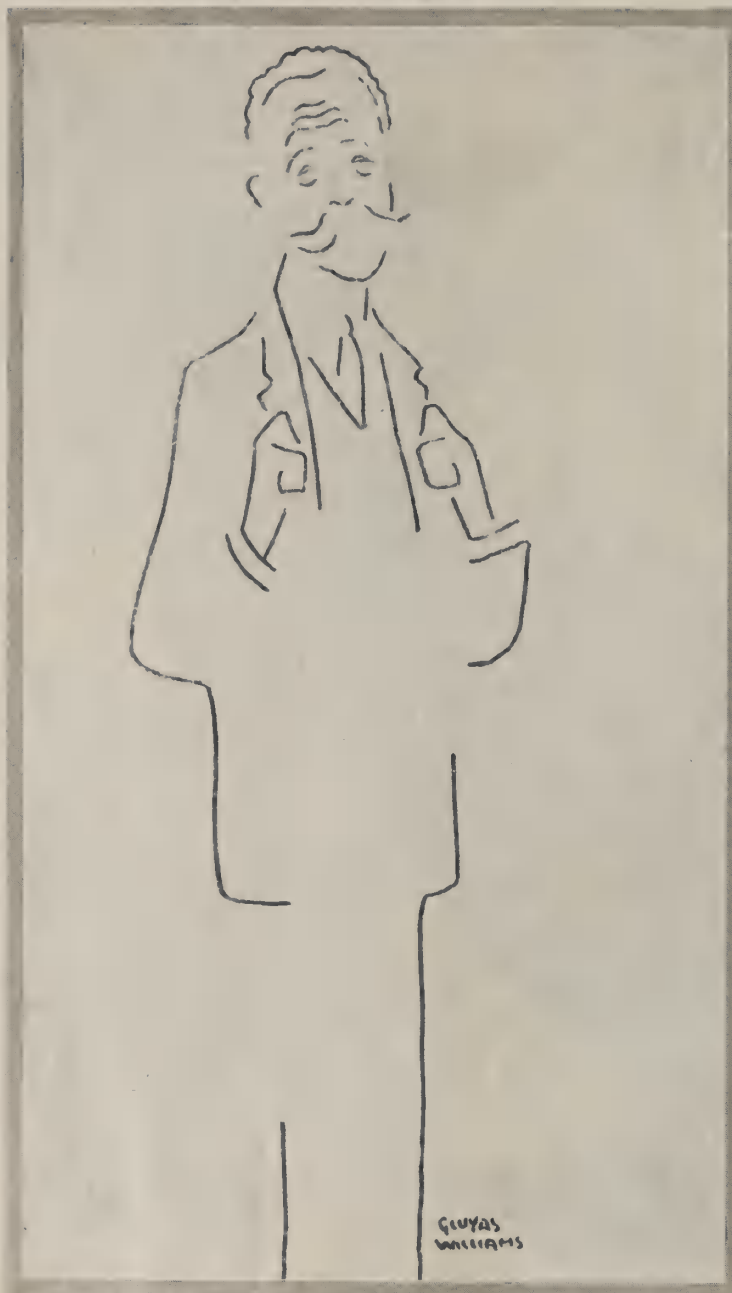


If the average freight-car (which has a capacity of 41.6 tons) is loaded with only 30 tons, the increased carrying capacity of our present supply will be equivalent to 175,000 additional cars.

The Old Guard Submerges But Never Dies

Sketches by John Temple Graves

Drawings by Guyas Williams



THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS

CHARGED by the Democrats with being the "Assassin of the World's Peace," Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts, is leading the Senatorial Majority of his overwhelmingly triumphant party with a power surpassing any previous achievements in his career.

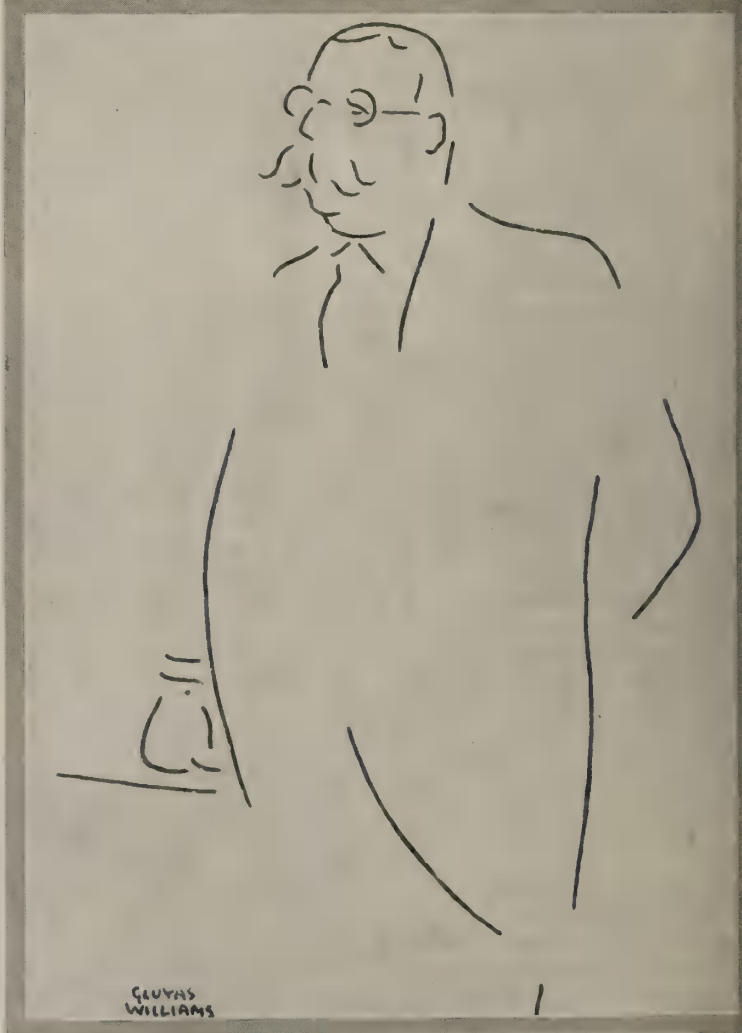
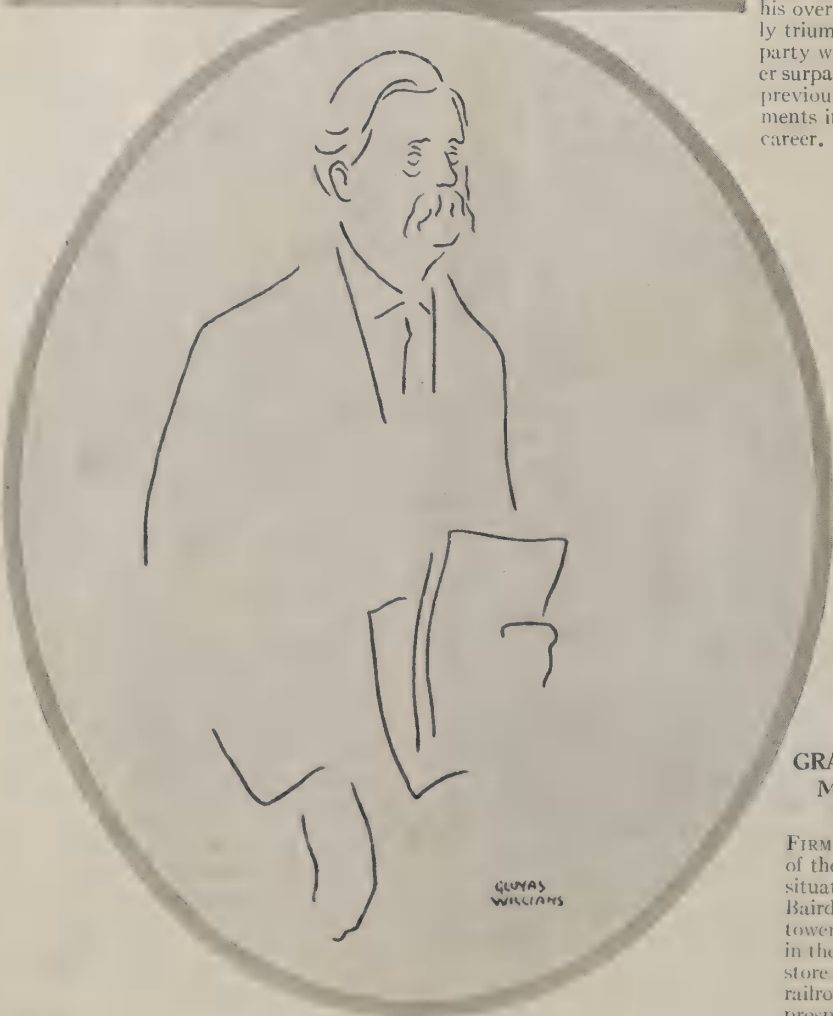
THE GRAND OLD MAN OF IOWA

FIRM in his grasp of the difficult situation, Albert Baird Cummins towers as leader in the fight to restore the nation's railroads and its prosperity.



SENIOR SENATOR OF SUNFLOWER STATE

THE most accomplished "Whip" the Senate Republicans have known in two decades, triumphantly returned for six years more, Charles Curtis, Senator from Kansas, is at the zenith of his usefulness. A master strategist in politics, a natural leader of men—sound in judgment, safe in counsel.



OUR CHAMPION AGAINST EXTRAVAGANCE

FOR thirty years a Senator of the United States from the Commonwealth of Wyoming, Francis Emory Warren has been among the ablest of the Republicans. A gallant soldier in battle, he has always been a generous foe in politics. Head of Military Affairs and head of Appropriations, he has won the nation's regard by his stand against extravagance.

Making Hats Making Men

OVER seven hundred foreign-born workmen and every one either a full-fledged citizen or actively studying to qualify as a citizen—that the record achieved by one large American concern that employs a total of more than 5,000 people. Probably no other company can boast of such results. How has it been done? By the same methods that have kept this large organization virtually free from serious labor trouble for half a century. And what are these methods? Let the president answer: "We understand one another. We are interested in one another. We have various social, athletic, and even religious associations that bring us constantly into intimate, informal contact. More than half of us have been working together for ten years or more. The average service of 340 of us is thirty-four years. We all feel that we are members of one big family. We all feel a pride in this institution and in our production, and, therefore, we take pride in our work. We all try to contribute the best that is in us, and the rewards are regarded as satisfactory. We keep a detailed account of every person's record during the year; I personally go over what has been accomplished by every single worker, and then we try to give suitable recognition at Christmas. We all feel close to one another, not distant." That sounds simple. Yet, in essence, it covers the whole ground.

THE concern with this remarkable record of harmony is the John B. Stetson Company, of Philadelphia, by far the largest manufacturer of hats in the world. Its president is J. Howell Cummings, ex-office boy, hand-picked by the picturesque hatter who founded this famous business half a century ago. This question of Americanizing the foreign-born is universally recognized as one of the vital problems confronting the United States today. A multitude of solutions is offered. The head of this vast enterprise, who, remember, has one employee who is not embracing naturalization, declares that the keynote to the solution is simplicity itself. If American employers only treat their people right, and deservedly gain their loyalty and esteem, it will be found easy enough to induce foreign-born workers to become Americanized when the employer lucidly and carefully explains why he recommends such a course. When any employer, by years of fair, honorable, considerate dealings, gains the respect of his people, then they are willing to follow his leadership and his advice, for they know that nothing beneficial to their interests would be suggested to them.

LET employers become true-blue Americans themselves, the embodiment of all that we love and think our flag stands for, and then employees will willingly embrace facilities offered them to qualify for citizenship. "We have been making good hats for half a century, and we have always made money—good money," declared Mr. Cummings. "But, proud as we are of our business record, we are still prouder of the fact that we have honorably tried to make men, to produce worthy citizens. Any enterprise which does not care for the kind of citizens it turns out is not a national enterprise, but is, rather, an enemy of the republic." Mr. Stetson was a sincerely religious man. We are to have a religious service every day at the works.



The office boy who became the president of a concern that employs 5 000 people.

J. Howell Cummings Carries on the Good old Stetson Tradition

By B. C. Forbes

"IF AMERICAN employers treat their people right, then it will be easy enough to induce foreign-born workers to become Americanized. . . . Proud as we are of our business record for half a century, we are still prouder of the fact that we have honorably tried to make men, to produce better citizens."

We still have a religious service once a week, on company time, and it is attended by anywhere from a few hundred to more than a thousand of our people. We also continue the Sunday School he founded, and it is among the largest in the country, with an average attendance of fully 1,000." A religious service every week, on company time, at a plant employing five thousand people! At many plants this would be a hollow mockery. But somehow it fits into the Stetson way of doing things. The

whole atmosphere of the works breathes the spirit of the brotherhood of man. A Stetson worker is not treated as a bit of machinery.

HOW many presidents of large organizations are sufficiently interested in their people to spend the many, many hours and evenings necessary to go over the detailed record of every employee for the year?

Responding to my curiosity, Mr. Cummings pulled down one of the huge volumes containing the full list of employees; and here is the information opposite one name, taken at random:

—, awarded 2 shares Stetson stock, and 5 shares of the Building and Loan Association stock; output 588 dozen hats; lost 51 hours during the year; wages \$1,008; Christmas \$100.

"Last year I noticed that this man," said Mr. Cummings, pointing to another name, "had no life insurance. As he had done very well during the year, I gave him a policy as a Christmas gift."

THIS intimate, personal touch was established by Mr. Stetson from the first day he organized the business. The day before Christmas he gave his handful of workers Christmas gifts, and he evolved from this a scientific system whereby each employee's record was regularly compiled and then carefully examined before Christmas, to enable him to distribute a reward commensurate with services rendered in each individual case. The policy of the Stetson Company is that there must be no charity, but that every worker must earn what he receives. Each employee undertakes to serve the company to the best of his or her ability, and the management, in its turn, undertakes to make suitable payment and give proper recognition therefor.

The day before Christmas a gathering without parallel in American industry is annually held in the vast Stetson Auditorium, capable of seating 5,400 persons. Every member of the big family is there and as many wives and relatives and friends as can crowd into the hall. The gathering is addressed by President Cummings, and the distribution of the Christmas awards is made.

Here is a list of the things distributed a year ago:

- 195 hats
- 3,000 turkeys (to married men)
- 1,400 pairs of gloves (to women)
- 1,700 pounds of candy (to women)
- 60 gold watches
- 71 chains
- 495 shares of Building Association stock
- 120 shares of John B. Stetson Co. common stock
- 5 twenty-year-endowment life-insurance policies for \$5,000, the premium being paid by the company
- \$525,000 in cash

MR. CUMMINGS then told his people: "This \$525,000 in cash which we are distributing today represents the award paid to you in consideration of your having satisfactorily performed your part of the agreement made between yourselves and the company some years ago. We stated we would pay you a bonus each year at Christmas-time, provided you worked faithfully and continuously throughout the year. Faithful service is the only requisite entitling you to the bonus, which is a certain fixed percentage of the wages earned by you during the year." (Continued on page 31)



The sight of the great pianist threw the strange chap to pieces, and he was caught just as he was about to fall over the footlights.

His Portrait to Paderewski

AFTER a recital of Mme. Leginska, someone asked her how she pronounced her name. "I don't know," she said; "it's my *nom de piano*."

Leopold Auer, who is the most distinguished living teacher of the violin—Mischa Elman, Jascha Heifetz, Max Rosen, and other famous virtuosos are his pupils—was formerly a concert violinist.

"When I was a very young man," says Professor Auer, who is now seventy-five years old, "I did some concert work with Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, brother of the great violinist. In those days as now, it was a craze to collect photographs of celebrities. Joseph was scarcely a celebrated pianist, but a good musician. One morning I came into the apartment late, and Wieniawski was still in bed—he was very lazy.

"Oh, good morning!" I said. "I should like one of your photographs."

"What?" he thundered.

"Much subdued, I repeated my question. Joseph glared at me, and said deliberately:

"Have you a photograph of Rubinstein?"

I shook my head.

"Have you a photograph of Liszt?"

"No," I shook my head.

"Well, have you a photograph of Thalberg?"

"No," I was forced to reply.

"Well, then, you can not have a photograph of Wieniawski the pianist."

"Some years later, after I had made a great reputation, I was talking with Wieniawski, the violinist, and I happened to tell him this story. He said:

"What did you say when he told you you could not have a photograph?"

"In my bewilderment I answered nothing."

"Oh, you big chump! You should have said to

On Tour with Temperament - II
By Charles D. Isaacson

Galli-Curci's Camera
Rosenthal and the Mosquito
The Silent Encore
Saint Saëns's Last Solo

him. "If I had a photograph of Rubinstein, Liszt and Thalberg, I would not want yours."

THE reverse of the "Give me your autograph" friend was that strange creature who came to Joubert with a peculiar offering, in a Southern city. The visitor was dressed in a large-checked suit, a red necktie, a wrist-watch (when men didn't wear them), multicolored socks, and his hand was on his hip.

"You're Mr. Joubert, Mr. Paderewski's secretary? I'm so glad. I would like you to do me a favor if it isn't asking too much. Tss. Tss. You see I am a graduate pianist—graduated from the West Virginian school of music with honors. I brought my photograph—here it is. You see, I autographed it down here in the corner, with my name. I thought Mr. Paderewski would like it, so I brought it here."

"Well," said Joubert, "here comes Mme. Paderewski. Tell it to her."

This upset the visitor dreadfully. He blushed all colors and stammered his delight and amazement to make her acquaintance. "You see I am a graduate of the West Virginian school"—and he repeated his story.

By this time, Paderewski had been formed of his caller, and he came out, blushing, welcoming the fellow and promising to keep the picture forever. The sight of Paderewski completely threw the chap to pieces. He stammered and coughed and laughed and said he never expected to have this honor. He went away on wings, and was caught just as he was about to fall over the footlights.

JUST before a recital in a small city, André Benoist, the violinist, and his accompanist, were receiving the local newspaper-men. Benoist overheard this spectacle made in dead earnest by one chap, evidently the newspaper reporter, to another, a friend.

"Now, you see that little fellow without anything in his hand? He's a pianist. The other one holds the fiddle, is the violinist, Spalding. Now, you wait during the concert, and you will see that both play at the same time—not the same notes, you know, entirely different notes. They keep that up all the way through—but they always stop at the same time. They get to the finish together. It sounds funny, but that's the way they do it."

NOT less pleasant than the possibility of a recital this coming season with no piano, have been many mishaps in the past on tour with temperament. Thus Rudolph Ganz, coming from Cleveland, expecting to play as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Detroit, discovered that the orchestra had missed the train from Buffalo. The audience, waiting, so, without preparation, Ganz gave a complete recital, to the satisfaction of everybody.

GANZ arrived in Dubuque to give a recital at a convent. To his dismay he was told that the Sister had died that day, and (Continued on page 32)



"Won't you join us?" Christine laughed up at him. "Nannie, here, wants a camel, and I can't remember about the tail. . . ."

Silhouettes and Starlight

By Valma Clark

Illustrated by Baron Gayne de Meyer

HARRISON POLLARD looked at the motto which he had tacked up above his desk, on impulse, just a week ago when he had learned that he was to have the Sheridan-Tuttle case—his first big case—and read again the words, "Keep Smiling." He smiled grimly into the telephone and then said startlingly to the insistent Mrs. Jordan:

"Another engagement? Not exactly. But my doctor tells me I'm due to run off the rail, pass out, die in a few months. I'm not up to the 'Follies' tonight. Sorry. Jerry will fill in. . . . Pardon me? . . . No, not liver—heart. . . . No special pain, no. No pathological symptoms. Sorry."

And he deliberately rang off.

"Brutal, that was," he said, frowning at the sunlight in his eyes. And, slouched down in the leather chair, he strove again to comprehend. He had felt nothing but a sort of numbness since the blow, the numbness he had felt years ago when they had put him off the baseball team. The line of a poem that he had once sweepingly condemned as "morbid" came back to him: "The mouth of one just dead." He repeated it aloud. What was it about?

HIS stocky build, the strong, hairy hands and square chin, proclaimed him a fighter; the keen black eyes and high forehead subcatalogued him as a modern fighter of intellectual contests. He was out of character in this sagging, beaten rôle.

A fool, that's what he was. The woman would spread it. They'd all be coming with sympathy, flowers and sympathy. He'd have to clear out.

As he walked the floor, there flashed before him a scene: a bend in a narrow river; sunlight and shifting shadow; slim silver birch trees on either side; the rotting frame of a gray bridge ahead; iron-red, shallow waters; a startled turtle plunking into the stream from a fallen log; that summer vacation years ago up in Canada; the canoe trip up the Naikootiong. Queer, he hadn't thought of that spot for years. He remembered the lunch at the old bridge—coffee and beans. And they had peeled off great strips of the birch bark.

AND so it followed, a few days later, that Harrison Pollard drifted into Miss MacIntosh's summer camp at Point au Baril, which is on Georgian Bay. It was really a first-class summer boarding-house dignified by the name of Camp Idlewyde.

As he followed the shuffling Indian woman with his bags into a rustic living-room that was provided with a cobblestone fireplace, he came upon a girl, standing before the small mirror. She was a Coles Phillips study in brown as she stood with her back to him—brown hair, tan smock, dull brown skirt. She turned. There were orange nasturtiums at her throat. Her skin was brown, too, a warm reddish brown. Darned good color scheme, he reflected idly, impersonally. The girl was smiling at him. He knew the type—vain, silly women who carried vanity cases. They came to him with their hus-

band troubles. This one was young, fla-
grantly, flauntingly young.

TWO tables away from him, in the half-filled dining-room, he noticed the girl in brown. There was an atmosphere of friendliness.

"Are you going tonight, Miss Christine?" the thin gentleman called past him.

"Is she going?" mocked a second.

The girl laughed back at them.

"I stand corrected," replied the thin man meekly. "Will you save me a dance, Miss Christine?"

Harrison found himself listening to the low words of a stoutish woman with pearl ear-drops, who was dipping her soup the wrong way, at the table next to him. "A flirt if there ever was one. She's from my home town, you know. Jilted young Hatch. The poor boy was broken-hearted, absolutely. She goes in for art, designing, or interior decorating or something. Got some kind of prize at the school. It was in the papers. The young man? Oh, he's married now. A dear girl."

Suddenly, without warning, realization swept over Harrison, a great mountainous, black tidal wave of comprehension. The room became a blaze of light, an unreal place; the people were jabbering foolishly; the girl's smile sickened him, a barbarous thing painted on a wooden face. He pushed the food away and scraped back his chair. He found the door.

He was in his room, on his bed, eyes shut tight, fists clenched. He was fighting a losing battle. "I won't—I won't!" The words were almost oaths as he ripped them out. "Lord: it's too much! It's a question of will power. Just will power. Those doctors can't bulldoze me—Harrison Pollard."



Christine was young—flagrantly, gloriously young—and Harrison somehow resented it.

THERE came a rap at the door and a girl's voice. "Can't I do something? I noticed—I thought you might be ill—"

"Good God, no! Get out, can't you?" he replied savagely.

Tensely he listened. She was leaving; a door was being closed gently; someone was moving about in the next room. He buried his head in the pillow and relaxed.

The room had dimmed when he became conscious of a motor ripping and snorting outside. He stirred, got up, and went to the window to find that a motor-boat full of people, all laughing and talking at once, had landed at the pier.

"Hey, Chris!" yelled a masculine voice. "Hurry!"

"Coming," came the girl's reply from the window next to him. The rectangle of light on the porch roof went gray as she put out her lamp.

In the twilight, Harrison could make her out as she raced down the path to the pier. She wore the short, white, stiffened skirts of a chorus girl and a white peaked hat. A black-dominoed figure leaped out to take the wrap which trailed from her arm. "Oh, she's Pierrette!" shrilled someone.

"Lord! Even here on an island, you can't find peace," he said bitterly.

HE STUMBLED upon her, seated tailor-fashion on the floor in the sunniest corner of the porch the next morning. Several children were pressed against her. He hardly recognized her at first for the hideous smoked glasses—another affectation, he supposed.

"Good morning!" she said casually.

He growled a shamed "Good morning."

She was cutting out silhouettes from black paper—a black cat with a curved back and upstanding hair, a Mother Goose on a broomstick. She was quick and clever at it. He was interested in spite of himself.

"Won't you join us?" she asked. "Nannie, here, wants a camel and I can't remember about the tail." She paused, her scissors ready to slash into the paper.

"Long, a tuft at the end," he replied. "Thanks.

I'll be getting on." And he wandered away. The girl put down her scissors to follow his aimless course with puckered forehead.

IT WAS at dinner that night that the stoutish woman admitted that she could tell fortunes from tea leaves. She had learned from a gypsy. (Harrison wondered whether gypsies were tea drinkers.) They gathered about her, drawing Harrison into the crowd. The woman's pearl ear-drops shook as she bent solemnly over the cups. It was the usual thing: a journey; a dark-haired lover; a letter. The girl was slipping away when someone called out: "Christine, it's your turn. No crawling out. Come back." They all clamored for her.

"No, please," she begged from the doorway.

A jovial, elderly man caught her wrist and, laughing, pulled her back. "Come on here, young lady. Your cup—"

A jagged, raw pain twitched the girl's mouth; her rather fine, slanting gray eyes blurred swiftly. She drew back. Then she frankly brushed away a tear and gave a sudden smile. "You see, I know my fortune," she threw back at them as she escaped.

There was a lull for a moment. "Odd," someone murmured. They were drifting away.

"Can't I tell yours, Mr. Pollard?" asked the woman, smiling blandly. Gravely he passed his cup. "Success, business success," she read, noting the well-tailored fit of his suit. "And I see wedding bells—and one—two—three children." Someone snickered. "A happy, prosperous life," she finished generously.

"Thank you," he said absently, as he remembered that he shouldn't be drinking tea.

IT WAS hours later. The house was very quiet. Harrison had almost ripped down his shade to shut out the lighthouse light blinking off there towards the horizon like a sly, ironical Fate.

For an hour he walked the room. He stopped. "By George!" he whispered desperately. "I'll do it.

Any violent exercise—" He was feeling for his shoes. "If he's right, it's only a difference of a few months."

Tiptoeing, he groped his way down the stairs and across the living-room. With his hand on the screen door, he stopped. There was someone on the porch. "Let me go," said a muffled voice. He could make out the blur of two figures, a light and a dark one. "Please, Ted!" It was the girl, speaking with quiet clearness.

The dark figure stepped back. "Why, Chris?" asked the boy. "I—care about you—most awfully. You know—" His throat clicked.

Harrison stepped back. A book fell as he hit the table. "Damn!" he exclaimed. There was a brief silence. Then: "I beg your pardon," he said to the screen door. "I was trying—"

"Oh, it's you," replied the girl. "Wait. Come here." He found himself obeying the quiet command. "Mr. Hale is leaving. Ted, I'm sorry. I had no idea. I ought to tell you—that I was engaged once. I still love him. My dear, I know."

Her voice was exquisitely tender. She went to the boy, pulled him down to her, and kissed him. And he stumbled down the path.

THEY waited. There was the splash of a paddle. Harrison stepped out.

"Why did you ask me to wait?" he questioned curiously.

"Why do you hate me?" she asked, as if she had not heard. "I've got to know. Nothing, nothing that I can help, must spoil my vacation!" She spoke passionately.

"I don't hate you," he replied humbly. "I think, honestly, I rather admire you. It's just that I hate everyone who's got what I've lost," he confessed bitterly. "A nasty state of mind, nothing personal."

"I felt that way once," she said softly; she waited.

SOMETHING within him melted. He wanted to tell her. Perhaps it was the little boy's longing for sympathy, the need of being mothered, that made

him say: "It's my heart. The doctor gives me three or four months."

The girl showed no surprise. She considered it. "There are others—someone who depends upon you?" She hesitated.

"No, not that. There's no one," he said impatiently.

She stood slim and straight, a pale figure in her white dress, like a birch tree on a starlit night. "But three months, four months, it's an eternity," she replied. "Live them." Her voice was a flashing blade of steel. "Live them, every hour, every day, down to the very tips of your fingers. Make them count as nothing has ever counted in your life before. Oh, we go blindly along, accepting things. You've heard the minister say it: 'Live each day as though it is going to be your last.' We repeat it glibly and label it a nice thought and go evenly on. It's magic, white magic, the key to the keenest happiness. If folks could only be made to feel it before they get so near the end! This rain on my face—it may be the last time; that rose-and-gold sunset; that curve of bitter-sweet, scarlet, in the black case; this warm, human, jostling crowd—Don't you see?" she appealed vibrantly.

SHE sat on the step. "Come over here," she said, making room for him. "I haven't told before. I wasn't ready for sympathy—yet. It sets you apart, away from the others. And I didn't tell him—Hal—because I knew he'd feel bound. He thought I stopped caring. That was the worst." She had turned partly away from Harrison. A moment passed. Then he resumed in a matter-of-fact voice. "It is my eyes. The doctors say it is a matter of months."

"Blind!" exclaimed Harrison, shocked—and could have cursed himself for the nakedness of the word.

"Yes," she accepted. "Even now, I can't do close work. It's been—rather hard. I've loved colors always. That delicate green-blue at the edge of a gold sunset, like a robin's egg, only a thinner blue—I'd always meant some day to have a dress that color, soft silk. That's the reason I want colors now and movement—clothes and dancing and jolly friends. A sort of memory chest, you know."

She stood up, laughing, stretching her arms above her head, breathing deeply. "I never was so tinglingly alive. I can't even bear to sleep."

HE KNOCKED at her door later. Kimono-clad, she opened it.

"I've just been thinking. Please don't turn me down," he entreated her. "Would you mind if I left what I have to you? There's enough—for comfort."

She looked up at him. His eyes were shining. She knew she must accept. "Thank you," he said simply. "It would make me feel safer, just at first." She gave him her hand. "Good night," he said as he turned to go.

"Good morning, you mean," he laughed after him. "It's past twelve. Another day."



Harrison's shining eyes had conquered her opposition. "Thank you," she said simply. "It would make me feel safer, just at first . . ." And she gave him her hand.



*Behold, O world, the Toiling Man,
Breaking at last the ancient ban;*

*For more than Eden's curse was his—
Mind-darkened down the centuries.*

The Toiler Thinks

By Edwin Markham

*Written after seeing Rodin's statue, "The Thinker,"
a crouched but slowly awakening figure—the stunned,
stolid Man with the Hoe beginning at last to think.*

BEHOLD, this time-scarred Titan is
The man come down from centuries—
Forever beaten as the ox,
Forever silent as the rocks.

Behold, for Thought begins to stir
This brain that was a sepulcher,
Behold, this void abyss of night
Struck by a timid beam of light—
This terror-shape, all brute and brawn,
This deep of darkness touched with dawn.
A star breaks on the chaos—lo,
The Shapes of Night begin to go!

BEHOLD, O world, the Toiling Man
Breaking at last the ancient ban;
For more than Eden's curse was his—
Mind-darkened down the centuries.
But after ages of blind toil,
Of tyrants and of traitors—see,
He ponders . . . and the world is free
Hark, for his awful questions throng
To thunder against the ancient wrong:
"Why am I bent with brutal loads?
Why am I driven on all roads?
Where is the laughter and the light
To cheer the workman in his might?
Why should my Godlike toil destroy
My world of beauty and of joy?
Why, since I feed the mouths of all,
Have I the careless crumbs that fall?
Why with these labor-blasted hands
Am I left homeless in all lands?
Why is the one that builds the world
Left as a dog in kennel curled?
Why is the one that beautifies
The kingdoms, robbed of seeing eyes?
Why am I hurled into hells of war,
I who have nothing to battle for?
Why should I fight for lords, indeed,
I who have only mouths to feed—
I who am only the earth's old slave,
Whose only gain would be a grave!"

BEHOLD O world, the Toiler thinks!
Now these old questions of the Sphinx
Will have their answers. In this pause
Are epochs, institutions, laws—
The fall of Anarchy and Chance;
The crumble of Brute circumstance;
The building of the Comrade State,
To be a new benignant Fate:
The rise of Beauty to her throne
When she shall make all hearts her own

Chained to the earth his body seems,
And yet his soul rides forth on dreams!
Tyrants, beware, for there is might
In dreams to shake the pillared night,
A power more potent to compel
Than all the dark decrees of Hell.
He ponders, and the moment awes;
For the world's fate is in that pause.
All destinies are in that hush;
For in it is the power to crush
All the old battlements of wrong
And build the world in comrade song.
Ages the Night was round him furled:
Behold the Morning of the World!

Tyrants, the morning is your doom:
Day yawns about you as a tomb;
Day is your cavern of the night.
Flee, then, before the coming light!
Flee, flee! This is the Toiler's hour:
Behold God coming down in power!

TYRANTS, the Tools begin to think:
Now all your lawless thrones will sink
And a new world will softly rise
With laughter and with lyric cries.
Thought is God's thunder at the gate,
The Rhadamantine voice of Fate.
Today is judgment day: awake,
Upstart, O toiling millions, break
The shackles, lift the flag unfurled,
Rise, outcast monarchs of the world!



I was subtly flattered that this self-possessed, cultured man should so take me into his confidence.

I Show Faith the Village

In the Fire of Spring-IV

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Illustrated by H.R. Ballinger

FOR a few days after Paul's departure for Greendale, I applied myself to the preliminaries of the portrait that had been ordered. I was glad I had this special interest, for otherwise I would have been very lonely. There is always a kind of excitement about undertaking a new picture, especially if one has never before seen her sitter. It is almost like opening a book that one knows will be absorbingly interesting, and that one will, in some subtle way, have a part in.

So I looked forward with pleasure to my first meeting with my latest subject.

HE WAS the son of Raymond Radford, a lawyer whose home was in a handsome apartment on Park Avenue. Radford's wife had died when her only child was born, and for a time it was feared the baby would die also. As it was, some obscure spinal trouble had made an invalid of the little boy. The father's aunt lived with him and was devoted to her grand-nephew.

I did not wonder at her devotion as I looked at the child's pure face and listened to his sweet voice. While he could walk a few steps at a time, it was with difficulty, and he spent most of his days lying or sitting in a great chair. His father wished him to be painted as he sat, surrounded by his favorite books.

ON THE first day of my work in this home, I studied my subject so that I might become acquainted with his different poses and expressions. To this end, he and I chatted together for an hour

CAN an ultramodern girl afford to surrender the protection that marriage offers? Pretty Dorcas March went down to Greenwich Village to study art, and was won away from her Puritan ideals of marriage. Now, after three years, she meets Faith Dinsmore—and realizes that here is the sort of girl she might have been. Has she, Dorcas wonders, paid too high a price, after all, for the freedom she thought she wanted?

and became friends at once. He was much interested in the small pencil sketch I made of his head. Miss Radford, the great-aunt, sat in the room with us, but spoke seldom. I had an uncomfortable suspicion that she did not quite approve of me, but I determined not to mind. She was not the person who was employing me.

"When will you begin actual work?" she asked me when I gathered up my pencils and drawing-pad preparatory to taking my departure.

"I can hardly tell when the actual painting will begin," I replied, embarrassed by her question. "One can not do her best until she studies the original—his changes of expression, the tints in eyes, hair, and skin."

"I understand," she said. "And when will you be back again?"

"Tomorrow, if you wish," I said. "But," I added with sudden courage, "I did not understand that there was any great hurry about the portrait."

"There is not," she rejoined, "only, later, my nephew will take the boy away to the seashore or mountains for a while. You see," she went on to explain, "the child does not spend the summer away from home, as most children do. It is necessary"—dropping her voice—"or at least his father considers it quite necessary—to keep him within touch of his physicians here. So he only goes away for a part of the month of July. I suppose the portrait could hardly be finished by then?"

I shook my head and smiled. "No. Indeed, it could not. But I could have the head and figure drawn in—and can, I hope, catch the likeness before that time."

I STARTED as the door opened and a man entered the room.

"My nephew, Mr. Radford," Miss Radford said stiffly.

Her lack of cordiality was made up for by the newcomer's genial manner. He glanced at my sketch, and nodded his approval.

"You can hardly tell anything about my work yet," I demurred. "This is only the slightest outline."

"Miss March showed it to me," the invalid boy broke in eagerly. "And she told me lots about painters and things."

His father bent down and kissed him tenderly. Then, when I had bidden the lad and his great-aunt good-by, Raymond Radford followed me into the hall.

"You have the knack. I can see that," he remarked. "You know how to get next to children. Kenneth has evidently had a lovely hour with you. And he does not take to everybody. For a lad of ten, he is singularly discerning. Come here into my den for a minute, please. I want to talk to you about him."

I followed him into his cozy sanctum. He pushed forward an easy-chair for me; then, seating himself, he told me his boy's history, how the child had suffered, and how the physicians expected that the next two years would determine his fate.

I listened sympathetically. I was almost timid in the presence of this self-possessed, cultured man, yet I was subtly flattered that he should talk to me about that which was the dearest thing in the world to him.

But I would not presume on his kindness, and took my departure in a few minutes. He bowed gravely as he told me good afternoon, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me frequently while I was painting his son's picture.

"I am certain you will make a success of it," he added reassuringly.

A SENSE of dreariness descended upon me as I entered the Washington Place house, and climbed the stairs. Paul was away; I was alone. If he had been here, I would have needed no other companion. As it was, I wished I had a neighbor with whom I could spend the evening.

"How do you do, Miss March!"

I stopped short, halfway up the last flight of stairs. On the top step stood Faith Dinsmore.

"Miss Dinsmore!" I exclaimed. "This is nice of you to come to see me!"

"You did not send for me, so I looked you up!" she announced gaily. "Now don't tell me that you have an engagement for tonight! I knocked at your door, and nobody answered. So I determined to wait for just ten minutes to see if you did not return. In another five minutes I would have gone home."

"I am glad I got here before the fatal period had expired," I said breathlessly as I hurried up to meet her.

My breathlessness was caused not only by my upward climb, but by a sudden sense of panic as I appreciated that she might have arrived just as I was entering Paul's room. I fitted my key into the door of my studio.

"I was awfully afraid you would not be back here this evening," she continued as she followed me into the dusky interior and waited for me to switch on the light. "And do you know I never learned from you your other address? I mean the address of the place where you live. I was just telling myself that you probably would not be down here again tonight."

"When I first came to New York, I took a room up on Seventeenth Street," I evaded.

"You must give me that address," she insisted.

FOR a moment my heart stood still. I must make some excuse.

"You can always reach me here," I said. "My mail is sent to this address."

"Oh, all right," she rejoined. "It must be rather jolly to be one's own mistress. Which reminds me of the reason I am here. Have you any engagement for dinner tonight?"

"No," I answered with an eagerness that was due less to pleasure at the thought of being with her than to relief at the change of topic. "Why?"

"Because I happen to be alone at home—except for one servant and the elderly seamstress who is always left behind to be a kind of chaperon-figure when Mother goes away." She laughed lightly. "Mother has gone on up to Hetherington—our country home—to open the house for the summer. I had to stay down a day or two longer for some fittings, and things. Tonight I told the maid and Miss Dempsey—the chaperon-seamstress—that I had an engagement to dine with a friend, hoping you would be that friend. Will you go with me to one of the Greenwich Village places to eat?"

"Certainly, I will be glad to," I assured her. "But"—with a glance at my plain dress—"I shall have to go as I am. It is too late," I added by way of explanation, "for me to go all the way uptown to change."

"Oh, you're all right!" she said easily.

I WAS thankful that there was running water in my studio so that I could wash my face and hands, and smooth my hair at the little mirror over the washstand. I tried not to notice how well-dressed my caller was, how stylish her hat, how well-groomed her general appearance. She wore a perfectly fitting tailor-made suit, with a georgette crêpe shirt-waist. Even her gloves were of the mannish type appropriate to her tailored suit.

I had grown careless about such matters. In Greenwich Village it was not necessary to be well-groomed. I realized again the contrast between the surroundings of the home I had left an hour ago, and the place in which I now lived. And this girl, Faith Dinsmore, belonged to another circle. Yet—she wanted to know Greenwich Village!

Well, no wonder! I told myself fiercely, stifling the inner voice that reminded me of the difference between my caller and myself. Down here one could do as one pleased. This was life at its best.

"COME on!" I said, when I had performed my ablutions and donned my hat again. "What restaurant do you choose?"

"I leave that to you," my companion replied.

I thought of several resorts, only to shake my head mentally. Then I mentioned a restaurant where really good food was served.

"Oh, I've heard of that place!" Faith exclaimed. "A man I know was talking about it the other night. But"—with a little pout—"he did not invite me to go to it."

"Well, I invite you now," I smiled, taking her arm in mine.

As we went down the stairs together, she spoke hesitatingly. "I wonder if you would do me a great favor. Would you call me by my first name?"

"I'd love to!" I agreed. "And you must call me Dorcas."

"Dorcas," she repeated. "Such a pretty, Pilgrim-mother kind of a name! Where did you get it?"

"It is a family name," I replied. "My people came from Massachusetts."

"And you are settled in Greenwich Village! What a delicious contrast!" she laughed.

We talked happily as we went on our way towards West Fourth Street.

"Isn't this fascinating?" Faith giggled as we entered the restaurant.

I was vaguely uneasy. She had told me that she was only one year my junior, yet I had a sensation of responsibility at piloting this girl through this part of town.

DRAKE HOAGLAND, the cartoonist, was seated in the first and most crowded of the three rooms composing the restaurant. He nodded to me as we passed on our way to the third room. By the time our dinner was served, Hoagland joined us.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed genially. "I saw you come in a while ago. I'm through eating, so thought I'd see how you are getting along. When did—"

I interrupted him before he could finish his sentence.



"But please, Faith, do not judge Greenwich Village by that!"

I spoke so quickly, so brusquely, that he raised his pale eyebrows in whimsical surprise.

"I am showing my friend, Miss Dinsmore, a little of Greenwich Village," I said. "This is her first experience in a restaurant down here. Miss Dinsmore, let me introduce Mr. Hoagland."

As the man shook hands with her, I drew a breath of relief. I knew from his changed manner that he would not speak of Paul. He was no fool. Yet I was sure that only a minute ago a query as to the time of Paul's return, or his whereabouts, was on the tip of his tongue.

Drake dropped into a chair and chatted pleasantly with Faith, telling her some interesting facts about the neighborhood. She listened eagerly.

"There are three rather good plays running down here just now," he said after a while. Then to me: "Why not take Miss Dinsmore to see them? I would ask you to let me go, too—only I've seen them, and have another engagement besides."

"Oh, I'd love to go!" Faith exclaimed.

When Hoagland had told us at what theater the



I begged of my fastidious visitor; but, nevertheless, I was conscious of a sharp sense of shame in my surroundings.

plays were produced, and had gone his way, she said with a little shyness:

"You know, Dorcas, that you are my guest this evening—for dinner and everything."

"Indeed, no!" I protested.

But she was so determined that at last we compromised on my paying for the dinner, while she bought the tickets for the play.

I WAS conscious of a little feeling of shame as I led this dainty girl into the interior of what had once been an old home, but was now a dingy playhouse. The floor was bare and dirty; the seats uncomfortable. I had been here often, and was accustomed to it. Tonight I saw it as if through the eyes of my companion.

She smiled merrily when I voiced a half-apology. "Oh, that's all right!" she said. "I admit it smells a little stuffy, and some of the audience don't look quite clean—do they? Yet I have no doubt that any one of them has more brains than a dozen of the folk I am in the habit of meeting."

I glanced about me as we took our seats. Here and

there I recognized a familiar face and nodded in greeting. I was glad that it was almost time for the curtain to rise. I did not want Faith to know some of these people. Others I would have been proud to introduce to her. But they might not have been the ones who would have sought me out.

All embarrassment was dispelled by the first play. It was well acted, and the lines were unusually clever. As the curtain fell on the last scene, Faith turned to me, her eyes sparkling.

"Oh, this is the real thing—real brilliancy!" she exclaimed. "And to think that I might have missed it!"

The second play was also good, but the acting poor.

THEN, the curtain rose upon the third, and last, of the one-act productions. It was of this that Drake Hoagland had spoken in the most glowing terms.

The acting was excellent. There was no denying that. There were but two actors.

The piece itself was horrible.

No other word describes it. It was sordid, brutal.

disgusting. Even in other circumstances it would have repelled me. Tonight, seated by this refined girl, I wished with a longing that was agony that I had never brought her to this place.

"Yes, it *was* rather awful," she admitted with a shudder, as, later, on our way out, I tried to put my regret into words.

Yet all around us were people who were praising the piece, declaring that it was "the real thing." I hoped that my companion did not hear them.

"It serves me right for taking Drake Hoagland's say-so," I remarked with an effort at gaiety as I walked with Faith towards Washington Square, where she was going to board an uptown bus.

"Never mind!" The girl patted my arm reassuringly. "You are not to be held accountable for any man's views. And men look at things from a different angle from ours, perhaps. Yet Mr. Hoagland called that play 'a slice of real life.' Heaven forbid!"

"Please do not judge Greenwich Village by that piece," I begged.

"Indeed, no!" she assured me. "I will judge of it by you and like it."

(Continued on page 79)



The Little Red Foot

By
Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

Our grim, lank forest runner sprawled on the settle by the kitchen table, smoking his bitter Indian tobacco and drinking rum and water, well sugared; and Penelope and Nick and I sat around him to listen, and look gravely at one another as we learned more and more of the hordes that were gathering to march upon our handful of Rangers and Oneidas—British regulars with horse, foot, and magnificent artillery; partisans and loyalists numbering twelve hundred; a thousand savages in their paint; Highlanders, Canadians, Hessians; Sir John Johnson's regiment of Royal Greens; Colonel John Butler's regiment of Rangers; McDonald's renegades and painted Tories. God! What a murderous horde! And all to make their common tryst here in County Tryon!

THE hot spiced rum loosened the runner's tongue. His name was Dick Jessup; and he was a hard, grim man whose business from youth—which was peltry—had led him through perilous ways.

He told us of wild and horrid things, where solitary settlers and lone trappers had been murdered by Guy Carleton's outlying Iroquois, from Quebec to Crown Point.

Scores and scores of scalps had been taken; wretched prisoners had suffered at the Iroquois stake under tortures indescribable—the mere mention of which made Penelope turn sickly white and set Nick gnawing his knuckles.

BUT what most infuriated me was the thought that in the regiments of old John Butler and Sir John Johnson were scores of my old neighbors who now boasted that they were coming back to cut our throats on our own thresholds—coming back with a thousand savages to murder women and children and ravage all with fire so that only a blackened desert should remain of the valleys and the humble homes that we had made and loved.

JESSUP went on, puffing the acrid willow smoke from his clay pipe: "Where I lay hidden near Oneida Lake, I saw a Seneca war party pass on the crust; and they had fresh scalps which dripped on the snow."

"And near Niagara I saw Butler's Rangers maneuvering on snowshoes, with drums and curly bugle-horns."

"Did you know any among them?" I asked somberly.

"Why, yes! There was Michael Reed, kin to Henry Stoner."

"My cousin, damn him!" quoth Nick, calmly.

"He was a drummer in the Rangers of John Butler," nodded Jessup. "And I saw Philip Helmer there in a green uniform, and Charles Cady, too, of Fonda's Bush."

"All I ask," says Nick, "is to get these two hands on them. I demand no weapons; I want only to feel my fingers closing on them."

"Thiohero is a witch!" whispered one of the Oneidas—but if the Indian maid heard us she gave no sign. . . .

AND so came spring upon us in the north-land that fateful year of '77, with blue skies and melting snow and the cock's clarion sounding clear. But it was mid-April before the first forest runner, with pelts, passed through the Sacandaga, twelve days out from Ty, and the woods nigh impassable, he gave account, what with soft drifts choking the hills and all streams over their banks.

And then, for the first, we learned something concerning the great war that was waging everywhere around our outer borders—how His Excellency had surprised the Hessians at Trenton, and had tricked Cornwallis and beat up the enemy at Princeton. It was amazing to us to realize that His Excellency, with only the frozen fragments of a meager and defeated army, had recovered all the Jerseys. But this was true, thank God; and we wondered on being told of it.

YOUNG Jack Drogue of County Tryon forsook the King's cause to turn Patriot, led a triumphant raid—and was carried, grievously wounded, to Summer House Point. While he waits the slow healing of his wound, winter imprisons him there with his Indian scout, his good friend Nick, and the pretty serving-maid.

He sat staring into space with the blank glare of a panther. Then: "Were they painted?" he demanded.

"No," said Jessup, "but Simon Girty was, and Newberry, too. There was a dozen painted Tories or blue-eyed Indians—whatever you call 'em—and they sat at a Seneca fire where the painted post stood, and all eating half-raw venison—"

Penelope averted her pallid face and leaned her head on her hand. Jessup took no notice.

"THEY burned a prisoner that day: I was sick, where I lay hidden, to hear his shrieks. And the British in their cantonments could hear as plainly as I, yet nobody interfered."

"There could have been no British officer there," said Penelope, in the ghost of a voice.

"Well, there were, then," said Jessup bluntly. Turning to me, he added: "There's a gin'ral there at Niagara called St. Leger, and he's a drunken lout! We should not be afeard of that puffed-up bladder, and I hope he comes against us. But Butler has some smart officers, like his son Walter, and Lieutenant Hare, and young Stephen Watts—"

"You saw *him* there?" exclaimed Penelope.

"Yes, I saw him in a green uniform; and with him, also a horse, rode Sir John Johnson all in red, and Walter Butler in black and green, and his long cloak a-trail to his spurs. There is a motley crew for you—what with Brant in the saddle, in paint and buckskins and fur robe, and shaved like any dirty Mohawk; and Hiakattoo, like a blackened devil out o' hell, all barred with scarlet and wearing the head of a great wolf for a cap, as well as the pelt to cover his war-paint! And McDonald, with his kilt and dirk, and the damned black eyes of him and the two buck-teeth shining on his lip! God!" he breathed; and took a long pull at his pannikin of spiced rum.

BUT it was past the first of May ere the storm began to break. Comes Nick a-running across from the Vlaie Water to find me.

"A fire at Fish House," he cries, "and a dense smoke mounting to the sky!"

I ran to the kitchen and called Penelope.

"Pack up and be ready to leave!" said I. And, to Nick: "Saddle Kaya and be ready to take Penelope ahorse to Mayfield blockhouse. Call my Indian!"

As I belted my shirt and stood ready, my Saguenay came swiftly, trailing his rifle.

"Come!" said I. "We must learn why that smoke towers yonder to the sky."

Penelope took me by the sleeve.

"Do nothing rash, John Drogue," she said in a breathless way.

"Get you ready for flight," said I, fixing a fresh flint. "Nick shall run at your stirrup if it comes to that pinch—"

She clasped her hands.

"When you move towards trouble I do not desire to flee the other way, towards safety!"

"PACK up, Penelope!" shouted Nick, leading Kaya into the orchard, all saddled; and fell to making up his pack on the grass.

"At Mayfield Fort!" I called across to Nick. "And if I be not there by night, then take Penelope to Johnstown, for it means that the Iroquois are on the Sacandaga!"

"I mark you, Jack!" he replied.

I turned to the girl.

"Farewell, Penelope," I said. "You shall be safe with Nick."

"But you, John Drogue?"

"Safe in the forest, always, and the devil himself could not catch me," said I cheerily.

She stretched out her hand. I took it, looked at her, then kissed her fingers. And, so I went away swiftly, to where our canoe lay, troubled because of this young girl whom I had no desire to fall truly in love with, and yet knew I had been near to it many times that spring.

I got into the canoe and took the stern paddle; my Saguenay knelt down in the bow.

"*Au large!*" I said to my Indian, and swept the birchen craft out into the deep and steady current.

DROGUE beguiles the slow days away with the winsome Penelope—and comes dangerously close to falling in love with her. But scarce has the young officer begun to wonder what good can possibly come to either of them from this, when spring is upon them—and the Britishers are coming down the Sacandaga trail!

In a turbulent whirl of living sparks Thiohero the sorceress, like a boy warrior stripped for war, swayed and twisted.



and primed, like hunters ready for a hazard shot at sight.

PRESENTLY, through the trees, I saw Fish House all afire, and now only a glowing skeleton in the sunshine. But the dense smoke came not now from Fish House, but

from three barracks of marsh-hay burning, which vomited thick smoke into the sky. Near the house some tall piles of hewn logs were blazing, also a corn-crib, a small barn, and a log farmhouse, where I think that damned rascal Wormwood once lived. And it had been bought by a tenant of Sir William—one of the patriot Shews or Helmers, if I mistake not, who was given favorable advantages to undertake such a settlement, but now had fled to Johnstown.

Godfrey Shew's own house, just over the knoll to the eastward, was also on fire: I could see the flames from it and a thin, brownish smoke which belched out black cinders and shreds of charred bark.

NOTHING stirred on the Drowned Lands as we drove our canoe at top speed between tall, bronzed stalks of rushes and dead water-weeds. Vlaie Water was intensely blue and patched with golden débris of floating stuff—shreds of cranberry vine, rotting lily pads, and the like—and in twenty minutes we floated silently into the Spring Pool, opposite the Stacking Ridge, where hard earth bordered both shores and where maples and willows were now in lusty bud.

We beached our canoe and drew it under the shore-reeds, and so passed rapidly down the right bank of the stream along the quick water, holding our guns cocked

I did not see a living creature near these fires, but farther towards the east clearing I heard voices and the sound of picks and axes; and my Saguenay and I crept thither along the bank of the flooded hollow.

VERY soon I perceived the new earthwork and log-stockade made the previous summer by our Continentals; and there, to my astonishment, I saw a motley company of white men and Indians, who were chopping down the timbers of the palisades, leveling the earthwork with pick and shovel.

So near were they across the flooded hollow that I recognized Elias Beacraft, brother to Bengy, who had gone off with McDonald. Also, I saw and knew Captain James Hare, brother to Lieutenant Henry Hare, of Butler's regiment; and Captain Nellis, of the forester service. Both Hare and Nellis were dressed in green uniforms and there were two other greencoats whom I knew not, but all busy with their work of destruction, and their axes flashing in the sunshine.

The others I had, of course, taken for very savages, for they were feathered and painted and wore Indian dress; but when one of these came down to the flooded hollow to fill his tin cup and drink, to my horror I saw that the eyes in that hideously painted face were a *light blue!*

"*Nai! Yengese!*" whispered the Yellow Leaf.

The painted Tory was not ten yards from where we lay, and, as I gazed intently at those hideously daubed features, all at once I knew the man.

For this horrid and grotesque figure all besmeared with ochre and indigo, and wearing Indian dress, was none other than an old neighbor of mine in Tryon County, one George Cuck, who lived near Jan Zuyler and his two buxom daughters, and who had gone off with Sir John last May.

As I stared at him in ever-rising astonishment and rage, comes another blue-eyed Indian—Barney Cane—wearing Iroquois paint and feathers, and all gaudy in his beaded war-dress. And at his belt I saw a fresh scalp hanging by its hair—the light brown hair of a white man!

I COULD hear Cane speaking with Cuck in English. Beacraft came down to the water; and Billy Newberry* and Hare* also came down, both wearing the uniform of the forester service. And I was astounded to see Hare back again after his narrow escape at Summer House last autumn, the night I got my hurt.

But he wore no Valley militia disguise now; all these men were in green coats, openly flaunting the enemy uniform in County Tryon—save only those painted beasts Cuck and Cane.

It was a war party, and it had accomplished a clean job at Fish House, and now they all were coming down to the flooded hollow and looking across it where lay the short route west to the Summer House.

Presently I heard a great splashing to our left, and saw a skiff and two greencoats and two Mohawk Indians in it pulling across the back-water.

And these latter were real Mohawks, stripped, oiled, shaved, and in their battle-paint, who squatted there in the skiff, scanning with glowing eyes the bank where my Saguenay and I lay concealed.

It was perfectly plain, now, what they meant to do.

*This same man, William Newberry, a sergeant in Butler's regiment, and Henry Hare, lieutenant in the same regiment, were caught inside the American lines, court-martialed, convicted of unspeakable cruelties, and were hanged as spies by order of General Clinton, July 6, 1779.

Beacraft, Cane, and Cuck went back to the ruined redoubt and presently returned, loaded with packs. Baggage and rifles were laid in the skiff.

I touched Yellow Leaf on the arm, and we wriggled backward out of sight. Then, rising, we turned and pulled foot for our canoe.

NOW my chief anxiety was whether Penelope and Nick had got clean away and were already well on the road to the Mayfield blockhouse.

We found our canoe where we had hid it, and we made the still water boil with our two paddles, so that, although it seemed an age to me, we came very swiftly to our landing at Summer House Point.

House, barn, orchard, all were deathly still there in the brilliant sunshine; I ran to the manger and found it empty of cattle. There were no fowls to be seen or heard, either. Then I hastened to sheep-fold. That, also, was empty.

Perplexed, I ran down to the gates, found them open, and, in the mud of the Johnstown road, discovered sheep and cattle tracks, the imprint of Kaya's sharp-shod hoofs, a wagon mark, and the plain imprint of Nick's moccasins.

So it was clear enough what he and Penelope had done. A terrible anxiety seized me, and I wondered how far they had got on the way to Mayfield, with cattle and sheep to drive ahead of a loaded wagon and one horse.

And now, more than ever, it was certain that my Indian and I must make a

house, gazing desperately about me, sad to leave this place to flames, furious to realize that this little lodge must perish, which once was endeared to me because Sir William loved it, and now had become doubly dear because I had given it to a young girl whom I loved—and tenderly—yet desired not to become enamored with.

I looked around at the Windsor chairs; the table where we had supped together so often. I went into Penelope's room and looked at her maple bed, so white and fresh.

There was a skein of wool yarn on the table. I took it, gazed at it with new and strange emotions, a-fiddling at my throat and twitching eyes and lips, and placed it in the breast of my hunting shirt.

Slowly I went upstairs and then out the kitchen door, across the grass. The lilacs had bursted their buds, and I could see tiny bunches pushing out on every naked stem where the fragrant, grapelike bunches of bloom should hang in May.

Then I looked down, and remembered where I had lain in the snow under these same lilacs, and how there Penelope had bullied me and then consented to kiss me on the mouth. . . . And, as I was thinking sadly of these things—*bang!* went my Indian's rifle from the veranda roof.

I SPRANG out upon the west lawn and saw the powder cloud drifting over the house, and my Indian, sheltered by the roof, reloading his piece on one knee.

"By water!" he called out softly, when he saw me.

At that I ran into the house by the front door, which faced south; closed and bolted the four heavy green shutters in the two rooms on the ground floor, barred the south door and the west, or kitchen, door below; and sprang up the ladder to the low loft chamber, from whence, stooping, I crept out of the south-gable window upon the veranda.

This piazza promenade was nearly as high as the eaves. The gable ends of the roof in which were windows, faced north and south, but the promenade ran all around the east end and sides, which, supported by columns, afforded a fine rifle-platform for defense against a water attack, and gave us a wide view out over the mysterious Drowned Lands.

Lying flat on the roof, and peering cautiously between the spindles of the railing, I saw, below on the Vlah Water, the same skiff I had seen at Fish House.

In the heavy skiff, the gunwales which were barricaded with their military packs, lay six greencoats: Captains Hare and Nellis, Sergeant Newberry, Beacraft, and two strangers in private's uniform.

They had a white flag set in the prow.

But the two blue-eyed Indians, Barney Cane and George Cuck, were not with them, nor were the two Mohawks. And in whisper I bade my Saguenay go around to the south-gable and keep his eye on the gate and the Johnstown road on the mainland.

HARE took the white flag from the prow and waved it, the two rowers continuing up-current and heading towards our landing.

Then I called to them to halt and back water; and as they paid no heed, I fired at their white flag and knocked the staff and rag out of Hare's hand without wounding him.

At that two or three cried out angrily, but the rowers ceased and began to back water hastily; and I, reloading, kept an eye on them.

Then Hare stood up in the skiff and bawled through his hollowed hand:

"Will you parley? Or do you wish to violate a flag?"



No tears—only gay courage and the swift passion of her lips—and Penelope bade me "God with you, John Drogue."

desperate stand here to hold back these marauders until our people were safe in Mayfield without a shadow of doubt.

THE Saguenay had gone to the veranda roof with his rifle, where he could see any movement by land or water.

I stood in the pretty

"Keep your interval, Jimmy Hare!" I retorted. "If you have anything to say, say it from where you are or I'll drill you clean!"

"Is that John Drogue, the brent-meester?" he shouted.

"None other," said I. "What brings you to Summer House in such fair weather, Jimmy Hare?"

"I wish to land and parley," he replied. "You may blindfold me if you like."

"When I put out your lights," said I, "it will be a quicker job than that. What do you wish to do—count our garrison?"

Captain Nellis got up from his seat and replied that he knew how many people occupied Summer House, and that, desiring to prevent the useless effusion of blood, he demanded our surrender under promise of kind treatment.

I laughed at him. "No," said I, "my hair suits my head and I like it there rather than swinging all red and wet at the girdle of your blue-eyed Indians."

AS I spoke I saw Newberry and Beacraft bring the butts of their rifles to their shoulders, and I shrank aside as their pieces cracked out sharply across the water.

Splinters flew from the painted green column on the corner of the house; the green-coats all fell flat in their skiff and lay snug there, hidden by their packs.

Presently, as I watched, I saw an oar poked out.

Very cautiously somebody was sculling the skiff downstream and across in the direction of the reeds.

As the craft turned to enter the marsh I had a fleeting view of the sculler—only his head and arm—and saw it was Eli Beacraft.

I was perfectly cool when I fired on him. He let go his oar and

fell flat on the bottom of the boat. The echo of my shot died away in wavering cadences among the shoreward woods; an intense stillness possessed the place.

Then, of a sudden, Beacraft fell to kicking his legs and screeching, and so flopped about in the bottom of the boat, like a stranded fish all over blood.

But the boat nosed in between the marsh-grasses and tall sedge, and I could not see it clearly any more.

But the greencoats in it were no sooner hid than they began firing at Summer House, and the storm of lead ripped and splintered the gallery and eaves, tore off shingles, shattered chimney bricks, and rang out loud on the iron hinges of door and shutter.

I fired a few shots into their rifle smoke, then lay watching and waiting and listening ever for the loud explosion of my Indian's piece which would mean that the painted Tories and the Mohawks were stealing upon us from the mainland.

Every twenty minutes or so the men in the bateau-skiff let off a rifle-shot at Summer House, and the powder-cloud rising among the dead weeds, pinxters, and button-ball bushes, discovered the location of their craft.



"It is strange that we needs must waste in sleep a portion of what time remains to us," said Penelope wistfully.

Sometimes, as I say, I took a shot at the smoke; but time was the essence of my contract, and God knows it contented me to stand siege whilst Penelope and Nick, with wagon and cattle, were plodding westward towards Mayfield.

ON THE mainland I saw of a sudden an officer of the Indian Department. Then I saw the two Mohawks where they lay in ambush in the bush and I realized that the game was nearly up now. Our people should have arrived by this time at Mayfield with sheep, cattle, and wagon. We had remained here to the limit of safety, and there was no hope of aid in time to save our skins or this house from destruction.

The sun was low over the forest, when, at last, we crept out of the house and stole down to our canoe.

We made no sound when we embarked, and our craft glided away under the rushes, driven by cautiously dipped paddles which left only silent little swirls on the dark and glassy stream.

Up Mayfield Creek we turned, which, above, is not fair canoe-water save at flood; but now the spring

melting filled it brimful, and a heavy current set into Vlaie Water so that there was labor ahead for us; and we bent to it as a skiff fell over the Drowned Lands. It was not yet full dark when, over my shoulder, I saw a faint rose light in the north. And I knew that Summer House was on fire.

IT WAS long past midnight when I hailed the picket at the grist-mill and drove our canoe shoreward into the light of a lifted lantern.

"Is Nick Stoner in?" I called out.

"All safe!" replied somebody on shore.

A dark figure came down to the water and took hold of our bow to steady us.

"Summer House and Fish House are burned," said I, climbing out stiffly.

"Aye," said the soldier, "and what of Fonda's Bush, Mr. Drogue?"

"What!" I exclaimed, startled.

"Look yonder," said he.

I scarce know how I managed to stumble up the bushy bank. And then, when I came on level land near the blockhouse, I saw (Continued on page 61)

The Woman God Changed

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

AS OFFICER McCARTHY paused for an instant in his story the eyes of the courtroom seemed by common consent to turn to Anna Janssen in the dock. The jury looked at her with knitted brows; the spectators with puzzled glances. It seemed impossible that this calm, majestic figure could once have acted the siren of the streets to the officer bringing her from her Tahitian sanctuary. Immobile, somehow immaculate, with strange superhuman dignity, she did not blush, she did not smile. Only a gentle shadow of pain was about her eyes, such as creeps about the eyes of someone who remembers old, all-but-forgotten painful things of phases of life long by.

Out of those firm lips like a rose in bloom could blasphemy have flowed in a sluggish lecherous stream? Out of that glorious bronze throat, fit for Magnificats? It seemed impossible, was impossible.

The judge looked at her with moved, understanding eyes. The district attorney cast her puzzled glances. Donegan looked neither at her, nor at anything. He just drowsed like a dog.

"ALL next day," McCarthy went on, "the blow grew worse. They reefed down sail until we were flying along under top and foresails. The funny thing was that here and there the sky was blue. You'd have thought all was going to get fair in an hour or two, but it didn't. And the captain stood by the man at the wheel and looked worried.

"You had to shout to make yourself heard. 'Ain't it going to calm down, Captain?' I says.

"I don't know," he says. 'I wish to God I was out of these islands,' he says. 'If I was all alone in the middle of the Pacific, I wouldn't give a damn, but these here coral insects,' he says, 'they're always building, and they sure do bother me. And these charts of the Marquesas,' he says, 'they ain't worth a damn. I wish I was out of these islands,' he says; 'I sure do.'

"Oh, you'll be all right, Cap," I says.

"You get for'a'd out o' here," he barks at me.

"I'll talk to you later about that," I says; but I goes off, because I see he's worried.

"ALL we get to eat that day is a cup of coffee and a sandwich. And night comes. And night comes and we're still plunging on.

"And then we hear thunder.

"Janssen won't turn in. She's scared, she says, and she sticks by me. And the thunder keeps up, and comes closer, and it gets very dark.

"What's that? Janssen says.

"It strikes me it isn't thunder at all. It's some boat in distress firing a gun," I tells her. 'It's too bad we can't do anything for them. But I don't think we can.'

"I'm afraid, McCarthy," Janssen says. 'That's no gun.'

"Maybe it's a lot of guns," I says. 'Maybe it's the French navy practicing. They take a funny night for it,' I says.

"I'm scared, McCarthy," she whimpers, and comes close.

"We'll be all right," I tells her.

"I'm scared," she cries. 'Put your arms around me, McCarthy, please.'

"Oh, come off!" I tells her. 'That game don't go, Janssen. What's the use?'

"I'm scared, honest. They's something going to happen.' The boat does a little jazz step, and the guns is right in our ears. And overhead, Judge, the stars were out. 'Please take me in your arms, McCarthy—just like I was your sister.'

"Well, you ain't just like you was my sister. And they's been too many arms around for me to put mine. But you can hold on to me," I says.

"And then my teeth come together with a jar and my spine is near driven through my skull, and something hits me on the head. And all the water in the world comes over me. And I know nothing."

THE witness, it seemed, here underwent a strange dramatic transformation. Until now in his recital, his story had been a story all could understand, a policeman's story, told in a policeman's voice, in a policeman's words. To the courtroom he was a figure within their ken, a person to warm the hearts of burgesses. Honest, homely, speaking in dialect, he stood in their eyes for the typical and honored defender of

CAN a woman sink to the depths of sin and recover her birthright of purity? Anna Janssen, notorious along Broadway, killed her lover and fled. Yet honest Officer McCarthy, who brought her back, after seven years, to justice, now swears that this splendid woman could not possibly have murdered Alastair de Vries!

city families and city homes. Great figures, those men! They make heroism casual. They may call the New York police grafters; they may call them brutes and tyrants; they may call them the scum of Ireland. They can never call them cowards.

There is on record the case of—shall I say O'Kelly? A homicidal maniac, armed to the teeth, took refuge in a cellar. "And then what?" "I goes down into the cellar and I gets him out." "Good God! You went down alone into that dark hole after—" "Oh, that was not in," he was easy!"

You can have your great regiments—your Old Guard at Waterloo; your Rough Riders of San Juan Hill, your Black Watch, your Bashi-Bazouks, your Bersaglieri. Give me the New York police!

UP TO now McCarthy had been only a New York policeman, telling in a dry way the facts of a case. But a new dignity arose in him of a sudden. He was no longer dealing with the processes of his profession, but with big human phenomena. Until now he had

been deferential to Court and officers, a cog in the legal machine. Suddenly he assumed individuality, poise, dignity. He became bigger than the personnel of the case, as big as the woman in the dock. And curiously his language changed to fit the newer individuality, turning from the idioms of the sidewalks of New York to what we term, in that archaic phrase which has so much of dignity, the King's English.

"I CAME to," he resumed. "At first it was blackness and a terrible headache, and the thought in my brain: 'Where is Janssen? I've lost Janssen.' And then my head cleared, and my eyes opened. And I was lying on the sand in the dawn, and Janssen was bathing my head.

"So there you are!" I said.

"And then it struck me: Where's the ship?"

"I got up on my elbows and looked around. We were on a strand with trees behind us and a

"You made a better job of it when you killed De Vries," says I, stupid-like.





First blackness and the thought in my brain "I've lost Janssen." Then my brain cleared and my eyes opened—and there was my prisoner bathing my head!

bay in front and the sun just coming up, bright as a golden eagle. In front of us was a sort of bay where the water was still and sparkling, like wine sparkles. And then I look out further. And there's a sort of wall of crags between the bay and the sea. and on the other side of it the sea is pounding, pounding, pounding, like a man crazy with anger. Swish! Crash! Boom! And then I notice pieces of timber, a bale, a piece of cloth in the lagoon.

"The schooner's gone, I understand. There's been a wreck.

"Where are the rest?" I ask Janssen.

"There are no rest"—she throws her arms out. "Just you and I!"

"THEN after a while I said: 'We're in a pretty bad way here: shipwrecked; without anything to eat; with a very small chance of rescue. We're up against it. There isn't even water.'

"But she only laughed.

"We're not so bad as you'd think," she says. "There's water. I found it when I looked for something to bathe that cut on your head. And as for food, I'd been in these islands awhile before they put me in the—place—at Papeete. There's bananas, and there's coconuts, and there's breadfruit. And that cove is full of fish."

"You can't eat fish raw," I tell her.

"I'm turning out my pockets then, leaving things in the sun to dry—my gun, with the shells out in a row; my watch; my knife; my pocketbook. She points at the watch.

"You can make a fire with the crystal of that," she says. "But bananas'll do for the present. I'll go off and get some. You needn't worry," she says as she notices me looking at her. "I can't get off the island."

"AFTER a while she comes back and sits down.

"Do you know how you got ashore, McCarthy?"

"I don't," I answer. "I know nothing."

"When the boat struck," she tells me, "you and I were washed over the reef. Something hit you on the

GR**EAT** figures, those New York police! They make heroism casual. Some may call them loafers, they may call them grafters, they may call them brutes and tyrants. But they can never call them cowards. You can have your great regiments—your Old Guard at Waterloo; your Rough Riders of San Juan Hill; your Black Watch; your Bashi-Bazouks; your Bersaglieri. Give me the New York police!

head. But I pulled you in, McCarthy. You went down. You were cut cold. I had a job, too," she laughs nervously. "Your hair is awfully short."

"Well, I got to thank you," I said.

"Don't mind thanking me," she said. "Tell me this! She's awfully serious. 'Don't you think a life is worth a life?'"

"I say nothing to that.

"Don't you, McCarthy?" she pleads.

"I'm sorry," I tell her. "I'm awfully, awfully sorry, but I've got to bring you in."

"You're a hard man, McCarthy."

"I'm not a hard man. I'm just a man sworn in to do my job. I'm just a man a big trust's been put in, and I can't fall down. Sis, you missed your chance," I told her. "You ought to have let me go down, when you saw me going. Then you'd have been free. You ought to have stood clear and let me drown."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she says.

"Neither could I let you go!"

"IN THE afternoon I go around the island to see where we are. But from no point can I see land or a sail or anything. We are just on one of those Pacific atolls, as they call them, away from the line of everything but sailing ships trading from isle to isle. I look everywhere—north, east, south, and west—and there is nothing but boiling sea, white, muddy, with birds fluttering, or floating in the air.

"The island itself is not more than ten miles square, and there are rocks everywhere about it except around the cove where we landed, and that has a coral break-water. The sand is bright and yellow like new gold, and on the island itself there is greenness that is nearly black. And you can see coconut trees and banana trees and oranges. And while I'm standing there a little pig breaks through the underbrush and looks at me, and then flies off with a squeal. And for a moment my heart goes pit-a-pat because I think there are people on this island. A pig is a human thing. It's always been so near humans, it's nearly human itself. But a moment later something in me tells me there's no one here. It's been put ashore, it and others, by some of the old whaling ships that are gone now.

"I LOOK around and I see the island, the sand like gold, the clean wind, the water in the cove as transparent as water in a glass; the fish in the water and the animals on the island, and the fruit on the trees. And the sun is bright and warm and full of life, and in the distance I can see Janssen. She has let her hair down and it covers her to the knees in a great shining cloak, like some wonderful fur cloak.

"And I think: There's many's the old cop in New York—there's many's the millionaire, even—would like to finish his life alone in this paradise island, away from all trouble and worry and having everything he needs in sunshine that's more like wine than light, and with Janssen with him, when she has let down her hair.

"But I says to myself: You needn't think that way. You're not old, nor disappointed. You've got no reason to idle your life away. You've got a job on hand. You're a detective officer and you've got a prisoner, and you're going to bring her home!

"I RETURN to where Janssen is by the cove and I look for my knife and watch and gun. But my gun isn't there.

"Do you know where my gun is?"

"She wheels around on me suddenly and points it at my head.

"McCarthy," she says, "your word's good with me.



"McCarthy," says Janssen, sitting there quiet in the moonlight, "have I got to go back?"

Either tell me now you'll let me go when we're rescued or I'll kill you."

"I can't," I said. "I won't. Now give me my gun and be sensible."

"I mean it," she said. "Let me off or I'll kill you."

"I wouldn't be the first."

"Will you?"

"No!" I says.

"I'm watching the gun to grab it if I can. Then I see a spat of fire like a match lighting. Then something burns my ear like red-hot iron. I hear the shot. I'm spun halfway round.

"I face up again.

"You made a better job with De Vries," I says stupid-like.

"I'm expecting the finisher, but she walks up to me and hands me the gun. She just looks at me, and her throat works, and then suddenly from her eyes run two big tears down to the corners of her mouth and I turn away.

"I'm going to fix you a bed of banana leaves, and then I'm going to light a fire. Forget your troubles for a while. Think of this as a picnic."

"But the tears still run down her face and she says nothing. I go off and get busy because I can't stand the sight of it. I'm not feeling any too like a comedy myself.

"WE'RE sitting that night at a fire on the beach, and the thin new moon is up. A light breeze is in shore. Suddenly she turns to me.

"You're religious, McCarthy," she says to me.

"I'm not exactly religious," I say. "I'm like everyone, I guess."

"You believe in God, McCarthy?"

"Nobody likes to talk much about things of that kind. You think about them but you don't say them. And particularly you don't talk about them to a prisoner who's up for murder, unless you're one of those Holy Willie boys.

"Who doesn't?" I spars.

"You believe"—her voice is serious—"that God takes care of you on this island?"

"That's what they say."

"Do you believe, McCarthy, that He knows me, takes care of me, cares for me?"

"I say nothing—because I can't see it. She's too far out of the pale. I'd like to tell her 'Yes.' But I can't.

"You don't believe, then, McCarthy"—her voice is just a husky whisper—"that there is any caring for me, anywhere."

"Oh, what's the use of bothering about that?"

"You don't then," she said. "You think I'm too bad for—even—that."

"I GET up and shake myself. 'Maybe there's nothing to it, after all,' I tell her. But all of a sudden she is crying, her face down to the sand, as though her heart would break.

"I move away, because I'm no good to her, and go down the strand a bit. The water laps the strand, and whispers in the trees, but I can hear Janssen crying still.

"I walk on and on. I hear the sea rumble on the rocks, and the whisper of the trees is louder. A turtle plods into the water, and a coconut falls with a thud, but over it all I still can hear the voice of Janssen crying, little tearing cries, as though pieces of silk were being ripped from the main fabric with shrill protesting tragedy. It struck me that she herself was flaying her heart with brutal knoutlike strokes, and that every red shred was moaning in protest: 'Don't, don't, don't!'

"THE new moon became the full moon, and waned and died," McCarthy went on. "But no help came.

"There was nothing to do but wait, and a policeman doesn't mind waiting. All his life is waiting, except for a hint of action now and then. But I worried about Janssen.

"Janssen gave me no trouble. We talked just as friendly strangers might talk, waiting on a railroad platform. She got the bananas and the coconuts and the breadfruit, gathering them as they fell. I managed to kill a suckling pig now and then, and I rigged up a fishing line from a piece of rope I unraveled that had come ashore from the wreck of the boat, and a pin Janssen gave me.

"There's nothing I like to do better than fish, and I sit there and fish and think all the time. And little things come to me of the life in New York, and I worry over them. I never was a grafter. I never took a penny from anyone when I was on the vice squad in the way of protection, but there's little things that worry me. As for instance, when I go into a saloon for a drink, they never take my money. When an arrest is made, sometimes I find a bailman for the prisoner, and they give me something as a favor. Or I sell tickets for this benefit or another, and nobody wants them but nobody dares refuse. And I sit there in a few acres of coral in the Pacific Ocean and the sun rises in the East way over New York, and the moon sets in the West down China way. And the winds blow south from Japan or north from the edge of the world. And I think: It's very small. It's not worth a man's while.

"And while I'm thinking (Continued on page 66)

Children of the Whirlwind

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Armand Both

"IT IS some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons." Maggie Cameron—sure of her brains and her beauty—went out after "easy money." And nothing that Larry Brainard could say convinced her that she was playing a dangerous game. But when Larry is taken away in handcuffs, the victim of her first big adventure, Maggie learns her lesson. Now she is ready to play fair for the rest of her life, if only she can save the man she loves from paying the penalty of her folly.

WHEN Maggie drove away with Dick from Cedar Crest—this was an hour before Gavegan descended out of the blue upon Larry and two hours before he rode triumphantly away with his captive—she was the most dazed and disillusioned young creature who had ever set out confidently to conquer the world. Courage, confidence, quickness of wit, all the qualities on which she had prided herself, were now entirely gone, and she was just a white, limp figure that wanted to run away; a weak figure in which swirled thoughts almost too spasmodically powerful for so weakened a vessel not to be shattered under their wild strain: thoughts of her amazingly discovered real father; how she was the very contradiction of her father's dream; of Larry; of the cunning Jimmie Carlisle whom till this day she had believed her father; of Barney Palmer.

SO AGITATED was she with these gyrating thoughts, that she was not conscious that Dick had stopped the car on the green roadside until he took her hand and began to speak. The happy, garrulous, unobservant Dick had not noticed anything out of the way with her more than a pallor which she had explained away as being due to nothing more than a bit of temporary dizziness. And so for the second time Dick now poured out his love to her and asked her to marry him.

"Don't, Dick—please!" she interrupted him. "I can't marry you! Never!"

"What!" cried the astounded Dick. "Maggie—why not?"

"I can't. That's final. And don't make me talk to you now, Dick—please! I can not!"

His face, so fresh and happy the moment before, became gray and lined with pain. But he silently swung the car back into the road.

SHE forgot him utterly in what was happening within her. As they rode on, she forced herself to think of what she should do. She saw herself as the victim of much, and as guilty of much. And then inspiration came upon her, or perhaps it was merely a high frenzy of desperation, and she saw that the responsibility for the whole situation was upon her alone; she saw it as her duty, the rôle assigned her, to try to untangle alone this tangled situation, to try to measure out justice to everyone.

First of all, as she had told Larry, her father's dream of her must remain unbroken. Whatever she did, she must do nothing that might possibly be a sharp blow to the conception of his daughter which was the roots and trunk and flowering branches of his present happiness. . . .

And then came a real inspiration! She would, in time, make herself into the girl he believed her—make his dream the truth!

She would get rid of Old Jimmie and Barney—would cut loose from everything pertaining to her former life—would disappear and live for a year or two in the kind of environment in which he believed he had placed her—and would reappear and claim him for her father! And, for his own sake, he should never know the truth. Two years more and he should have the actuality, where he now had only the dream!



Larry wondered how much longer he could keep Red Hannigan from interfering with Maggie and Barney on the other side of that door.

But before she was free to enter upon this plan, before she could vanish out of the knowledge of all who had known her, there was a great duty to Larry Brainard which she must discharge. He was hunted by the police; he was hunted by his former pals. And he was in his predicament fundamentally, because of her. Therefore, it was her foremost duty to clear Larry Brainard.

Yes, she would do that first! Somehow! . . .

SHE was considering this problem—the clearing of Larry, who had tried to awaken her, who had shielded her, who loved her—when Dick slowed his car down in front of the Grantham and helped her out. As he said a subdued good-by and was stepping back into his car, an impulse surged up into her—an impulse of this different Maggie, whose birth was being attended by such bewildering emotions and decisions. "Dick, won't you please come up for just a little while?"

Three minutes later they were in her sitting-room. Cap in hand, Dick awaited her words in the misery of silence. Her look was drawn, but direct.

"Back in the road, Dick, you asked me why I couldn't marry you. I asked you up here to tell you."

"Yes?" he queried dully.

"One reason is that, though I like you, I don't like you that way. The more important reason to you is that I am a fraud."

"A fraud!" he exclaimed incredulously.

IT HAD come to her, as she was leaving the car, that the place to start her new life was to start right, or quit right, with Dick.

"A fraud," she repeated; "an impostor. There is no Maggie Cameron. I am born of no good family from the West. I have no money. I have always

lived in New York—most of the time down on the East Side. I used to work in a Fifth Avenue millinery shop. Till three months ago I sold cigarettes in one of the big hotels."

"What of that!" cried Dick.

"That is the nicest part of what I have to tell you," she continued relentlessly. "My supposed relatives, Jimmie Carlisle and Barney Palmer, are no relatives at all, but are two clever confidence men. I have been in with them, working on a scheme they have framed. Everything I have seemed to be, everything I have done, and even this expensive apartment, have all been parts of that scheme. The idea of that scheme was to swindle some rich man out of a lot of money—through my playing on his susceptibilities."

"Maggie!" he gasped.

"More concretely, the idea was to trick some rich man into falling in love with me, to get him to propose, then to have me confess that I was already married but to a man who would give me a divorce if he were paid enough. The rich man would then drive a bargain with my supposed husband, pay over a lot of money—after which Barney, Old Jimmie, and I would disappear with our profits."

"MAGGIE!" he repeated, stupefied with his incredulous amazement. But the unflinching gaze she held upon him convinced him she was speaking the truth. "Then, if that was your game, why are you telling me now? Why didn't you say yes when I proposed a week ago? I should have fallen for the game; you would have succeeded."

Not till that moment did Maggie realize the full truth; not till then did she realize the solid influence Larry Brainard had been in the background of her life all these months.

"I didn't go through with it because of Larry Brainard."



Maggie fell back with an inarticulate cry of fright as her father confronted her, his prison-blanced face aquiver with devastating purpose.

"Larry Brainard!" His astonishment increased.

"You know Larry Brainard, then?"

"I've known him for several years."

"And you've been coming out, and he's been pretending not to know you! Of course I knew what Larry Brainard has been. But is he in this, too?"

"No. He's exactly what you think him. From the start he's been trying to keep me out of this. He was behind my coming to your house; he's told me so. His reason for getting me there was his belief that my being treated by you and your sister as I was would make me ashamed of myself and make me want to quit what I was doing. And I think—I think he was right—partly."

"AND Larry—he's the reason you're telling me now?"

"I think so. But there are other reasons." Making a clean breast of things though she was, she felt she dared not trust Dick with the secret of her father. "I—I wanted to clear things up as far as I was responsible. That's one reason I'm telling you. There was the chance you might sometime find out that Larry had known me and suspect him; I wanted you to know the truth of what he'd really done. And I wanted to tell you the truth about myself, so you'd despise and forget me, instead of perhaps carrying around romantic delusions about me after I've gone. And there's another reason I'd like to tell you—for you've been everything that's fine to me—if it won't offend you."

"Go on," he said huskily.

"Barney Palmer picked you out as the sucker—you didn't know you were being picked out—because

he said that you were an easy mark; that you took things for exactly what they pretended to be, and didn't care what you did with your money; that you never would settle down into a responsible person. I'm telling you all this, Dick, because I don't want you to be what Barney said."

DICK slumped into a chair, at last beaten down by this cumulative revelation. He buried his face in his hands and his panting breath was convulsive with unuttered sobs. Maggie looked down upon the young boy, with pity, remorse, and an increasing recognition of the widespread suffering she had wrought.

"To think that this has all been horrible make-believe!" he at last groaned. "That all the while I've been looked on as just a young fool who would always remain a fool!"

Maggie, in her sense of guilt, was helpless to make any reply that would soften his agony; and for a space neither spoke.

Presently Dick stood up. His face was still marked by suffering, but somehow it seemed to have grown older without losing its youth. There was a new blaze of determination in the direct look he held on Maggie.

"You say you have never loved me?" he demanded. She shook her head. "But I've told you that I've always liked you."

"Larry Brainard's doing what he has kept on doing for you—that means that he loves you, doesn't it?" he pressed on.

"He has told me so."

"And you love him?"

"What difference does that make—since I am going away as soon as I get everything I'm wholly or partly responsible for cleared up?"

"IF LARRY BRAINARD has known you for a long while, then how about Barney Palmer and Jimmie Carlisle?"

"They've known me as long, or longer."

"Then you must have all known each other?"

"Yes. Years ago Larry worked with Barney and Jimmie Carlisle."

"What was the attitude of those two towards Larry, when he was trying to balk them by making you give up the plan?"

"They hated him. They are the cause, especially Barney, of all of Larry's old trouble with the police and with the old crowd he's quit. To try to clear Larry, that's the most important thing I'm going to try to do."

"And that's where you've got to let me help you!" Dick cried with sudden energy. "Larry's been a mighty good friend to me—he's tried to head me right—and I owe him a lot. And I'd like a chance to show that Barney Palmer I'm not going to keep on being the eternal fool he sized me up to be!"

MAGGIE was startled by this swift transformation. "Why—why, Dick!" she breathed.

"What's your plan to clear Larry?"

"I hadn't got so far as to have a clear plan. I had only just realized that there had to be a plan. But since they have set the police on Larry, it came to me that the idea behind any plan would be for the police to really capture Barney and Jimmie Carlisle—get them out of Larry's way."

"That's it!" Dick Sherwood had a mind which, given an interesting stimulus, could work swiftly; and it worked swiftly now. "They were planning to trim me. Let's use that plan you outlined to me—use it tonight. You can tell them some story which will make immediate action seem necessary and we'll all get together this evening. I'll play my part all right—don't you worry about me! I'll come with a roll of money that I'll dig up somewhere, and it'll be marked money. When it's passed—bingo!—a couple of detectives that we'll have planted to watch the proceedings will step right up and nab the two!"

She was taken aback by the very idea of him, the victim, after her confession throwing his lot in with her. "Why, Dick!" she stammered. "To think of you offering to do such a thing!"

"I owe that much to Larry Brainard," he declared. "And—and I owe that much to your desire to help set him straight. Well, what about my plan?"

SINCE he seemed eager to lend himself to it, it seemed to her altogether wonderful, and she told him so. They discussed details for several minutes, for there was much to be done and it had all to be done most adroitly. It was agreed that he should come at ten o'clock, when the stage would be all set.

As he was leaving to attend to his part of the play, a precautionary idea flashed upon Maggie.

"Better telephone me just before you come. Something may have happened to change our plans."

"All right—I'll telephone. Just keep your nerve."

WITH that he hurried out. At about the time he left, Larry was leaving Cedar Crest in handcuffs beside the burly and triumphant Gavegan, and believing that the power he had sought to exercise was now effectually at an end. He was out of it. In his despondency it was not granted him to see that the greatest thing which he could do was already done; that he had set in motion all the machinery of what had taken place and what was about to take place; that all the figures in the action of the further drama of that night were to act as they were to do primarily because of promptings which came from him.

XXXIII

DICK'S departure left Maggie to think alone upon an intricate and possibly dangerous interplay of characters in which she had cast herself for the chief rôle, which might prove a sacrificial rôle for her.

She quickly perceived that Dick's plan, clever as it might be, would bring about in the dubious event of its success only one of the several happenings which had to come to pass if she were to clear her slate before her disappearance.

Dick's plan was good; but it would only get rid of Barney and Old Jimmie. It would only rid Larry of such danger as they represented; it would only be revenge upon them for the evil they had done. And after all, revenge helped a man forward but very little. There would still remain, even in the event of the success of Dick's plan, the constant danger to Larry from the police hunt, instigated by Chief Barlow's vindictive determination to send Larry back to prison for his refusal to be a stool-pigeon; and the constant danger from his one-time friends who were hunting him down with deadly hatred as a squealer.

SOMEHOW, if she were to set things right for Larry, she had to maneuver that night's happenings in such a way as to eliminate forever Barlow's persecutions, and eliminate forever the danger to Larry from his friends' and their hirelings' desire for vengeance upon a supposed traitor.

Maggie thought rapidly, elaborating on Dick's plan. But what Maggie did was the result not so much of sober thought as of the inspiration of a desperate, hard-pressed young woman; but then, after all, what we call inspiration is only thought geared to an incredibly high speed.

First of all, she got rid of that slow-witted, awesome supernumerary, Miss Grierson, who might completely upset the delicate action of the stage by a dignified entrance at the wrong moment and with the wrong cue.

Next she called up Chief Barlow at Police Headquarters. Fortunately for her Barlow was still in; for an acrimonious dispute, then in progress and taking much space in the public's prints, between him and the district attorney's office was keeping him late at his desk despite the most autocratic and pleasant of all demands, those of his dinner hour. To him Maggie gave a false name, and said that she had most important information to

communicate at once; to which he growled back that she could give it if she came down at once.

NEXT she called up Barney, who had been waiting near a telephone in expectation of news of the result of her second visit to the home of Dick Sherwood. To Barney she said that she had the greatest possible news—news which would require immediate action—and that he should be at her suite at nine o'clock, prepared to play his part at once in the big proposition that had just developed, and that he should get word to Old Jimmie to follow him in a few minutes.

Within fifteen minutes a taxicab had whirled her down to Police Headquarters and she was in the office where three months earlier Larry had been grilled after his refusal of the license to steal and cheat on the condition that he become a police stool.

Barlow, who was alone in the room, looked up with a scowl from a secret report of the activities of detectives in the district attorney's office. Although Maggie was pretty and stylishly dressed, Barlow did not rise nor did he remove the big cigar he had been viciously gnawing. It is the tradition of the Police Department, the most thoroughly respected article of its religion, that a woman who is seen in Police Headquarters can not by any possibility be a lady.

"WELL, what's on your chest?" he grunted, not even asking her to be seated.

It was suddenly Maggie's impulse—sprung perhaps, out of unconscious memory of what Larry had suffered—to inflict upon herself the uttermost humiliation. So she said:

"I've come here to offer myself as a stool-pigeon."

"What's that?" Barlow exclaimed, startled. It was not often that a swell lady—who of course couldn't be a swell (he did not know who Maggie was)—voluntarily walked into his office with such a proposition.

"I can give you some real information about a big game that's being worked up. In fact, I can arrange for you to be present when

the game is pulled off, and you can make the arrests."

"Who are the people?" he asked brusquely.

Maggie knew it would be fatal to mention Barney or Old Jimmie, if that story about Barlow's protection contained any truth. Again inspiration, or incredibly swift thinking, came to her aid, and with sure touch she twanged one of Barlow's rawest and most responsive nerves.

"Larry Brainard is behind it all. He's been doing a lot of things on the quiet these last few months. Here is where you can get his whole crowd."

"Larry Brainard!"

Maggie did not yet know what had befallen Larry, and Gavegan had neglected to telephone his chief of the arrest. Even had Gavegan done so, the large and vague manner in which Maggie had stated the situation would have stirred his curiosity.

"All right. I'll put a couple of my good men on the case. Where shall I send 'em?"

"A couple of your good men won't do. I want only *one* of your good men—and that man is yourself."

"Me!" growled
(Continued
on page 52)



"I can give you some real information about a big game that's being worked up . . ."
Maggie tantalized Barlow.



"Trixey laughed when I tried to kiss her—and then she slapped my face."

An Echo from Bohemia

By Bruno Lessing
Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

WE HAD been dining at the Ritz-Carlton, McPherson and I, and we had come to the coffee. McPherson, a solemn-visaged Scotchman, had been unfolding his scheme to obtain coal concessions in China. It was an excellent scheme, based upon indubitable facts. All the world needed coal; the price of coal and the cost of mining it were constantly increasing; and China had unlimited fields of undeveloped coal land.

For a month McPherson had thought and talked of nothing but coal. At the end of the meal I felt that I was covered with soot. And then, to my amazement, I caught the eye of Ootchy, who was seated but two tables away.

WITH that one glance and the sight of Ootchy's smiling face I was carried back twenty years to days and scenes and a life that I had well-nigh forgotten. It was the devil-may-care life of a fragment of true Bohemia that dwelt in the lofts of business houses, in dingy basements, in French and Italian table d'hôte restaurants and in the Elephant—principally in the Elephant—in the neighborhood of West Twentieth Street. A life of artists, most of them illustrators for newspapers and magazines, a few of them painters, of newspaper men and actors and a handful of more or less intellectual vagabonds who made their living in ways that can not be classified.

At the Elephant, a small café in one of the side streets near Sixth Avenue, they would congregate afternoons and evenings and talk of their work, of the pranks which they played upon one another, of their

hopes and ambitions; and they would play cards and sing and frolic, for it was the day of their youth and they were care-free.

MOST vividly of all I remembered Ootchy, who owed his nickname to a habit of exclaiming "Ootch!" whenever he was pleased or surprised or chagrined or angry; and as he was always keyed to a high pitch of emotion the exclamation seemed to fall constantly from his lips.

He was French—I never knew his real name.

I beckoned him to join us at the table, ignoring McPherson's frown, and introduced him to the Scotchman as my old friend Ootchy. In a twinkling the Frenchman had plunged into the old times. One by one he checked off the names of our old friends and told me what had become of them.

"And Goggles?" I asked. "What's he doing?"

Ootchy sat up stiffly and raised his hand to a military salute.

"You have not heard?" he asked. "His grandfather die and leave him money. Oh, millions and millions! Like always he is lucky. When I hear the name I always take off the hat. I salute. You remember how we all hate him? The only one we hate. But he never do anything what is wrong. Only we never like him. Maybe because he is so stiff. Yes? He don't drink, don't smoke, don't do nothing."

"**H**E ALWAYS have money but he never lend.

Sometimes we get sick and he send the doctor and get the medicine but when we ask to lend a dollar—bah! The regular tight-wad. He sit around with us in the Elephant and listen and smile. But he never tell a story and he don't sing. The regular ramrod. Hey?"

"What became of Fitch?" I asked.

Ootchy shrugged his shoulders.

"He go to pieces," said Ootchy. "He marry a widow and now he run a delicatessen store on Third Avenue. I owe him two dollars."

"Married a widow? He was always so fond of pretty girls."

"Ah, yes!" said Ootchy, solemnly. "But after Trixey she throw him down he never the same man. You remember Trixey, eh?"

NO ONE who had ever known Trixey could possibly forget her. She was the most popular model of the neighborhood—a slim, perfectly formed, black-eyed sprite who was always laughing.

"You don't hear?" asked Ootchy, drawing his chair nearer to the table.

I glanced at McPherson, whose face was inscrutable.

"That very funny," said Ootchy, stretching his legs under the table, leaning

back in his chair, and lighting an execrable cigarette. "I guess maybe that time you go to Europe and we don't see you again. Trixey great little girl. I always love her. Everybody, he loves her. She pose sometimes for me—she pose for everybody—she pose for Goggles. You remember always Goggles paint still life—herrings, cheese, apples—all that stuff? But, one day, he see Trixey and he commence to paint portraits. Ah, yes! Trixey! Once I ask her pose for me, I make the head in clay and she look so charming I kiss her. She slap my face. Trixey, she slap everybody's face."

He paused for a while and gazed ruminatively at the ceiling.

"**Y**ES," he went on, "those were fine days. I remember Fitch give a party. We all were there. Trixey—ah, she was the life!—she sing, she dance, she raise the devil. Then Goggles come in and he look very solemn. He go straight to Trixey and—we all hear him—he say: 'I'm sorry to see you carry on like this. You should not be here.'"

"And Trixey, she slap his face. She very quick about that slap business. Goggles, he get very red and go home and we all laugh. Nobody like Goggles."

Ootchy drained a glass of water and turned to McPherson.

"All this make you pretty tired, hey?" he asked.

"Not in the least," said McPherson, icily.

"Then, one day," continued Ootchy, "Trixey, she get sick. Oh, very, very sick! Stoeger—you remember him, hey? He live in the same house with Trixey. She got just a little room and not a cent. And Stoeger don't have a cent, too. So he come to the boys and we all talk it over. I don't have a cent and nobody have a cent and we don't know what to do. They all say I should go up and see how she get along and I tell you I feel very fine when the door open and I see a nice old lady nurse. She say she is Trixey's aunt and she gives me a nice smile and say there is nothing to worry."

"**B**UT Trixey was sick a long time—dreadfully long time. Pneumonia she get, and everything else. And every time anybody have a cent we send her some flowers from the boys and she always say she send back a kiss to everybody. Only Goggles never give a cent and we don't blame him because a man don't like to have his face slapped by a girl in front of everybody."

"And then Trixey get well again—very pale and very thin but she look pretty fine, I tell you. She come to my studio and ask me if I need a pose. I tell her I need a pose all right for my new picture but I don't have a cent. She just laugh and said: 'That's all right. I pose and you pay me when you get some money.'"

"**W**HILE she pose I tell her how glad we all be because she got an aunt to look after her while she sick. And Trixey, she make a funny face. 'I don't understand it at all,' she say. 'I got no aunt. When I get sick I lie unconscious nearly a week and

when I see the nurse she don't tell me nothing for a long time. Then she say a rich man see my portrait in the Academy what Delbar paint and he find out who I am. Then he want to come and see me—I don't know what for—and he find I'm sick. So he send a nurse and a doctor and pay for all the medicine. But he don't come himself. The nurse say he went to Europe and so soon he come back he come to see me."

"So I say: 'That sounds just like a fine romance. Trixey. Maybe you marry him and then we don't see you no more.' But Trixey, she laugh. 'If he is rich man,' she say, 'I bet he got a wife or two already.'"

"AND then come the Spring Academy and the grand joke we play on Goggles. You didn't hear? Ah, yes! That was when you was in Europe. Well, we all sit one day in the Elephant and Danny come in. You remember Danny, the big Irishman what drive the truck and always take the paintings to the Academy—and bring them back again when they are reject? He come into the Elephant and the boys buy him a drink. Then he tell us he just come from Goggles's studio and take a picture to the Spring Exhibition.

"Fitch have the grand idea. He say to Danny, 'Bring in the picture and give us a look.' Danny, he don't like to do it but we all buy him some more drinks and pretty soon Danny don't care what he do. He just as soon bring in his grandmother. So he bring in the picture and Fitch, he open up the packing. It was very fine still life—a fish and pile of vegetable—carrot, turnip, onions, you know.

"We all take a good look and we make notes. Then we go to our studio and we all make the same picture. Only we make it funny. Pretty soon we have ten fishes and oh! so many carrots and onions and tomatoes. Sometimes the fish, he eat the vegetables and sometimes we make him stand on his head. Then we all send our picture to the Academy."

OOTCHY threw back his head and burst into merry laughter at the recollection of the judges receiving so many still-lives of the same composition. "A long time after," he went on, "I meet one of the judges and he tell me they all think some-

body play a joke on them and they get mad. They throw out every picture—Goggles's, too. And we all have a good laugh. Then, next day while we be all in my studio, Trixey, she come in and she look very pale and worried. I try to cheer her up and I tell her what we do to Goggles. She look at me a long time and say: 'That very funny. Whose idea it is?' And, of course, we all give credit to Fitch. The next minute, before you could think, she throw herself on Fitch and hit him with her fist again and again and she cry: 'You scoundrel! How dare you!' Fitch, he run away quick.

"Pretty soon she get quiet and then she begin to cry. I sit down beside her on the couch and she put her head on my shoulder. 'Ootchy,' she say, 'I don't know what to do. You like a brother to me when you ain't a big fool. But I just come from Goggles's studio. I go there to ask if he got work and he tell me to pose for a portrait. Then someone call him on the telephone and he got to go around the corner for a little while. So I sit down by his desk and I think maybe I write a letter. But when I look for paper I see my name what somebody write on a bill. 'Services for nursing.' And, 'Oh, oh, Ootchy!' she say. 'Right away I see everything. He send the doctor and the nurse and he pay for everything and he don't say a word and he don't ask me anything and I—I don't know what to do.'

"Ootchy! I say because I didn't know what I could say. I try to think fast. Then I put my arm around her and say, 'Trixey, why you don't marry him? Maybe we all make a mistake and he fine fellow.' But Trixey only cry more. 'I don't know what to do,' she say. 'I don't love him. I don't like to take so much from him for nothing. I feel ashamed.'"

AGAIN he turned to McPherson as if he felt it a social duty to make clear to the Scotchman the fine points of his story.

"When the lady get mad, beware! That is always the danger sign. Not the loud mad but the quiet mad. I have hunt big animals down in the Congo and never get afraid. But the lady with the quiet mad—Ah! That is the time you don't see Ootchy around."

He scratched his head for a moment to help him collect his thoughts.

"Ah, yes! Then come the big surprise. Goggles get the prize for a portrait. When the news come it knock us over like a feather. I look at Gregory and Fitch and they look at me. How he send the portrait? Not by Danny. Maybe he suspect something. But anyway, at the same time he send the fish by Danny he send the portrait to the Academy and he get the prize. We all go rush up to see it. It was Trixey!

"And, oh, my! Such a picture! He put things in that girl's face, in her eyes what we never see before. Not so much beauty but what you call the soul. Wonderful! Stupendous! We did not know he paint like that.

"WE SEE very little of Goggles. Sometimes he come to the Elephant but he only sit and think and don't talk much. Nobody like him, no matter how fine he paint. One day he come in and begin to drink heavy. He don't drink much as a rule and everybody get surprised to see him take so much. Fitch ask him what the matter and Goggles say: 'I don't know. I feel very sick. I guess maybe I die.' So Fitch, he say, 'If you die maybe you leave me that fine easel in your studio.' Pretty soon Goggles go home—he live around the corner from the Elephant—and next day we hear he is sick.

"Then it happen something what I never forget so long as I live. We sit in the Elephant. Gregory, he play the accordion and I dance the can-can. We have grand time—all the boys clap the hands while I dance. Then suddenly we hear the fire engines rush past the door. We all run out and we see that they stop at the corner. Fitch and me, we get there first. The smoke is coming out of the house where Goggles lives.

"The policeman come and push us back. Then I see Trixey coming across the street. She ask what is the matter and I tell her the house is on fire. And then I say Goggles is inside. Her face get white like sheet of paper. She say in low whisper, 'He is sick.' She start for the door where the smoke is already coming out. The policeman grab her arm and tell her to go back. Quick like a (Continued on page 78)



"Fitch gave the party. We all were there . . . and Trixey, ah! she was the life."



The Day I Splashed the Ink

By K.C.B.



CALVIN COOLIDGE.
V. P. E. of the U. S.
MY DEAR CAL.
WHEN YOU were born.
I WAS nine months old.
THE WHICH I tell.
AS MY excuse.
FOR COMING here.
UPON THIS page.
AND FLIPPANTLY.
ADDRESSING YOU.
BUT ANYWAY.
WHAT MATTERS it.
IF SO I come.
WITH GOOD intent.
AND WISE advice.
BORN OF the months.
THAT I have lived.
BEYOND THE span.
THAT MARKS your age?
AND SO I write.
THAT I have read.
IN PUBLIC prints.
THAT SOMEWHERE.
IN THE cabinet room.
OF WARREN G.
THERE WILL be placed.
AN EXTRA chair.

SO YOU may come.
ON MEETING days.
THIS HAVE I read.
AND FEAR is mine.
FOR I recall.
THAT I did hold.
AN EASY job.
WITH LITTLE work.
AND AMPLE pay.
AND WHERE I worked.
ONCE EVERY week.
THE BOSS conferred.
WITH ALL his chiefs.
AND ONE day came.
AND I was told.
I MIGHT drop in.
AND I was pleased.
AND WENT right in.
AND THEY all talked.
AND I joined in.
AND WHATEVER it was.
I DON'T know now.
BUT IT wasn't my business.
AND I had a good job.
AND I should have stayed out.
BUT SOME saphead.
OF SARCASTIC mien.
MADE A nasty crack.
ABOUT WHAT I said.
AND I got sore.
AND ANSWERED him back.
AND WHATEVER I said.

IT MADE him mad.
AND HE wanted to know.
WHO'D ASKED me in.
AND THE boss butted in.
AND SAID he had.
AND THE other guy said.
"HE DON'T belong here.
"AND IF he stays.
"I'M GOING to get out."
AND HE pounded his fist
ON THE top of the table.
AND UPSET the ink.
AND I arose.
AND TOLD everybody.
WHERE THEY might go to
AND DIDN'T see the ink.
AND SLAPPED the table.
WHERE THE ink had run.
AND MESSED everybody up
AND ALTOGETHER
IT WAS a bad afternoon
AND I ruined my coat
AND BEFORE that day
ALL OF the fellows.
HAD BEEN my friends.
AND AFTER that day.
WE HATED each other.
AND I was sore at the boss.
FOR ASKING me in.
AND HE had ink on his face.
FOR TWO or three days.
AND ANYWAY, Cal.

EVER SINCE that day.
EVERY JOB I've had.
I'VE NURSED it along.
AND I'VE made it a rule.
NEVER TO do anything.
THAT'LL give another guy.
THE SLIGHTEST chance.
TO LOOK across a table.
AND SAY to me.
"WHO LET you in?"
AND OF course I know.
IT'S NONE of my business.
AND I have an awful crust.
TO TALK like this.
BUT I'VE just read.
IN "WHO'S Who in America."
THAT ALL your life.
YOU'VE lived close by.
TO WHERE you were born.
UP IN New England.
AND I'M older than you.
BY NINE full months.
AND I want to warn you.
TO JUST be careful.
WHEN YOU talk to the fellows.
THAT WEREN'T born in New England
THEY MAY look all right.
BUT YOU never can tell.





They were determined to find me guilty of something, so they examined everything I had with me.

I Keep Going to Jail

By Walt Mason

A BOOTLEGGER just went up the alley, pursued by a detachment of United States cavalry and a sheriff's posse. It is practically impossible to write a sane and thoughtful essay when there are constant interruptions of this kind.

FOR many years I endeavored, with my trenchant pen and other deadly weapons, to take a fall out of John Barleycorn, as he had taken many a fall out of me. For a weary time, before I turned against him, Old John had been my guide, philosopher, and friend, and if there was any kind of trouble he didn't get me into, that brand is unidentified.

When I finally said to Old John, "Fare thee well, and if forever, then forever fare thee well," I had every reason to hate him; for after the years of my loyalty he left me stranded in middle age. And I did hate him, but not to the point of fanaticism. I never could be a fanatic over anything, even when I tried. I realized that Old John never did any real good in the world, and had done a lot of harm, and therefore should be abolished; and I was sure that in the fullness of time he would be duly expunged. But an extended campaign of education would be necessary to that end, and I proposed to help along the campaign as best I could.

BEFORE the big war everything was going along beautifully. John was losing ground every day, and losing it in a perfectly legitimate way. He was being turned down because people didn't like the color of his nose, or the froth on his whiskers. The intelligent voters everywhere were discovering that communion with Hon. Barleycorn was a losing proposition. Great corporations were posting up bulletins announcing that employees whose breaths wouldn't stand analysis would be fired. The man whose nose wore a hectic flush had a hideous time getting a job anywhere. The drinking man had become entirely superfluous, and was trying to give away his corkscrew, with no takers.

THE sentiment against Old John and all his works was growing stronger every day. States, counties and towns were repudiating him, and some new victory was chronicled every time there was an election. You remember how certain magazines used to publish maps in black and white, showing the territory gained by the "drys" and lost by the "wets." All this was very gratifying to temperance workers who were not fanatics. I felt greatly encouraged myself. When I began knocking Old John I had the idea that he might be exterminated in perhaps fifty years, long after the cocklebur vines were growing over my

grave; but when I consulted the handsome map in black and white, of wet and dry territory, I began to hope that I might live to see Old John cast into outer darkness.

BUT I had no desire to hasten his doom artificially; I felt that it must come in the natural course of events. Men with priceless thirsts must be reconciled to his going by education. And in the progress we were making everything was being adjusted pleasantly and naturally. When a town went dry the thirsty losers generally proved to be good sports. The game had gone against them, and they took their bitters like gentlemen. If the great war hadn't come along, with its tail over the dashboard, the country probably would have gone dry, without any excitement, in the course of ten or fifteen years; and the movement would have been so gradual and inevitable that there would have been no rancor in the bosoms of the populace.

BUT an irresponsible ruler, afflicted with fatty degeneration of the head, started the big war, and all the nations got mixed up in it more or less, the United States with the rest. And then we all got excited and rattled, and filled with an ardent desire to make as much trouble as possible for our neighbors and ourselves, and the first thing we knew we had clamped down a prohibitory law about a dozen years too soon.

Far be it from me to discuss the wisdom of the law, except as to its timeliness. It is my belief that the country wasn't ready for it; and because of its premature enactment we have before us long years of turmoil and bitterness; and the great nuisance of government by inspection, which has been gaining ground for years, will be more intolerable than ever.

THIS morning I started out to carry a jug of buttermilk to old Gaffer Jenkinson, who is lying perilously ill in his shack down by the depot. Time was when a man could carry a jug of buttermilk through the crowded marts and attract no attention; but before I had walked half a block a patrol wagon backed up to the curb and several officers loaded me into it and I was hauled to the tolbooth. When it was demonstrated in court that the jug contained buttermilk, and several chemists had testified that buttermilk is not intoxicating, the officials had to admit that I was innocent of crime in that matter. But they were determined to find me guilty of something; so

they examined my plug hat to see if it had a false top, the chief of police saying he had known such hats to contain a full pint; and they unscrewed the handle of my umbrella, expecting to find bitters therein; and they emptied my fountain pen, and insisted that the ink smelled like the demon rum.

IT IS this sort of thing we will be up against for years, gentle reader: official meddling and inspection. The day is at hand when we will turn our despairing eyes to the emblem of liberty, as did Madame Roland on the way to the guillotine, and ask what has become of the freedom for which our fathers bled and suffered at Valley Forge and Coney Island.

THE other day a discouraged prohibition official said to me that it would take a million men to police the Mexican border alone, and he only had half a dozen at his command. So these half-dozen men have to be extremely diligent, and they haven't time for tact or politeness. If they see you coming back from Tia Juana to the United States they open your grips and examine your hip pocket, and snip a few inches from your breath for analysis, and if you don't like it you may do the other thing. The inspectors have the full authority of the United States back of them, and this makes them rather haughty and independent.

THE fact is that American freedom is largely a theory; we are ridden to death by lawmakers and inspectors. I am forever being pinched for violating some law I never heard of before being haled to the bar of justice. In Lincoln, Nebraska, I drove my car up before a drugstore and blew a clarion blast on the horn, to summon a clerk, so I could order grape juice for the bunch. Whereupon a platoon of police dragged me from the car and herded me to the police court, where I had to dig up a number of sweat-stained simoleons. It seems that in Lincoln there is an ordinance prohibiting the honking of horns by cars when not in motion.

I told the eminent jurist on the bench that I didn't know there was such a law in existence, and he replied that ignorance of the law excuses nobody. Which remark is a chestnut.

AND there is another thing I'd like to kick about. There are a million laws for our guidance, and we can't understand any of them. Every one of the million laws is susceptible to half a dozen interpretations. The ordinances and statutes made for our guidance should be as simple and direct as the Ten Command

ments. Holy Writ says, "Thou shalt not steal," and anybody can understand that without acquiring a headache. There is nothing vague, nothing obscure, nothing involved about a law like that. But the human laws against larceny are so balled up in their phraseology that when you have read one of them you naturally go out and rob the nearest hen roost, thinking you are obeying the statute made and provided.

WHEN I came to California and chartered a neat little cottage by the sea I thought I could settle down and beat carpets to my heart's content. I am passionately fond of beating carpets; this is the one sport that appeals to all that is best in me; it satisfies my longing as nothing else can do. Other men play golf or go fishing, when they desire relaxation, but I hang a carpet over the line and chastise it severely with a buggy-whip. The day after my arrival I started to belabor a carpet in this manner, and was having the time of my life, when an inspector from the health department, wearing a brass-mounted cap, came up and informed me that I was under arrest. Carpet-beating in the open air was prohibited. The health authorities had discovered that this was the surest possible way of distributing noxious germs. So I went forth, like Eugene Aram, with gyves upon my wrists, and it set me back seven dollars when the matter had been thrashed out before the nearest magistrate.

SOUTHERN California has the finest paved roads on the continent, and when I first beheld them I anticipated a joyful time scorching over them in my corrugated iron limousine. But there are inspectors everywhere, in the guise of traffic cops. They lurk under concrete culverts; they lie in ambush behind the huge wooden sign advertising the merits of Asphalt Chewing Gum; they are concealed in the foliage of the trees that overhang the road.

ONE of the chief pleasures of motoring lies in winging an occasional pedestrian, and in order to do this it is sometimes necessary to speed up to sixty or seventy miles an hour. Whenever I hit up such a gait I find one of the traffic cop inspectors on his motorcycle, riding ahead of me and making frantic motions for me to stop; and when I stop he hands me a slip of paper bearing an official seal, and a request to call at the police court next day; failing in which my license will be forfeited and my car confiscated, and I will be drawn and quartered.

There are so many road rules and laws that no ordinary citizen could possibly remember half of them; and every time you violate one of them, an inspector comes from behind a haystack and serves a warrant on you.

And it was for such freedom as this that our sires dumped the tea into Boston harbor! It was to guarantee us such liberty as this that Paul Revere set out in the darkness in his little flivver, and made a record run!

IT WAS a glad day when I became the landlord of the Palace Hotel at Americus, Kansas. It had always been my highest ambition to be the proprietor of a hotel, but the fulfillment of this dream seemed improbable until I traded flivvers with an oily-tongued stranger and took in this hotel as "boot."

I was determined to run an ideal place, a caravan-sary that would be looked upon as a haven of rest by the traveling public. I spent nearly \$100 for new furnishings and decorations, and the joint suggested Oriental luxury when I opened it for business. The guests handed me many pleasing compliments and I was feeling that I had not lived in vain, when a man who looked like a broken-down evangelist stepped up and handed me a card announcing that he was an official hotel inspector from Topeka. He also had a tin badge and a large diploma with the governor's seal on it. I told him to go ahead and inspect until the cows came home, feeling sure that he would be delighted with everything.

HE SNOOPED around the hotel for a while and then came and told me he would have to prosecute me in the name of the state. He found that the sheets on the beds were four inches too short. This is

a serious crime in Kansas. He also discovered that the wrong size of rope had been used in making the fire-escapes, and two or three of the table napkins had holes in them. Also, one of the window-shades refused to work, and the law explicitly declared that all window-shades in hotels must be in perfect order. The attorney-general and several of his assistants came down from Topeka, when the inspector's report had



LAMENTS OF A LAWBREAKER

I AM weary and lejected; there is sorrow in my craw; every hour I am inspected by the minions of the law. They inspect me when I'm going, they inspect me when I come, seeing that I've not been stowing in my clothes illicit rum. They inspect my books and papers, and my ink and sealing wax, making sure I've played no capers with the well-known income tax. Oh, they pinch me every morning, and in court I stand in line, and I draw a solemn warning when I do not get a fine. There are laws in countless numbers, laws to govern you and me; even when we're sunk in slumbers we are busting two or three; every time we yawn or whistle we can hear a statute crack, and it makes our whiskers bristle to be chased to jail and back. Many law books I am reading, but it's little law I know, and I'm pinched when I am speeding, and I'm pinched when going slow; and I shock the parish rector with the sizzling things I say when the peelers or inspectors pinch me three times a day. I refuse to wear a muzzle and I call for a reform, for the laws are all a puzzle and inspectors are a swarm.

Walt Mason



been sent in, and they prosecuted me so vigorously that I had to soak the family jewels to raise enough to defray the fines.

HOWEVER, with a stout heart I had the sheets lengthened, and the napkins darned, and the fire-escapes fixed, and thought my troubles were over. But when I went into the kitchen I found another inspector there, pawing around in the refrigerator. He also had a badge and a beautiful set of credentials, and he was highly indignant. He said my refrigerator was a disgrace to the state of Kansas. It smelled of fried onions and codfish balls, and he had found a cockroach. He served me with a lot of papers and the attorney-general came back from Topeka with his assistants and a company of the state militia and when they were done with me I hadn't the price of a gumbdrop.

The inspectors drove me out of the hotel business, as they have driven many men, in Kansas.

FAIR Kansas has government by inspection reduced to a science. She has more laws than all the other states put together, and constantly is framing new ones; and all the laws require inspectors to see that they are enforced.

It is queer about Kansas. You go into the state and mingle with the people, and find them the salt of the earth; ninety per cent of the men are so level-headed and sane that you wonder where the state got its reputation for freak legislation. Among the remaining ten per cent are the palpitating reformers who want to do everything by law, and make men holy by law, and they go to the legislature and do their worst.

IN KANSAS we are officially inspected, from the cradle to the grave. There are dental inspectors who go into the schools and examine the children's teeth and order this tooth extracted, and the other one plugged with concrete. In the foolish old days when we were young, parents were supposed to look after such matters, but now it is realized that parents

don't know enough to come in when it rains. Then there are medical inspectors, who test the blood pressure of the children, and look at their tongues, and tell them to report at some drugstore for a package of pink pills.

THE Kansas inspectors have killed off most of the industries in the state. Now and then an enterprising citizen starts a factory for the manufacture of post-holes or other standard commodities, and he is vain enough to suppose that he will be regarded as a valuable citizen. In the silly old days the man who employed labor was thus regarded; but we know better now.

As soon as this citizen opens his establishment the inspectors arrive on every train, and they are all determined to get him with the goods on him. Inspectors are built that way. They hate to find a man innocent of wrongdoing. It is their business to show him up as a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated he needs but to be seen.

SO THE would-be manufacturer is arrested and lodged in a loathsome dungeon because he hasn't a smoke consumer on his works. And when he gets this matter fixed up he is loaded with fetters because his mill isn't properly ventilated. This business adjusted, it transpires that he has given employment to a youth under sixteen years of age, and he is boiled in oil. It is impossible to run any kind of business in Kansas without getting in wrong; for no man can remember all the laws, and there are inspectors at every mark of the road.

During the last decade Kansas has gained in population only about 70,000—which would be a fair gain for an ordinary city. Government by inspection is responsible. When I

left, they were talking of passing laws requiring people to vote and to go to church, and such laws are sure to be on the books soon, and they will demand more inspectors. There are many people in Kansas who like to be inspected, and regulated, and interfered with in every possible way. But a great many don't enjoy it, and they move away; and among these are business men with big ambitions, and manufacturers who would make their dreams come true, and old-fashioned citizens who believe in old-fashioned liberty, the liberty of the citizen to pursue happiness in his own way; the liberty for which John L. Sullivan fell at New Orleans.

AND the worst thing about our premature prohibition law is the fact that it is going to make an epidemic of government by inspection. The law, now that it is on the books, must be enforced, and it can't be enforced without ten million inspectors, some with brass-mounted caps, and some in tam-o'-shanters.

The situation is bad enough now, as you learn from a perusal of the daily papers, but it will grow worse as time wears on. There will be multitudes of informers and spotters, who are not the kind of men we make heroes of. The opportunities for spite work and mischief will be as countless as the sands on the shore. The good old times of the German spy will be recalled. When the war was at its warmest, if we had a grudge against the man next door, because he owned a better car than ours, we simply notified the authorities that he was a German spy, and then he was taken away, and a barbed-wire fence was built around him, and he was fed with a pitchfork until the war was ended.

SO THE new law affords us a chance to even things with Johnson, who borrowed our lawnmower and ruined it. We'll just quietly send word to the prohibition enforcement agent that Johnson was seen buying a pound of hops and a package of raisins at the grocery, and it will be good night for Mr. Johnson.

One of these days there may be a revolt in the United States—not against the law, for we are law-abiding, but against the deadly murrain of inspection.

"YOU can get any freeborn American citizen to do anything if you merely approach him in the right way." Watch for Walt Mason on "Why Don't I Go to Church?"—in Hearst's for April.



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He Teaches His Men To Save By B. C. Forbes

ABOUT eight years ago I took a group of factory workers, experimented with them, and found that it was not at all hard to get them to save and invest their money," states Henry L. Doherty, employer of 20,000 people.

"This experience confirmed me in an idea I had formed that people of all classes throughout the country could be educated to the advantages of becoming investors in high-grade corporate securities. The war prevented me from undertaking a nation-wide campaign to induce workers, salaried people, and others to become buyers of good stocks and bonds.

"Now, however, I feel convinced that the time is opportune for arousing interest and securing action. I don't say—no man can say—that we have positively reached bottom in the security market; but we are at a point where I am willing to take the responsibility of urging the public to buy gilt-edged securities. Those who buy the right kind of securities now don't need to worry if quotations go lower. They can buy now in the knowledge that they are getting a dollar's worth for fifty cents or seventy-five cents.

"EMPLOYERS are at least partly responsible for the failure of the great body of American people to become small investors, as in France. If an employer's cook or chauffeur or other employee came to him and asked what he or she ought to do with savings, the employer, rather than accept the responsibility of giving advice, would reply: 'Oh, put it in the savings bank,' or, 'Buy Government bonds.' But he himself would not dream of being satisfied with the three per cent formerly paid by savings banks or the very small income yielded by Government bonds.

"I realize that it is a great responsibility for an employer to recommend investments to his people. But conditions are now such that I am entirely willing to take that responsibility."

HENRY L. DOHERTY started as a newsboy, got work in a gas plant, became an engineer, general manager, president; also,

inventor, scientist and, finally, financier. From control of one small gas plant, he has developed, although not yet fifty, into the owner or controller of more than a hundred gas, electric-light, water-power, traction, and other utility companies, as well as the head of some of the greatest oil properties in the United States, with a total production rivaling even Standard Oil. Moreover, his house, Henry L. Doherty & Company, has built up a large investment-banking business. Mr. Doherty's employees range from presidents of utility companies and eminent engineers to salesmen covering every state in the Union and the greatest corps of cadet engineers in the country—that is, youths being thoroughly and scientifically trained, in schools and plants, to become expert engineers.

Mr. Doherty is thus qualified to speak about the value of saving and investing money as a stepping-stone to the heights of business success.

HE FIRST became a convert to thrift by an unusual experience. Although his father was not wealthy and died when Henry was only twelve years old, his mother contrived to do a great deal for poor families, and little Henry was often made the messenger of mercy. Young though he was, he became profoundly convinced that poverty was nearly always the result of shiftlessness, thoughtlessness, and improvidence. He early resolved that he would not be guilty of such shortsighted conduct. Accordingly, he started in to make every penny possible before going to school in the morning and again after school hours.

When he got a regular job as boy-of-all-work in the local (Columbus, Ohio) gas works he lived most frugally, and while other youths went off to enjoy "good times," he devoured books which explained the why and the wherefore of the roaring forces in the gas works, the complicated network of retorts and the monster gas tanks.

Before he was thirty-five he was addressing bodies of engineers, chemists, and scientists; he had invented notable improvements in the making and distributing of gas, and by and by he was elected either president or member of various learned societies, received college degrees and other honors.

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His thrift, his ceaseless study, his demonstrated ability, enabled him at the age of thirty-four to launch out on his own account, with a capital of a million dollars. His reputation (outside his own savings) was his only collateral.

IT WAS natural, therefore, that Henry L. Doherty, once he had attained large-scale success as an employer, should take special interest, first, in providing the finest educational facilities for ambitious young employees; and, second, in encouraging his work-people to save and invest their money prudently and profitably.

THE financial community rubbed its eyes last December when every daily newspaper in New York, including fifteen printed in foreign languages, began to print an elaborate series of large advertisements to acquaint the public with the activities, the properties, the ramifications, and the securities of the many Doherty companies, with the purpose of stimulating wage-earners and others to become investors in corporate securities.

The Doherty organization not only has facilities for handling hundreds of thousands of accounts for small investors, but has machinery, probably unequalled, for investigating and passing upon the securities of

corporations in all parts of the country.

DISCUSSING with enthusiasm his plans to educate Americans to become a nation of investors, Mr. Doherty said:

"There are a great many thrift societies, but my experience is that anything done purely for philanthropy is rarely done well. If, however, saving and investing in corporate securities can be cultivated profitably by reputable business organizations, then an impetus will be given, not only to thrift and to investment, but to the progress of the whole country.

"PERSONALLY, I would be rather proud to stand for the democratization of finance. If the majority of our people in this country can be induced to save money and become investors in corporate securities, there is not a single problem, social, moral, health, business, or financial, that will not be helped thereby.

"If one employer can take a group of factory workers—as I have—and get a majority of them to save and invest their money, why is it not possible for other employers to do it if they will only apply themselves to the problem with the same energy and enthusiasm and ability that they apply to the running of their business?"

Making Hats

(Continued from page 31)

FOR many years Mr. Stetson knew whom he was to select to succeed him, and he took great pains to train his successor.

"He used to impress upon me," said Mr. Cummings, "that an employer's chief end ought not to be to make millions, but to help to make worthy men and women of his employees or, as he preferred to call them, his co-workers. He attached importance to the human soul as well as the human body, and provided facilities for the development of both. The extraordinary interest he took in the daily religious service and the Sunday-school exercises was no greater than the interest he took in building the now famous Stetson hospital. He impressed upon me that the turning out of the very highest quality of goods had an influence in turning out the highest quality of men and women. He believed in the best—in the best of goods, the best of workers, the best of working conditions, the best of pay, and the best of home life for his people.

"TODAY, thanks to the successful operation of our Building Association, over 1,000 of our people own their own homes. And the number is rapidly increasing.

"Before this company was established, hatters were mostly a roving, irresponsible class of workmen. 'As mad as a hatter' is an old phrase. Mr. Stetson realized that to produce the highest quality of hats he must have the highest quality of workers, and that these could be attracted and retained only by inducing them to settle down in comfortable homes. He forthwith proceeded to bring attractive homes within their reach."

WE HEAR much today about employees as stockholders. Twenty years or more ago Stetson grasped the importance of such a means of riveting his people to him and the company.

His first step was to make every department head a partner. This worked so well that at Christmas, 1902, the directors set aside 5,000 shares (par value \$500,000) of the common stock to be allotted to the employees who had rendered efficient service. This practice of rewarding particularly faithful service by shares of the company has been continued ever since.

The Stetson employee does not pay a dollar in money for his stock—notwithstanding that the shares sell for a premium of something like \$250 each. The employee earns the stock by noteworthy services. A certain number of shares is placed in his name; the big annual dividends are regularly credited to him until the shares are paid for; and then at the end of a stated period he receives actual possession of the stock.

There are today more than 1,500 Stetson workers who have become partners without cost to them.

THE bonus system was also introduced at the Stetson works more than a score of years ago. It was originally instituted as a

reward for punctuality and regularity. In the initial year of its operation fifty per cent of the employees in the department in which it was introduced remained at work throughout the year. Next year the bonus was increased from five to ten per cent, and sixty-seven per cent of the employees remained regularly on the job for the full twelve months. In the fifth year, when the bonus amounted to fifteen per cent, one hundred per cent of the employees in the department remained at work during the whole year!

The plan was later extended to cover every department.

THE Stetson people attach tremendous importance to regularity and continuity of employment. They want steady workers, not rovers. Their aim is to treat every employee so considerably that he or she will want to stick to the company. It was this basic thought which led to the introduction of an apprenticeship system, something universally known abroad but little known here.

Starting at the average age of seventeen, youths agree to work for four years. They are first placed for several months with a teacher before being given regular work. Thereafter they are paid according to the number of hats they make. On graduating from the apprentice to the journeyman class they are presented with a sum equal to \$1 for every week of their apprenticeship, that is, about \$200.

In this way the Stetson Company raises its own crop of expert workmen, men capable of making hats up to the Stetson standard. By catching 'em young, educating them properly, and treating them generously, the company develops and retains a loyal, efficient force of workers year in and year out.

HOW near the Stetson executives come to the hearts of their people may be gathered from this incident: While I was talking recently with President Cummings, the vice-president in charge of all the "human" problems (Milton D. Gehris) came into the office to tell him that he had just received a request to sanction the baptizing of a worker's child at the Stetson Sunday school!

If I were asked to sum up in one sentence the reason why the Stetson organization functions so harmoniously and successfully as one great family, I would point to these four lines in the "Book of Information" which the company furnishes to every employee:

"Any employee may see any officer of the Company at any time concerning any matter, whether it is of personal character, or pertains to the business."


Yes, it can be truthfully said of the Stetson Company that it regards the making of hats as an instrumentality for making men, for making American citizens.

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by no means always, is "allowed" other money for dress. In England the wife's dress "allowance" is, on the average, too small; often it is absurdly small, and the wife is therefore constantly engaged in performing miracles, and in proving, to the confusion of science, that something can be created out of nothing. But even in the rare instances in which the dress "allowance" is adequate, it is definitely an allowance for dress; and once more the lady finds herself without genuine financial control. She spends, but the nature of her spending is fixed in advance.

Beyond the two aforesaid "allowances," ninety per cent of wives whose husbands are in an affluent or comfortable position get naught—unless they ask for it. And when they ask they have to submit to cross-examination, perhaps criticism, perhaps protests, perhaps refusal. And at best they have to submit to receiving a favor. Necessarily they are continually aware of the sensation of being liable to render an account of their acts. They have no financial margin for whims, secrecies, foolishness, wastefulness.

Contrast the case of the husband. It occurs, of course, in many families that there is no financial margin anywhere. But if there is one the husband monopolizes it. He knows the proceedings of his wife; she does not know his proceedings. Husbands exist and flourish who, living on a salary, omit to tell their wives the amount thereof, or understate it. When a husband behaves foolishly in a financial sense he is not distressed by the idea that his wife will complain; his wife won't know anything about it.

His wife will never say to him: "Look here, you had ten dollars loose in your pocket yesterday and there's only half a dollar today. How extravagant you are! Do you think we are made of money?"

THE husband is not liable to render an account. He conducts his operations in the dark, secure from inquisition and judgment. And I doubt whether there is anything on earth which the average husband cherishes more than this darkness and this security from family interference and critical curiosity.

I admit that not every husband falls within my description. I know of husbands who disclose all to their wives, who treat their wives absolutely as equals in the region of finance, and allot to them the same freedom they allot to themselves. I know of husbands who owe their financial stability to the wisdom of wives, and who do not deny it. I know of husbands who, so far as means go, never say "no" to their wives and never display an inquisitiveness such as they themselves would resent.

I know of husbands who, while earning all the family money, have sunk to be the slaves of their wives in regard to the disposition of the money. But I consider that I have fairly described the average case.

WHEN all is said for and against the wife and for and against the husband in this complicated and delicate affair, it will not be denied that the average wife has a substantial grievance, or that the injustice from which she suffers must diminish the sum of her happiness in matrimony, besides encouraging her in courses of conduct which are manifestly bad for character.

The average wife is in one exceedingly important respect at the mercy of another human being—her husband. This ought not to be. She has done nothing to merit her servitude. She has committed no dreadful sin which should debar her from the exercise of the common rights of an adult individual. The fact that by mutual arrangement she undertakes duties—some of them may not be easily definable, but they are there—which are not paid for in cash can not fairly disentitle her to the undisputed control of cash. She should be so situated as to be able to gratify whims of her own instead of being exposed forever to the whims of another.

THE evolution of ideas has now passed the stage at which, economically, women lived on sufferance and the general conscience was not outraged thereby. The organization of the social system has, as usual, lagged behind the march of ideas; but we have scarcely yet noticed the discrepancy. We are apparently incapable of being greatly shocked by what is.

Thus we see two sisters, A and B, go out into the world.

A takes employment in business and has almost precisely the freedom of a man. She may not have much money, but with what

Is a Wife a Slave?

(Continued from page 20)

she has she does as she likes. She is at liberty to fulfill herself, whether in common sense or in foolishness.

B takes to marriage. She probably works just as hard as A. She has no less responsibility. She is quite as useful to the world. Her function in the social organism has quite as much prestige. . . . Nevertheless, compared to A, she is at an immense economic

wife can now say as positively as the husband: "What's mine's my own."

In daily fact the husband does not assume authority over his wife's legal property, whether she happens to have earned it or not. Naturally if she does earn money, the evil of economic slavery is at once greatly ameliorated, if not cured. And herein is an excellent incidental reason why all wives who find

For you yourselves, all of you, recognize or have recognized the potency of just such qualities in other young women. The greatest philosophers have recognized them; and some of the greatest philosophers have done more than recognize them. . . .

WELL, Jill became a married woman and for a period those external and transient qualities were enhanced. The bud passed into a radiant flower, and Jill was marvelous. Then the qualities remained stationary. They remained stationary for years. Jack looked at her every morning and he saw no difference in her.

Then a difference, an infinitesimal difference, grew apparent, not to Jack, but to Jill. Jill detected it before Jack did. Then Jill ceased to mention with satisfaction the number of years she had been married. And if she did mention the number she mentioned it with an uneasy, apologetic laugh. The bloom had vanished from the flower. It was a fine flower, and far, far from being faded; but the bloom had gone. It was a mature flower.

NOTE that Jill had committed no crime. She had merely suffered a grave misfortune. She had lost, or is losing, through no fault of her own, something very valuable which she once had in plenitude—a power to please, a power to attract, a power to influence. Nevertheless, the general attitude towards her somehow implies that she is in the wrong, and that if she ought not to be blamed she ought at any rate to be scorned.

The very men who found pleasure in Jill's lost qualities, and encouraged her to exult in them when she possessed them, despise her because she has lost them. Perhaps Jack does not despise her on this score, for Jack is a loyal fellow, but you may be sure that he despises other women on precisely the same score. And Jill is reproached, though not to her face, because she clings desperately to that which she can not keep. She actually employs all sorts of devices to help her to maintain a poor pretense. Wicked woman! Childish woman! Can she not see that to do so is absurd?

JILL is human. She is in a terrible extremity, and she behaves humanly. Few are they who sympathize with her who is in such real need of sympathy and dare not ask for it. The most horrid word in the vocabulary of a woman is sounding in her ears like a knell: "Forty!" People do not look at her as they used to look at her, nor do they address her in the same way. She sees men turning to girls of a younger generation as once they turned to her. Her mirror, instead of praising, accuses her.

Of course hers is the common lot of women. It is.

Death too is the common lot, but we do not murmur over the couch of the dying: "After all, yours is the common lot." Be philosophical.

A MAN dies only once. A woman dies twice. Jill is at her first death. It is a "living death." It usually lasts for several years. With some Jills it lasts till the second and final death.

Meanwhile, old Jack is jogging along as usual, or probably rather better than usual. His authority has grown. His attractiveness has not diminished. He mentions his age with relish. He has nothing to fear from birthdays. He may not be so active as he was, but his golf is improving, and I doubt whether he ever had a better time.

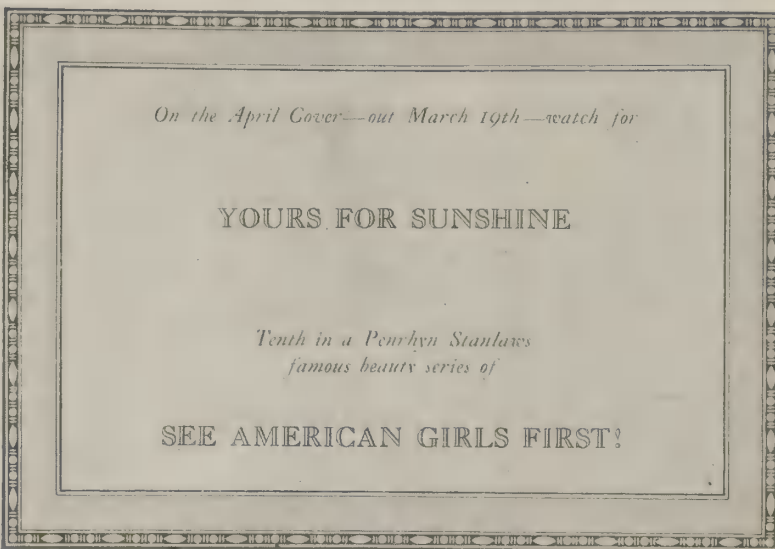
There are compensations for Jill, it is said: the compensation of acquired wisdom; the compensation of calmer pulses; the compensation of children. She is said to "live again in her children." And so on. Phrases! Phrases!

Every age has its compensations—partial compensations. But for a woman there is no full and genuine compensation for the departure of beauty and freshness. Nothing can compensate even for a vanished complexion. Nothing!

All Jills, during the period of women's first death, deserve treatment infinitely respectful and sympathetic. They don't get it. Their tragedy is unnoticed.

And men, in the incredible baseness of their masculinity, say carelessly among themselves in discussing Jill: "She's getting a bit long in the tooth."

"A BAD bargain for the worker," says H. C. Wells. "But the world has never lacked people ready to make such a bargain." Watch for "As Men Fight for Peace"—coming soon in Hearst's



disadvantage; for she is obliged to explain, to justify, to entreat, to cajole, or to deceive in order to do things which A never thinks twice about.

A is economically free.

B is economically a slave.

THE reform is not easy. And certainly it can not be simple. I am not going to propose anything revolutionary; for, first, it would never gain acceptance, and, second, if it did it would probably lead to a highly inconvenient disturbance.

In particular I am not going to propose that Jack's duty is to approach Jill and say unto her:

"Darling, all that I have is yours. I have no better right to control the income of this establishment than you have. Henceforth we shall share the fund in common, and your word shall be equal to mine."

No! Such a method of curing the woman's legitimate grievance in many cases would bring about bankruptcy and the breaking up of the home, and most women would probably be worse off than they were before.

LEGISLATION is needed to modernize the economic relations between husband and wife, and I have little doubt that with the progress of mankind legislation will ultimately come.

I do not see why a husband should not be compelled by legislation to disclose fully his financial situation to his wife and to allot to her a percentage of his net income for her private and uncontrolled use.

"It can not be done," ten thousand husbands will cry in horror. "I simply can not afford it."

But the cry means nothing at all; it is just an expression of disinclination—the same expression that is heard from employers when sweated employees inconveniently ask for more. Less than a century ago Lancashire cotton masters swore solemnly in public that the cotton trade would be ruined if they were prevented by legislation from working children of twelve years for eighteen hours a day.

Such legislation as I have indicated would be good; it would give to the wife a measure of real economic freedom. The average wife would not abuse it, and the average husband, after a few protests, would not resent it. Nor as a rule would he evade it. Matrimony would not be soured.

PESSIMISTS may fear that in practice the husband would give only to take back again. I do not think so. The mere social atmosphere of the age would forbid him to do so. A few decades since, if the wife earned money, the husband would no doubt have taken even that. But he has learned better; or rather he has been taught better. The

themselves with time on their hands should not waste it in parade and morbid reflections, but use it to their own profit and the profit of the community.

THERE will be no immediate legislation, however. Haughty husbands may breathe again. Meanwhile the best solution of the existing problem is that husbands should imaginatively put themselves in the place of wives, and act accordingly. Good will and an earnest desire to do justice will work more wonders than myriads of laws. At present justice is not being done.

I HAVE tried to prove a case of injustice by married men towards married women. I have another case, not so much of injustice as of lack of sympathy towards married women in a highly important particular.

All women, married or not, over a certain age are the victims of this lack of sympathy, but as the great majority of women over a certain age are married, I may confine myself to the married. Not married men alone are the sinners, but the whole of society; and Nature herself is against the victims.

When Jill married Jack—it is a long time ago now—she had the charm of youth and some beauty. Otherwise the chances are that Jack would not have offered himself as her husband. She was never strikingly beautiful, but in addition to her youthfulness she had an unquestionable physical charm and attractiveness. In the right light and on the right day and in the right hat, she was beautiful.

Jack himself considered Jill beautiful, and would have been ready to quarrel with any swashbuckler who said that she wasn't. A great beauty she was not, nor was she ugly or in any way repulsive. I am taking her because she was a fair representative average.

Lots of men envied Jack when he married her. Jack was delighted with his choice. She had qualities of mind and heart, and Jack had recognized these and was largely depending on them for his future happiness; but what most intoxicated him was the charm of her fresh youth, and of such beauty as was hers. She was a bit of an organizer, for example, but the delicate down on her cheek, her smile, her gestures, her voice, the curves of her features and her arms—Jack reflected more upon these than upon her gift of organizing or even upon her moral excellences.

And Jill too was more proud of these things than of her gift of organizing and her moral excellences. Jill exulted in the power which these things gave her.

YOU may say, "How wrong Jack and Jill were to attach such importance to these external and transient qualities of Jill!" But if you say so, how hypocritical you are!

The Master of Man

(Continued from page 19)

side of the cabin companion. After looking to right and left, Stowell saluted him.

"Where are you going to when you leave Peel, Captain?"

"To Castletown, sir."

"And from there?"

"To wherever the dust [the money] looks brightest."

"May I come aboard, Captain? I have something to say to you."

"Sure!"

After another look to right and left, Stowell stepped onto the steamer and followed the Captain to his cabin.

When he came on deck, half an hour later, his face was flushed.

"Then it's settled, Captain?"

"Take the world aisy—it's done, sir."

"At what time will it be high water on Sunday night?"

"Elivin o'clock, sir."

"You'll sail immediately your passengers come aboard?"

"The minute they put foot on deck, sir."

"What about the harbor-master?"

"Him and me are same as brothers."

"And the turnkey?"

"Willie Shimin? He's got a petticoat at the Manx Arms."

"You have no doubt you can do it?"

"Divil a doubt in the world, sir."

STOWELL, back in his car, was driving to Douglas. The Judge had bribed a black-guard, but he was still sure that he was doing God's service.

Only one thing remained to do now, and through the long hours of an uneasy night he had thought of it. It was not even enough that Bessie Collister should escape from the island. If she were not to be tracked and brought back it was necessary that somebody should go with her. Who should it be? There was only one possible answer to this question—Alick Gell.

Would Alick do it? He must! Betrayed and deceived as he had been, if he did not see that he must forgive the woman who had faced death for the love of him, Stowell would feel like taking him by the throat and choking him.

But would Gell forgive him also? That was a different matter. Memory flowed back on him, and he saw again the fierce yet broken creature who had come stumbling into Ballamoar on the night after the adjournment, crying: "Damn him, whoever he is! Damn him to the devil and hell!"

"No matter! I must face it out," thought Stowell.

He must unite those two injured ones. And perhaps some day, when they were gone from the island, and safe and happy in some foreign country, the Almighty would accept his act as a kind of reparation and cover up all his wretched story in the merciful veil which is God's memory.

DRIVING into Douglas, he came upon the Chief Constable, Colonel Farrell—a cringer to all above him and a bully to all beneath. He hailed Stowell and said:

"Just the gentleman I wished to see, sir. It's about Mr. Gell. Ever since you sentenced that woman of his he has been threatening you, and we've had to keep a close watch on him. But he seems to be going out of his mind and I've been warning the Speaker that we may have to put him away. The other night he gave us the slip and we believe he went to Ballamoar."

"Well?"

"We wish you to allow a plain-clothes man to go about with you for the next few days."

Stowell was startled. It was the last thing in the world he wanted.

"No, certainly not. It is quite unnecessary," he said.

"Well, if you say so it's all right. Still, with a madman about, who may make a murderous attack on you—"

"Where is he now?"

"In his rooms, his chambers."

"Good morning, Colonel!" said Stowell, and before the Chief Constable had replied he was gone.

A FEW minutes later the policeman on point duty outside Gell's chambers was astonished to see the Deemster's car draw up at the door, and the Deemster himself go up the carpetless staircase.

At a door on the second landing, with Gell's name on it in white letters, he stopped.

and knocked. The door was not opened, but he heard shuffling steps inside.

He knocked again and waited.

AFTER his temporary detention at Castle-town, Gell had returned to Douglas in a frenzy.

Everything had fed his fury. Having no housekeeper, he took his meals in a neighboring hotel which was frequented by his younger fellow-advocates. Sitting alone in a corner he spoke to none of them, but they seemed to be always speaking at him. In loud voices they praised Stowell—his eloquence, his knowledge, above all his impartiality, his superiority to the calls for friendship.

This was gall and wormwood to Gell. He wanted to come face to face with Stowell that he might charge him with his treachery. He knew the police were watching him, but one day he eluded them and took the train to Ballamoar.

It was evening when he got there. The cowman, who lived in the lodge, told him the master was out in his car and might not return until late. To beguile the time of waiting Gell walked in the lanes and woods about the house. These evoked both kind and cruel memories, the worst of them being the memory of the day when he stammered his excuses for loving Bessie Collister, and Stowell had only said, "Good-by and God bless you, old fellow!" What a scoundrel!

The darkness gathered. There was the last bleating of the sheep, the last calling of the birds, and then night fell, dark night, without a star, and still Stowell did not come.

WHERE was he? Gell thought he knew.

He was at Government House with Fenella Stanley. They were reconciled; they were kissing and caressing, while Bessie—But no, he dare not think of that. The traitor!

What stung him most was thought of the money he had taken from Stowell. It had been neither more nor less than the price of Bessie's honor. He remembered the Peel fisherman who had burnt his boat. How he wished he had the money now that he might ram it down Stowell's throat!

There had been rain and the frogs were croaking, but otherwise the air was still. All at once the silence of the Currachs was broken by a low hum. Stowell's car was coming! Looking down the long straight road, Gell saw its two white headlights forging through the darkness.

"Now, now!" he thought, and he closed the gates to give himself more time.

But when Stowell came up and got out of his car to open them, and his lamps lighted up his face, a mysterious wave of emotion heaved up out of the depths of Gell's soul. Something took him by the throat and cried: "Stop! What are you doing?" And he dropped back into the deeper darkness of some bushes behind a gate-post. He must have made a noise, for Stowell cried:

"Who's there?"

But Gell made no answer, and at the next moment Stowell was back in his seat and going up the drive.

HORRIFIED by the murderous impulse which had taken possession of him, Gell kept his rooms for several days after that, going out only at night to a tavern on the quay where English sailors congregated.

One night he heard two of these, being intoxicated (they were the same that Stowell had denounced at General Gaol), talking about "the damned young Deemster"; that he was staying at Fort Anne, and they had had half a mind to "do for him," if they could meet him alone some night in the darkness of the quay. Then another mysterious sob of emotion came to Gell and he said:

"Yo upon ter not."

"Wike a ve."

"Le few se'll both be in the harbor beferegent d'ad a hand on him."

"dier broug!"

Jick came in denying himself to every-
th squatter, called at his chambers, but
ne fire, gra here came an unsteady knock,
they ate thei peremptory voice, saying
blinked at t me in!"

in silence. rather, and an inherited instinct
compelled him to open the door.

I TOLD Pecked to see the change in the
night to s burly figure had become slack,
give an acco (especially his trousers) buggy,
out delay.

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his long beard thinner and more white, the crown of his head bald. Only his red eyes, with their unquenchable fire, remained the same.

The old man sat down heavily with his stick between his knees, and his trembling hands on the ebony handle.

"I didn't quite expect that I should have to come here, but Farrell says that since that trial at Castletown you have not been responsible, and if things go farther he'll have to put you away."

"Put me away?"

"Yes. Don't you understand? The asylum."

"He doesn't know. Father, and neither do you—"

"I don't want to know. If you had listened to me long ago this wouldn't have happened. But I'm not here to reproach you, my boy. I'm here to advise you to do something for your own good—mine, too, everybody's."

"What is that, Father?"

GELL had expected the usual storm and his father's emotion was moving him deeply.

"Leave the island before anything worse happens. Look!" The Speaker drew a stout envelope from his breast pocket. "I've just been to the bank for you. A thousand pounds in Bank of England notes, and if it's not enough there's more where that came from. Take it and go away at once—to America anywhere."

Alick drew back and his lips tightened. "This is a trick to get me to desert Bessie," he thought.

"I can't do it," he said, and he pushed back the old man's trembling hand.

The Speaker fixed his red eyes on his son.

"Alick, I must tell you something. I've heard on good authority that they are going to hang that girl."

"They can't. Some of them would like to, but they can't."

"They can and they will, I tell you."

"Then I'll—I'll murder somebody."

"There you are! That's what Farrell says. A little more and you'll be capable of anything. Go away, my boy. Think of me. It has taken me forty years to get to where I am. I was born neither an aristocrat nor a pauper, but I've got my hand on all of them. That's just the kind of man both sorts would like to pull down. If my son disgraced me I should have to give up everything. Go, my son, go."

"I can't. Father, I can't!" cried Gell.

THE old man passed his hand over his bald head, and in a low voice he said:

"Perhaps I've not been a good father exactly, but there's your mother. Bad as it would be for me it would be worse for her. She has only one son—one child, you might say—and since that affair at Castletown she has never been out of doors—just creeping over the fire with her feet in the fender. If you don't want to bring your mother to her grave—"

Gell felt as if his heart were breaking.

"But I can't, I can't!"

"You mean you won't?"

"Very well, I won't."

The old man's voice thickened—the storm was coming.

"And for the sake of this woman who killed her brat—"

"Call her what you like. I'll stay here until she comes out of prison, and then—I'll marry her."

"You fool! You damned heartless fool! God forgive me for bringing such a fool into the world." And, struggling to his feet, the old man made for the door.

But having reached it, and while tugging at the handle, he stopped and said:

"Look here! I'll give you one more chance."

He took the stout envelope out of his breast pocket again and flung it onto Alick's desk.

"There's the money and this is Monday. If you are not off the island by this day week, I'll not leave matters to Farrell. I'll have you put into a madhouse myself to prevent you from plunging us all into disgrace and ruin. Idiot! Fool! Madman!"

He screamed like a sea-gull until his breath was gone, and then, gesticulating wildly, went downstairs with heavy thumping steps like a man walking on stilts.

A few minutes later Gell, going to the window with wet eyes, saw his father on the opposite side of the street, looking up at the house as if half minded to return. His stick fell from his nervous hand and with difficulty he picked it up. It dropped again, and a passer-by handed it back. Then he went off

in the direction of the railway station, dragging his feet after him.

FRIGHTENED by what his father had said about the intention of the chief constable to have him arrested as insane, Gell stayed indoors altogether.

This meant days without food. At first he drank a great deal of water, being very thirsty. Then his thirst abated and his head began to feel light. After a while he became dizzy and even in the darkness everything seemed to float about him.

On the morning after his father's visit he heard a woman's step on the stairs and her



Fenella, conquering her bitterness, visited Bessie daily.

knock at his door. He thought it was his sister Isabella and that she had come, with her sharp tongue, to remonstrate, so he made no answer.

On the day following he heard the same light step. Isabella again! But no, she had always railed against Bessie, and he was not going to give her another opportunity of doing so.

MEANTIME, without food or drink, he was traveling fast towards the borderland of the desert realm of Insanity with its cruelly beautiful mirages.

Lying on his sofa with eyes closed, he was picturing to himself the day of Bessie's release, when he would go to Castletown to bring her away, and then the day after, when he would marry her, and then the day after that when they would leave the island for America—Bessie walking along the pier with head down but himself with head up, as if saying, "There you are—I told you so!"

The knock came again, and again he did not answer it. "No, no, Mistress Isabella! You shan't speak ill to me of the woman who cared so much for me that she went to prison for my sake."

He had traveled far by this time. He was out in the Middle West, on one of the high plains of that free continent. He was working at his profession. He was not a great lawyer, perhaps, but he could speak out of his heart, and when he defended poor women who were in trouble juries heard him and judges listened.

He saw them coming to him from far and near—that long trail of the broken followers after the merciless army of civilization. They were nearly always poor and could pay him nothing; but what matter about that? At home, at night, wet or cold, there was a bowl of soup, a cheerful fire and . . . Bessie!

ON THE Saturday morning he awoke from a dizzy sleep, with the sun shining into his room and the sea outside the breakwater singing softly. He was in his shirt-sleeves; his boots were unbuttoned; his fair hair was tangled; he had not shaved for many days.

Again he heard the light step on the stairs. But something in the rustle of the dress seemed to say that after all it was not his sister. He listened. There were two knocks, louder and more insistent than before; then the rattle of the brass lid of his letter box, and then something falling on the floor.

A letter! After the light footsteps had gone downstairs he crept over the carpet on

without knowing that his hair was disheveled.

He was staggering from weakness, and the pictures on the walls were going round him with an increasing vertigo; but he was struggling to regain his strength.

He heard a step on the stair—a man's step this time—and then a firm knock at his door.

"Farrell!" he thought. The chief constable was coming to arrest him. But nobody should do that yet—not until he had come face to face with Stowell.

The knock was repeated.

"Go away!" he cried.

Then he pulled open the door, and found Stowell himself standing on the threshold. He fell back breathless. Stowell entered the room and closed the door behind him.

"A LICK!"

"Go away!"

"I have something to say to you."

"Go away, I tell you."

"But I have something to tell you."

"There's only one thing you can tell me. Is it true—is she to die?"

"It—it is so appointed."

"Then take that," cried Gell, and flinging himself upon Stowell with the fury of madness he struck him in the face and laid open his cheek-bone.

There was an awful silence. Gell had staggered to a bookcase behind him, expecting Stowell to strike back. But Stowell remained standing, and then said, with a break in his voice:

"I have well deserved it."

That was too much for Gell. He began to stammer incoherently, and when he saw a streak of blood begin to flow down Stowell's cheek he broke down altogether. Out of the depths of a thousand memories of their friendship, all the way up since they were boys, a great wave of emotion came surging over him, and he dropped into a chair and cried:

"Then it's true—I'm mad."

BUT after another moment he was up and hurrying into the next room for a sponge and a basin of water.

"It's nothing! Nothing at all," said Stowell. "See, it has stopped already. And now sit down and listen."

A few minutes later they were sitting side by side on the sofa—Gell sniffing, Stowell talking quietly.

"Alick!"

"Yes?"

"Bessie is waiting for you. She thinks you are trying to procure her pardon."

"I know. She has written. But what can I do? Nothing!"

"If I can help her to escape from Castle Rushen will you take her away from the island?"

Gell's eyes glistened. "Only give me the chance," he said.

"She could never come back. Therefore you could never come back, either."

"What do I care?"

"You would have to give up everything—your inheritance, your family, your—"

"I—I can't help that."

"You are sure you will never regret the sacrifice?"

"Never! Only show me the way and—"

"I will," said Stowell, and then he explained his scheme and the motives which had inspired it. He had been compelled to condemn the girl, according to law, but he had come to see that the old Statute was a crime, and that it was his duty to break it.

"Do you say that, Victor—you, the Deemster?"

"Listen."

AN IRISH tramp steamer would be lying in Castletown harbor, on Sunday night. She would berth in front of the Castle, not more than ten yards from the gates. At eleven o'clock Stowell would open the Deemster's private door and bring Bessie out. Gell must be there to take her aboard. The tide being up, the vessel would sail immediately. She would sail north, past the Point of Ayre, to give the appearance of going to Scotland; but in the morning, when out of sight from the land, she would steer south and land her passengers at Queens-town. Atlantic liners called there twice a week and Gell and Bessie must take passages to New York. On reaching New York they must travel west—far west. . . .

"But can it be done? Can you get Bessie out of the Castle?"

"I've counted every chance. Whatever happens, I must not fail."

"What a good fellow—" began Gell, but Stowell went on with his story.

tiptoe, picked up the letter and looked at it. There were two lines at the top, partly printed, and partly written:

"CASTLE RUSHEN PRISON—
NUMBER 7."

Gell stared at the blue envelope, and then with trembling fingers tore it open. It was the letter which Bessie had dictated to Fenella Stanley. She was to die, and she was asking him to save her. Through her heartbreaking words he could hear her cries and supplications. The letter had been written five days ago, and in two days more she was to be executed!

WHATEVER he had been before, Gell was no longer a sane man now. He was thinking of Stowell and cursing him. Oh, that God would only put it in his power to punish him!

Suddenly he remembered that this was the Deemster's fortnightly court-day. The court began to sit at eleven, and it was now half-past ten.

He would go across to the courthouse. Why not? He was an advocate—nobody dared refuse him admission to the court of law. And as soon as Stowell stepped onto the bench he would rise in his place and cry: "You scoundrel! Come do your duty on the judgment seat! Because you've let a woman's body. But take that gift of organs into Stowell's face."

(At that moment, having paraded chief constable, Stowell was down the street.)

Gell dragged his black bag into the corner into which he had fled, and returning from Castletown, a piece to these his gown without remembering of Jill! was in his shirt-sleeves, and the real you are!

"I've given the Irish captain a hundred pounds, and you are to give him another hundred when he puts you ashore at Queens-town. I'll find the money."

"No, no! I've enough of my own. See!" said Gell, and he showed the money left by his father, and told why it had been given to him.

Stowell's face glowed with a kind of superstitious rapture. More than ever now he was certain he was doing right, that God was directing him. But all the same he kept up the cunning of the criminal.

"I must see you again tomorrow night in some secret place. Where shall it be?"

"Why not Miss Browns' at Derby Haven? They'll hold their tongues. They owe me something."

"Very well—eight o'clock, Sunday night," said Stowell, and he rose to go.

"What a good fellow—" began Gell again; but Stowell looked at him and he stopped.

THE Deemster's Court had to wait for the Deemster. When he arrived with a patch of plaster on his cheek-bone, he told Joshua Scarff that he had accidentally knocked against a gas-bracket and had had to go to a chemist to get the wound dressed.

It was an intricate case he tried that day, but the Advocate engaged in it said he had never before been so cool, so clear, so collected.

"After all, the Governor knew what he was doing."

That night, Saturday night, after a furtive visit to the tavern on the quay, Gell slipped through the back streets to the railway station and leaped into the last train for the north as the carriages were leaving the platform.

He was going home to say good-by to his mother—not with his tongue, for he had no hope of speaking to her, but with his eyes and his heart. If he could only see her for a moment before going away!

The Little Red Foot

(Continued from page 43)

fire to the southeast, and the sky all crimson above the forest.

"My God!" I stammered. "Fonda's Bush is all afire!"

There was a red light towards Frenchman's Creek, too, but where Fonda's Bush should lie, a vast sea of fire rose and ebbed and waxed and faded above the forest.

"Were any people left there?" I asked.

"None, sir."

"Thank God," I said.

But my heart was desolate, for now my house of logs that I had builded and loved was gone; my glebe destroyed; all my toil come to naught in the distant mockery of those shaking flames. All I had in the world was gone save for my slender funds in Albany.

"Where are my friends?" said I to a soldier.

"At the blockhouse, sir, and very anxious concerning you. They have not long been in, but Nick Stoner is all for going back to Summer House to discover your whereabouts, and has been beating up recruits for a flying scout."

EVEN as he spoke, I saw Nick come up the road with a torch, and called out to him.

"Where have you been, John Drogue?" said he, coming to me and laying a hand on my shoulder.

"Is Penelope safe?" I asked.

"She is as safe as any are here in Mayfield. Is it Summer House that burns in the north or only the marsh hay?"

"The whole place is afire," said I. "A dozen greencoats, blue-eyed Indians, and two real ones, burnt Fish House and attacked us at Summer House. I saw and knew Jock Campbell, Henry Hare, Billy Newberry, Barney Cane, Eli Beacraft, and George Cuck. My Saguenay mortally wounded Jock. He's lying on the road. He tomahawked a Canienga, too, and took his scalp and another's."

As I spoke a Continental captain followed by a lieutenant came up in the torchlight; and I gave him his salute and rendered an account of what had happened on the Drowned Lands.

He seemed deeply disturbed but told me he had orders to defend the Mayfield Fort. He added, however, that if I must report at Johnstown he would give me a squad of musket-men as escort thither.

"Yes, sir," said I. "My report should not be delayed. But I have Nick Stoner and an Indian, and apprehend no danger. So if I

It was late when he reached the lane to his father's house, and the night was dark, for it was the time between the going and the coming of two moons.

At length the blacker darkness of the house stood out against the gloomy sky. There was no light in any of the windows—the family had gone to bed. But Alick had been born there, and he thought he could find his way barefoot.

For some time he walked stealthily about, trying to find the dining-room window, for he remembered what his father had said about his mother sitting with her feet in the fender. He found it at last, but, peering behind the edge of the blind, he saw nothing except the dull slack of the fire dropping to ashes in the grate.

GROPING about in the darkness on the gravel, his footsteps had made a noise and presently a dog inside began to bark. It was his own dog, Mona, and he remembered that when he was a boy he had bought her as a pup for five shillings from a farmer and brought her home in his arms, licking his hand.

The dog's clamor awakened the household, and presently through the long staircase window he saw his sisters on the landing, in their nightdresses and curl-papers, carrying candles and looking frightened.

Then the sash of a window went up with a bang and his father's voice came in a husky roar:

"Who's that?"

With a chill down his back, Alick turned about and hurried away, feeling that he was being driven from the home of his boyhood as if he were a thief.

BUT will Alick—who is innocent of the evil that has befallen them all—really consent, for Bessie's sake, to leave everything behind and suffer exile in a strange land? See Hearst's for April.

may beg a dish of porridge for my little company, and dry my clothing by your blockhouse fireplace, I shall set out within the hour."

So I walked to the fort, Nick and my Indian following; and presently I saw Penelope on the rifle platform of the stockade, among the soldiers.

SHE was gazing at the fiery sky in the north when I caught sight of her and called her name.

For a moment she bent swiftly down over the pickets as though to pierce the dark where my voice came from; then she turned, and was descending the ladder when I entered by the postern.

As I came up she took my shoulders between both hands, but said nothing, and I saw she had trouble to speak.

"Yes," said I, "there is bad news for you. Your pretty Summer House is no more, Penelope."

"Oh!" she stammered. "Did you—did you suppose it was the loss of a house that has driven me out o' my five senses?"

"Are your sheep and cattle safe?" I asked in sudden alarm.

"My God!" she breathed, and stood with her face in both hands, there at the foot of the ladder under the April stars.

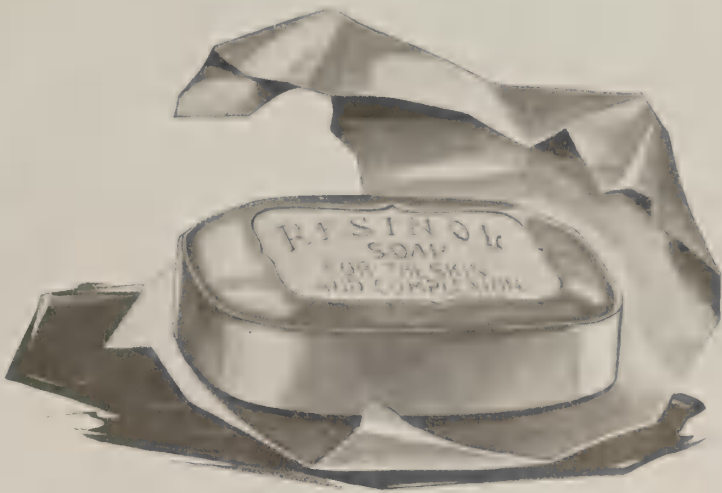
"What is it frightens you?" I asked.

Her hands fell to her sides and she looked at me. "Nothing, sir. . . . Unless it be myself," she said calmly. "Your clothing is wet and you are shivering. Will you come into the fort?"

We went in. I remembered how I had seen her there that night, nearly a year ago, and all the soldiers gathered around to entertain her, whilst she supped on porridge and smiled upon them over her yellow bowl's edge, like a very child.

The few soldiers inside rose respectfully. A sergeant drew a settle to the blazing fire; a soldier brought us soup and a gill of rum. Nick came in with the Saguenay, and they both squatted down in their blankets before the fire, grave as a pair o' cats; and there they ate their fill of porridge at our feet, and blinked at the blaze and smoked their clays in silence.

I TOLD Penelope that we must travel this night to Johnstown, it being my duty to give an account of what had happened, without delay.



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It is not the "Spring of Perpetual Youth," but its regular use does help greatly to preserve the delicate texture and coloring of the skin beyond the time when most people lose them. It also tends to give that healthy, outdoor look which goes with a clear eye and a clear brain

Buy a cake today—your druggist and toilet goods dealer sell it. Or, if you wish to try before you buy, write to Dept. 2-B, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md. for a free, trial size cake.

Resinol Soap



"There can be no danger to us on the road," said I, "but the thought of leaving you here in this fort disturbs me."

"What would I do here alone?" she asked.

"What will you do alone in Johnstown?" I inquired in turn.

At the same moment I realized that we both were utterly homeless; and that in Johnstown our shelter must be a tavern, or, if danger threatened, the fortified jail called Johnstown Fort.

"You will not abandon me, will you, sir?" she asked, touching my sleeve with the pretty confidence of a child.

"Why, no!" said I. "We can lodge at Jimmy Burke's Tavern. And there is Nick to give us countenance—and a most respectable Indian."

NOW, whether it was the wetting I got on Mayfield Creek and the chill I took on the long night's journey to Johnstown, or if my thigh-wound became inflamed from that day's exertion along at Fish House, Summer House, and Mayfield, I do not know for certain.

But when at dawn we drove up to Jimmy Burke's Tavern in Johnstown, I discovered that I could not move my right leg; and, to my mortification, Nick and my Indian were forced to make a swinging chair of their linked hands, and carry me into the tavern, Penelope following forlornly, her arms full of furs and blankets.

Here was a pretty dish! But try as I might I could not set my foot to the ground; so they laid me upon a bed and stripped me, and my Saguenay wrapped my leg in hot blankets and laid furs over me, till I was wet with sweat to the hair.

That night I had a fever; and for nearly four weeks my leg remained swollen and red, and the pain was such that I could not bear the weight of a linen sheet, and Nick made a frame for my bed-covers, like a tent, so that they should not touch me.

PENELOPE was very kind and patient with me. In the first feverish and agonizing days of my illness I had sent for her, and begged her to take the first convenient wagon and escort into Albany, where surely Douw Fonda would now care for her and the Patron's household would welcome and shelter her until the oncoming storm had passed and her aged charge should again return to Caughnawaga.

She would not go, but gave no reason. And, my sickness making me peevish, I was often fretful and short with her, and so badgered and bullied her that one night, in desperation, she wrote a letter to Douw Fonda at my request, offering to go to Albany and care for him if he desired it.

But presently there came a polite letter in reply, writ kindly to her by the young Patron himself, who very delicately revealed how it was with Mr. Fonda. And it appeared that he had become childish from great age, and seemed now to retain no memory of her, and desired not to be cared for by anybody—as he said—who was a stranger to him.

Which was sad to know concerning so good and wise and gallant an old gentleman as had been Mr. Douw Fonda—a fine, honorable, educated, and cultivated man, whose chiefest pleasure was his books and garden, and who never in all his life had uttered an unkind word.

This news, too, was disturbing in another manner; for Mr. Fonda had wished, as all knew, to adopt Penelope and make provision for her. And now, if his mind had begun to cloud and his memory betray him, no provision was likely to be made to support this young girl who was utterly alone in the world, and entirely without fortune.

ON AN afternoon late in May I was feeling less pain and could permit the covers to rest on me, and was impatient for a dish o' porridge. About five o'clock Penelope brought me a bowl of chocolate. When she had seated herself near me, she took her sewing from her apron pocket, and stitched away busily whilst I drank my sweet, hot brew, and watched her over the blue bowl's edge.

"Are you better this afternoon, sir?" she inquired presently, not lifting her eyes.

I told her, fretfully, that I was but a lame dog and fit only to be knocked on the head by some obliging Tory. "I'm sick o' life," said I, "where no one heeds me, and I am left alone all day without food or companionship, to play at twiddle-thumb."

At that she looked at me in sweet concern but, seeing me wear a wry grin, smiled too.

"Poor lad!" said she. "It is nearly a month, you lie there so patiently."

"Not patiently; no! And if I knew more oaths than I think up all day long it might

ease me to endure more meekly this accursed sickness. . . . What is it you sew?"

"Wristbands."

"Whose?"

As she offered no reply I supposed that she was making a pair o' bands for Nick.

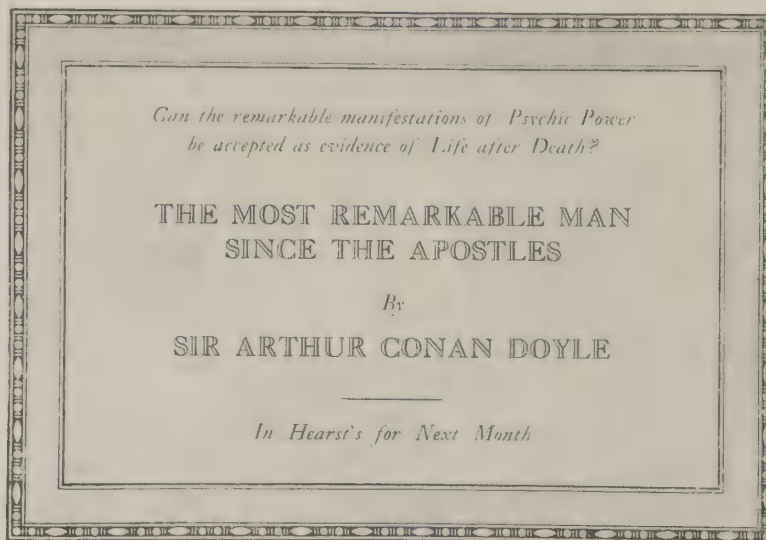
"Do you hear further from Albany?" I inquired.

"No, sir."

"Then it is sure that Mr. Fonda has become childish and his memory is gone," said I, "because if he comprehended your present

galons, laces, and braids. . . . And so you see I pay my way, Mr. Drogue, and am in no stress for the present at any rate."

I LAY back on my pillows, not knowing whether to laugh or scowl. That Penelope had become a tailor and seamstress to the garrison did not please me at all; and it was as though I had lost some advantage or influence over this girl, whose present situation and whose future did now considerably concern me.



situation and your necessity he would surely have sent for you long since."

"He always was kind," she said simply.

I LAY on my pillow, sipping chocolate and watching her fingers so deft with thread and needle. After long silence I asked her rather bluntly why she had not long ago consented to go the necessary legal steps offered her by Mr. Fonda, which would have secured her always against want.

As she made me no answer, I looked hard at her over my bowl, and saw her eyes very faintly glimmering with tears.

"The news of Mr. Fonda's condition has greatly saddened you," said I.

"Yes. He was kind to me."

"Why, then, did you evade his expressed wishes?" I repeated. "He must surely have loved you like a father to offer you adoption."

"I could not accept," she said in a low voice, sewing rapidly the while.

"Why not?"

"I scarcely know. It was because of pride, perhaps. . . . I was his servant. He paid me well. I could not permit him to overpay my poor services. . . . And he has other children, and grandchildren, with whose proper claims I would not permit myself—or him—to interfere. No, it was unthinkable, however kindly."

"That," said I impatiently, "smacked of a too Scotch and stubborn conscience. Does it not, Penelope?"

She smiled at me: "There is a family saying, 'A Grant grants but never accepts.' I have youth, health, two arms, two legs, and a pair of steady eyes. If these can not keep me alive through the world's journey, then I ought to perish and make room for another."

"What do you meditate to keep you?" I asked uneasily.

"For the present," said she, still smiling, "what I am doing is well enough to keep me in food and clothes and lodging."

At first I did not understand her; then an odd suspicion seized me, for I remembered during the last two weeks, when I lay sick, hearing strange voices in her antechamber, and strange people coming and going in the passageway.

SEEING me perplexed and frowning, she laughed and took the empty bowl from my hands. Then she smoothed my pillow.

"I am employed by the garrison," said she, "to work for them with needle and shears. I do their mending: I darn, stitch, sew, and alter. I patch shirts and undergarments; I also make shirts, and devise officers' neck-cloths, stocks, and wristbands at request."

"Also, I now employ a half-breed Oneida woman as tailor; and she first measures and then I cut out patterns of coats, breeches, rifle-frocks, and watch-coats, which she then takes home and sews, then tries on her customers, and finally finishes—I sewing on all

Yet what was I to say against this business, or what offer make her that her modesty and pride could consider?

It was perfectly clear to me that she never had intended to be obliged to me for anything, and never would be. And now her saucy smile and gentle mockery confirmed this conclusion and put me out of countenance.

She troubled me. She troubled me deeply. Her independence, her sufficiency, her beauty, her sly and pretty mockery of me, all conspired to give me a new concern for her, and I had not experienced the like since Steve Watts kissed her by the lilacs.

Then the thought of my own helplessness went through me like a spear, and I groaned—not meaning to—and turned over on my pillow. . . . And presently I felt her hand lightly on my shoulder.

"Is it pain?" she asked softly.

"No, only the weariness of life," I muttered.

SHE was silent, but presently her hand smoothed back my hair, and passed in a sort of gentle rhythm across my forehead and my hair.

"If I lie here long enough," said I bitterly, "I may have to beg a crust of you. So get you to your sewing and see that you earn enough against a beggared cripple's need."

"You mock me," she said in a low voice.

"Would you offer me charity if I remain crippled?" I managed to say.

"Hush! You sadden me."

"Would you aid me?" I insisted.

She drew a long, deep breath but made no answer.

"Tell me," I repeated, taking her by the hand. "Would you aid me, Penelope Grant?"

"Why do you ask?" she protested. "You know I would."

"And yet," said I, "although I am in funds, you refuse aid and choose rather to play the tailor! Is that fair?"

"But—I am nothing to you—"

"Are you not? And am I then more to you than are you to me, that you would aid me in necessity?"

She drew her hand from mine and went back to her chair.

"That is my fate," said she, smiling at me. "I was born to give, not to receive. I can not take; I can not refuse to give."

"Yes," said I, "you even gave me your lips once."

She blushed vividly, her eyes hard on her sewing.

"I shall not do the like again," said she all rosy to the roots of her gold hair.

"And why, pray?"

"Because I know better now."

AFTER a silence I turned me on my pillow and sighed heavily.

"John!" she exclaimed in gentle anxiety.

"Are you in great pain?"

I groaned.

She came to me again and laid her cool, soft hand on my head; and I caught it in both of mine and drew her down to me.

"I am a cripple and a beggar for your kindness, Penelope," I said. "I ask alms of you. Will you kiss me?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you have deceived me! Let me go! Loose me instantly!"

"Will you kiss me out of that charity which you say you practise?"

"That is not charity!"

"What is begged for is charity. And you say you are made to give."

"But you taught me otherwise! And now you undo your own schooling!"

"But I owe it you—this kiss!"

"How do you owe it me?"

"You kissed me in the snow, and left me in your debt."

"Oh, goodness! That frolic! Have you not long ago forgotten our winter madness?"

"Like you," said I, "I must pay my just debts and owe nobody." And I drew her nearer, all flushed with protest, firm to escape, yet gentle in her supple, pretty way lest she hurt me.

I laughed, and saw my gaiety reflected in her eyes an instant.

Then, of a sudden, she put one arm around my neck and rested her lips on mine. And so I kissed her, and she suffered it, resting so against me with lowered eyes.

The flower-sweetness of her mouth bewildered me, and I was confused by it and by the stifled tumult of my heart, so that I scarce had sense enough to detain her when she drew away.

SHE sat at my side, the faint smile still stamped on her lips, but her brown eyes seemed a little frightened, and her breast rose and fell like a scared bird's under the snowy kerchief.

"Well—and well," says she in her pretty, breathless way, "I am overpaid, I think, and you are now acquitted of your debt. And so—and so our folly ends. . . . And now is finally ended."

She took her sewing. A golden light was in the room; and she seemed to me the loveliest thing I had ever looked upon. I realized it. I knew she was loveliest of all. And the swift knowledge seemed to choke me.

She stitched on in silence for a while; but now the light was dimming and she moved nearer the window, which was close by my bed-head.

After a while her hands dropped in her lap; she looked out into the twilight. I took her tired little hand in mine, but she did not turn her head.

"I have," said I, "two thousand pounds sterling at my solicitor's in Albany. I wish you to have it if any accident happens to me. . . . And my glebe in Fonda's Bush. . . . I shall so write it in my will."

She shook her head slightly, still gazing from the window.

"Will you accept?" I asked. "What good would it do me? If I accept it I should only divide it among the needy—in memory of—of my dear boy friend—Jack Drogue—"

She rose hastily and walked to the door, then very slowly retraced her steps to my bedside.

"You are so kind to me," she murmured, touching my forehead. "You are so different to other men—so truly gallant in your boy's soul. There is no evil in you, no ruthlessness. Oh, I know—I know—more than I seem to know—of men. . . . And their importunities. . . . And of their willful selfishness."

I sat upright. "Has any man made you unhappy?" I demanded in angry surprise.

She seated herself and looked at me gravely.

"I LIKE men. . . . I cared most for Stephen Watts. . . . Then one day I had a great fright. . . . Shall I tell it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Sir John's gallantries neither pleased nor flattered me from the first. But he was very cautious what he said and did in Douw Fonda's house, and never spoke to me save coldly when others were present, or when he was alone with us and Mr. Fonda was awake and not dozing in his great chair. . . . Well, there came a day when Mr. Fonda went to the house of Captain Fonda, and I was alone in the house. . . . And Sir John came. . . . Shall I tell it?"

"Tell it, Penelope."

"I've had it long in my mind. I wished to ask you if it lessened me in your esteem. . . . For Sir John was drunk, and, finding me alone, he conducted roughly—and followed

me and locked us in my chamber. . . I was horribly afraid. . . I had never struck any living being before. But I beat his red face with my hands until he became confused and stupid—and there was blood on him and on me. And my kerchief was torn off and my hair all tangled. . . I beat him till he dropped my door-key, and so unlocked my door and returned again to him, silent and flaming, and drove him with blows out of my chamber and out of the house—all over blood as he was, and stupid and drunk. . . His negro man got him on his horse and rode off, holding him on.

"And none knew. . . None know, save Sir John and you and me."

AFTER a silence I said in a controlled voice: "If Sir John comes this way I shall hope not to miss him. . . I shall pray God not to miss this—gentleman."

"Do you think meanly of me that he used me so?"

I did not answer.

"I have told you all," she said timidly. "I am still honest. If I were not I would not have let you touch my lips."

"Why not?"

"For both our sakes. . . I would not do you any evil."

I said impatiently: "No need to tell me you never had a lover. I never believed it of you from the day I saw you first. And God willing, I mean to stop a month or two in Tryon, war or no war—"

"John Drogue!" she exclaimed in consternation. "You shall seek no quarrel on my account! Swear to me!"

But I made no reply. Whatever the quarrel, I knew now it was to be on my own account; for whether or no I was falling in love with this girl, Penelope Grant, I realized at all events that I would suffer no other man to interfere, however he conducted, and should hold any man to stern account who would make of this girl a toy and plaything.

And so, all hotly resolved on that point; sore, also, at the knowledge of Sir John's baseness which seemed to touch my proper honor; and swifter, too, with tenderness in my heart to reassure her, I did exactly that for which I was now prepared to cut the throats of various other gentlemen—I drew her into my arms and held her silent and close, body and lips imprisoned.

IN JUNE I was out of bed and managed to set foot on ground for the first time since early spring. By the end of the month I had my strength in a measure and was able to hobble about town. Pernicious rheumatism is no light matter, for with the agony—and weakness afterward—a dull despair settles upon the victim; and it was mind, not body, that caused me the deeper distress, I think.

Life seemed useless; effort hopeless. Dark apprehensions obsessed me; I despaired of my country, of my people, of myself. And this all was part of my malady, but I did not know it.

All through June and July an oppressive summer heat brooded over Tryon. Save for thunderstorms of unusual violence, the heat remained unbroken. In the hot and blinding blue of heaven a fierce sun blazed; at night the very moon looked sickly with the heat.

Every day brought rumors or positive news of disasters in our neighborhood. We knew that St. Leger, Sir John and his Royal New Yorkers, Walter Butler and Brant with his Iroquois under Thayendanegea himself had left Buck Island and that General Burgoyne, with a superb army and half a thousand Iroquois savages, had been smashing his way toward us through the forests, seizing the lakes and the vessels and forts defending them. And we learned the horrid details of these movements from Thomas Spencer, the Oneida who had just come in from that region, and whose certain account of how matters were swiftly coming to a crisis at last seemed to galvanize our people into action.

I WAS now, in August, well enough to take the field with a scout, and I applied for active duty and was promised it; but no orders came, and I haunted the Johnstown Fort impatiently, certain that every man who rode express and who went galloping through the town must bring my marching orders.

Precious days succeeded one another; I fretted, fumed, sickened with anxiety, deemed myself forgotten and perhaps disdained.

STANDING in the candlelight by the window of Burke's Inn where a million rain-washed stars twinkled in the depthless ocean of the night, I rested my brow against the cool, glazed pane, lost in most bitter reflection.

Penelope had gone to her chamber; behind me the disheveled table stood, bearing the candles and the debris of our last supper; a nosegay of bright flowers—Nick's parting token—lay on the floor, where they had fallen from Penelope's bosom.

After a while I left the window and sat down on the arm of a chair, taking my head between my hands; and I had been sitting so for some time in ugly, sullen mood, when a noise caused me to look up.

PENELOPE stood by the door, her yellow hair about her face and shoulders, and still combing of it while her brown eyes regarded me with an odd intentness.

"Your light still blazed from your window," she said. "I had some misgiving that you sat here brooding all alone."

I felt my face flush, for it had deeply humiliated me that she should know how I was offered no employment while Nick and even my Saguenay had been called or permitted to seek relief from inglorious idleness.

She flung the bright banner of her hair over her right shoulder, caressed the thick and shining tresses, and pegging them back into place, sat down beside me.

"It is strange," she said with her wistful smile, "that, though the world is ending, we needs must waste in sleep a portion of what time remains to us. . . And so I am for bed, John Drogue. . . Lest that same tapping-maid come to your door tonight and waken me, also, with her loud knocking."

"Why do you say so? Have you news?"

"Did I not once foresee a battle in the north? And men in strange uniforms?"

"Yes," said I, smiling away the disappointment of a vague and momentary hope.

"IF YOU were not a very young and untired soldier," said she, "you would not permit impatience to ravage you and sour you as it does. And for me, too, it saddens and spoils our last few days together."

"Our last few days? You speak with a certainty—an authority—"

"I know the summons is coming very soon."

"If I could but believe in your Scottish second sight—"

"Would you be happy?"

"Happy! I should deem myself the most fortunate man on earth if I could believe your Scottish prophecy!"

She came nearer.

"If that is all you require for happiness, John Drogue," said she in her low, still voice, "then you may take your pleasure of it. I tell you I know! And we have but few days left together, you and I."

Spite of common sense and disbelief in superstitions I could not remain entirely unconcerned before such perfect sincerity, though that she believed in her own strange gift could scarcely convince me.

"Come!" said I, smilingly. "It may be so. At all events, you cheer me, Penelope, and your kindness heartens me. . . Forgive my sullen temper; it is hard for a man to think himself ignored and perhaps despised."

AFTER a little silence she turned to go; and I followed, scarce knowing why, and took her hand in the doorway.

"Little prophetess," said I, "who promise me what my heart desires, will you touch your lips to mine as a pledge that your prophecy shall come true?"

She looked back over her shoulder, and remained so, her cheek on her right shoulder.

"Your heart desires a battle, John Drogue; your idle vanity my lips. . . But you may possess them if you will."

"I do love you dearly, Penelope Grant."

She said with a breathless little smile:

"Would you love me better if my prophecy came true this very night?"

BUT I was troubled at that, and had no mind to sound those unventured deeps which, at such moments, I could feel vaguely astir within me. Nor yet did I seriously consider what I truly desired of this slender maid within the circle of my arms, nor what was to come of such sudden encounters with their swift smile and oddly halting breath and the heart, surprised, rhyming rapidly and unevenly in a reckless measure which pleased less than it embarrassed.

She loosed her hands and drew away from



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me, and leaned against the wall, not looking toward me.

"I think," she said in a stifled voice, "you are to have your wish this night. . . . Do you hear anything?"

IN THE intense stillness, straining my ears, I fancied presently that I heard a distant sound in the night. But if it had been so it died out, and the beat of my heart was louder. Then, of a sudden, I seemed to hear it again, and thought it was my pulses startled by sudden hope.

"What is that sound?" I whispered. "Do you hear it?"

"Aye."

"I hear it also. . . . Is it imagination? Is there a horse on the highway? Why, I tell you there is! . . . There *is*! Do you think he rides express?"

"Out o' the north, my lord," she whispered. And suddenly she turned, gave me a blind look, stretched out one hand.

"Why do you think that horseman comes for me?" I said. My imagination caught fire, flamed, and I stood shivering and crushing her fingers in my grasp. "Why—why—do you think so?" I stammered. "He's turned into William Street! He gallops this way! Damnation! He heads toward the Hall! No! No! He is in our street, galloping—galloping—"

Like a pistol-shot came a far cry in the darkness: "Express-ho! I pass! I pass!" The racket of iron-shod hoofs echoed in the street; doors and windows flew open; a confusion of voices filled my ears; the rattling roar of the hoofs came to a clashing halt.

"Jimmy Burke's Tavern!" shouted a hoarse voice.

"Ye're there, my gay Galloper!" came Burke's bantering voice. "An' phwat's afther ye that ye ride the night like a ban-shee? Is it Sir John that's chasin' ye crazy, Jock Gallopaway?"

"Ah-h," retorted the express, "fetch a drink for me and tell me is there a Mr. Drogue lodging here? Hey? Upstairs? Well, wait a minute!"

I STILL had Penelope's hand in mine as in the grip of a vise, so excited was I, when the express came stamping up the stairs in his jack-boots and pistols—a light-horseman of the Albany troop, who seemed smart enough in his mud-splashed helmet and uniform.

"You are Mr. Drogue, sir?"

"I am."

He promptly saluted, fished out a letter from his sack and offered it.

In my joy I gave him five shillings in hard money, and then, dragging Penelope by the hand, hastened to break the numerous and heavy seals and open my letter and read it by the candle's yellow flare.

Head Quarters North Dist:
Dept. of Tryon County.
Albany, N. Y.

August 1st., 1777.

Confidential

To John Drogue, Esq.,
Lieut. Rangers.

Sir:

An Oneida runner arrived today, who gives an account that Genl. St. Leger, with the corps of Sir John Johnson and Colonel John Butler, including a thousand savages under Joseph Brant, have been detached from the army of Genl. Burgoyne, and are marching on Fort Schuyler.

"You are directed to take the field instantly with a scout of Oneida Indians, who await you at a rendezvous marked upon the secret map which I enclose herewith.

"You will cross the Buck Island trail somewhere between Rocky River and the Mohawk, and observe St. Leger's line of communications, cutting off such small posts as prove not too strong, taking prisoners if possible, and ascertaining St. Leger's ultimate objective, which may be Johnstown or even Schenectady.

Having satisfied yourself concerning these matters, you will send your despatch by a runner to Albany, and instantly move your detachment toward Saratoga, where you should come into touch with our Northern forces under General Gates, and there render a verbal report to General Gates in person.

You are strictly cautioned to destroy this letter after reading, and to maintain absolute secrecy concerning its contents. The map you may retain, but if you are taken you should endeavor to destroy it.

Sir, I have the honour to be, etc., etc.,

Ph. Schuyler,

Maj. Genl.

TWICE I read the letter before I twisted it to a torch and burned it in the candle flame.

Then I called out to the express: "Say to the personage who sent you hither that his letter is destroyed, and his orders shall be instantly obeyed. Burke has fresh horses for those who ride express."

Off downstairs he went in his jack-boots, equipments jingling and clanking, and I unfolded my map but scarce could hold it steady in my excitement.

Immediately I perceived that I did not

need the map to find the rendezvous, for, as Brent-meester, I had known that wilderness as perfectly as I knew the streets in Johnstown.

So I made another torch of the map, laughing under my breath to think that Sir William's late forest warden should require such an article.

All this time, too, I had forgotten Penelope; I turned, now, and saw her watching me, slim and motionless and white as snow.

When her eyes met mine she strove to smile, asking me whether indeed she had not proven a true prophetess.

"Oh, if it be only mine you desire, then I promise you, John Drogue, to look at no man with kindness in your absence, think of no man excepting you, pray for none save only His Excellency and General Schuyler, dream of none, God willing, but you; and to remain in deed and thought and word and conduct constant and faithful to you alone."

"Then," said I, trembling, "I also promise—"

"No!"

"But I—"

"Wait! For God's sake mind what you say; for I will not have it that your honor



Penelope was gazing at the fiery sky when I caught sight of her and called her name.

As she spoke, suddenly a great fear possessed me concerning her; and I stood staring at her in a terrible perplexity.

For now there seemed to be nothing for it but to leave her here, the Schenectady road already being unsafe, or so considered by Schuyler until more certain information could be obtained.

"Do you leave tonight?" she asked calmly.

"Yes, immediately."

She cast a glance at my rifle standing in the corner, and at my pack, which I had always ready for such sudden summons.

THE moment of parting was here. It scared and confused me, so swiftly had it come upon us.

Penelope's voice was steady, and her hand, too, where it lay passive in mine. But it crisped and caught my fingers convulsively when I kissed her; and crept up along my fringed sleeve to my shoulder-cape, and grasped the green thrums.

And now her arm lay tightly around my neck, and I looked down into the whitest face I ever had gazed upon.

"I love you dearly," I said, "and am deep in love. . . . I want you, Penelope Grant."

"I want you," she said.

My heart was suffocating me:

"Shall we exchange vows?" I managed to say.

"What vows, sir?"

"Such as engage our honor. I want you to wife, Penelope Grant."

"Dear lad! What are you saying? You should travel widely and at leisure before you commit your honor to an unconsidered vow. I desire that you first see great cities, other countries, other women—of your own caste. . . . And then—if you return—and are still of the same mind—concerning me—"

"But you? There are other men in the world. And I must have your vows before I go!"

should ever summon you hither and not your heart! No! Let be as it is."

Her sudden warmth and the quick flush of determination on her face checked and silenced me.

SHE said very coolly: "Any person of sense must know that a marriage is unsuitable between a servant to Douw Fonda and John Murray Drogue Forbes, Laird of Northesk, and a Stormont to boot!"

"Where got you that Forbes?" I demanded, astonished and angry.

She laughed. "Because I know the clan, My Lord!"

"How do you know?" I repeated, astounded.

"Because it is my own clan and name. Drogue-Forbes, Grant-Forbes—a claymore or a pair of scissors can snip the link when some Glencoe or Culloden of adversity scatters families to the four winds and seven seas. . . ."

"Well, sir, as the saying is in Northesk, 'A Drogue stops at nothing but a Forbes. And a Grant is as stubborn.' Did you ever hear that?"

"Yes. . . . And you are a Forbes of Northesk?"

"Like yourself, sir, we stop before a liaison."

HER rapier wit confused and amazed me; her sudden revelation of our kinship confounded me.

"Good heavens!" said I. "Why have you never told me this, Penelope?"

She shook her yellow head defiantly: "A would na," quoth she, her chin hanging down, but the brown eyes of her watching me. "And it was a servant-maid you asked to wife you, and none other, either. . . . D'ye ken that, you Stormont lad? It was me—me!—who may wear the *Bealaidh*, too! Me who can cry, 'Lonach! Lonach! Crag Ealachaidh' with as stout a heart and clean a pride as you, Ian Drogue, Laird o' North-

esk—laird o' my soul and heart—my lord—my dear, dear lord—"

SHE flung her arms across her face and burst into a fit of weeping; and as I caught her in my arms she leaned so on my breast, sobbing out her happiness and fears and pride and love, and her gratitude to God that I should have loved her for herself in the body of a maidservant, and that I had been spoken her fairly where in all the land no man had offered more than that which she might take from him out of his left hand.

So, for a long while, we stood there together, clasped breast to breast, dumb with tenderness and mazed in the spell of first young love.

I stammered my vows, and she now opposed me nothing, only clinging to me the closer, confident, submissive, acquiescent in all I wished and asked and said.

THERE was ink, paper, a quill, and sand, and I wrote out drafts upon Schenectady, and composed letters of assurance and recognition, which would be useful to her in case of necessity.

I got Jimmy Burke out o' bed and showed him all I had writ, and made him witness our signatures and engaged him to appear if necessary.

These papers and money drafts, together with Penelope's papers and letters she had of Douw Fonda and of the Patroon, were sufficient to establish her with the new will I made and had witnessed at the fort a week before.

AND so, at midnight, in her little chamber at Burke's Inn, I parted from Penelope Grant—dropped to my knee and kissed her feet, who had been servant to the county gentry and courted by the county quality but had been mistress to none in all the world excepting only of herself.

When I was ready she handed me my rifle, buckled up my shoulder sack, smoothed my fringed cape with steady hands, walked with me to her chamber door.

Her face rested an instant against mine but there were no tears, no trembling, only the swift passion of her lips; and then: "God with you, John Drogue!" And so, with gay courage, she closed her chamber door.

I turned and stumbled out along the corridor, carrying my rifle and feeling my way to the hand-rail, down the creaking stairway, and out into the starry night.

THAT night I lay on my blanket in the forest, but slept only three hours, and was awake in the gates of morning before the sun rose, ready to move on to the Wood of Brakabeen, our rendezvous in Schoharie.

Never shall I forget that August day so crowded with events.

And first in the yellow flare of sunup, on the edge of a pasture where acres of dew sparkled, I saw a young girl milking and went to her to beg a cup of new milk.

She was very offish until she learned to what party I belonged, but then gave me a dipperful of sweet milk.

When I had satisfied my thirst, she took me by the hand and drew me into a grove of pines where none could observe us. And here she told me her name, which was Angelica Vrooman, and warned me not to travel through Schoharie by any highway.

For, said she, the district was all smoldering with disloyalty, and the Tories growing more defiant day by day with news of Sir John's advance and McDonald also on the way from the southward to burn the place and murder all.

"MY GOD, sir!" says she, in a very passion of horror and resentment. "I know not how we, in Schoharie, shall contrive, for Herkimer has called out our regiment and they march this morning to their rendezvous with the Palatine regiment."

"What are we to do, sir? The middle fort alone is defensible; the upper and lower forts are still a-building, and sodders still at labor, and neither ditch nor palisade begun."

"You have your exemptions," said I, troubled, "and your rangers."

"Our exemptions work on the forts; our rangers are few and scattered, and Colonel Harper knows not where to turn for a runner or a rifleman!"

"General Schuyler has writ to my father and says how he desires General Ten Broeck to order out the whole of the militia, only that he fears that they will behave like the Schenectady and Schoharie militia have done and that very few will march unless provision is made for their families' security."

"A man rides today express to the garrison in the Highlands to pray for two hundred Continentals. Which is only just, as we are exposed to McDonald and Sir John, and have already sent most of our men to the Continental Line, and have left only our regiment, which marches today, and the remainder all disaffected and plotting treason."

"Plotting treason? What do you mean, child?" I demanded anxiously.

"Why, sir, Captain Mann and his company refuse to march. He declares himself a friend to King George, has barricaded Brick House,* is collecting Indians and Tories, and wears he will join McDonald's outlaws and troy us unless we lay down our arms and accept royal protection."

"Why—why, the filthy dog!" I stammered. "I have never heard the like of such treason!"

"Can you help us, sir?" she asked earnestly.

"I shall endeavor to do so," said I, red with wrath.

OUR people have planned to seize and barricade Stone House," said she. "My father rides express to Albany. Why, sir, so out to it are we that Henry Hager, an aged exempt of over seventy years, is scouting for our party. Is our situation not pitiful?"

"Have all the young men gone? Have you no brothers to defend this house?"

"No, sir. . . I have a lover. . . He is lieutenant Wirt, of the Albany Light Horse. But he has writ to my father that he can not save his cavalry to help us."

It was sad enough, and I promised the girl would do what I could; and so I left her, continuing on along the fences in the shadow of the woods.

IT WAS not long afterward when I heard military music in the distance. And now, from a hill, I saw long files of muskets shining in the early sun.

It was the Schoharie regiment marching with fife, drum, and bugle-horn to join Berkimer; and so near they passed at the foot of the low hill where I stood that I could see and recognize their mounted officers; and saw, riding with them, Spencer, the superb Oneida interpreter, splendidly horsed; and Colonel Cox, old George Klock's smart son-in-law, who, when Brant asked him if he were not related to that thieving villain of the Moonlight Survey, replied: "Yes, I am; it what is that to you, you——of an Indian!"

I saw and recognized Colonels Vrooman and Zielie, Majors Becker and Eckerson, and Larry Schoolcraft, the regimental adjutant; and, sitting upon their transport wagon, Dick Laraway, Storm Becker, Jost Bouck Clavarack, and Barent Bergen of Kinderhook.

So, in the morning sunshine, marched the fifteenth New York Militia, carrying in ranks the flower of the district's manhood and the principal defenders of the Schoharie valley.

Very soberly I turned away into the woods. For it was a strange and moving and sad sight I had beheld, knowing personally almost every man who was marching ere toward the British fire, and aware that actually every soldier in those sturdy ranks had a brother, or father, or son, or relative of some description in the ranks of the opposing party.

Here, indeed, were the seeds of horror that civil war sprouts! For I think that only the larger family, and perhaps the Beckers, were mustered in our own service. But there were Tory Vroomans, Swarts, Van Dycks, Eckersons, Van Slycks—aye, even Tory Berkimers, too, which most furiously saddened our brave old General Honikol.

WELL, I took to the forest as I say, but it was so thick and the traveling so tiresome, that I bore again to the left, and presently came out along the clearings and pasture fences.

Venturing now to travel the highway for a little way, and being stopped by nobody, I came more confident; and when I saw a woman washing clothes by the Schoharie creek, I did not trouble to avoid her, but rode on.

She heard me coming, and looked up over her shoulder; and I saw she was a notorious term of the Valley, whose name, I think is Staats, but who was commonly known as Rya's Pup.

"Aha!" says she, clearing the unkempt furrow from her ratty face. "What is Forbes?"

The house stood in the forks of the Albany and Penetady road.

o' Culloden doing in Schoharie? Sure," says she, "there must be blood to sniff in the wind when a Northesk bloodhound comes here a-nosing northward!"

"Well, Madam Staats," said I calmly, "you appear to know more about Culloden than do I myself. Did that great loon, McDonald, tell you all these old-wives' tales?"

"Ho-ho!" says she, her two hands on her hips, a-kneeling there by the water's edge. "The McDonalds should know blood, too, when they smell it."

"You seem to be friends with that outlaw. And do you know where he now is?" I asked carelessly.

"If I do," says she, with an oath, "it is my own affair and none of the Forbes or Drogues or such kittle-cattle either. Mark that, my young cockerel, and journey about your business!"

"You are not very civil, Madam Staats."

"Why, you cursed rebel," says she, "would you teach me manners?"

"God forbid, madam," said I, smiling.

"I'd wear gray hairs ere you learned your a-b-c."

"You'll wear no hair at all when McDonald is done with you," she cries, and bursts into laughter so shocking that I go on, shivering and sad to see in any woman such unkindness.

THE sun hung low when I came to the Wood of Brakabeen and saw the tall forest oaks, their tops all rosy in the sunset, and the great green pines lifting their gilded spires against the evening sky.

And here, suddenly, in the purple dusk, three Indians rose up and barred my way. And I saw, with joy, my three Oneidas, Tahioni the Wolf, Kwiye the Screech-Owl, Hanatch the Water-Snake, all shaven, oiled, and in their paint; and all wearing the Turtle and the Little Red Foot.

So deeply the encounter affected me that I could scarce speak as I pressed their extended hands, one after another, and felt their eager, caressing touch on my arms and shoulders.

"Brother," they said, "we are happy to be chosen for the scout under your command. We are contented to have you with us again."

"We were told by the Saguenay, who passed here on his way to the Little Falls, that you had recovered of your hurts, but we are glad to see for ourselves that this is so, and that our elder brother is strong and well and fit once more for the battle-trail!"

I told them I was indeed recovered, and never felt better than at that moment. I inquired warmly concerning each, and how Fortune had treated them. I listened to their accounts of stealthy scouting, of ambushes in silent places, of death-duels amid the eternal dusk of shaggy forests, where sunlight never penetrated the matted roof of boughs.

They showed me their scalps, their scars, their equipment, accoutrement, finery. They related what news was to be had of the enemy, saying that Stanwix was already invested by small advance parties of Mohawks under forester officers; that trees had been felled across Wood Creek; that the commands of Gansevoort and Willett occupied the fort on which soldiers still worked to sod the parapets.

Of McDonald, however, they knew nothing, and nothing concerning Burgoyne, but they had brazenly attended the Iroquois Federal Council, when their nation was summoned there, and saw their great men, Spencer and Skenandoo treated with cold indifference when the attitude of the Oneida nation was made clear to the Indian Department and the Six Nations.

"Then, brother," said Tahioni sadly, "our sachems covered themselves in their blankets, and Skenandoo led them from the last Onondaga fire that ever shall burn in North America."

"And we young warriors followed," added Kwiye, "and we walked in silence, our hands resting on our hatchets."

"The Long House is breaking in two," said the Water-Snake. "In the middle it is sinking down. It sags already over Oneida Lake. The serpent that lives there shall see it settling down through the deep water to lie in ruins upon the magic sands forever."

AFTER a decent silence Tahioni patted the Little Red Foot sewed on the breast of my hunting-shirt.

"If we all are to perish," he said proudly, "they shall respect our scalps and our memory. Hail! Oneida! We young men salute our dying nation."

I lifted my hatchet in silence, then slowly sheathed it.

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"Is our Little Maid of Askalege well?" I asked.

"Thiohero is well. The River-reed makes magic yonder in the swale," said Tahioni seriously.

"Is Thiohero here?" I exclaimed.

Her brother smiled: "She is a girl-warrior as well as our Oneida prophetess. Skenandoa respects and consults her. Spencer, who worships your white God and is still humble before Tharon, has said that my sister is quite a witch. All Oneidas know her to be a sorceress. She can make a pair of old moccasins jump about when she drums."

"Where is she now?"

"Yonder in the glade dancing with the fireflies."

I walked forward in the luminous dusk, surrounded by my Oneidas. And, of a sudden, in the swale ahead I saw sparks whirling up in clouds, but perceived no fire.

"Fireflies," whispered Tahioni.

And now, in the center of the turbulent whirl of living sparks, I saw a slim and supple shape, like a boy warrior stripped for war, and dancing there all alone amid the gold and myriad greenish dots of light eddying above the swale grass.

Swaying, twisting, graceful as a thread of smoke, the little sorceress danced in a perfect whirlwind of fireflies, which made an incandescent cloud enveloping her.

And I heard her singing in a low, clear voice the song that timed the rhythm of her naked limbs and her painted body, from which the cinctured wampum-brodered sporran flew like a shower of jewels:

"Wood o' Brakabeen,
Hiahya!
Leaves, flowers, grasses green,
Dancing where you lean
Above the stream unseen,
Hiahya!
Dance, little fireflies,
Like shooting stars in winter skies,
Dance, little fireflies,
As the Oneida Dancers whirl,
Where silver clouds unfurl,
Revealing a dark heaven,
And Sisters Seven,
Hiahya! Wood o' Brakabeen!
Hiahya! Grasses green!
You shall tell me what they mean
Who ride hither,
Who 'bide thither,
Who creep unseen
In red coats and in green;
Who come this way,
Who come to slay!

Hiahya! My fireflies!
Tell me all you know
About the foe!
Where hath he hidden?
Whither hath he ridden?
Where are the Maquas in their paint,
Who have forgotten their Girl-Saint?
Hiahya!
I am the River-Reed!
Hiahya!
All things take heed!
Naked, without drum or mask I
Do my magic task.
Fireflies, tell me what I ask!

"He—he!" chuckled the Water-Snake, "Thiohero is quite a witch!"

WE SEATED ourselves. If the Little Maid of Askalege, whirling in her dance, perceived us through her veil of living phosphorescence, she made no sign.

And it was a long time before she stood still, swayed outward, reeled across the grass, and fell face down among the ferns.

As I sprang to my feet, Tahioni caught my arm.

"Remain very silent and still, my elder brother," he said gravely.

For a full hour, I think, the girl lay motionless among the ferns. The cloud of fireflies had vanished. Rarely one sparkled distantly now, far away in the glade.

The delay, in the darkness, seemed interminable before the girl stirred, lifted her head, slowly sat upright.

Then she lifted one slim arm and called softly to me:

"Nai, my captain!"

"Nai, Thiohero!" I answered.

She came creeping through the herbage and gathered herself cross-legged beside me. I took her hands warmly, and released them; and she caressed my arms and face with velvet touch.

"It is happiness to see you, my captain," she said softly. "Nai! Was I not right when I foretold your hurt at the fight near the Drowned Lands?"

"Truly," said I, "you are a sorceress; and I am deeply grateful to you for your care of me when I lay wounded by Howell's house."

"I hear you. I listen attentively. I am glad," she said. "And I continue to listen for your voice, my captain."

*Catherine. Her shrine is at Auriesville—the Lourdes of America—where many miraculous cures are effected.

The Woman God Changed

Continued from page 46)

Janssen is thinking, too. But what she's thinking about, I can't figure. She's very silent. And at times her mouth isn't hard at all, nor her eyes, either. And when she speaks her eyes are on the ground and she's very serious.

"What are you thinking about, Janssen?" I ask.

"McCarthy," she says, "did you ever, after a hard day's work, disappointed, clogged with dirt, come in and turn on a cold shower and suddenly feel better and cleaner—and be happy again?"

"That's the only thing to do, on a day like that."

"Well, I feel," she said, "as if this island were that bath after the awful day of my life," she said.

"AT TIMES I think myself that it must be getting on her nerves, this place. She'll want the lights, the gaiety, the people, if only for a little space before she faces her trial. Even the chair must be better for her than this waiting, I think."

"Aren't you getting lonely, Janssen?" I ask. "Doesn't this get on your nerves—having nobody to talk to?" We never speak any more about the murder or the trial.

"Why, no, McCarthy!"

"I should have thought," I say, "that after the gaiety you knew you'd find this a terrible trial."

"McCarthy," she said suddenly, "were you ever at Saranac?"

"I've passed through it."

"Did you ever see the poor people there, quiet, waiting, glad to be alive, just being healed? Well, I'm like those."

"I DON'T notice for a while the change that is coming over Janssen. I see things on the outside of people. I don't see them on the inside. I'm a detective. I just think maybe she's got the blues. Maybe she's worried. But one afternoon she comes to me and springs a new one."

"McCarthy," she says, "would you mind every afternoon keeping away for an hour or so from the cove?"

"What's the idea?" I says.

"Well, I used to be a good swimmer," she says, "and I'm going to practise, and I haven't got any bathing suit," she says, "not even tights. So you'd better keep away."

"I think to myself: 'This is a queer thing for anyone as tough as they tell me Janssen is, to come out with.' And I wonder if she means exactly the opposite of what she says. She wants me, I half figure, to hang around. And maybe she thinks I'll fall for her. And if I do, she has me, I say to myself."

"And then I look up at her, and I see her eyes, and I never was so ashamed before or since."

"All right, Janssen," I say.

"Thanks, McCarthy!"

A WEEK later she borrows my knife. "My clothes are in rags, McCarthy," she says, "so it's back to the Garden of Eden for me. I got to dress up like these wahinies down here. Don't laugh at me, McCarthy; promise me you won't."

"Not too much Garden of Eden, now," I warn her.

"Don't worry," she laughs. And next morning you could have knocked me down with a straw, as they say. She has strung together big green banana leaves with fiber, and made a knee-length skirt of them. And under her arms and about her is a little closed jacket of leaves, and that great golden cloak of her hair falls around, rippling and shimmering.

"How do I look, McCarthy?"

"You look fine," I tell her. "You look like a picture, you sure do. You might be in a stage play," I tell her, "only you're so fine and modest." She blushes pretty as a girl of sixteen, until it was a shock to me to remember that she was my prisoner for the crime of murder. And I look at myself, feel my chin, see how my suit is going. "You make me feel like a bum."

"Then—have you talked secretly with the fireflies?" I asked gravely.

"I have talked with them."

"And have they told you anything, little sister?"

"The fireflies say that many greencoats and Maquas have gone to Stanwix," she replied seriously, "and that other greencoats—who now wear red coats—are following from Oswego."

I nodded. "Sir John's Yorkers," I said to Tahioni.

"Also," she said, "there are with them men in strange uniforms, which are not American, not British."

"What!" I exclaimed, startled in spite of myself.

"Strange men in strange dress," she murmured, "who speak neither English nor French nor Iroquois nor Algonquin."

THEN, all in an instant, it came to me what she meant—what Penelope had meant.

"You mean the Chasseurs from Buck Island," said I, "—the Hessians!"

But she did not know, only that they wore gray and green clothing and were tall, ruddy men—taller for the odd caps they wore, and their long legs buttoned in black to the hips.

"Hessians," I repeated. "Hainault riflemen hired out to the King of England by their greedy and contemptible German master; and by that great ass, George Third, shipped hither to stir in us Americans a hatred for himself that never shall be extinguished!"

"Are their scalps well haired?" inquired Tahioni anxiously.

It seemed a ludicrous thing to say, and I was put to it to stifle my sudden mirth.

"They wear pigtails in eel-skins, and stiffened with pomade that stinks from New York to Albany," said I.

Then my mood sobered again, and I thought of Penelope's vision and wondered whether I was truly fated to meet my end in combat with these dogs of Germans.

THE vision of the little Indian sorceress gives Jack Drogue prophetic warning: "It makes no difference where you decide to go—all trails lead to that appointed place." See Hearst's for April.

THE months pass and two sails go by.

"One I see in the early evening. A few very fleecy clouds shuttle in and out before the sun, and the great sea is purple, and the sand takes on a deep hue like the color of a gold coin that's been in circulation for years, mellow and reddish-like. And the green of the trees is so green you can feel it. And on the horizon is a native boat with a lateen sail that is orange-colored."

"I see it. I make no effort. I can do nothing. But it seems to me that it is unreal. It is not there. It is just a dream. It is unreal as the island is to me, unreal as my old life is to me, unreal as everything is—except Janssen."

BUT a week later another boat comes and this time it isn't unreal. Squat and bulky, it is a tramp steamer headed down New Zealand way. It passes not more than three miles off, and very ugly it is upon the sea, its funnel belching out black smoke that is like an insult to the shining seas. I have a bonfire ready-made and go to it with my burning-glass. And Janssen stands by and looks at me.

"Do I have to go back, McCarthy?" she asks.

"You got to go back and face the music, Janssen," And I lights the fire.

"I get everything ready to board, but the steamer pays no attention. It goes straight ahead. Maybe they think it's just natives, but at any rate they don't put about or anything. I go to the edge of the water and shout to them. I go into it up to my waist and whistle and snap my fingers and call to it, as I would to a dog, but they pay no attention. And then I give up."

"I'm sorry, McCarthy," Janssen says.

"What are you sorry for?" I asks her. "You ought to be glad."

"I am glad," she says. "I'm glad for myself, but I'm sorry for your sake, McCarthy. I'm really sorry."

"ONE night we're setting by the fire in the moonlight, and I'm trying to figure out how the natives build their huts, because I want to build one for Janssen. There's a queer sort of rain in these islands. Sometimes in a bright sky a cloud will pass, very high, very quick, and the rain comes down like bullets. You can hear it thunder in the leaves, and rattle over the sea like pistol shots. And it's not so pleasant after a while. It's over in a minute or so but Janssen ought to have some place when it comes."

"And Janssen is sitting there as quiet as anything, making figures in the sand and saying nothing. She turns to me."

"McCarthy," she says, "did I really kill Alec de Vries?"

"You killed him dead."

"It seems like a dream to me, a bad dream in the night."

"If you had waited and looked at that corpse, you'd have known it was no dream."

"And because I killed a man that was no use to anyone I've got to go back."

"You've got to go back, all right," I tell her.

"Well, do you know, it's only fair," she says.

"You've called the tune, and danced it, and you've got to pay the fiddler. But I'm scared, McCarthy. I'm terribly scared. It would be very easy for me to jump in the water or borrow your gun some night. Think of it. They put metal on your legs and strap you into a chair, and they put a cap over your head. And then a man, as human as yourself, pushes a switch, and just as if he were putting out a light, he puts out the light of your life, the same light that's in himself. . . . And all in the cold gray morning . . ."

"TELL you something, kid"—I had this on my mind for a while. "I don't think they'll burn you. We'll get you a good lawyer when we go back and you'll get off with a long stretch up the river."

"But don't you see, McCarthy," she laughs nervously, "that that's worse still? A person does something, as I've done, because his mind and his—his self—are full of nooks and cran-

In *Hearst's* for Next Month

THE BROAD-MINDED MARQUIS

By

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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nies, dust and cobwebs, bad feelings, passions. And he flies away. And maybe in the desert or the mountains a great wind comes and cleanses him. And he mends the shattered self together.

"But the silly judge and the silly police go after him, and they send him to prison, and he sits there in the darkness and the wheels of his head go around. And the cobwebs collect again, and the grime from the other people comes off on him. And in the end he is worse than he was in the beginning."

"I'd rather die, McCarthy, die, all in the cold gray morning."

"A MONTH after this Janssen falls ill. Perhaps it's a gust of rain that's made her ill. Perhaps it's some of the berries or the fish or something. But at any rate, there she lies, white and near dead, all the life gone from her. There's nothing I can do for her much but try to cheer her up and move her when she's tired of lying in one position."

"You've got to get well, Janssen," I say to her. "You've got to make an effort."

"But why?" she asks.

"Why shouldn't I die?"

"That's no way to talk."

"What has life got for me?" she asks bitterly.

"The electric chair?"

"You've got nothing to worry about," I say. "It'll be only a few years up the river and then out again, and the good old days."

"I won't live for that," she says.

"Well, listen," I joke with her. "You're not going to make me come all the way across the world for you, and then not bring you home. You're not going to throw me down, kid; be game."

"I'd like to oblige you, McCarthy," she smiles; "but even for that I won't stay alive. Can't you think of any other reason?"

"It would be awful lonely, if you were to go," I say; and I mean it. "Awful, awful lonely. I'm getting very fond of you, Janssen."

"That's better," she says, and pats my hand. And she turns her head. "Don't worry, McCarthy. I'll—I'll live."

ARE you a believer in modern miracles? What force wrought the marvelous change in Anna Janssen? What really happened there on that desert island? See *Hearst's* for April.

The Man who Shot the Fox

(Continued from page 12)

Sir Arthur might have wavered for an instant in his indignant advance on the little house if a derisive voice from its doorway had not decided him. Outside the house, and immediately under its hairy sign, stood a rough bench and table such as are often found on the frontage of old inns; and on the bench, with his elbow on the table, sat the smiling proprietor of this irregular hostelry. His appearance was as strange as a living scarecrow's, for his raven-colored hair stood out in long crooked wisps like the ruffled or broken feathers of a raven; his lean, high-featured face was bronzed like a gypsy's; and his patched and tattered clothes seemed to be hardly held together by a broad, shabby old leather belt. But it was perhaps the most fantastic fact of all that out of this walking rubbish heap of rags and bones there came the incongruous accent of an educated man.

"May I offer you a glass of ale, gentlemen?" he called out very coolly. "Mr. East, it will have a most inspiring effect on your eloquence."

"LOOK here!" burst in the young squire. "I've come here to end all this nonsense; and what's more, I'll not have Mr. East talked to in this impudent fashion in the village. He's a better man than any of you beasts are ever likely to be; and you'd much better learn a few cleaner ideas from him."

"I am sure he is a perfect Galahad," drawled the man leaning on the table, "and calculated at any moment to follow the Gleam and go after the Holy Grail. But really, I am very unfortunate today! I should not have mentioned the Holy Grail, of course. How difficult you must find it to expurgate all the legend and literature of the world! And how unfortunate it is that the Christian Sacrament itself did not take the form of lemonade! But—"

"If you blaspheme, it about finishes it for me," said the squire furiously. "Look here! I know nothing about you, except that my father called you Martin Hook, and let you hang on at this place for some reason I could never comprehend. I respect my father's memory; but I also respect myself and the

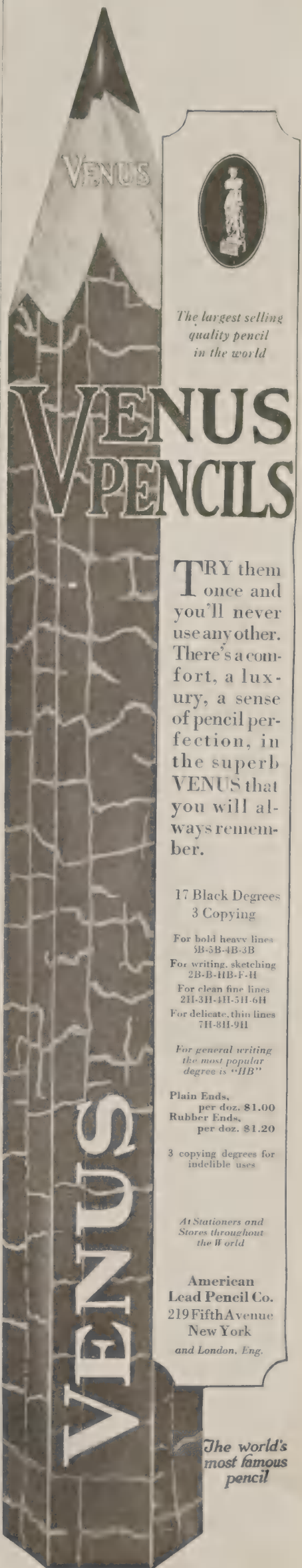
people of this village; and there's a limit to everything. I'll give you the ordinary notice, though I'm not bound even to do that, as it happens; but you must clear out of this."

THE man called Hook put one clawlike hand on the table and took a flying leap over it. When he stood in front he was transfigured; all his lounging and sneering manner had dropped from him, and he spoke like an insulted gentleman.

"I shall not need your notice," he said. "Long ago I swore that if ever such a word was spoken to me, I would walk away on the spot; and if ever I walked away, I would never return. You shall never see me again, and I will never see you again; and perhaps it is as well. I will only stop to collect a few things."

He strode into the house with his new air of energy while they stood wondering outside. A rummaging about was heard in the dark and dismal interior. He reappeared with a sort of light luggage more fantastic than his clothes: a gun under his arm, a bottle of brandy sticking out of his pocket, some ragged books stuffed into the other pocket; and balanced in one hand a big packet of parchments or papers tied with red tape and yellow seals. But this last was the greatest surprise of all; for with a gesture like a conjurer's he sent the packet flying through the air in the direction of the squire, who had to forget his dignity and catch it like a cricket-ball.

BEFORE he was free of the mere automatic accuracy of the act, the strange man who threw it was looking down on him from the steep bank behind the house, which was clothed with the beginning of a pine wood. Standing against the gray and purple shadows of the pine-trunks, his figure had something unearthly beyond all its ugly details; he looked at least as outlandish as a red Indian. And it was out of such a twilight, seeming indescribably distant and disconnected, that his voice came for the last time. "Good-by, Sir Arthur," he said. "I am going far away from your village—possibly to starve; more probably to steal. Under these circumstances, I thought I would leave a piece of information with you. I am your brother."



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THE squire continued to stare at the gray and purple shadows of the pine-wood; but there were only the shadows to be seen. The first thing that snapped the long strain of the silence was the voice of David East, and his words sounded strange.

"What a sunset!" he said suddenly. "Real red sunsets are common enough in books; but they are very rare in sketch books—at least in genuine sketch books like yours. That sky is the sort of thing you'll never see again all your life. It's like having seen a great comet."

"Did you hear what that ruffian said?" articulated the squire at last. "What the devil has the sunset got to do with it?"

"It has nothing to do with it. That is why I mentioned it," answered East quietly. "Believe me, when you've had a shock, the very best thing is to go on doing exactly what you were going to do before. If you're thrown out of a cab, you should immediately get into another. If you were going to paint the evening sky, you'd better go on and paint the evening sky. I'll put up your easel."

"It's no good," said Irving. "I can't do anything. It's not worth the trouble of getting out the sketching-block."

"I will get out your sketching-block," replied East.

"I don't even feel as if I could take the old sketch off it," went on Sir Arthur. "A rotten sketch, too."

"I will take the old sketch off," said the other.

"It's getting too dark to begin all over again," murmured Irving, distractedly, "and my pencil's broken as well."

"I will sharpen your pencil," replied David East.

HE HAD already fished out the block from the artist's materials, along with pencils and a big Swedish knife, with which he first slit off the top sheet of cartridge paper, and then proceeded calmly to sharpen the pencil. Sir Arthur Irving had a sense of soft and steady pressure, from a will he had never consciously appreciated before. He turned mechanically to stare at the blank white paper set up for him; and then at the great semicircular theater of the wooded hills enriched by the deepening tints of the sunset.

As he did so, there came in the utter stillness the crack and detonation of a gun. He swung round with the very sound of it; but he was already too late. The Rev. David East had fallen all his length, with his face sunken among the grass and bracken; and the fingers which were spread out, still touching the half-sharpened pencil and the knife, seemed almost to stiffen as Irving looked down at them. He had an instinctive and instantaneous knowledge that the man was dead. And amid all the immeasurable emotions that towered up in him too high for his mind to grasp, the one distinct sensation was a feeling of the huge and hideous disproportion of a man being killed while he was cutting a pencil.

HIS next action was equally instinctive, and perhaps more irrational. He stood rigid so long as the echoes of the volley alone mocked the silence; but as they died away, he heard another sound—an unmistakable brush or scurry in the thickets just behind him, as if someone were escaping after the catastrophe. He leaped forward with renewed life, raced across the intervening space, and plunged into the wood.

He was in time to arrest a retreating figure, who stopped at the noise of pursuit, and turned a pale face over his shoulder. It was the white face of Philip Swayne, whiter than he had seen it that day; and he felt for the first time something Mephistophelian in the almost scarlet tufts of eyebrow and mustache.

"Oh, my God!" said Irving. "This is too horrible! Why on earth did you do it?"

"Do what?" asked Swayne shortly.

"By God, you are innocent then!" cried Irving.

"It may surprise you, but I am," replied Swayne, "and I think, after all these years, the bare possibility of it might have crossed your mind."

"But who could have done it?" cried the distracted squire. "I do beg your pardon, Swayne; but I've no time to do it properly now. For God's sake come back with me to the place at once."

THE easel stood up a dark and crazy skeleton out of the dim bracken; and just above it, on the ridge against the after-glow, stood another dark figure, crazier than any skeleton. It was the bird of ill omen. Their fancy had already compared the figure



Together they closed in on this wild man of the woods . . . and his one free arm sent Swayne sprawling.

to a raven; now it looked like the raven of the old war ballads, hovering over the battlefield above the slain.

Though it was but a black, tattered, and fantastic outline, Irving had instantly recognized the man called Martin Hook, and plunged through the undergrowth towards him. Even as he did so, the strange man made a motion with his hand that seemed as horrid as a second crime. He lifted the light gun he carried, and shook it aloft like a sword or spear—one vibrant and living gesture of victory and vengeance.

The man started, however, upon finding himself observed, and even dropped his gun, throwing up his hands a moment either in exultation or wonder. The next moment the young squire had sprung on him and bore him backwards to the earth.

There was an instant of almost startling stillness; and then the struggle was renewed on the ground, the man underneath rolling and kicking so far afield that the easel was sent staggering and was finally shattered by the squire's body, flung with a crash, as if through its whole framework. The wild man of the woods regained his feet; he had also regained his gun. As Swayne, hurrying to the rescue, rushed at him in turn, he swung up the butt-end like a club; but Irving also was on his feet again and, springing from behind, wrenched it away once more. They closed on the man, and both found themselves sprawling, their momentary captive towering above them with a leg of the broken easel quivering in his hand. It was only when Swayne had seized a strap from the artistic baggage by the body, and managed to twist it round the man's wrists, that their combined strength managed to master him.

THAT night after dinner, the young squire sat down with characteristic seriousness, in evening dress at an elaborate and well-ordered desk, to open and study the parchment packet that had been flung into his hand at the beginning of all these wild events. He read the papers steadily, turning over page after page without a word; and at the end his face was of an unaltered gravity, but of an altered pallor.

Up and down the veranda outside, his sister and Philip Swayne were walking; their figures crossed the window from time to time in the moonlight. He saw the long perspectives of paths and hedges and the tall poplars on the horizon.

After staring sadly for a few moments at the moonlit garden, he struck a bell at his

side. Then he scribbled a few lines on paper and sealed it up in an envelope, exactly filling the interval of time before a gray-haired servant with a heavy face appeared in the doorway.

"Please have this delivered," he said, "to Sir Martin Irving. He is in the local prison."

THE manservant's heavy face almost awoke with wonder, and the hand held out for the letter hesitated. The young squire repeated firmly: "To Sir Martin Irving, in the prison. He is the man who used to be called Martin Hook. Find out if the police will allow him to receive that letter. They will read it themselves, of course."

And he got up and went out onto the veranda, leaving the servant with the letter in his hand.

The squire stood waiting outside the window, while Swayne and Mary Irving walked towards him. He had been apparently mistaken about their attitude before; but he felt fairly certain that he was not mistaken now. His sister's face, one never prone to exaggerate or even to express happiness, told him that some happiness at least had already come out of the tragedy in the woods. What was the nature of the obstacle that had separated the two only that morning he could not imagine, but it was clear that it had been an obstacle to the wishes of both; and that the obstacle was now removed, if only by the mad act of a murderer. And it weighed on him most heavily of all that he had now to throw another burden of trial and change and peril into the fine poise and balance of his sister's sensitive conscience.

"Mary," he said, abruptly, "there is something I must tell you at once. Another rather terrible thing has happened."

PHILIP SWAYNE turned easily on his heel, and tactfully strolled out of the veranda onto the lawns beyond; they could see his tall figure passing into the shadows of the plantation beyond. Mary stood still, as if looking after him, but she neither moved nor spoke.

"It is terrible to see you staring at our old park," he said at last, rather huskily. "For I, at any rate, may be looking at it for the last time. The long and the short of it is that this place is not ours."

After a pause he went on: "I have just looked through all the legal papers and I fear they do establish the fact that my father had a legitimate elder son, disowned when he was about sixteen, when I was barely six and

you were not born. They seem to have quarreled because the boy shot a fox; at which my father was naturally indignant, as a country gentleman concerned for the best opinion of the county; though perhaps his indignation carried him too far. The man who shot the fox, it would seem, tells a story of his own to excuse himself. He professes that the fox was threatening those pigeons that Father used to keep.

"I can hardly believe that, for surely he need only have said so, to have it regarded as an extenuation at least; for Father was very fond of the pigeons. He does not even pretend that he mentioned the pigeons at the time, and I think they must have been an afterthought. But though I can hardly believe his excuses, I fear there is no doubt about his claims. And all that would matter very little to me, estate and all, if it weren't for this last ghastly calamity—that the man who is to bear my title is standing almost under the gallows for the murder of poor East."

STILL the girl did not move or speak but stood with her face turned away like a statue in the moonlight. Shaken by all the shocks of the day, Irving began to feel her unshaken rigidity as something creepy and a new strain on his nerves.

"Mary," he said, "are you ill? Was it too much of a shock to you?"

"No," she replied. "It was not a shock to me."

"Then I don't understand what's the matter with you," persisted her brother.

"It was not a shock," said the girl, "because I knew it before. Mr. East told me."

"What? Did East know? Had that anything to do with his death? Come, you must really tell me the truth," cried Irving, exasperated with her mute and motionless attitude. "Remember, I must still stand for the honor of our family, even if I am not the head of it. And everything that can be done by sorrow and justice is due to the man who died almost in my service."

"Yes," she said, after a moment's thought, "sorrow and justice are certainly due to all the dead—even to him."

"What do you mean?" demanded her brother.

"I say they are due even to him," she said steadily, "though he was a horrible man."

"What are you saying? I thought—I thought you promised to marry him only this morning."

"I promised to marry him because he was a horrible man," said Mary Irving.

THERE was an insupportable silence; and then she said, still looking at the moonlight on the lawns:

"I think I am the kind of woman who is always doing wrong through worrying about doing right. Anyhow, I knew about it, and he knew about it, and by this time Philip knows about it, because I have told him. You are the only one of us who did not know. And as I knew that when you learned it you would give up the estate instantly—"

"Thank you," said Irving sternly, and lifted his head.

"I thought it would kill you," went on his sister. "I thought all your life and hopes were bound up with this place, and that any thing must be done to keep the secret. Yes, even if I had to marry a blackmailer."

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Irving, "that this man I have known all my life, this man who was my father's friend, put you on the rack to torture you for such a purpose?"

"Yes," answered the girl, and lifted her own pale face. "He put me on the rack. But I did not speak."

"Will you forgive me if I leave you?" said Irving, after another silence. "I must think it out by myself, my dear, or you will have two mad brothers."

HE WANDERED away into the garden, pacing the paths and lawns wildly with his face white in the moon; and when Swayne found him in the plantation he might almost have passed indeed for a wild man of the woods himself. But Swayne was a healthy and humorous adviser, and it was not long before they were both back in the study again, turning over the papers in a more equable fashion and elucidating them with the notes of some of Swayne's own investigations.

"His case is subtle, I think," said Swayne. "But have you considered his character in the light of that old affair of the fox and the pigeon? He was really quite right to kill the fox, which was in the act of eating a pigeon, and your father would have thanked

for it. But he never told your father. He preferred to drag out a squalid existence in that tumble-down tavern, alone with the black joke of being in the right."

"Do you mean to say," asked Irving abruptly, "that he could have defended himself about the—?" He stopped.

"THERE are two little problems," began Swayne, abruptly but calmly, "which puzzled me about that murder. The first was the struggle we had, when he stood with his hands up and you sprang at him. You bowled him over like a ninepin. And yet, a moment afterwards, he had the strength of ten devils. We are both strong men, and it took us all our time to hold him. What do you guess from that? I will tell you my guess. I guess that he had no idea at first that you were going to attack him, and that he was not lifting his hands to attack you. It may seem mad, but it is my serious belief that he was going to embrace you."

"Madness is hardly the word for it," replied Irving, staring. "Tell me what you're really driving at."

"The other problem," resumed Swayne calmly, "I came upon when I picked up that rap from beside the body. I saw it only a flash; but you'll remember that the dead man's fingers still lay lightly on the pencil and the long Swedish knife with which he had been cutting it. But the knife was the wrong way round."

"The wrong way round," repeated Irving. "Something cold began to creep through his blood."

"East was not holding it as a man holds a tool, with the point upwards. He was holding it as a man holds a dagger, with the point downwards. I do not wonder that you look at me like that. But it is best to say it, and get it over. East was shot dead at the very moment when he was about to grab you where you stood."

"RTHUR IRVING tried to speak; but no words came."

"You were standing with your back to him, you will remember, and giving him the very moment of opportunity. He wanted to seize the opportunity badly, and had probably caught you over the brow of the hill out of sight of the village on purpose. He wanted you then and there, for a very simple reason. It was his whole policy to keep your family in possession and marry into it; he knew your father would never normally speak; and he had never calculated on his throwing you a packet of papers. If you went home and read them, his whole scheme was in ruins. You merely died, your sister had the property and he had your sister's word."

"East was a gentleman of remarkable civility and presence of mind; and it was

apparent to his intellect that you had better merely die. Only in the nick of time, your brother saw the gesture from the woods above. He also is a gentleman of great presence of mind; and the bullet went quicker than the knife. Your brother rushed down, in a rare revulsion of feeling in favor of his own blood which he had rescued, and thinking

haired servant again appeared, carrying a letter on a tray. Irving opened it and read slowly the lines of bold, irregular writing that completed the story:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You are certainly behaving handsomely; and I feel I ought to do the same. I do not



Roberta Arnold and Frank Craven in the Play of the Month (see page 21) agree that "the first year is always the hardest. The young couple ought not to get married till the second year."

only of a reconciliation. And he found himself again knocked down for having killed the fox when he had saved the pigeon. Only this time, by a new artistic touch, he was knocked down by the pigeon."

A knock came at the door, and the gray-

in the least want your great big ugly house; and I shall be quite content to go back to my beer at the sign of the fox's brush. I feel I must be equally forgiving about the affair of the other fox I shot, though I was very much annoyed about it.

I had originally intended to say nothing, and only allow you to learn the truth when you had hanged me neatly at the end of a rope. The idea affected me as humorous.

Your legal friend wanted to establish my innocence in various ways highly wounding to my vanity. He offered to prove that I was not a murderer by proving, first, that I was a bad shot, which is a lie; second, that I was a lunatic, which is also a lie; and third, that I did not with cold premeditation intend to destroy the Rev. David East; which is the greatest lie and slander of all, and a gross reflection on my public spirit and sense of social reform. By elaborate lies like that he might have got me off; and by other elaborate lies like that he might equally well have got East off—probably by pleading that certain exercises with a Swedish knife were a part of Swedish drill.

But even if they had hanged East, they would only have done it after artificial, interminable ceremonies intended to show he was guilty; whereas I killed him swiftly because I knew he was guilty. And this is what reminds me so much of our poor father and the fox. If I had put on an absurd pink coat and wasted hours in wandering about with a litter of dogs, if I had kept a lot of silly rules, almost as silly as those of a law-court, he would have thought it quite natural that I should exist only to kill foxes. But because I sacrificed a wild beast when it was devouring our own livestock, he could see nothing except that I had broken a rule.

Under these circumstances you will excuse me if I maintain that I am not mad, but you are; that it is you and all your law-courts and hunting fields and solemn sport and fantastic "fair play" that are mad. I kill vermin when the vermin is trying to kill; and it may surprise you to learn that I regard myself as a person of considerable common sense. Anyhow, all's well that ends well, as the fox said when his tail was put back at the right end.

Yours always,

MARTIN IRVING.

IRVING looked at the last sentence with a faint smile; and his eyes again wandered to the window. By this time he was alone once more; for Swayne had taken the opportunity to slip out at the open windows, and was once more walking with Mary Irving on the veranda under the moon.

MORE of G. K. Chesterton's articles and stories will appear in early issues. Meanwhile, watch for Max Beerbohm's whimsical "Going Out for a Walk"—coming soon in *Hearst's*.

The Red Rays of Ahmed Hassan

Continued from page 10)

"Tell us where she is!" he replied, glaring at the Turk with wild eyes.

"Let us first ascertain whether he knows anything at all about the matter," I put in.

"TURNED to Hassan. He had sunk back on his chair and was even now only beginning to recover his breath. He looked at me with an anger that was venomous."

"I will have diplomatic satisfaction for this outrage!" he gasped. "You shall answer for this!"

"We offer our apologies here and now for our friend's violence, Mr. Hassan," I said. "He is not quite responsible for his actions at this moment. He has had a cruel shock and it is unfortunate that you should be connected in his mind with the cause of it. Perhaps you can give us some information as to the whereabouts of Miss Mansfield?" I was observing him narrowly as I spoke, and the astonishment on his face impressed me with its genuineness.

"Miss Mansfield?" he queried. "Why—what has happened to her?" There was no trace of anger in him now. It had vanished in his startled concern. "Miss Mansfield? At she was all right yesterday—"

MISS MANSFIELD disappeared from her room during the night or early in the morning, Mr. Hassan," I said, explicitly. "As you were much in her company, it is only natural—"

He made a helpless gesture with his hands. "But, my dear doctor," he said, "what can I do? I know nothing about the business. It is true that Miss Mansfield was one of a

Party which accompanied me on an excursion yesterday. But she returned safely—you can satisfy yourselves as to that. The other ladies of the party can testify to it. Since then I have not seen Miss Mansfield. Until you informed me of it, I was ignorant that anything had occurred to her."

PREJUDICED as I was against the young man's sleek plausibility, his manner seemed to me quite convincing.

"She has friends who will not rest until she is recovered!" broke in Forsyth vehemently. Hassan smiled at him.

"What I can do, I will, Doctor," he resumed, turning to me. "I will put the special police on the matter. They are—ah—to a certain extent under my orders," he added with a negligent magniloquence. "And, should I hear anything, I will of course immediately inform you. The strictest search shall be made; I promise you that."

FORSYTH wrested himself from Thompson's grasp. He came straight up to Hassan, looked him in the eyes.

"For all that, I believe you know where she is!" he said. "And I assure you I am going to find her!"

"Come along, Forsyth," said Thompson, touching him on the arm. "We shall do no more here. Let us go to the Allied Mission."

THE authorities were as good as their word. The most astute of their secret-service agents were put on the trail, but with no result.

In view of our suspicions, the strictest watch, of course, was kept on Ahmed Hassan. He was shadowed wherever he went. His rooms—he too had a flat on the borders of the Pera district—were broken into and ransacked by agents disguised as burglars. Nothing was found which in the least suggested any complicity in the affair. His movements were quite normal. He spent his days either with us or in his office; he dined at a restaurant; he spent the evening at a café; he went home to his apartment, just as he did every day. But we did not hear, and day after day passed and not even the slightest trace of the girl was discovered.

FORSYTH was distracted with anxiety.

He made no secret now of his love for Netta. Day after day he wearied himself with expeditions, in all sorts of disguises, to places where he thought he might get some clue to the mystery. Day after day he pestered the Allied Intelligence officers with theories at which they could only smile. They were doing their best. The hunt in every nook and corner of Constantinople was still going on. But so far they could not give him one word of comfort. Hassan and his police reports, Forsyth ignored with undisguisedly contemptuous suspicion.

Both Thompson and myself began to worry about our friend. He was approaching dangerously close to a breakdown, nervous and mental.

OUR flat, as I told you, had been occupied during the war by a German doctor and we had taken over his furniture. One day, when we were almost in despair for a distraction that would even momentarily interest or amuse our friend, Thompson, who was rummaging about in a cupboard full of our predecessor's effects, uttered a cry of gratified surprise.

"Look here, Harford! Have you ever seen this curious little toy before?"

I went across to him and saw a small box, with the name of a well-known London firm of medical publishers on the inside of the open lid.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You've heard of the Becquerel 'N' rays, haven't you?" he responded. "This is the apparatus for viewing them."

I had, of course, read in the scientific press just before the war the controversy which ensued upon the discovery of those mysterious rays with which the names of Dr. Becquerel and Dr. Blondlot were identified, but I had never had an opportunity of actually seeing them for myself. With this box before me, I now remembered hearing that the necessary apparatus was upon the market.

THOMPSON pulled out from the box a screen of two small sheets of glass, fastened in a frame face to face but about half an inch apart, and some stoppered bottles filled with blue crystals.

"Forsyth!" cried Thompson sharply. "Would you like to see a little scientific magic?"

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Forsyth roused himself, languidly enough, and came over to us.

"What do you mean?" he asked, glancing with the slightest of interest at the box. "What is it?"

"Would you like to see the human aura with your own eyes?"

"I'll do anything you like," said Forsyth. "Anything to pass the time. What is it—a conjuring trick?"

"No," replied Thompson, "it's a sober scientific demonstration. Wait a minute!"

He brought the box to the table and extracted its contents. Then, after a glance at the printed instructions which accompanied it, he mixed the blue crystals into a solution and poured the fluid into the space between the two glass plates. The result, of course, was a blue screen such as might have been used in a camera. He handed it to Forsyth.

"Now then," he directed, "go to the window and look through that screen at the daylight for five minutes. I'll tell you when the time's up."

FORSYTH obeyed, with the air of a man to whom all things are equally devoid of real interest. For five minutes, while Thompson stood watch in hand, he gazed through the little blue screen out of the window.

"Time!" said Thompson, going behind him and closing the jalousied shutters so as to darken the room. "Put the screen on the table and look at Harford."

Forsyth did as he was told. He laid aside the screen, glanced at me—and then stared at me as though there were something astonishingly abnormal in my appearance.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's extraordinary!" Thompson came round from the window and joined me. "You, too, Thompson! It's round both of you! A different color—yours is blue, Harford's is yellow!" His amazement had startled him into a genuine interest under the influence of which his obsession was for the moment forgotten. "What the deuce is it? How do you explain it?"

"I'll tell you in a moment," replied Thompson. "Would you like to try, Harford?"

"I should, very much," I answered.

He swung back the shutters again and I, too, stared for five minutes at the daylight through the blue screen. Then, the room once more darkened, I put down the screen and looked at my companions.

AROUND both of their bodies, but not actually in contact with them, was a sort of colored mist, extending for about six inches and following their contour. The mist was striated with fine lines which in Thompson's case stood out straight like the rays of a halo, but which drooped, with a suggestion of feebleness, all round Forsyth's figure.

"Do you see colors?" asked Thompson.

"Yes," I replied. "Yours is blue; Forsyth's is a kind of green." I raised my finger-tips before my eyes. There, streaming from them, were the mysterious emanations—a primrose yellow—which met as I held them about a foot apart. There was something peculiarly uncanny about seeing this radiance, like gas not ignited until a short distance from the jet, issuing from one's own body. "Mine's yellow," I remarked. "Exactly as Forsyth said."

"Good," agreed Thompson. "I'll just have a look myself and then I'll tell you all about it."

He in his turn looked through the screen at the daylight and then turned to us. He nodded his head with some satisfaction.

"I SEE the colors also," he said. "It is curious that the three of us should be able to see them. Anyone can see the mist of the aura, but only a minority can actually see its color. We three are evidently highly susceptible subjects."

"But what is it that one sees?" asked Forsyth. "I can see the halos all round both of you plainly still."

"You will see them for an hour or so yet," replied Thompson. "The blue solution in this screen—it is a solution of dicyanin, but

I don't know the exact formula—has the peculiar property of enhancing the receptivity of the optic nerve, or of the sense-organs behind it. This effect persists for some hours before it finally dies away."

"But what is it?" queried Forsyth, now thoroughly interested. "Electricity?"

"No," replied Thompson. "What you see are the Becquerel 'N' rays—which is merely a name for an incompletely understood radio-activity of the human body. Certain people—those of the temperament called 'psychic'—can see them at all times without any special preparation. It ex-

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THE BARON'S BRIDGE

By

BRUNO LESSING

In Hearst's for Next Month

plains the old story of the halo and the aura. The color varies considerably with the health, character, and mental activity of the individual, as also does the straightness of the rays. Yours, for example, my friend, are drooping in a way that suggests your urgent need of medical care."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Forsyth. "I'd like to see the thought-forms round that scoundrel Ahmed Hassan!"

"It would be worth trying!" I ejaculated, seized with the idea.

Thompson nodded.

"IT IS just possible we might get a clue," he said thoughtfully, "if only from changes in his aura when we mention the subject. I don't know about more than that—although the dicyanin has made all three of us virtually clairvoyants. The effect will persist for some time yet."

He reflected for a moment and then jumped up from his chair in some excitement.

"We'll try it, Forsyth! His thoughts, whatever else they are, are vibrations in the gray matter of his brain. If those vibrations reach our abnormally heightened consciousness—focused on the subject as they are—we might be able to get some hint from them, to reconstruct the hidden picture in his mind. Philosophically, the thing is possible!"

"He'll be here at any moment," I put in. "He promised to come round this afternoon."

*There is much in the mystery of life that one would never suspect. These N-rays are only another example of the insufficiency of our normal senses. Matter—the ultimate atom—is a group of electrons, a series of infinitely minute solar systems in a constant reciprocal bombardment like that of radium. They radiate continually a certain amount of force which passes through the etheric atmosphere as vibrations. Every change in those conglomerates—every thought-impulse in the brain, for example—modifies those vibrations. But—and this is the important point—only a fractional percentage of the total range of known vibrations is perceptible to our normal sensory system. Vibrations of about 25 to roughly 40,000 a second, for example, we know as sound. Then there is a vast gap. We pick them up again at one million. Vibrations between one million and two millions a second we know as electricity. Again there is an enormous gap. We jump straight away to 250 billions a second—and a billion is a thousand millions. Those vibrations we know as the infrared light rays and the scale increases through the spectrum until we reach the ultra-violet at one trillion (or 1,000 billions). Then ordinary perception fails us once more until we reach the inconceivable figure of 250 trillions a second. The vibrations which pass through the etheric atmosphere at from 250 trillions to five quadrillions a second are the Röntgen rays, known as the X-rays.

The "N" rays are those immediately beyond the ultra-violet—more than 1,000 billions of vibrations a second. Normally unperceived, the dicyanin increases the susceptibility of human vision sufficiently to include them, just as under hashish, for example, the perception of sound is enormously enhanced. They correspond in some way to the mental, emotional, and physical state of the human individual. Certain people—those psychically perceptive people who can see the aura without the preliminary use of the dicyanin screen—allege that changes in the inner psychic entity so strongly affect the vibrations emanated from it that they can at times visualize what they call "thought-forms" built up by the mental action of the person they are looking at.

"Let's try it!" urged Forsyth. "We can't neglect anything—fanciful or not!"

"There's no fancy about this," replied Thompson. "It's no more fanciful than a wireless operator listening at his instruments. He may hear nothing; on the other hand—"

He left his thought uncompleted, pondering evidently the practicability of a scheme that had suddenly occurred to him. "I want something to fire the train—to cause an explosion in his mind," he said, rather to himself than to us. "Let me see!" He stood for a moment withdrawn in reflection.

Then he turned to Forsyth. "Have you anything belonging to Miss Mansfield—anything that would strongly suggest her personality?"

FORSYTH blushed. "A photograph?" he hazarded, diffidently.

"Excellent! Let me have it!"

Forsyth went to his room and returned with a very good photograph of the girl. Her signature, "Netta," was scrawled across the bottom.

Thompson took it with a grunt of approval and thrust it into his pocket.

"Now we'll all of us reinforce our susceptibility by another look through the screen," he said.

We did so, in turn.

The auras emanating from each of us, in the room once more darkened to a half-light, were more vivid than ever. It was noticeable how Forsyth's rays straightened out in response to the eager activity of his mind.

"We'd better get those guns of ours," he said. "One never knows. He may show fight."

It was obvious that, to Forsyth, there was no question of Hassan's culpability; to him the problem was merely to demonstrate it. But I by no means shared the confident certainty expressed in his tone. Apart from the doubtful chances of our experiment, we had not the slightest proof that the young man was implicated in the affair. However, Thompson curtly approved the suggestion and we all slipped our revolvers into our pockets.

A moment later there was a step outside. "Sit down and look normal!" commanded Thompson. "Let me do the talking."

WE HAD scarcely settled ourselves when there was a tap on the door, and in response to Thompson's "Come in!" the door opened and Ahmed Hassan entered.

In the renewed gloom, as he closed the door behind him, it was uncanny to see that dapper young Turk standing there, silhouetted against a somber curtain which hung over the door, all unconscious of the aureole of colored rays emanating from his body. I was struck by the peculiarly livid hue of the shifting play of the reds and yellows that flickered round him.

"In darkness?" he said gaily. "It's past the hour of the siesta!"

Thompson rose to greet him.

"Our friend Forsyth here has a headache," he explained.

Hassan made a gesture of polite commiseration.

"Poor Mr. Forsyth!" he said. "Alas! I have no news for him."

Even as he spoke, I saw his aura change to a violet red, and then go colorless. It was as though by a quick effort of his will he checked an instinctive thought, forced his inner mind to blankness.

AT THAT moment, Thompson, who was standing fairly close to him, pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose with factitious violence. Forsyth's photograph, dragged out with the handkerchief, fell face-downwards upon the floor, apparently unnoticed. Ahmed Hassan, all supple politeness, bent down to pick up the card, turned it over deftly, with the instinct of the practiced intriguer, for a glance at the other side.

There was perhaps a touch of superstition in his recognition of the features which smiled at him in such prompt answer to his wish. He certainly started as he straightened himself and stepped back; and

the aureole about him leaped into livid colorings which fluctuated around him like the lurid flames which flicker over the heart of a disturbed furnace.

On the instant, before he had uttered a word, my heart almost stopped with awed astonishment. What was that which built itself up like a ghost beside him? Netta Mansfield writhing, her head pulled back, across her mouth a cloth whose ends were held by somebody unseen, her wrists thrust forward and twisting in vain efforts to escape from—two spectral hands that emanated from Ahmed Hassan's body!

Yet Hassan's material hands still held the photograph at which he gazed. Was he for a moment involuntarily visualizing the guilt he was so anxious to conceal, a visualization in some way transmitted to our heightened faculties?

I dug my nails into Forsyth's quivering arm, forced him into immobility. In another instant the image had vanished.

AHMED HASSAN, his unsuspected aureole flickering wildly for yet a moment before its perturbation was quelled by that violent red flash of his will, stood smiling at us with a perfect self-command.

"The lady's photograph!" he said, handing it with a little bow to Thompson. "Let us take it as a happy omen!"

"It is more than that!" broke in Forsyth violently. My warning pressure silenced him.

"I do not quite understand?" queried Hassan, turning to him with his suave smile. But I saw a quiver shoot through those fluctuating hues that enveloped him. "Have I the happiness to hear that Miss Mansfield is found?"

Thompson went behind him unobtrusively and locked the door. His glance sought mine as his hand went to his pocket. I imitated his action. The next moment he had side-stepped in front of Hassan, held him covered with a .45.

"She is—virtually!" said Thompson, with a grim smile. "Put those hands up! Up!"

Hassan's right hand, which had made an instinctive movement towards his pocket, shot up into the air in company with his left. He glanced round to Forsyth and me, to see us both upon our feet, revolvers leveled.

NO MAN ever looked upon a queerer sight than those two figures confronting one another in that strange radiance of their auras: Thompson in a nimbus of steady, vivid blue light that played about the barrel of his threatening weapon, Hassan, with both arms high above his head, the effulgence streaming from his finger-tips enveloped in those spectral flames that flickered wildly through every variation of vivid hue. I glanced at Forsyth by my side. His aura glowed with a singular intensity.

"What does this mean—this—this unwarrantable outrage?" stammered Hassan, fear and anger chasing each other across his face in curious consonance with the shifting play of light about him.

"It means that you have only one chance to leave this room alive, Mr. Hassan," replied Thompson in a steady voice. "And that is to tell us where you have hidden Miss Mansfield!"

"I—I?" he stammered. "I have not seen Miss Mansfield since she was abducted."

"Since you abducted her," Thompson corrected him. "I know you haven't. You haven't dared—for all that you have hidden her—until the search should be given up. Out with it! We know!"

STEPPING back, out of range of a possible snatch at his weapon, he joined us so that we confronted Hassan in a semicircle of leveled revolvers.

"I—I hide her?" laughed Hassan scornfully, in a brave attempt at bluff—and once more there was that significant red flash. "I no more know where she is than you do!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, against the dark background of the curtain of the door, we all three saw a spectral picture of a house-front with a sign across it in large Greek characters.

"Stavropoulos!" ejaculated Forsyth. "Hotel Stavropoulos!"

HASSAN started in amazement at the words. Once more, although of course ignorant of it, he had involuntarily visualized the fact he was anxious to conceal.

"The Hotel Stavropoulos!" repeated Thompson. "You have told us!"

Hassan uttered a hoarse scream of rage, a wild babble of Turkish words among which

I only distinguished something like "Shaitan!" and flung himself madly at Forsyth.

"You shall not have her!" he cried, his voice half drowned by the deafening detonation of Forsyth's revolver.

He went over backwards to the floor, lay motionless with blood trickling from his shoulder.

Thompson went to the window-shutters and flung them open. In the full daylight the phantasmagoria of those uncanny auras vanished like a dream. He glanced at Hassan.

"Look to him, Harford!" he said. He went quickly across to the telephone which connected us with our own headquarters—a military line belonging to the Signal Service.

"Hello! Hello!" I heard his voice as I bent over the prostrate Hassan, pulled away the clothes from the shattered shoulder. "Hello! . . . Put me through to Intelligence. . . . Hello! Is that Intelligence? . . . Dr. Thompson speaking. Do you know the Hotel Stavropoulos? . . . All right. I'll wait."

There was a pause. "What? . . . In the Greek quarter? . . . A small place? . . . Right! Will you search the house at once? I have reason to believe that Miss Mansfield is concealed there. . . . Good! And I want some military police here immediately, to take over a prisoner. I'll explain later! . . . You're sending a car straight away to the Stavropoulos joint? Good! Let us know the result, will you? . . . Thanks."

He rang off.

WE LIFTED the unconscious Hassan to a sofa and bound up his wound.

Then we waited, the three of us, in a nervous tension. The minutes seemed like hours. It seemed an eternity before the telephone bell startled us.

Forsyth sprang to the instrument.

"Yes, yes!" he assured it eagerly. "What?" He swung round to us, his face lighted up. "She was there! She's found!"

Then he went down on the floor in a faint.

THE rest is anticlimax. Hassan had in fact abducted the girl and tucked her away in the back bedroom of a fifth-rate hotel in a rookery of the Fanar quarter. You can guess the kind of shop. Aware that he was being watched, he had not dared to go near the place. As Thompson surmised, he was waiting until she was given up for lost or dead. An Allied tribunal took a serious view of the case, but they had to hand him over to a Turkish prison, of course, and doubtless he is long since at liberty. However, I guess that doesn't worry Mrs. Forsyth in California.

"SOME yarn!" commented one of the listeners. "But I still don't understand, Doctor, how you could see those visions. It seems supernatural to me."

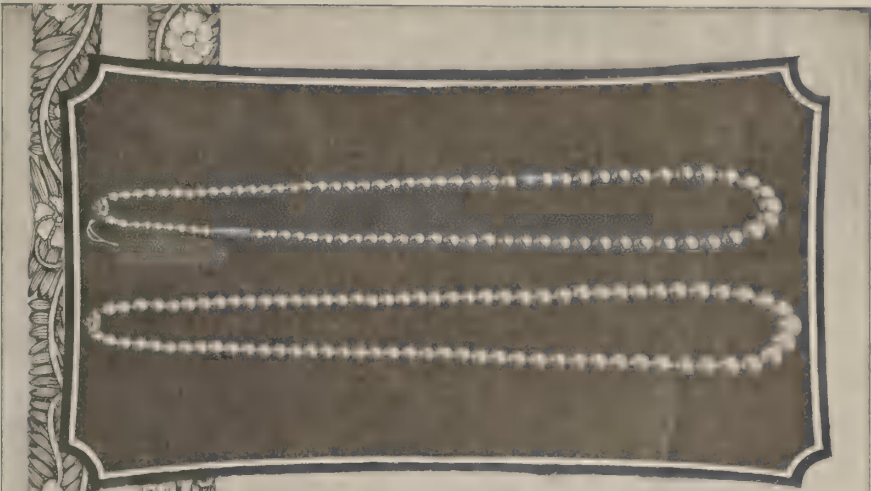
Dr. Harford glanced at his watch.

"I haven't time to go into the subtleties of telepathy," he said. "But when I describe something to you—a snow-clad mountain, for instance—you see it, don't you, with your mind's eye? Normally, it is a clumsy process. The thought-vibrations in my brain set muscles into motion which propagate sound-vibrations in the air between me and you. Those sound-vibrations impinge on your auditory nerves and propagate nerve-vibrations to the receiving-centers in your brain and, somehow or other, no one can tell you how, you retranslate those back into my original picture."

"But suppose that you are in such a state of abnormal receptivity that those thought-vibrations—certainly not confined to that conglomerate of electrons in microscopically loose juxtaposition which is my skull—reach your senses without the intermediary of the sound-vibrations. You will still build up the picture, and, if the suggestion is strong enough, you will build it up like an exteriorized vision, just as a hypnotic actually sees things which are suggested to him. In our case, our senses were heightened by the dicyanin as I explained to you. Hassan had to make concrete in his mind the ideas he wished to conceal; he had to identify them, as it were. And we picked up his unconscious wireless and visualized its contents. It's second sight, if you like, but there's nothing supernatural about it. Satisfied?"

"It's plausible, anyway," said the skeptic.

A GIRL was making gold on Hollister's Island, they said; so Garfinkle went down to investigate. See "The Golden Witch of Hollister," by John Fleming Wilson—in *Hearst's* for April.



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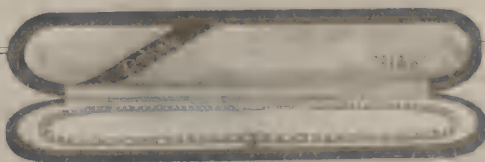
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His Portrait to Paderewski

(Continued from page 32)

"Oh, very much," I answered.

"What string quartets do you play?"

"I did not know any."

"Oh, anything you like," I said.

"Will you do the Mozart C Major?"

"Yes, I will."

"What do you think of the Mendelssohn D Major? Is it not brilliant?"

"Oh, yes, yes, very brilliant, very brilliant!"

"So," he said, "then we will give you anything we like."

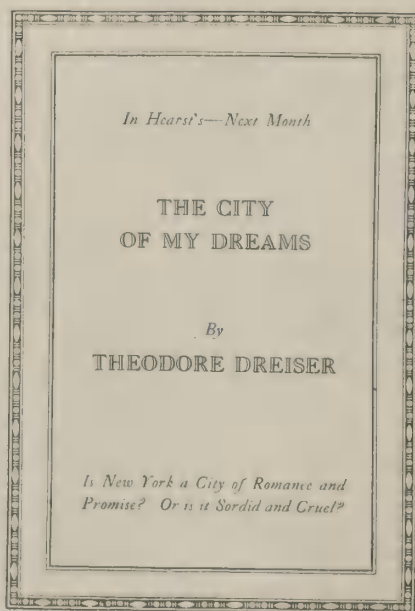
"Yes, anything will do," I replied.

THE music was then sent to my hotel, and I had time to study the score; but I had no conception of the interpretation, and the tempo, and the time it was to be played. I came to the first rehearsal. I had made my plans. Piatti, the great 'cellist, was one of the quartet. I figured: I will follow Piatti. Piatti went over his part, boom-boom-boom. Now that is the tempo. Well, the first rehearsal went off very well. And the concert came and I also played solos, and from then on I played for eighteen years in London.

I CAN not resist telling of Montoux's audacious snub at the Kaiser. Montoux was conducting the Russian Ballet of Diaghileff. In great excitement, the manager came rushing in, crying: "You must do great work tonight; the Kaiser comes." The Frenchman never had any use for the great William Hohenzollern, so he put his assistant in as substitute for the night.

The incident reminds one of Christophe Gluck, the composer who committed lese majesty by refusing to go forward with a performance not rehearsed to his satisfaction, despite the presence of the King.

TOURING with temperament is perhaps most interesting, however, away from the concert hall—when the artist is just himself. Of all the great, I know none whose home life is more idealistic than Amelita Galli-Curci's. With the maid who is almost a daughter, with the latest stray dog or cat, she lives the simple life. She is always looking over old mementos, scrap-books, autographs, pictures. At every turn the camera is in evidence. She takes dozens of snaps every week. The diva is an ardent automobilist. On seeing her at the wheel, with her friends and family, singing and shouting at the top of her voice, who would think



that a fortune is paid for every one of her recitals? Once on a little summer vacation, a trip was made to a dairy, and Galli-Curci laughingly dipped her face in the cream tub and scribbled her name on the walls.

IN CONTRAST to the calm of Galli-Curci is the demeanor of Moritz Rosenthal, the gifted pianist. Always excited, always nervous, he is perpetually worried about Rosenthal's welfare.

"Rosenthal is hungry—Rosenthal is thirsty—Rosenthal is tired." He never uses the pronoun "I" or "me," but he adopts his own name.

One day in a Southern city, Rosenthal read in a paper that mosquitoes carried yellow fever and might kill people. He was in terror. Special curtains were put up, and netting, and screens; indeed, every precaution was taken to keep him in spirit for his concert. Suddenly in the calm of the afternoon, a call was heard coming from Rosenthal's room.

"Rosenthal is doomed. Rosenthal will die." Porters, maids, hotel manager, Rosenthal's manager, rushed in and finally learned the cause of the excitement. There was a mosquito in the room. The insect was wary and elusive, and it was only after half an hour that the dead "beastie" was laid out for Rosenthal to see. Then he became calm again.

ROSENTHAL always practiced from nine to twelve. Nothing ever interfered with that plan or procedure. How absolutely he adhered to the rule is shown in this anecdote:

A woman—it is said—had captured the pianist's fancy. He persisted in his attempt to have her go riding with him. So persistent were his invitations that the affair became known to friends, who suggested a plan to end the romance. When Rosenthal next asked her to join him for a ride, she assented. She would go at ten o'clock the next morning. Between joy and dismay the pianist was torn.

"Any time, dear madame, in the afternoon will do better."

"What! You love me and will not go with me at ten? It is ten or never."

It was never, for between women and instrument, women never counted.

How different from Liszt, who would forget everything for a woman's smile! Women are peculiarly prone to fall in love with musicians, as *Lady Henry*, in Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray," says: "Pianists are so romantic!"

PADEREWSKI is a great card-player.

He will keep his advisers up all night at a game. Maria Barrientos is heart and soul in her boy's welfare. Sophie Braslau, the Metropolitan contralto, loves to play the piano and discuss philosophy. De Pachmann is an inveterate joker. Seated at a table in the Savoy Hotel, with Godowsky, Arthur Hartmann the violinist, and another, De Pachmann once said: "Think of it. In ages to come they will say that they lived, these great men, De Pachmann, and Godowsky, and—Hartmann and the other rose to bow their acknowledgments; De Pachmann coughed. "De Pachmann, Godowsky, Beethoven, and Mozart." The two were squelched.

GABRILOWITSCH was very anxious to meet De Pachmann, who wouldn't arrange it. Finally, one evening, Gabrilowitsch came face to face with De Pachmann and Godowsky, a mutual friend. An introduction was inevitable.

"I want you to meet Gabrilowitsch."

"Gabrilowitsch, Gabrilowitsch," said De Pachmann, trying to recall it. "The grocer, is it not?"

Later he was asked, "Don't you know that Gabrilowitsch is a pianist of real reputation?"

"Sure," he replied, "but why let him know I knew him?"

MISCHA ELMAN is an epicure. When he travels to a distant city, he always carries pretzels, eggs, and other provisions for a snack along the road. And what a banterer! Traveling to a recent concert with Paul Althouse, he was teasing the tenor, who hit back good-naturedly.

"What a cheap singer! Once," said Elman, "a violinist left a teacher. After a few years teacher and pupil met. The teacher inquired why he hadn't seen the erstwhile violinist. 'Oh,' said the fellow, 'I gave up music; I'm learning singing!'"

At that Elman roared, but Althouse declared: "You're only a fiddler. You saw wood. Anybody can do it."

Before the trip was over, Elman was singing tenor arias, and Althouse had tried to play the violin.

"I'd rather live in a hall-bedroom in New York than in a fifteen-room house anywhere else." Watch for "The City of My Dreams," by Theodore Dreiser—coming soon in Hearst's.

length of time at the snow-covered wastes in front of her. That all-pervading glare of sunlight lost its kindliness. It became oppressive and sinister. It was something she could not escape from. It seemed to take on miraculous penetrative powers, striking into the very core of her aching brain, leaving no refuge and no shadowy recesses for shrinking consciousness itself to creep into. It prompted her to think of the deep green gloom of forest pines, of dark-shadowed caves, of soft April twilights sinking off into the grateful peace of night. And as the ache across her frontal bone became more intense she stopped at times and covered her face with her gauntleted hands, as though guarding it from a falling lash.

But she kept on her way, doggedly and determinedly, for she knew that before nightfall she must reach the sheltering walls of Chicautibbi House.

Then she made a discovery. She found that the sun had lost much of its brilliance, that an opalescent mist seemed to have crept over her world of unbroken whiteness.

SHE felt, with a gulp of gratitude, that the light was no longer against her, for a flurring of lines made vision less torturing and the pain across the front of her skull merged into a mere ache.

When she stopped to look at her compass a sudden thrill of horror swept through her tired body. She could no longer see the floating steel needle. She could no longer see the dial of the instrument. She could make out only a blurred small object without shape and without meaning. She had intended to rest and eat some of the food she had brought with her, but the swift terror that had needled through her at the discovery of her helplessness drove all thought of hunger from her mind.

Yet even then she did not surrender to panic. It was snow-blindness, she knew, which was creeping over her. But with the coming day, she remembered, that assailing enemy known as Light should withdraw from its assaults. Already, she told herself, the sun must be well past its zenith, must be declining, must be losing a little of its power.

Her advance, as she tightened her moose-hide belt and pushed forward again, took on more of a groping movement. The trail she felt behind her was no longer a straight one and her gauntleted hands, as she moved forward step by step, were now held out in front of her, like the hands of a child learning to walk.

IT WAS not until she could no longer sense the sun in the sky above her that she began to call aloud. Her cry was not a shout of panic, but a studied and systematic "Hallo-o-o-o!" repeated every few minutes as she stopped and listened and pushed on again.

The sound echoed strangely through that empty world about her, oddly magnified by the still density of the Arctic air. It seemed to rise and bound and boomerang back on her, and then go careering off in scattering units, a stampeding herd of echoes across the plains of silence.

Once she stumbled and fell. She had great difficulty in getting to her feet again. For the first time, as she stood there with all sense of pace and direction lost to her, a small sob of distress broke from her throat. For by this time her sight was gone, altogether gone. As she started forward again, for she knew that above all things she must keep moving, the frost had deepened with the declining day, and there was treachery in that sub-zero pace with no breath of wind to lay bare the sharpness of its fangs. So she counted her steps, and at every hundredth step she stopped and called again, and listened, and once more groped forward.

NAZAIRE RENAUD, otherwise known as Yellow-Blanket, heading for Laird's crossing and "breaking trail" for the two dog-trains that followed him, traveled with a light heart. He traveled with a light heart and a dry throat, for word had gone forth that Christophe Mailloux, the whisky-runner, using the Mounted Police patrols, had arrived at Laird's Crossing with much firewater. And word had also gone forth that the potlatch was to be a memorable one.

Now, fire-water stands the one thing which awakens in the modern redskin and *métis* and *coursier-de-bois* those atavistic tendencies which go to disturb the even trend of civilization. Since it carries the threat of madness and relapse to that unstable mixed strain, the leaders of the Plains make it a point, for the sake of peace, to see that as little whisky as possible is carried into the posts and tepees of

Snowblind

(Continued from page 15)

the North. But the price that both Indian and half-breed will pay for this bottled anodyne is so generous that the unattached "free-trader" and the frontier bootlegger still find an occasional endowment of alcohol the shortest and easiest way to lucrative barter and the accumulation of pelts.

So Renaud, with Running Wolf at his heels, found music in the crack of the dog-whips and the jingle of the bells as he broke trail for

skin thong from his shoulder and pointed towards the uplifted white face of the woman. And the breed with the dog-whip showed with a small nod that he understood. And it was not until she tripped and fell and lay sobbing in the snow that Renaud stepped impassively to her side.

When she started and stirred and called out to him he answered only with his grunt of animal-like unconcern. But he helped her to her feet and half led and half carried her to his sleigh. There he thrust her down on a corded bale of evil-smelling pelts, and called out in an unknown tongue to his companion, who in turn called out to the restless dogs and sent the long whip-lash singing through the air.

They were under way again, a moment later, with the woman lying face-down on the rocking sledge and clinging to the bale-cords with what remained of her strength.

A HUSH fell over the post of Alba Laird, free-trader and bootlegger, as the two *métis* off the trail led in a white woman who walked gropingly and stared ahead of her with the unseeing eyes of the dead.

But the hush lasted only for a minute or two. It was followed by a movement of blowzy and unsteady figures as they crowded about the startled woman. There was a sudden low fusillade of talk in a tongue which she could not understand, an exchange of grunts and questions and answers which developed into a babel of contending voices. Then came a narrowing of the noisy circle about her.

SHE had no means of appraising that circle, just as she had no knowledge of the place to which she had been brought. But her unduly sensitized nostrils were assailed by the smell of spilled liquor and bad tobacco, of moist furs and leather and floor-dust. She was conscious of the heat from a wood-stove, red-hot along its iron belly, of warm air polluted by many unclean breaths. And a wave of horror touched with disgust swept through her tired body.

A HAND reached out, as she stood there, and snatched away the moose-hide belt and the knife it held. Then a more audacious hand pulled the fur cap from her head. A drunken shout of laughter followed this movement, for with it her loosened hair tumbled half down over her shoulder. Then the drunken circle shouldered and crowded in still closer about her, one rough hand pulling off her gauntlet at the same time that another tore open her beaver greatcoat.

She cried out, at that, with a show of anger, but her cry was greeted with laughter. A newer note had come into the contending voices, a more excited and animal-like note, for with the uncovering of her head and throat the revelers about her had awakened to the startling beauty and smoothness of the white woman's skin. So troubled was she by that newer note that she fell away, step by step, until she stood with her back against the wall.

But they followed her, step by step, and as one of that unclean rabble felt with his copper-colored fingers along the white and satinlike skin of her neck another tore open her waist.

ALL the while Alba Laird sat in his wheel-chair, against the ladder that led to his fur-loft, watching. He sat without moving or speaking, with his eyes fixed closely and half derisively on the face of the young white woman. He was known to the Indians as "Frozen Face," for many years before he had lost his way on the trail and had all but died of exposure. The frost had split his nose and left it bulbous and livid, converting his face into something so repulsive to the eye that for a time he had even resorted to the use of an elk-hide mask. It had also frozen his feet, which became gangrenous and were removed by a Police surgeon, so that all his days were now spent on crutches or in a wheel-chair with a worn Hudson Bay blanket covering his knees.

This affliction had left more misanthropic than ever a nature seldom marked by kindly impulses. It had also exiled Laird to that sinister groundswell of civilization where the evils of two races met and mixed. And he despised them both, in his sullen loneliness, and belonged to neither, and was willing to batten on the weaknesses of both.

SO, AS he sat in his wheel-chair contemplating this woman whom the wilderness had delivered into his hands, he was



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Coming in the April HEARST'S
As Men Fight for Peace

By H. G. WELLS

even able to exult in the degradations with which his companions of the frontier were now confronting her. She stood an accidental emissary of the civilization which he hated, which in turn would always look on him with hatred. His one dominating impulse was to let her suffer, for the world from which she came had caused him to suffer. He even smiled as he heard the low cries of protest. He remained unmoved as he saw those rough hands reach out and paw her flesh, though at this she shrank back as she might have shrunk from fire.

Then the man in the wheel-chair stared at her with still narrower eyes, as though for the first time any consciousness of her womanly beauty had filtered in through his fog of hatred. Yet even while he was compelled to acknowledge that she was appealing to the eye, he refused to surrender to that appeal. He still wrung a black joy out of the humiliations to which she was being subjected. He could still sit silent and exult in the buffets which her pride was receiving, in the treatment which was bringing her down out of her clouds of haughtiness.

BUT a small trouble crept into his mind as he studied her. It was a trouble touched with desire, centralizing feeling suddenly in his own dormant ego, flinging a look of furtive appraisal into his eyes, which became less unlike the eyes of the drunken Indians and *métis* swarming about the woman. Yet this impulse towards proprietorship did not flame into full flower until one of the large breeds, a little drunker than the rest, tried to take hold of the shrinking woman. Laird felt his first slight wave of resentment, born more of jealousy than of pity, as she fought away from those unclean hands and stood, panting and desperate, flat against the house-wall.

"Isn't there a white man in this room?" she suddenly shrieked out in the sharp soprano of desperation.

Laird, as he sat watching her, did not answer. But he shifted a little in his chair, and his color deepened, at that challenge of race to race.

"Isn't there one man here?" she called out again. "One man of honor?"

HER voice, the next moment, was swallowed up in a derisive tumult of laughter and Cree and trail-patois. But that forlorn and frantic call had disturbed the sleeping ghosts of the crippled man's youth. It startled him into a newer and truer realization of the situation. Valor he always had, and mastery he had always insisted upon. But some mockery of lost chivalry must have stolen back into his broken body, for he retained the guile to cooper together a situation not altogether destructive to his self-respect.

He reached back to the door that opened into his inner room, swung it shut with all his force, and called out from the threshold, as though he were a newcomer on the scene.

"Who was that calling?" he shouted above the brawl of voices. And the rest of that company, knowing it was the master of the post speaking, lapsed into silence at his repeated command for quiet.

"What's all this?" he repeated, not without guile, as he wheeled his way out into the center of the room.

"You are a white man!" cried the woman, turning her sightless face towards him.

"I am," was Laird's answer. "And what do you want?"

That question seemed to puzzle her. It took the look of hope out of her face. It bewildered her with its unlooked-for brutality.

"You must save me—from these," she cried, pushing back the drunken Indians who were once more pressing about her. They had completely pulled off her fur coat, by this time, and one shoulder was bare where the neck of her waist had been torn away.

THE man in the wheel-chair stared at the white flesh. Then he barked out a sudden sharp command or two at that motley circle of tormentors. They fell back unwillingly, and with much muttering.

"Are you the owner of this post?" the woman asked out of the silence.

"I am," acknowledged Laird. "But I have been sick, and I can't walk, as you see."

"I can't see," the woman told him. "I am on my way to Chicautibbi House, but went blind in the snow and lost my way. You will be well paid if you take me out of this and carry me to the nearest white man's post."

Laird laughed easily.

"That's not as easy as it sounds. We're the only whites here, you and I, and I'd be of small use to you on the trail."

"But these brutes—these—"

SHE did not finish. Laird, however, sat quite unimpressed by the horror in her voice.

In Hearst's for Next Month

A TANGENT INTO GILEAD

By

F. E. BAILY

Can a Pretty Woman in a Business Office Win Advancement by Playing Her Sex? Another Story of the Winsome Dolf

"Are you no better than them?" she challenged.

"That's not the question," he retorted.

"These breeds and bucks are full of fire-water, and not easy to handle. I don't say I can't handle 'em. But it involves a risk. And I'd like to know what's in it, for me, if I take that risk."

"Should you ask anything," she slowly inquired, "if you are a white man?"

"I'm a white man," he retorted, flushing at her words. "But we don't happen to be in a white man's country. It's rougher going here, and one has to pay as one goes!"

"I have nothing to give," she said in a voice touched less with hopelessness than with repugnance.

LAIRD surveyed her with quick yet deliberate appraisal. Whatever she was, she at least had a will of her own.

"What's the matter with yourself?" he found the courage to fling back at her.

She did not move, but the lips on the face which the sightless eyes left more meditative than usual fell apart. They fell apart in a sort of gasp which she found it hard to control.

"I want a woman," he said. For the second time he heard her gasp. "I need a woman here," he craftily amended. "And when that Norway House Missionary swings along, he can hitch us up proper. That's the only way I see out of it. We're both of us a bit the worse for wear. But we're both white—and there'll be considerable of the red to hold out against. They don't know much English, these trail birds; they don't even quite understand what we're pow-wow-ing about, or they'd be letting loose right now while we're talking. But if you want protection you've got to give me some reason for exercising it. It may sound brutal, but the whole situation is brutal. A man fights for his woman, up here. If you're my woman, I'm willing to fight for you."

The woman stood white and thoughtful against the wall of the lamp-lit room. The drunken half-breed stretched out on the floor chanted quietly and monotonously in his happiness.

"But I'm blind," the woman finally said.

"I can't see your face."

LAIRD reached in under the blanket and drew out his blue-barreled automatic pistol. Then waving the sullen and murmuring figures aside, he wheeled his chair across the room until he was directly in front of the woman.

"Hold out your hand," he said to her.

Obediently she did as he ordered. She found her fingers clasped by a thin hand, a

slender and firm hand that had strength in it.

"Does that feel like a brute's hand?" he had the effrontery to demand, smiling triumphantly at the almost childlike manner in which she seemed tempted to cling to that sustaining clasp.

"No," she said in a low voice.

"Then what are we going to do about it?" he demanded, with his eyes fixed on her face.

THE men about him may have stood unable to follow his words, but they could at least understand that triumphant and appropriative gesture. And their mechanical reactions of meekness could not long survive before a situation so inflammatory. Their world, after all, was that world of force where

finders were winners and losers were seekers, where the spoils went to the strong and the wilderness beauty went to the wilder, braver.

"That woman my woman!" sudden announced Yellow-Blanket, as his hand went down to his knife handle. The huge breed who had first torn the woman's waist open reeled forward at that with the bloodlust hot in his alcoholic veins.

"That woman is mine!" he cried out in Cree.

"What are we going to do about it?" called the challenging voice of the white man to the white woman with her back against the wall.

THAT challenge seemed to hurt her, for before it she shrank perceptibly back and a look of lassitude came into her face.

"I don't know what to do," she called back above the ribald tumult between them.

"But you've got to decide, and decide quick," was his hurried retort. "I've got a crippled foot—and that may count against us if it comes to a show-down of strength."

"Ah!" she murmured with a slight relaxing of the hardened lines about her mouth. She was struggling to make the knowledge that he was a cripple mean a great deal to her. It seemed to account for many things. But still she hesitated. She hesitated until she felt a hot hand against the flesh of her arm.

"Will I always be blind?" she asked, with an almost imperceptible quivering of her lower lip.

"I suppose so," called back the man. "But that isn't the important thing now. The important thing is that there's going to be fighting here pretty soon, and we've got to know how we stand!"

"What is it you want?" she temporized, as though still unable to face the only hard road ahead of her.

"I want you—if I save you from this. I want your promise that we'll be man and wife, when we get to a priest. Do you give it?"

SHE did not answer for a moment, for contending hands were clawing at her body and evil-smelling figures were elbowing and shouldering about her. She twisted and writhed away from them for a moment, and caught her breath in one deep gulp.

"Yes—yes," she suddenly gasped out.

"I give you that promise. Only—"

She did not finish. She did not finish because the gathering tide of savagery weltering about her had at last broken its bounds.

It was the smaller-bodied but cooler-headed Yellow-Blanket, the trailer just in from the open and without the white man's fire-water in his blood, who was now deliberately and pointedly opposing the huge half-breed who proclaimed "This woman my woman!" Yellow-Blanket had found her on the trail and saved her from death. Therefore she belonged to him just as the golden marten caught in his trap belonged to him. Whereupon the bigger man had sought to end all such argument by sweeping the interloper aside. Yellow-Blanket's hand, at that, had gone down to his knife. And the crowd, sniffing blood through even the fumes that were making their brains sing, fell back in a half-circle and watched the two men as they fought.

LAIRD shouted to them, but they ignored his commands, for fire was already striking from the clashed blades. They were

animals now, embattled hate and nothing more. And it would be a fight to a finish, for it was the Mate Dual, and only one and one could mate.

"Quick!" Laird called out to the woman. "Walk forward from where you are, until you come to a door. Bar that door when you are inside, for God knows how long I can hold these vermin down!"

He waited only long enough to make sure that she was moving towards the door of his inner room. Then he circled quietly about to the outer door, where he spoke a few words to an Indian boy who had been staring round-eyed at the tumult on the far side of the room. That red-skinned youth without question or hesitation slipped out through the door and disappeared in the darkness.

But before Laird could cross the room again the fight had come to an end, abruptly, by the plunging of the huge breed's knife into the breast of Yellow-Blanket, who fell forward on his knees with a sudden look of wonder in his eyes. The drunken victor, now gone berserk, ramped deliriously up and down the half-circle, proclaiming his prowess and defying the next claimant to step forward.

THE master of the house, from his wheel-chair, called angrily out to him, but his command fell on unhearing ears.

"That woman my woman!" proclaimed the drunken breed. The bloody knife was still in his hand and froth drooled from his flaccid mouth.

"Stop!" commanded Laird as he saw the unchallenged victor stride towards the inner door. "Stop!" he called for the second time as he leaned forward in his chair. But that repeated command was ignored.

At the same moment that his automatic barked out he swung his wheel-chair sharply about, so that at almost the same time that the breed slumped forward with a bullet through his heart Laird was established close beside the fallen body, with his back to the forbidden door and his face to the silent and watchful circle of faces. The blunt blue nose of his firearm confronted those faces. And the glitter of ice-cold determination was in his eye.

"That woman is my woman," he shouted. "She has given herself to me. She's mine, and if there's a dog who disputes my word he'll be killed as that drunken dog was killed!" He wheeled his way out into the room as he spoke. They fell back before him as he advanced. "And now out of here, every one of you, or there'll be more dead men along this floor of mine!"

Reluctantly and sullenly they moved towards the door, but at every step they kept their eyes on the seamed and hideous face confronting them.

WHEN the last man had vanished, Laird, forsaking his chair, caught up a pair of crutches and hobbled to the door. He slid the bolt to and then hobbled without loss of time to the door of the inner room, for he understood the Indian mind well enough to know they would be back again, and back soon. When he found his knock unanswered he drew back, without further waste of time, and broke the door in with his shoulder.

But he stopped short, as he stepped into the room, arrested by the posture of the white woman. She had found one of his revolvers, in her desperate padding about the little chamber, and she sat on the edge of the bunk-bed with the barrel of this revolver pressed against her heart.

Laird laughed curtly as he saw her finger compress on the trigger, for he knew that the weapon was unloaded. But he caught theelltale snap of the hammer and the woman's harp cry of frustration when nothing more came of that trigger-pull.

"It's not that bad," he said as he wrested the weapon away from her. "There are logs and a sleigh waiting at the back of the post. And once we give this drunken crew the slip we're safe, for I know this country, every inch of it!"

SHE stood dazed as he brought her cap and gauntlets and helped her into her reatcoat. Next he rolled together blankets and buckled on a holster and cartridge-belt. Then he put out the lamp in the smaller room and lifted a trapdoor and piloted her down into a narrow cellar that stank of rotting ursor. Along this he led her by the arm, to merge again into a rough-timbered hut tiled high with cordwood. From this they slipped out into the open and quartered through the uncertain light towards a shadow of underbrush where sledge-dogs

whimpered nervously in the night and an Indian youth huskily commanded them to silence.

Before she quite knew what it all meant, the dazed woman found herself on the sleigh, wrapped in a rabbit-skin blanket reinforced with a huge Hudson Bay four-pointer. Laird, incased to the eyes in his heavy furs, took his place behind her, with the dog-whip in his hand and a sharp word or two to the elongated line of whimpering animals.

THEY rode through the snow and the silence, driving hard. Miriam Helston was conscious of that never-ending swaying movement, of the repeated sharp commands to the straining dog-train and the snap of the weighted lash in the frosty air. She heard them mistily, not asleep and yet not altogether awake, but weighed down by a vast weariness which vitiated even will itself. She was dreamily conscious of the man's shout of resentment as they drew up for a moment on a small height of land.

"The drunken dogs!" he cried. "They're burning my post!"

WHEN word of the burning of the M tis Mission School reached Fort Consolation by "moccasin telegraph" Corporal Deane suddenly changed his plans. He doubled back on his patrol, pushing feverishly down to Elk Creek, where a note which he found in the Missioner's cabin there in no way added to his peace of mind. Without further loss of time he struck out for the south, picked up Miriam Helston's trail, and mile by mile read with his trained eye the record of her wanderings.

Alarm slowly but surely took possession of him, and when he came to the still smoldering ashes of Laird's post, he learned enough from an Indian lad to find that alarm sharp ened into fear. For Alba Laird and his character were only too well known to that wandering arm of the law. Time, indeed, seemed suddenly so important a thing that Corporal Deane stopped for neither food nor rest. He picked up the newer trail and pushed on again, with hope and hate alternating in his tired body. For he knew now that the one object in all his life lay in reaching the woman who must be sorely in need of help.

THAT woman who so needed his help, as morning broke over the blue-white fringes of the lower Barren Grounds, lay in the protection of the windbreak which Laird had thrown together for her. Above a fire in front of this windbreak snow melted in a copper tea-pail, and at her feet lay the duffel-bag into which Laird had thrown the tripper's usual ration of bacon and flour and tea. Laird himself, unable to use his crutches in the deep snow, was crawling about on his hands and knees, feverishly gathering wood for his fire.

Those movements, as he crawled animal-like on all fours from point to point, oddly accentuated the hideousness of his figure. But always he kept one eye on the woman who pretended to sleep, for twice, notwithstanding her loss of sight, she had attempted to slip away and escape from him. And he was determined there should be no such escape.

HE CAME to a stop, when he returned to the windbreak, and adjusted the extra robe about the half-reclining figure. Then he knelt above the clear-skinned face with the closed eyes, studying it intently and with a note of hunger hardening his seamed and broken features. There was animality, and nothing more, in that cold stare of appraisal untouched with pity. And the look of greed tinged with gloating was still on his face as, for the twentieth time that morning, he sat back and squinted about, to make sure he was still unfollowed.

His body suddenly stiffened as he peered southward through the crystal-clear morning air, for down the long white slope that ended in the little basin where he had made his fire he saw a figure on snowshoes. And that figure was most unmistakably approaching. Somebody, he knew, had seen his smoke and was breaking trail towards his improvised camp.

LONG and intently he studied that unwelcome stranger. Then a sigh of relief escaped him. He crept back to the motionless woman and shook her roughly.

"Can you hear me?" he demanded, with his fingers clamped tight on her forearm.

"I can hear," she said in her listless monotone.

"A man is coming towards us. He will be



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here within five minutes. But before he comes. I want to remind you of your promise. I intend that promise to hold good! Do you understand?"

"What man?" asked the woman.

"A traveling Missioner of the Church. He's known as Father Paquette. And when he comes, you will have the choice of one of two things. I've already killed a man for you, remember, and I'm ready to kill a second time. You're my woman, and you're coming with me. This priest can make us man and wife, and you can come without affronting the laws of your faith. But if you cry out to him, if you mock the word you've given me, I'll kill that man where he stands. And then you'll come with me the other way. Is that clear to you?"

The woman did not speak for several moments. Then she drew a deep breath.

"It is clear to me," she finally acknowledged.

"Then sit up," he commanded as he pulled her gauntlet from her hand.

"What you feel here is my automatic—my pistol. It is ready and waiting. Whether it is used or not depends on you. But it will be better for all of us if it is not used. Wait until I've spoken—and remember what I've said!"

THE woman could not see the resolutely approaching figure on snowshoes, the austere yet robust man of middle age in his coat of heavy black beaver, carrying his wood-ax and kit-bag and fully equipped for winter "tripping," the itinerant Missioner who was doctor and priest and counselor to the outpost settlements of the wilderness. But she knew when he had come up with the other who hobbled forth to meet him, for she could hear their repeated "B'jou!" the customary salutation of the open trail, the quick exchange of question and answer, the rumble of voices in prolonged and earnest talk. Then she was conscious of the newcomer crossing to where she rested.

Father Paquette, she knew, was standing close beside her, looking down at her. But she made no sign of betrayal.

"Is it your wish, my daughter," the familiar mellow voice was inquiring of her, "to unite with this man in the bonds of holy wedlock?"

"I have given him my promise, Father," she replied in her flat and listless monotone.

"But do you understand what this promise implies?" the kindly voice asked of her.

"He has been kind to me," was the woman's answer.

"And it is your wish that he and you become man and wife?" persisted the patiently equable voice.

THE silence prolonged itself until it was broken by a movement from the cripple. "It is my wish," the woman finally acknowledged.

"I think I understand," said the Missioner, after still another silence. Then he turned to the other man. "Laird, it is a matter of much urgency that I get up to the *métis* school, where a most disastrous fire has taken place. But under the circumstances, I am going to change my plans. I shall accom-

pany you and this woman to the post at Jackpine Crossing, where the ceremony you so much desire may more decorously take place."

HE SPOKE quietly, but he spoke as a man of authority. It caused a slight thrill to course through the tired body of the woman who could not see.

Can Gold be Made? Garfinkle Thought so and Journeyed to a Mysterious Island to Learn the Secret

THE WITCH OF HOLLISTER ISLAND

By
JOHN FLEMING WILSON

In Hearst's for Next Month

"That's not what I'm asking for," cried the man with the crutches.

"But it's what I propose," amended the lower-voiced man.

"And I say it's not necessary," contended Laird, a little out of hand.

"Why not?" asked the still quiet and equable voice.

"Because it's here and now I want that woman made mine," barked out the free-trader.

"And I, on my part, announce that this is not necessary," was Father Paquette's firm-noted reply.

"Then I'll make it necessary!" proclaimed the cripple, with a red light shining in his sinister small eyes.

"You can not, my son, defy the Church!" responded the man who wore the cross of gold hung by a chain about his neck.

"Do you know what you're leaving her to?"

IT WAS a question, a brutal question, and it was also a threat. But it left the other man apparently unmoved.

"I am not leaving her," he calmly announced.

"You are not?"

"I am not!"

"Then, by God, you'll go out with a bullet through your heart!" cried the man with the blue-nosed automatic in his hand.

"I am not afraid," was the clear-toned retort, slightly touched with pity.

"You'll do what I say, or you'll get this!" panted the cripple, moving forward on his knees through the snow. The blue-lipped mouth was open and saliva ran down the distorted, stubbled chin.

"You may oppose me, but you can not oppose the Church," said the calm-eyed Missioner as he held up the cross of gold.

Laird, crouching low, stared for one contemptuous moment at that upheld hand. The blue-nosed automatic barked out a second later, and the upraised arm fell helpless.

"Then tell your Church to get busy,"

mocked the maddened thing in the snow, "for this is where I trump its ace!"

HE WAS not conscious of that solemn figure's movement as with its unmaimed hand it reached for the tall cross. He was conscious of nothing but thwarted will and the lust to kill. He swung the blunt

blue-metaled barrel towards the heart, through which, in his blind fury he had already willed his rending and tearing bullet.

But before he could for the second time pull his trigger something happened. Just what it was, Alba Laird had no means of deciphering, since his world, for a minute or two, went suddenly out. His arms flew up in a singular gesture of surprise, and his body, lurching backwards, subsided on the snow at the same moment that a rifle-shot rang through the sharp morning air.

Two stains of red were widening on the snow by the time Corporal Deane floundered up, dropping his carbine as he came. He ran first to Father Paquette, who was holding his drooping right arm in a blood-stained mitten.

"No, no, Corporal," said the man of the church. "I am all right. See what can do for the other, first."

THE Rider of the Plains turned to that other man. He turned just in time to see him writhing in the snow towards the fallen automatic. His thin-fingered outstretched hand closed on the metal stock before Corporal Deane could intervene. But the latter flung himself bodily on the crouching figure and drove the purple face distorted with hate deep into the drifted snow. He cupped his hand over the weapon and with one quick twist wrenched it away. Then he turned the cripple over on his back, ripped open his coat, and thrust an exploratory hand along the shoulder-bone where the rifle-bullet had plowed its shallow furrow.

"Father, can you guard him?" called out the slightly breathless Corporal. "Can you watch him a moment?"

"I can," was the other's quiet-toned reply.

But Corporal Deane did not even wait for that reply. He stepped over to the white-faced woman huddled back against the windbreak, and dropped on his knees in the snow beside her.

"My beloved," he said, all his older reserve battered down by relief, "I've found you!"

"But I'm blind!" cried the woman, in her childlike wail of hopelessness.

"That, my child, is only snow-blindness," explained the kindly-eyed old Missioner. "It will not last. And by the time your sight comes back to you, please God, we shall all have happier faces!"

MINTY reached for the automatic that lay half-way between him and the man he hated. Then something happened. See "The Man Who Went Home," by Arthur Stringer. Coming.

An Echo from Bohemia

(Concluded from page 51)

sidewalk and don't know nothing. Hey? What you think? She take that man—and Goggles don't be a small fellow, too—and she wrap him up in the blanket. Strong like a tiger! She drag him down the hall and bumpety-bump down the stairs and she save his life."

Without the least embarrassment Ootchy drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"WHENEVER I think," said he, "the tears come. Well, anyway, Goggles soon get well and go away and we never see him again. And maybe a month later Trixie, she disappear and one day we get half a wedding-cake which she send to the Ele-

phant and she write that she send a kiss to everybody."

With a sudden look of dismay upon his face he looked at his watch.

"Ootch!" he exclaimed. "Ten o'clock and I have the engagement for nine. Well, good night. Come to my studio some day when you have the time."

For the space of a minute after he had gone, McPherson and I sat in perfect silence. Then:

"In figuring on operating expenses in the coal business . . ." said McPherson.

BRUNO LESSING'S "Easy Steps to Fame and Fortune"—for readers of Hearst's! "Lesson No. 1—Writing for the Movies." Watch for "The Baron's Bridge," in Hearst's for April.

I Show Faith

(Continued from page 39)

WITH DINSMORE came down to my studio to see me twice during the next week. Although she had joined her family at Hetherington, she ran into town frequently some bit of shopping.

The weather was very hot that June. On the occasion of my third study of Raymond Ford's son, Miss Radford told me that the physician had decided that the father should best take the lad away for a little while.

My brother wished me to tell you that he would be back in July. Can you resume the story then?"

Certainly," I answered. I went down to my studio with a disappointed feeling. What was I to do with the few weeks if, as now seemed likely, Paul was to remain in Greendale?

His answer came in a manner as delightful as was unexpected. There was a knock at the studio door and Faith Dinsmore appeared, flushed from heat and excitement, as dainty as ever.

"Can't you stop work for a week or two?" burst forth. "I have had a wonderful time! I want you to leave this hot hole of a city and go out to Hetherington to make me a little visit. Mother sends her invitation to you, too. You've never met her—your mother and she will like each other."

WAS so overcome by the idea that I dropped down upon a chair and looked at the floor. I felt as if a door were opening into another planet. Yet—what if Paul should be back? Surely he could spare me for a week! I had had to spare him all this time. Never mind your work!" Faith was saying. "That can wait."

Yes," I said, "it can wait—for my little rest is going away for a visit." "Good!" she clapped her hands. "Then will come to me for at least ten days!" "Wait," I said. "Let me think."

It did think, fast. Recently I had bought several summer frocks. From the Greenwich Village standpoint these would be sufficient. As if reading my thoughts, Faith spoke. "You are thinking of clothes, stop it. Just regular summer things that every girl has been all right. We live out of doors most of the time."

Out of doors! How good it sounded! I did not refuse. The invitation was too tempting. "Thank you!"—holding out my hands to impulsively. "I'd love to go!"

WAS late in the afternoon when I first saw Hetherington, the Dinsmores' summer home. I had met me at the station in a large limousine.

Your luggage, miss?" the chauffeur asked. I took my suitcase and hand-bag from me. This is all I brought. I have no trunk," answered quickly, the blood rushing to my cheeks.

Good!" Faith exclaimed merrily. "I admire people who, as my brother says, 'live light!' He insists I always take three suitcases as much as I need—and I dare say he is right."

Her afternoon gown in its crisp freshness made me to glance apologetically at my suit.

RS. DINSMORE came down the steps of the front veranda to meet us as she drew up at the huge house of which she was mistress.

My dear Miss March! I am so glad to see you at last!" she exclaimed. "I have heard of your work, and Faith has told me of it. So we do not meet as strangers."

She had the polished manner of the woman of the world. Taking me by the hand, she led me forward and introduced two other girls standing near.

This is Miss Fletcher"—indicating a tall, slender girl who grasped my hand in a masculine fashion. "And this is her brother, Thomas Fletcher. And"—as a young man stepped out from the hall—"this is my son, Rex."

Mr. Fletcher merely bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction, but the son of the house took my hand.

"I'm awfully glad to see you!" he greeted me cordially. "Faith has talked of you for some time, and I wanted to know any time she has taken such a fancy to. Because"—with a laugh that reminded me of his sister—"I think Faith's taste is very good."

"Thank you!" I stammered.

How much at ease they all were, and how delightful! Three years ago I had known such people—the Thorntons, for instance. Paul, at Greendale, was staying now in just such an atmosphere as this.

A MAID in the hall took my bags without waiting to be told to do so, and followed my young hostess and me up the wide stairs to a great room on the second floor.

"Your bath is right in here," Faith indicated a door into an inner room. "We do not dine until seven-thirty, so you will have time to rest before bathing and changing for dinner."

"Shall I unpack for you, please, miss?" asked the maid, as she unfastened the straps of my suitcase.

"Oh, no! That is not necessary," I said hastily. Then, to Faith: "I feel so messy that the thought of a bath is heavenly!"

Paul's studio-suite could be put into this one chamber. Aunt Emily's rooms had been big and airy like this, yet I had not thought them delightful. But they had been lacking in the modern appointments that characterized my present quarters.

I glanced into the bathroom, at the porcelain tub, the shower, the white tiled floor and walls, the dozens of contrivances for making bathing a delight. I remembered the one little washing-closet in Paul's apartment.

With a sigh of pleasure, I turned the water into the deep white tub and began to undress.

ALTHOUGH my frock was of a simple cotton fabric, while the gowns of my hostesses were of sheer silk material, I was not embarrassed on that first evening in the Dinsmore home. I wore white, and I knew that my neck and shoulders were far prettier than were those of Miss Fletcher. Mrs. Dinsmore and her daughter had, to a remarkable degree, the social sense that enabled them to put a guest at her ease.

I HAD ample opportunity to study my hostess that first evening in her home, and I saw that while she was easily past fifty, she had used art to disguise to some extent the ravages of time. Her hair was touched up, I was sure. She was also rouged and powdered. Yet her make-up was done so exquisitely that it did not have the peculiar air of vulgarity (that was the word I let myself use now) that characterized the make-up to which I was accustomed in Greenwich Village. It was because she had the money to have the thing well done. Yet she would probably have disapproved of the painted and powdered creatures whom I sometimes met.

Did money and surroundings make all the difference?

I asked myself that question often during the ten days of my stay in the Dinsmore home. I met many of my hosts' friends, and I saw flirtations between women whose husbands were absent and men whose wives were carrying on affairs of their own, or who pretended not to see too much. Yet it was all done in such a refined, such a—if one may use the word—luxurious way that it lacked the sordidness with which I had grown familiar.

I doubted if Faith even noticed that which I saw. She was evidently as much interested in Thomas Fletcher as he was in her. Perhaps her budding romance made her blind to that which she might have considered unethical. If she did recognize its existence, she had schooled herself to ignore it. In the set in which the mother lived, the daughter had not known the rigid rules of propriety which I had been forced to obey as a girl in Greendale.

AFTER all, I reasoned, these people's standards were not so unlike the standards of Greenwich Village as I had supposed. Greendale ideals were totally unlike those in the artists' colony. But here, in this rich set, certain lapses were ignored or glossed over—always with an indulgent smile.

Then what was the difference between them and my recent associates?

The difference was that these people were leading sane, outdoor lives. They were surrounded by fresh air, by aids to healthful cleanliness. I used to contrast this group—with well-groomed, immaculate bodies—with some artists whom I knew; artists whose clothes needed pressing and sponging, whose

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When the Dance Becomes Heated

When the Wind Blows as You Motor

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And again, when the dance becomes heated. What becomes of your peach-blossom loveliness then? Does perspiration get in its work? Are there tell-tale streaks and other blemishing effects? That is another good test of a face powder.

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only outings were in the streets of New York, who shaved once or twice a week, whose finger-nails, like those of Locke's "Beloved Vagabond" were often black-rimmed.

Yet, I reminded myself, they were the people who were making Art—the Art that these rich folk professed to admire.

So perfect was their breeding that I did not feel like an outsider among the friends of my hosts. I soon learned indirectly, from Miss Fletcher, that Faith Dinsmore's father was seldom at home.

"He is a man of the world, with lots of money and the desire to spend it in his own way. His wife is wise enough not to question what that way is," my informant added with a significant shrug.

I made no comment. I remembered that Aunt Emily had told me never to discuss the personal affairs of one in whose house I was visiting.

AND, just now, my mind was full of other matters. For Rex Dinsmore had fallen in love with me.

I am aware that this is an abrupt way in which to make this statement; but it is no more abrupt than was the occurrence.

By the time I had been in his mother's home for three days I knew that Rex had loved me as soon as he saw me. Indeed, he told me so.

"You are different from any other girl I have ever met," he said, with the whimsical smile that was so like his sister's. "I wish you could care for me—just a little. Begin with just a little, and I will try to make it more."

Although I had lived more than had most girls of my age, I felt my heart warm towards this lad. I called him a lad in my own mind, and yet he was twenty-six years old. He had been out of college for two years and was now in business with his father.

"But Dad's an easy employer," he informed me, "and doesn't mind if I loaf a bit during the summer. Indeed, he does it himself."

So he was on the most friendly terms with his father in spite of the defections from marital loyalty which he must suspect. Again, the same standard as that in the Village! Was all the world like this?

IN THAT fortnight at Hetherington I faced a great temptation. I wanted to accept Rex Dinsmore's love. I did not love him, but I desired intensely to become a part of his sane, outdoor world. I wanted the physical environment that made Faith Dinsmore dainty, sweet, wholesome.

Perhaps I should be ashamed to acknowledge that the fact that I had stepped out of the conventional path of morality was not what kept me from accepting Rex Dinsmore. I had established in my mind the belief that the so-called morals of his set were not so unlike my own.

No. What made me refuse this man was the thought of Paul Mora.

TO ONE whose inherited standards had been different from mine, this might seem incomprehensible. It was not that I loved Paul dearly. I had never pretended that I did. But he had chosen me, and I had chosen him. In plain parlance, he was My Man. He had needed me. He would continue to need me.

That was why I refused Rex Dinsmore on the last night of my stay at his home.

He and I had been together all day. In Greendale I had been a good tennis-player. Since I had been at Hetherington I had played again for the first time in three years. Paul and I had always been partners.

Indeed, Rex and I had been partners in all the pastimes of that wonderful fortnight. We had driven together, had canoed together.

He had taught me to swim in the lake on the edge of the woods back of the house. Faith had lent me one of her bathing-suits, saying:

"I am so glad that Rex is teaching you to swim, and that you are with him so much. You are so good for him, Dorcas, dear!"

Then she kissed me, and I tried to forget her speech.

But I remembered it on this last night. Rex had declared at dinner that he was going to take me for a "little spin" in his roadster this evening.

"If Mrs. Dinsmore does not mind my going—I mean, if she has no other plans for me?" I said, glancing at my hostess.

In Hearst's for Next Month

MY MONTH IN A FACTORY

A College-Bred Woman Gives Up Teaching School to Work In a Factory

AUNT EMILY'S training had stood me in good stead during this visit. It had come back to me again and again. I think that Mrs. Dinsmore thought of me as "*une jeune fille bien élevée*," in spite of my artistic tendencies. She knew that my people were dead, and I suppose she fancied that I had to paint to support myself.

"Indeed, no, dear child, I have no other plans for you," she said. "You and Rex go on and have a good time."

It was the last good time I was to have for a long while, I told myself, when my conscience stirred uneasily.

And on our drive, Rex begged me to marry him.

"Just say you will try to love me; that will be all I ask," he pleaded. "I know I can teach you to care for me."

We were on our way home. Only a mile more and we would be at the gates of the Dinsmore place.

"I can't," I said.

"You can not care for me?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"But surely," he urged, "you will give me the chance to try to make you care. I know I am not good enough for you, that I am only a commonplace man, and that you love your Art, and so forth. But, dear, if you will marry me you shall keep right on with your painting. And think of how you will enjoy going abroad, and seeing the great masters—"

"Don't!" I exclaimed harshly. "Don't!"

HE COULD not suspect—this honorable gentleman seated here at my side—that he was tempting me to a disloyalty that would make him despise me if he knew of it.

He stopped the car and laid his hand on my hands as they were clasped tightly together in my lap.

"Dorcas," he demanded sternly, "why do

you speak like that? Is there another man I mean—is there someone—"

I stopped him by a gesture.

"Yes, there is another man."

He was silent for a full minute. Then he said:

"You might have told me this sooner, dear."

That was all. I wanted to cry, to fling arms about the neck of this man whom I did not love and ask his forgiveness. Instead, I sat very still. Nor did I speak to him, even when he helped me from the car at the front door.

FAITH came into my room that night.

I was in bed and my light was out. "I just want to tell you good night, dear," she said, "and to say again how much I shall miss you. But, Dorcas, dear—her voice dropping to a whisper—"will come up again soon, won't you?"

I was silent, and she hurried on.

"I know that you are thinking about your work. But, Dorcas—later—I mean sure you know that Rex—"

"Stop!" I gasped, sitting up in bed, pushing her from me. "Faith, you must not think anything like that! It isn't it can't—"

When she spoke, after an interval of shocked silence, she asked slowly:

"Do you mean to say—that there is a chance for him, that you can never care for that—Dorcas, do you mean that there is someone else—"

"Yes!" I whispered. "There is someone else."

IT WAS a brilliant starlight night, and the window-blinds were open. In the darkness I could see Faith Dinsmore draw herself up to her full height, and could imagine indignation in her face. Her voice, when she spoke, was very low, but there was a hardness in it I had never heard there before.

"It is a pity, Dorcas," she said slowly, "that you did not let Rex know this before. He hoped—he believed—"

She stopped as if afraid of showing emotion. Then, with a murmured "Good night!" she turned and went out of the room.

WHEN I was again alone, I buried my face in the pillows, and burst into sobs.

"Oh, Paul! Paul!" I moaned. "You have to be very good to me to make up to this, my dear! My dear!"

IT WAS dawn before I slept. It was raining heavily when, at nine o'clock, the chauffeur drove me down to the station. Paul and her mother saw me into the car. Rex, they said, had gone to town on an early train.

They treated me with well-bred courtesy as I was still their guest. They apologized for not driving down to the train with me. Faith had a slight headache, and Mrs. Dinsmore had some important letters to write.

"I am sure you will excuse me," she said, "if I bid you good-by here."

"Certainly," I replied. "I wish I could thank you and Faith as I would like the delightful time I have had."

"Pray don't mention it," Mrs. Dinsmore murmured, and Faith smiled wanly.

I did not look around as the limousine rolled out of the great gates. Instead, I backed and closed my eyes. Although I had even then on my way back to Paul and his chosen home in the Village, I felt that the fight I had fought so hard to win was a fight I would rather have lost.

BUT would Paul give up, for Dorcas and the life together, what she sacrifices for him? In Greenwich Village "wife" faces new disillusion. "Paul and the Purple Pig"—in Hearst's

Sinclair Lewis on "Main Street"

(Continued from page 25)

A FEW evenings later, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Clark—whose new house was the largest in Gopher Prairie—gave a party to welcome Carol. And Carol found the miscellaneous lot of folk gathered together in her honor as disconcertingly unattractive to her as their Main Street had been.

IN THE hallway and the living-room, sitting in a vast prim circle as though they were attending a funeral, she saw the guests. They were waiting so! They were waiting for her! The determination to be all one pretty flowerlet of appreciation leaked away. She begged of Sam: "I don't dare face them! They expect so much. They'll swallow

me in one mouthful—glump—like that!"

Carol had given creative energy to dressing for the event. Her hair was demure, low on her forehead, with a parting and a coiled braid. Now she wished that she had piled it high. Her frock was an ingénue slip of lawn, with a wide gold sash and a low square neck, which gave a suggestion of throat and molded shoulders. But as they looked her over she was certain that it was all wrong.

She was led about the circle. Her voice mechanically produced safe remarks:

"Oh, I'm sure I'm going to like it here ever so much," and "Yes, we did have the

best time in Colorado—mountains," and "Yes, I lived in St. Paul several years. Euclid P. Tinker? No, I don't remember meeting him, but I'm pretty sure I heard of him."

Carol waited till Kennicott should rescue her. The rest of the party waited for the miracle of being amused.

Harry and Juanita Haydock, Rita Sinclair and Dr. Terry Gould—the young smart set of Gopher Prairie. She was led to them. Juanita Haydock flung at her in a big cackling, friendly voice:

"Well, this is so nice to have you here. We'll have some good parties—dances at everything. You'll have to join the Jol

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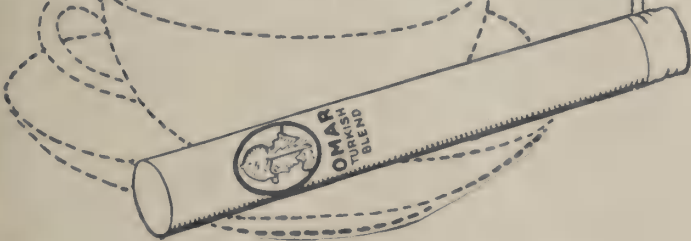
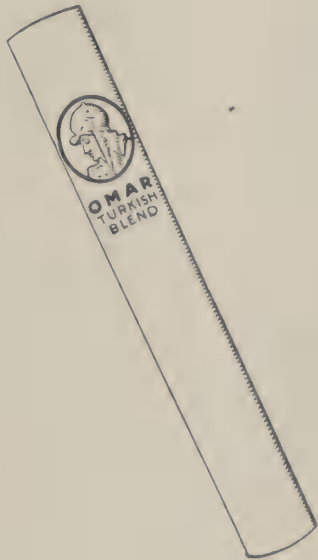
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Seventeen. We play bridge and we have a supper once a month. You play, of course?"

"N-no, I don't."

"Really? In St. Paul?"

"I've always been such a bookworm."

"We'll have to teach you. Bridge is half the fun of life." Juanita had become patronizing, and she glanced disrespectfully at Carol's golden sash, which she had previously admired.

Carol perceived that she had been weakened in the biological struggle by disclosing her lack of bridge. Roused to nervous desire to regain her position she turned on Dr. Terry Gould, the young and pool-playing competitor of her husband. Her eyes coquetted with him while she gushed:

"I'll learn bridge. But what I really love most is the outdoors. Can't we all get up a boating party, and fish, or whatever you do, and have a picnic supper afterwards?"

"Now you're talking!" Dr. Gould affirmed. He looked rather too obviously at the cream-smooth slope of her shoulder. "Like fishing? Fishing is my middle name. I'll teach you bridge. Like cards at all?"

"I used to be rather good at bezique."

She knew that bezique was a game of cards—or a game of something else. Roulette, possibly. But her lie was a triumph. Juanita's handsome, high-colored, horsy face showed doubt. Harry stroked his nose and said humbly: "Bezique? Used to be great gambling game, wasn't it?"

While others drifted to her group, Carol snatched up the conversation. She laughed and was frivolous and rather brittle. She could not distinguish their eyes. They were a blurry theater-audience before which she self-consciously enacted the comedy of being the Clever Little Bride of Doc Kennicott.

For fifteen minutes Carol kept it up. She asserted that she was going to stage a musical comedy, that she preferred café parait to beefsteak, that she hoped Dr. Kennicott would never lose his ability to make love to charming women, and that she had a pair of gold stockings. They gaped for more. But she could not keep it up. She retired to a chair behind Sam Clark's bulk. The smile-wrinkles solemnly flattened out in the faces of all the other collaborators in having a party, and again they stood about, hoping but not expecting to be amused.

Carol listened. She discovered that conversation did not exist in Gopher Prairie. Even at this affair, which brought out the young smart set and the solid financial set, they sat up with gaiety as with a corpse. . . .

CAROL, with her effervescent vitality, soon chafed under the comparative idleness of bridal housekeeping, and was eager very shortly to be about her plans for "uplift" in Gopher Prairie. But everywhere she met rebuff. She found that the people who would naturally have been her friends considered her affected and highfalutin, and gossiped endlessly about her clothes and her house and her impractical notions—and she in turn thought them all petty and intolerably conservative. When Carol wanted to discuss the new poetry, they chose rather to talk of Butterick patterns; when she urged building a new schoolhouse or a community hall, they enlisted her services in an anti-fly campaign or asked her to teach a Sunday-school class! And the people of Gopher Prairie soon came to dislike the supercilious and unhappy Carol as cordially as she despised them. When her baby was coming, however, the women were ready to forgive her and receive Carol into the sisterhood.

EVERY matron hinted, "Now that you're going to be a mother, dearie, you'll get over all these ideas of yours and settle down." Mrs. Champ Perry bustled in to lend "Ben Hur," as a preventive of future infant immorality. The Widow Bogart appeared trailing pinkish exclamations: "And

how is our lovely 'tittle muzzy today! My, ain't it just like they always say: being in a Family Way does make the girlie so lovely, just like a Madonna. Tell me"—her whisper was tinged with salaciousness—"does oo feel the dear itty one stirring, the pledge of love? I remember with Cy, of course he was so big—"

"I do not look lovely, Mrs. Bogart. My complexion is rotten, and my hair is coming out, and I look like a potato-bag, and I think my arches are falling, and he isn't a pledge of love, and I'm afraid he will look like us, and I don't believe in mother-devotion, and the

In Hearst's—Next Month—

WHY DON'T I GO TO CHURCH?

By
WALT MASON

Because the Pulpit has lost its pull upon me,—for reasons set forth

whole business is a confounded nuisance of a biological process," remarked Carol.

Then the baby was born. . . . For two years nothing else existed. . . . For two years Carol was a part of the town.

She was no longer irritated by the cooing of the matrons, nor by their opinion that diet didn't matter so long as the Little Ones had plenty of lace and moist kisses, but she concluded that in the care of babies as in politics, intelligence was superior to quotations about pansies. . . .

BUT when Hugh required less of her attention, Carol's old discontent returned. She believed that she was growing old without having accomplished anything, felt as though she had never really lived. So she determined to leave her husband and Gopher Prairie, and see what she could get out of life by herself.

SHE set out for Washington in October—just before the war ended.

The last thing she saw on the station platform was Kennicott, faithfully waving his hand, his face so full of uncomprehending loneliness that he could not smile but only twitch up his lips. She waved to him as long as she could, and when he was lost she wanted to leap from the vestibule and run back to him. She thought of a hundred tendernesses she had neglected.

She had her freedom, and it was empty. The moment was not the highest of her life, but the lowest and most desolate, which was altogether excellent, for instead of slipping downward she began to climb.

She sighed, "I couldn't do this if it weren't for Will's kindness, his giving me money."

CAROL found employment in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. She was interested in her work and in the friends she made, but never once did she have any triumphant sense of accomplishment. It was more than a year

later that her big good-natured husband visited her—and she was glad enough to see him. And she found also that her active hatred of Gopher Prairie had run out! Kennicott's defense of its citizens as "a lot of pretty good folks, working hard and trying to bring up their families the best they can" no longer offended her.

SHE did not return for five months more—five months crammed with greedy accumulation of sounds and colors to take back for the long still days.

She had spent nearly two years in Washington.

When she departed for Gopher Prairie, in June, her second baby was stirring within her.

She had left a city which sat up nights talking of universal transition; of European revolution, guild socialism, free verse. She had fancied that all the world was changing.

She found that it was not.

In Gopher Prairie the only ardent new topics were prohibition, the place in Minneapolis where you could get whisky at thirteen dollars a quart, recipes for home-made beer, the "high cost of living," the presidential election, Clark's new car, and not very novel foibles of Cy Bogart. Their problems were exactly what they had been two years ago, what they had been twenty years ago, and what they would be for twenty years to come.

But Carol did not think of the ugliness of Main Street as she hurried along it to the chatter of the Jolly Seventeen. . . .

She wore her eyeglasses on the street now. She was beginning to ask Kennicott and Juanita if she didn't look young, much younger than thirty-three. The eyeglasses pinched her nose. She considered spectacles. They would make her seem older, and hopelessly settled. No! She would not wear spectacles yet. But she tried on a pair at Kennicott's office. They really were much more comfortable.

AND this was the verdict of Main Street on Carol Kennicott:

DR. WESTLAKE, Sam Clark, Nat Hicks, and Del Snaffin were talking at Del's barber shop.

"Well, I see Kennicott's wife is taking a whirl at the rest-room now," said Dr. Westlake. He emphasized the "now."

Del interrupted the shaving of Sam and with his brush dripping lather, he observed jocularly:

"What'll she be up to next? They say she used to claim this burg wasn't swell enough for a city girl like her, and would we please tax ourselves about thirty-seven point nine and fix it all up pretty, with tidies on the hydrants and statos on the lawns—"

Sam irritably blew the lather from his lips with milky small bubbles, and snorted: "Be a good thing for most of us roughnecks if we did have a smart woman to tell us how to fix up the town. And you can bet Mrs. Kennicott is smart, even if she is skittish. Glad to see her back. . . .

"These smart educated women all get funny ideas, but they get over 'em after they've had three or four kids. You'll see her settled down one of these days, and teaching Sunday school and helping at sociables and behaving herself, and not trying to butt into business and politics. Sure!"

After only fifteen minutes of conference on her stockings, her son, her separate bedroom, her music, her ancient interest in Guy Pollock, her probable salary in Washington, and every remark which she was known to have made since her return, the supreme council decided that they would permit Carol Kennicott to live, and they passed on to a consideration of Nat Hicks's New One about the traveling salesman and the old maid.

Children of Whirlwind

(Continued from page 49)

Barlow. "What kind of floor-walker d'you think I am? I'm too busy!"

"Too busy to take personal charge, and get personal credit, for one of the biggest cases that ever went through this office?"

MAGGIE had sought only to excite his vanity. But unknowingly she had also appealed to something else in him: his very deep concern in the hostile activities of the district attorney's office. If this girl told the truth, then here might be his chance to display such devotion to duty as to turn up some such sensational case as would make this

investigation from the district attorney's office seem to the public an unholy persecution and make the chagrined district attorney, who was very sensitive to public opinion, think it wiser to drop the whole matter.

"How do I know you're not trying to string me—or get me out of the way of something bigger—or hand me the double-cross?"

"I shall be there all the time, and if you don't like the way the thing develops you can arrest me. I suppose you've got some

kind of law, with a stiff punishment attached, about conspiracy against an officer."

"Well, give me all the dope, and tell me where I'm to come," he yielded ungraciously.

"I've told you all I am going to tell. All the important 'dope' you'll get first-hand by being present when the thing happens. The place to come is the Hotel Grantham—Room 1142—at eight-thirty sharp."

To this Barlow grudgingly agreed. He might have exulted inwardly, but he would have shown no outer graciousness if a committee of citizens had handed him a reward of a million dollars and an engrossed testi-

sonial to his unprecedented services. Barlow did not know how to thank anyone.

FIVE minutes after she left Headquarters Maggie was in the back room of the Duchess's pawnshop, which her rapid planning had fixed upon as the next station at which she should stop. She did not waste a moment in coming to the point with the Duchess.

"Red Hannigan is really the most important of Larry's old friends who are out to get him, isn't he?"

"Yes—in a way. I mean among those who honestly think Larry has turned stool and squealer. He trusted Larry more than anyone else—and now he hates Larry more than anyone else. Rather natural, since he was two months in the Tombs before he could get bail—because he thinks Larry leaked on him."

"How's he stand with his crowd?"

"No one higher. They'd all take his word for anything."

"Can you find him at once?" Maggie asked breathlessly.

THAT was a trifling question to ask the Duchess, since all the news of her shadowy world came to her ears in some swift, secure manner.

"Yes, if it is necessary."

"It's terribly necessary! If I can't get on, the whole thing may fail!"

"What thing?" demanded the Duchess.

"It might all sound impossibly foolish!" cried the excited, desperate Maggie. "You ought to tell me so—and discourage me—and simply must go ahead! I feel rather like a juggler who's trying for the first time to keep a lot of new things going in the air at once. But I think there's a chance that may succeed! I'll tell you just one thing. It all has to do with Larry. I think I may pin Larry."

"I'll get Red Hannigan," the Duchess said effly. "What do you want with him?"

"Have him come to the Hotel Grantham Room 1142—at eight-fifteen sharp!"

"He'll be there," said the Duchess.

HERE followed a swirling taxi-ride back to the Grantham, and a rapid change of her most fetching evening gown (she had not even a thought of dinner) to play her part in the drama which she was excitedly writing in her mind and for which she had just engaged her cast. She was on fire with terrible suspense. Would the other actors play their parts as she intended they should? Would her complicated drama have ending she was hoping for?

Had she been in a more composed, matter-of-fact state of mind, this play which she was staging would have seemed the crudest, most impossible melodrama—a thing both absurd and too dangerous for her to risk. Maggie was just then living through one of the highest periods of her life; she cared not what happened to her. And it is just in moods that transform and elevate what otherwise would be absurd to the nobly serious; that change the impossible into the possible; just as an exalted mood or mind is, was, the primary difference between Hamlet, or "Macbeth," or "Lear," and of the forgotten Bowery melodramas of a generation now gone.

HE had been dressed for perhaps ten nervous minutes when the bell rang. He admitted a slight, erect, well-dressed, middle-aged man with a lean, thin-lipped and a cold, hard, conservative eye: a type of the type that you see by the dozens in better hotels of New York; and, seeing you think, if you think of him at all, here is the canny president of some fair-bank who will not let a client borrow a penny beyond his established credit, or that is the shrewd but unobtrusive power become a great industry of the Middle West. "m Hannigan," he announced briefly. "now you're old Jimmie Carlisle's girl. Duchess told me you wanted me on something big. What's the idea?"

"You want to get Larry Brainard, don't you—or whoever it was that squealed on him?"

There was a momentary gleam in the hard eyes. "I do."

"That's why you're here. In a little over an hour, if you stay quiet in the background, I have what you want."

YOUVE got a swell-looking layout here. What's going to be pulled off?"

"It's not what I might tell you that's to help you. It's what you hear and

"All right," said the thin-lipped man. "I'll pass the questions, since the Duchess told me to do as you said. She's square, even if she does have a grandson who's a stool. I suppose I'm to be out of sight during whatever happens."

"Yes."

IN THE room there were two spacious closets, as is not infrequent in the better class of modern hotels; and it had been these two closets which had been the practical starting-point of Maggie's development of Dick Sherwood's proposition. To one of these she led Hannigan.

"You'll be out of sight here, and you'll get every word."

He stepped inside, and she closed the door. Also she took the precaution of locking it. She wished Hannigan to hear, but she wished no such contretemps as Hannigan bursting forth and spoiling her play when it had reached only the middle of its necessary action.

BARLOW came promptly at half-past eight. He brought news which for a few moments almost completely upset Maggie's delicately balanced structure.

"I know who you are now," he said brusquely. "And part of your game's cold before you start."

"Why? What part?"

"Just after you left Headquarters, Officer Gavegan showed up. He had this Larry Brainard in tow; had pinched him out on Long Island."

This announcement staggered Maggie; for the moment it made all her strenuous planning seem to have lost its purpose. In her normal condition she might either have given up, or have betrayed her real intent. But just now in her super-excited state, in which she felt she was fighting desperately for others, she was acting far above her ordinary capacity; and she was making decisions so swift that they hardly seemed to proceed from conscious thought. So Barlow, vigilant watcher of faces that he was, saw nothing unusual in her expression or manner.

"WHAT did you do with him?" Maggie asked.

"Left him with Gavegan—and with Casey, who had just come in. Trailing with Brainard was a swell named Hunt, cussing mad. He was snorting around about being pals with most of the magistrates, and swore he'd have Brainard out on bail inside an hour. But what he does not make any difference to me. Your proposition seems to me dead cold, since I've already got Brainard, and got him right. I wouldn't have bothered to have come here at all except for something you let drop about the pals he might have been working with, these last few months."

"That's exactly it," she caught him up. "I never thought that you'd catch Larry Brainard here. How could I, when if you know me as you say, you also know that he and I are in different camps—are fighting each other. What's going to happen here is something that will show you the people Larry Brainard's been mixed up with—that will turn up for you the people you want."

"BUT what's going to happen?" Barlow demanded.

To this Maggie answered in much the same strain she had used with Hannigan a few minutes earlier. "I told you down at Headquarters that everything that's important you'll learn by being present when the thing actually happens. What I tell you doesn't count for much—it might not be so. It's what you see and hear for yourself when things begin to happen. You're to wait in here." She led him to the second large closet and opened the door.

"See here," he demanded. "Are you framing something on me?"

"How can I, in a big hotel like this? And even if I were to try, you'd certainly make me pay for it later. Besides, you've got a gun. Please go in quick; I'm expecting the people here any minute. And don't make a sound that might arouse their suspicions and queer everything."

He entered, and she closed the door. So carefully that he did not hear it, she locked the door; no more than in Hannigan's case did she want Barlow to come bungling into a scene before it had reached its climax.

ALL was now ready for the curtain to rise. Quivering all through, she waited for Barney Palmer, whose entrance was to open her drama. She glanced at her wrist-watch, which she had left upon the little lacquered

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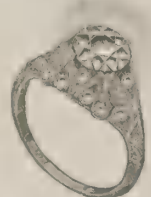
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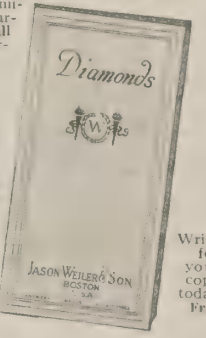
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In HEARST'S for April
The Broad-Minded Marquis
By E. Phillips Oppenheim

writing-table. Ten minutes of nine. Ten more minutes to wait. In that short interval Maggie felt far more of sickening suspense than ever did any young playwright on the opening night of his first play. For she was more than merely playwright. In her desperate, overwrought determination Maggie had assumed for herself the super-mortal rôle of *deus ex machina*. And in those moments of tense waiting Maggie, who so feverishly loathed all she had been, was not at all sure whether she was going to succeed in her part of goddess from the machine.

AT FIVE minutes to nine there was a ring. She gave a little jump at the sound. That was Barney, though generally when Barney came he used the latchkey which his assumed dear cousinship, and the argued possibility of their being out and thus causing him to wait around in discomfort, Miss Grierson's sense of propriety had unbent far enough to permit him to possess. The truth was, of course, that Barney had desired the key so that he might have most private conferences with Maggie, at any time necessity demanded, without the stolidly conscientious Miss Grierson ever knowing what had happened and being therefore able to give dangerous testimony.

Maggie crossed and opened the door. But, instead of Barney Palmer, it was Larry who stepped in. He quickly closed the door behind him.

"LARRY!" she cried, startled. "Why—why, I thought the police had you!"

"They did. But Hunt was with me, and he got hold of a magistrate who would have made Hunt a present of the Tombs and Police Headquarters if he had owned them."

"Then you're out on bail?"
"Got out about ten minutes ago. Hunt didn't have any property he could put up as security, so he phoned my grandmother. She walked in with an armload of deeds. Why, she must own as much property in New York as the Astor Estate."

"Larry, I'm so glad!" And then, remembering what, according to her plan, was due to begin to happen almost any moment, she exclaimed in dismay: "But, Larry! Oh, why did you come here now!"

"I WANTED to know—you understand—what you have decided to do after learning about your father. And I wanted to tell you that, after all my great boasts to you, I seem to have failed in every boast. Item one, the police have got me. Item two, since the police have got me, my old pals will also most likely get me. Item three, when I was arrested at Cedar Crest, Miss Sherwood learned that I had known you all along and believes I was part of a conspiracy to clean out the family; so she chucked me—and I've lost what I believed my big chance to make good. So you see, Maggie, it looks as if you were right when you predicted that I was going to fail in everything I said I was going to do."

"Larry, Miss Sherwood believes that?" she breathed. And then she remembered again, and caught his arm with sudden energy. "Larry, you mustn't stay here!"

"Why not?"
Her answer was almost identical with one she had given the previous evening. "Because Barney Palmer may be here the next minute!"

His response was in sense also identical. "Then I'll stay right here. There's no one I want to see as much as Barney Palmer. And this time I'll have it out with him!"

MAGGIE was in consternation at this unexpected twist which was not in the brain-manuscript of her play at all—which indeed threatened to take her play right out of her hands.

"Please go, Larry!" she cried desperately. "And please give me a chance! You'll spoil it all if you stay!"

"I'm going to stay right here," was his grim response.

She realized there was no changing him. She glimpsed a closet door behind him, and caught at the chance of saving at least a fragment of her drama.

"Stay then—but, Larry, please give me a chance to do what I want to do! Please!" By this time she had dragged him across the room and had started to unlock the closet. "Just wait in here," she begged, "—and keep quiet! Please!"

HE TOOK the key from her fumbling hands, unlocked the door, and slipped the key into his pocket. "All right. I'll give you your chance," he promised.

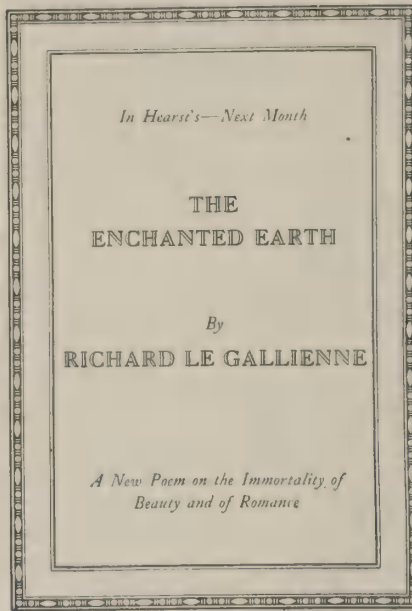
He stepped through the door and closed it upon himself, entombing himself in blackness. The next moment the glare of a pocket flash was in his face, blinding him.

"Larry Brainard!" grunted a low voice in the darkness.

Larry could see nothing, but there was no mistaking that voice. "Red Hannigan!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—you dirty squealer! And I'm going to finish you off right here!"

THE light clicked out, and a pair of lean hands almost closed on Larry's windpipe. But Larry caught the wrists of the older man in a grip the other could not break. There was a brief struggle in the blackness



of the closet; then the slighter man stood still with his wrists manacled by Larry's hands.

"Evidently you haven't a gun on you, Red, or you wouldn't have tried this," Larry commented. "Anyhow, you couldn't have got away with killing in a big hotel, whether you had strangled me or shot me. I don't blame you for being sore at me, Red—only you've got me all wrong. But you and I are evidently here for the same purpose: to get next to something that's going to happen out in the room. What do you say, Red? Let's suspend hostilities for the present. You've got me where you can follow me, and you can get me any time."

"You bet I'll get you!" declared Hannigan.

And then after a few more words an armistice was agreed upon between the two men in the closet, and silently, tensely they stood in the dark awaiting whatever might come to pass.

Outside, Maggie, that amateur playwright who had tried so desperately to prearrange events, that inexperienced goddess from the machine, stood in a panic of fear and suspense the like of which she had never known.

XXXIV

BUT when Barney's latchkey slid into the door and Barney, in a smart dinner jacket, came in, Maggie was herself again. Indeed, she was better than herself, for there rushed to her support that added power which she had just been despairing of, which carries some people through an hour of crisis, and which may occasionally lift an actor above himself when fortune gives him a difficult yet splendid part which is the great chance of his career.

And Maggie showed to the eye that she was better than her best, for Barney exclaimed the instant he was beside her:

"Gee! Maggie, you sure look like the Queen of Sheba, whoever that dame was! Any guy would fall for you tonight—and he'd fall so hard that he'd break, or go broke."

But Barney was too eager to await any response. "What's behind the hurry-up call you sent in? Anything broken yet?" "Something big! But sit down. There's a lot to tell. And I must tell it quick—before my"—she could not force herself to say "father"—"before Old Jimmie comes, and Dick."

"Then Dick's coming?"

"Yes. Things have taken a twist so that everything breaks tonight. But sit down, and I'll tell you everything."

SHE had noted that the door behind which Larry stood, and to which he had captured the key, was open a bare half-inch. It looked no more suspicious than any closet door that by accident had swung free of its latch, but by deft maneuvering Maggie managed so that Barney sat at the table with his back towards both closets.

"Go to it, Maggie," he urged.

THE plan which had swiftly developed from Dick Sherwood's idea required that she should tell much that was the truth and much that was not truth, and require that she should play with every faculty and every attraction she possessed upon his tremendous vanity and upon his jealous admiration of her. She had to make him believe more in her as a pal than ever before; she had to make him want her more as a woman than ever before. And at this moment she felt herself thrillingly equal to this vampiric rôle her overstimulated sense of justice had commanded her to undertake.

"Things have gone great," she began, speaking concisely yet trying not in the eager brevity to lose the convincing effect that she would be the complete mistress of any enterprise to which she yielded her interest. "Dick Sherwood proposed to me again, and this time I said yes. I saw that he was ready for anything, so I took some things into my hands. I had to, for I saw we had to act quick even at the risk of losing a bit of the maximum figure we had counted on. You see I realized the danger to us. Larry Brainard suddenly showing up, and his knowing, as he told us he did, who the sucker is that we've been stringing along. Anything might happen, any minute, from Larry Brainard that would upset everything. So I reasoned that we had to collect quick or run the risk of never getting a nickel."

"Some bean you've got, Maggie," Barney said admiringly. "Keep your foot on the gas pedal."

"WHAT I did was only the carrying out of the plan you had decided on—course carrying it out quicker, and with a little changes that the urgent situation demanded. After he proposed I broke down my schedule, and confessed that I had deceived him to the extent that I was already married—married to a man I didn't love, a man who didn't love me, but who was a tight-wad and who wouldn't let me go unless he saw a lot of money in it for him. And I gave Dick all the rest of the story, just as we had done it out."

"Great work, Maggie! How did he take it?"

"Exactly as we figured he would. He was sorry for me; it didn't make any difference at all in his feelings for me. He'd buy my husband off—give him any price he wanted—and just so I wouldn't have to feel my bound to such a man a minute longer, he'd make a bargain with him. Once and pay him part of the money he'd give me—tonight, if he could get in touch with my husband. And so, Barney, since we had to act quick, and there was no time to lose in another man that I could pass off as my husband, I confessed to him that I was married to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Barney.
"And he's coming here in less than an hour, with real money in his pockets, to if he can't fix a deal with you."

"Me!" exclaimed the startled Barney again. His beady eyes glowed at her ardently. "Gee! You know I wish I really was married to you, Maggie! If I was, your money couldn't ever pry you loose from me!"

"Well, there's the whole layout, Barney. It's up to you to be my grasping, bargaining, unloving husband for about an hour."

"I HADN'T thought of myself in that part," he objected. "I'd figured that we'd bring in a new man to be the husband. It's pretty dangerous for me, my stringing Dick along all this while and then suddenly to enter the act as your husband—and take the money."

"Dangerous!" There was sudden temptation in her voice and in her eyes. "You're that kind of man, Barney—afraid after my telling Dick you were my husband, and his swallowing the truth without a suspicion. Well, right this minute is where we call this deal off—and end other deal!"

"Oh, don't be so quick with that temptation, yours, Maggie! I merely said it was dangerous. Of course I'll do it."

and then Barney asked with a cunning he to hide: "But why did you ask me to Old Jimmie show up here right after we don't need him?"

"Just what's behind your saying that, hey?" she demanded sharply.

"I squirmed a little, then spoke the truth. I don't love your father any too much, he doesn't love you any too much—I v that. He needn't really know how we take off Sherwood; if he wasn't he'd have to take our word for what we and we'd tell him we got mighty little. The real money would be divided fifty-between just you and me."

"I may not love my father, but he's in on the same basis as you are, or I'm out," she declared. "I thought you might t something like this; that's one reason I asked you to have him come. Another on—and this is something I forgot to tell awhile ago—when I broke down and esed everything to Dick Sherwood, I Dick that Old Jimmie was really my dian; and we both agreed that he should resent as a witness to any agreement, and protect my interests. Still another reason at since we had to work so fast, the thing o was to split the money on the spot in e ways, and then each of us shoot off in a rent direction tonight before any bad had a chance to break. In fact, Barney, present minute is when you and I say good-bys."

E FORGOT his scheme to defraud Old Jimmie in the far greater concern used by her last words. He leaned across table and tried to take her hand, an mpt she deftly thwarted.

"But listen, Maggie!" he asked with y eagerness. "You and I are going to e an understanding to join up with each er soon, aren't we? You know what I n—belong to each other. You know how el about you."

This was the principal point Maggie had maneuvering towards. Before her was most difficult scene of the many which had planned; on her successful manage- at of this, the success of everything ned to depend. Within she was palpitant in the strain and suspense of it all; but on ney she held cool, appraising eyes. In splendid composure, her momentary adrawal from him, she seemed to Barney e beautiful, more desirable, more indis- sable, than at any time since he had dis- ered back at the Duchess's that Maggie a find.

"Of course I know exactly what you mean, ney," she responded with deliberation, itchingly alluring in her air of superior- "I've known for a long time you and I ld have to have a real talk. Are you ly for a straight talk now?"

As straight as you can talk it!"

LL probably fall for some man and marry him. Every woman does. But if I ry him, it'll be because I love him. But marrying a man doesn't mean I'm going go into business with him. I'm not going mix love with business—not unless the n is the right sort of man. Of course it ld be better if the man I marry and the n I take on as a business partner were the ne man—but I'm not going to take any es. You understand me so far?"

"Surest thing you know. And every word I've said proves that your head isn't just ething to look pretty with. Let me slip s over to you right at the start—I'm the ht sort of man!"

"That's exactly what I want to find out," e continued with deliberation, with the air sitting secure upon the highest level. "I ow now what I can do. I've proved it. ow I'm going right ahead putting over big ings. You once told me I had it in me to the best ever—and I now know I can be. now I've got to tie up with a man, and the n has got to be just as good in his way as am in mine. Right there's where I'm in ight about you. I said I was going to talk ight—and I'm handing it to you straight. on't know how good you are."

YOU mean you think I'm not big enough to work with you?"

"I mean exactly what I said. I said that didn't really know how good you are, and at I wasn't going to tie up with any man cept the best in the business. You've ated now and then at a lot of big things u've put across and how strong you were certain quarters where it paid to be strong but I really know mighty little about you, arney. This present job hasn't required u to do anything special, and all the really

hard work I've done myself. Of course I know you are a good dancer, and clever with the ladies, and know how to pick up a sucker and string him along. But that's everything I do know. And there are hundreds of men who are good at those things. The man I tie up with has got to be good at a lot of other things—and I've got to know that he's good!"

"Good at what other things, Maggie?" he asked with suppressed eagerness.

"He's got to be good at putting over all kinds of situations. I don't care how he does it. So clever at putting things over that no one ever guesses he's the man who did it. And he's got to be able to give me protection. You know what I mean. A woman in the game I'm going in for is absolutely through, as far as doing anything big is concerned, the minute she gets a police record. I've got to have a man who's able to stand between me and the police. And I've got to know from past performances that the man can do these things. Just large words about what he can do, or hints about what he has done, don't count for a nickel with me. This is plain, hard business I'm talking, Barney, and I don't mean to hurt your feelings when I tell you that you don't measure up in any way to the man I need."

IT HAD been difficult for Barney to hold himself until she had finished. To start with, he had the vain man's constant itch to tell of his exploits, his dislike for the anonymity of his cleverness unjustly ascribed to some other man. And then Maggie had played upon him even more skillfully than she imagined.

"I'm exactly the man you need in every way!" he exploded.

"Those are just words," she said evenly. "I said I had to have something more than mere words."

"I'm ace-high with Chief Barlow!"

"You've got to be more explicit."

BARNEY was now all excitement. "Don't you get what that means? I've never been locked up once, and yet I've been pulling stuff all the time! And yet look how Larry Brainard, that the bunch thought was so clever, got hooked and was sent away. I guess you know the answer!"

"Again, Barney, I've got to ask you to be more explicit."

"Then the answer is that all the while I've been working on an understanding with Barlow. I guess that's explicit!"

"You mean," she said in her cool voice, "that you've been a stool-pigeon for Barlow?"

"Sure, though I don't like the word. That's the only safe way of staying steady in the game—an understanding with the police. All there is to it is now and then to tip the police off about some dub of a crook; of course you've got to be smooth enough not to let anyone guess your game."

"THAT doesn't seem to me such a strong talking point in your favor," she said thoughtfully.

"But don't you get the idea? I'm so strong with Barlow that I can get away with anything I want to. That means I can give you the protection from the police you just spoke about. See?"

"Yes, I see." Again she spoke thoughtfully. "But I told you I had to be shown. You must have done some pretty big things to have got such a standing with Barlow. For example?"

"I could write you a book!" He laughed in his excited pride. "You ask for an example. I could hardly hold myself in a while ago when you said you'd practically swung the present deal alone, and that I'd done almost nothing. Why, Maggie! I did just one smooth little thing without which there couldn't have been any deal."

"What?"

"You'll admit that nothing would have been safe, with Larry Brainard determined to butt in on what you did?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm the little guy that fixed Larry Brainard so he wouldn't hurt anyone!"

"You did that?" For the first time Maggie showed what seemed to be a live interest. "How?"

"HOW? You'll say it was clever when you learn how. And you'll say that I'm the man you want on that count of being able to put over a situation so that no one will ever guess I'm the man who did it. You'll admit that putting Larry Brainard out of business, so he'd stay out, was certainly a stiff job—for, though I don't like him, I admit that Larry is one wise bird. One

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thing I did was to suggest to Barlow that he force Larry to become a police stool. I knew Larry would refuse, and I figured out everything else exactly as it has happened. I ask you, wasn't that putting something clever over?"

"It certainly was clever!" admired Maggie.

"Wait! That's only half. To finish Larry off so that he wouldn't have a chance, I had to finish him off not only with the cops but also with his pals. So I tipped off Barlow to the game Red Hannigan and Jack Rosenfeldt were pulling and——"

"Then Larry Brainard really didn't do that?"

"No, I did it! Listen—there's some more to it. I spread the word, so that it seemed to be a leak from the police department, that it was Larry who had squealed on Red Hannigan and Jack Rosenfeldt. Did his old pals start out to get Larry? Well, now, did they! If I do say it myself, that was smooth work!"

"It was wonderful!" agreed Maggie.

"AND there's still more, Maggie! You remember that charge of stick-up and attempted murder of a Chicago guy that the police are trying to land Larry on? I put that over! I'm the party that was messed up in that. I was trying to put over a neat little job all on my own; but something went wrong just as I thought I was cleaning out the sucker, and I had to be rough with that Chicago guy in order to make a get-away from him. I beat it straight to Barlow, and said that right here was the chance to fasten something on Larry. Barlow took my tip. My foot may have slipped on the original job, but my bean certainly did act quick, and you've got to admit I turned an apparent failure into something bigger than success would have been. And that's certainly traveling!"

"It certainly is!"

"AND now, Maggie," Barney pressed her eagerly, "I've shown you I'm just the sort you said a man had to be for you to tie up with him. I've shown you I can guarantee you police protection. And I've shown you I'm able to put over clever situations without anyone ever guessing I'm the party who put 'em over. I fit all your specifications! How about our settling right now to join up some place—Toronto's the best bet—say three days after we make our get-away after tonight's clean-up? Let's be quick about this, Maggie—before Old Jimmie comes in. He's due any minute now!"

"Isn't that him at the door now?" breathed Maggie.

Both waited intently for a moment. But though she pretended so Maggie's interest was not upon the outer door. Her attention was fixed, as it had been with sickening fear this last minute, upon that half-inch crack in the closet door behind Barney. Why had she, in her dismayed urgency, allowed Larry to possess himself of that closet key—when her plan had been to keep Hannigan as well as Barlow forcibly behind the scenes until she had acted out her play? She now hoped almost against hope that Hannigan would not burst forth and ruin what was yet to come. Since that door unluckily had to be unlocked, her one chance was given her by the presence of Larry. Perhaps Larry could perceive the larger things she was striving for, and in some way restrain Hannigan.

THESE thoughts were but an instant in passing through her brain. Barney's eyes came back from the outer door to her face. "That's not Old Jimmie yet."

"No," her lips said. But her brain was saying, since the crack still remained a half-inch crack, "Larry understands—he's holding back Red Hannigan!"

Barney returned swiftly to his charge. "How about Toronto, Maggie—say exactly seventy-two hours from now—the Royal Brunswick Hotel?"

Maggie realized she could no longer put him off, if she were to keep him unsuspecting for the next hour. Besides, in her desperate disillusionment concerning herself, she did not care what happened to her, or what people might think of her, if only she could keep this play going till its final moment.

"Yes," she said, "if we feel the same way towards each other when this evening's ended."

"Maggie!" he cried. "Maggie!"

This time, when he exultantly caught at her hand, she dared not refuse it to him. And she felt an additional loathing for Barney's caress because she knew that Larry was a witness to it.

INDEED, it was difficult for Larry, at sight of Maggie's hand in Barney's eager palms, to hold himself in check; and do this in addition to holding in check slight, quivering Red Hannigan, whose co and whose right wrist he had been gripping these last three minutes. For Larry, Maggie had hoped, had dimly apprehended something of Maggie's plan, and had himself bound by the promise she had extracted from him, to let her go through whatever she had under way; though he had no conception of her plan's extent, and of course not know of the intention of overwrought mind to give her plan its touch in what amounted to her own destruction, and in her vanishing utterly of the knowledge of all who knew her.

ANOTHER minute passed; then Larry heard three peculiar rings of the bell at the outer door—an obvious signal. Maggie answered the summons, and Larry saw Jimmie enter. There followed a rapid compact conference between the three, substance of which was the telling of Jimmie of the developments against Larry Sherwood which Maggie had a little earlier recited to Barney, together with instructions to Old Jimmie concerning his new role as Maggie's guardian. It seemed to Larry that he caught signs of uneasiness in Jimmie, but to all the older man nodded his head.

Presently there was a loud ring.

"That's Dick!" exclaimed Barney in a whisper. "And mighty eager, too—surely that by being ahead of the time you let him in, Maggie."

Maggie was startled by the ring, though she did not show it. She thought rapidly. She had definitely asked Dick to telephone before coming. Why hadn't he telephoned? Perhaps something had happened to prevent it, or perhaps an idea had come to him which their plan could be bettered with a telephone message. In either case, she Dick might have to improvise, and she caught cues tossed to each other, as experienced actors sometimes do without audience ever knowing that a hiatus in play has been skillfully covered.

Maggie stood up. "You both understand what you're to do?"

Both whispered, "Yes."

LARRY watched Maggie start across the room, his whole figure quivering with suspense as to what was going to happen when Dick entered. He was quite sure she was more here than appeared upon the face, quite sure that Maggie did not intend that the business with Dick should work as she had outlined.

"What can Maggie possibly be up to?" he asked himself in feverish wonderment.

And he could find no answer. Of course Larry had no knowledge of the most important fact: that Maggie had actually made a confession to Dick—no fraudulent confession she had told Barney of, but an honest and complete confession, and that in consequence she and Dick were working in cooperation.

FROM his crack in the door Larry did not quite see the outer door. But when she opened the door he saw Maggie fall with an inarticulate cry, her face suddenly blanched with astounded fright. And Larry experienced one of the greatest surprises of his life—a surprise so unnerving he almost loosed his hold upon Red Hannigan. For instead of Dick there walked into the room the tall white-haired figure of Mellis, and Joe's lean, prison-blancher was aquiver with a devastating power. How in the name of God had Joe come here? And what did that terrible portent?

But Larry's surprise was but an unobtrusive emotion compared to the effect of her father's appearance, with his face, upon Maggie. Life seemed suddenly go out of her. She realized that the play, which she had constructed so carefully and upon which she had counted to disentangle for which she was in part responsible and to bring her back in time as the fulfillment of the dream of a happy, disillusioned father—she realized that the poor brilliant play had come to an end before it was fairly started, and that the control of events had passed into other hands.

JUST what cards does Biff Mellis hold in the game of Old Jimmie Carlisle and how and send Maggie, cowed and humble, to do his bidding? See Hearst's for

"OF FLOWERS illumined by the Sun," wrote Mr. Longfellow, laying out the design for Penrhyn Stanlaw's front cover this month. "Let the merry sunshine in," wrote another poet more flippantly—but no less appropriately—of the same painting. Wouldn't you be merry, if you happened to be this particular sunshine?

OF COURSE, a few geraniums, more or less, aren't so much flowers, even for an April cover. But wait until next month's cover for "May in May." There you'll have a small body of Girl entirely surrounded by flowers.

"PLEASE give us fewer pictures," comes a novel suggestion from a Kentucky lady. "We have the movies and they take the place of illustrations!"

SIC transit gloria mundi! We had supposed much of Hearst's popularity was founded on the quality of its illustrations. See Hearst's for May, for example.

"THERE is no magazine like Hearst's to be found in Europe," says our first message of praise from Germany in five years. "Besides the unusual literary genius I am exceedingly interested in the 'Progress' page. Such sound common sense is so badly needed in Europe it should be distributed by millions."

Eggs in Boiling Oil—Our 500,000-Year-Old Grandfather—A Pea at the North Pole. See Page 26.

"YOU are to my mind," writes a Kansas lawyer to Walt Mason, "one of the most amazing men in the world. How you can go on turning out stuff that is always fresh, kindly, and uplifting! I trust you will not pass away but will continue to write at least as long as I remain in the mortal body."

AMEN, echoes your Editor. Along this very line don't overlook "I Dig Up Old Bones" in Hearst's for May.

NOW'S THE TIME, CHARLES!

"I CONGRATULATE you upon the splendid magazine you are regularly issuing," writes a fellow Editor from Rochester. "It's mighty good stuff. I am a regular reader and may become a subscriber as soon as Mr. Burleson quits the post office."

"OF ALL the magazines I take I enjoy reading Hearst's best of all," writes a kind subscriber in Utah. "The articles in it are the best and most interesting I find anywhere."

WHEN splendid articles by men like Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells and Theodore Dreiser all get crowded out of a single issue, even the most hard-hearted reader should shed a furtive tear for the Editor's sorrows.

"As Men Fight for Peace," by Mr. Wells, promised for this number, will surely find a place in Hearst's for May, and we hope to be equally fortunate with the other two.

"CONGRATULATIONS on Hearst's," writes a pleasant Pittsburghette. "There is not a single page in it that is not helpful to some member of the family. Will not Blasco Ibañez write another 'Enemies of Women' for us?"

HE WILL, indeed, Mrs. G. J. C. Everyone who has seen the manuscript of the new Ibañez novel—starts in Hearst's for June—says it is by all odds the best work of the famous Spaniard.

"I AM watching Hearst's," writes the Vice-President of an enterprising Advertising Agency. "It is an unusual magazine; and, in my judgment one of the most interesting and instructive of them all."



REX BEACH in his famous Oil's-Well-that-Ends-Well costume. To get oil colors to paint his great picture of the romance of Texas fields Mr. Beach spent months among the oil wells. For "Wells of Mammon," the best novel since "The Spoilers"—watch for Hearst's for May.

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HEARST'S for APRIL, 1921

Vol. XXXIX, No. 4

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"YOUR 'How to Advertise for Enemies' gives me an entirely new light on outside advertising," writes to Walt Mason a prominent Western manufacturer. "I had intended to outdo my competitor in decorating the landscape; but thanks to your article, I have decided to eliminate this feature of our advertising and use the billboard money in quite another way."

"Men," complains Dolf, "have two standards, one for wives and one for not-wives." See "A Tangent into Gilead" on page 46, and see also "A Bargain's A Bargain," in Hearst's for May.

THE BIRTH OF A INTERNATIONAL!

"THE great outstanding feature of Hearst's," memorandums Mr. Waldo, the Business Genius in charge of our destinies, "is the extraordinary range of its editorial contents. The amount and high quality of *International* literature you publish infinitely exceeds that of any other publication of the popular sort."

TRUE, Mr. Waldo. Hearst's in 1920 did publish (by actual count) the writings of 1 Spaniard, 3 Italians, 1 Belgian, 2 Frenchmen, 1 Norwegian, 20 Englishmen.

"BUT," continues the memorandum, "does the general public recognize this important fact? Isn't it our duty to make it clear? Can't we put on the covers what is between the covers? Why wouldn't it be well to call ourselves 'Hearst's International'?"

RIGHT, as always, Mr. Waldo. If Mr. Hearst thinks it well, we'll answer all your questions at one fell swoop.

MR. HEARST—as keen for a good suggestion as patient with bad—approves. So, it becomes your Editor's pleasant task to announce that your magazine will be in name in the future—as it has been in fact in the past—"Hearst's International!"

Speaking of Internationalism, take a quick glance through this number, you hold in your hand:

"OPPENHEIM, the British novelist, on page 9; Hall Caine, the Manxman, on page 14; Serafino Fazzini, an Italian doctor, on page 16; facing each other on page 20-21, two Frenchmen, Formont and Guitry. A painting by Mucha, famous Czecho-Slovak, on page 25; and a story by F. E. Bailey, editor of a London magazine, on page 46. Besides all this is a report by Senator Medill McCormick on his recent trip to Europe and a review of H. G. Wells's notable *History of the World*.

WHO among your friends is the best judge of quality in magazines? Won't you show to him or to her this copy of Hearst's? For only the most discriminating want Hearst's and Hearst's wants only the most discriminating.

"WOMEN were the backbone of the war hysteria," declared a famous Chicago psychopathist. "They yelled loudest for killing. They served in uniform on committee, took up smoking, and fell into masculine ways generally."

IS AMERICA—as the Doctor states—really becoming such a nation of Sissies? See "The Four Sexes," on page 16.

DREAMS are strange things. For example, the man who dreamed he was eating flannel cakes and found himself chewing the blanket; or the little boy who dreamed one night he was wide awake and woke up and found it true.

BUT dreams are, as a matter of fact, founded on real facts and can be easily explained when one studies them scientifically. Don't miss "What Do Dreams Signify?" in Hearst's for May.



Stetson Style
Stetson Quality
Stetson Money's Worth

The same today as for
55 years assured
by the

Stetson Quality Mark
in Every Hat



John B. Stetson Company
Philadelphia

ASK the Stetson wearer the reason for his preference and he'll probably say, "Stetson knows how to make the sort of hat I like."

The whole secret of Stetson's sure interpretation of style is the intimate understanding of a man's personal tastes.

Such an understanding is not come by overnight. Stetson has achieved it only by serving the American man of position year after year, for nearly three generations.

A sound background, indeed, which has given Stetson the unerring faculty for selecting and embodying just those elements in the current styles which make for smartness and fine distinction.

One can always be sure of that touch which distinguishes the man who is really well dressed; the clean line, the look of being fit, smartly set up.

And a Quality which one can hardly do justice to in mere words perhaps, but which one recognizes instantly when he pulls his Stetson down over his forehead and looks at himself in the mirror.

STETSON HATS



A King of a Thousand Years Ago

By William Randolph Hearst

IT HAS often been said that the average citizen of today is better off than the king of a thousand years ago. He certainly is far better off in education, in moral character, in comfort and material advantage, and infinitely better off in opportunity for achievement and advancement.

The world advances constantly. The law compelling progress and development is inexorable. Whatever does not progress is eliminated. Whatever continues to exist must continue to progress. At the end of every cycle of time, a full cycle of progress will always be found.

There is, then, always progress—political progress, economic progress, mental, moral, material progress. Every generation finds its average citizen exactly one generation of progress better off than the generation before.

THE only question is whether this progress shall be systematic and orderly, or spasmodic and disorderly. The one point for organized society to consider is whether its evolution towards better things shall be allowed to flow naturally and regularly and beneficially, like a mighty river; or whether, impeded and obstructed, it shall at last burst tumultuously from constraint and sweep forward irresistibly like a flood.

In the one case it reaches its level properly and peacefully. In the other, it reaches inevitably the same ultimate level; but only after great damage and wholly unnecessary devastation.

THE measure of true progress is found in the improved condition of the great mass of the people, and this is the only measure of true progress, be that

improvement political or economic, mental or moral or material. But, while all human society as a mass progresses, develops, improves, there always will remain different levels of society, different measures of merit, different degrees of reward, different grades of intelligence and of enlightenment.

THE more favored elements of society are prone to imagine that the progress of humanity in general will interfere with the continued enjoyment of the special advantages of the favored few, and these more favored elements are, therefore, too often induced to oppose progressive movements and progressive measures in a manner as selfish as it is stupid.

HISTORY tells an entirely different story. The progress of the great mass of people in the past has not interfered with the peculiar advantages and opportunities of the upper ranks of human society. On the contrary, these upper ranks have advanced at least as well and as much as those below them.

Not only do they advance politically and economically, mentally, morally and materially; but, no longer subject on the one hand to the whims of a despot, nor on the other hand to the unstable conditions of ill-organized society, they can accumulate their wealth in peace and possess their property in security. They can exercise more genuine power than ever before and enjoy richer and more legitimate rewards.

We are making progress today and will be compelled by inexorable law to continue to make our full share of progress. Wealth we may no longer

be striving for a hundred years from now; but we shall still strive for some coveted prize, the possession of that particular prize will continue to be the reward of our effort and the distinguishing mark of our superior merit.

IN EVERY human quality and material benefit, the inexorable law of progress will put the *average citizen* of a thousand years from now incalculably ahead of the most favored of our modern kings. Yet the favored individual of that later day must and will still surpass the average individual of his own day in ability, wealth, in responsibility and opportunity, and in whatever may then chance to be the popular form of recognition and reward.

IF MORAL, material, and political progress benefits *all* grades of society, then, obviously, *all* classes and conditions of men should join together unselfishly to labor in behalf of human progress instead of leaving it to be urged with intelligent and enterprising selfishness by the less favored elements of society and opposed in stupid and mistaken selfishness by the more favored elements.

NO MATTER who approves or who opposes, progress must be made and will be made. It will be made carefully and cautiously by the conservative or it will be made more ruthlessly and recklessly by the radical. It will be made judiciously and considerably, with the aid of the more favored members of society, or it will be made sternly and relentlessly, and perhaps even violently, by the less favored elements of society acting as agents of an eternal law.



I forgot the gold . . . remembered only that the girl beside me was charming. Then my flesh prickled. "I see it!" I cried.

The Golden Witch of Hollister

By John Fleming Wilson

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

IT WAS a sultry night below the Tropic and the tramp *None Such* wallowed horribly in the cross-swell. In the steamship's bowels below, the cursing engineers were trying to patch their machines with high words, rasping complaint, and much clangor of steel tools. On the narrow, spidery bridge, waiting for their power, the skipper and the third mate maintained a grim watch. Because the side-ports could not be opened and the maindeck was a sweat-box, we all, passengers and crew, had come up under the tattered awnings to sit and grumble and doze and stare into the velvet darkness.

SAMUEL GARFINKLE glanced about him and then turned on me his rather austere eyes.

"There never was a theory too crazy to have a big fact to back it," he remarked. He puffed at his cigar. "I suppose you'll think I'm crazy myself."

"I might think a good many things about you," I answered. "But I should never entertain any notion that you weren't an extremely practical person who worked only on well-supported facts."

Garfinkle nodded soberly. "That's my reputation. I may lose it this trip. Do you believe in witches?"

"I knew one in Baltimore with bluish black hair and a nice way of—"

MY COMPANION blew a small cloud of smoke into the heated air and nodded solemnly, breaking in upon my somewhat reminiscence.

"This witch is not that kind," he told me. "She

lives down on an almost deserted island and never sees anybody from one year's end to another. But she's stirred up tremendously a lot of portly old boys—financial powers in New York, London, and Antwerp. They're tearing their hair this minute to know how she does it."

"Does what?"

Garfinkle settled down in his chair and winked gravely at the stars.

"Makes gold," he murmured.

"Rot!"

"Makes gold," Garfinkle repeated firmly. "Down on Hollister Island."

"That's a speck on the edge of the volcanic zone of Oceanica," I commented. "No precious metals there."

GARFINKLE nodded. "So the authorities say, and they have geology and history to back 'em. Nevertheless, the fact remains that for six years a girl has been shipping bullion from Hollister—fine gold, and in large quantities."

"And they've commissioned you to go down and discover the secret?"

"Yes," he murmured, and seemed absorbed in reverie.

Presently he laughed softly.

"I fancy no man was ever put in just my position

since Lot faced a coroner's jury and tried to convince them he hadn't put his wife in brine. I need a witness. If you weren't so determined to go on to Sydney—"

"I don't know that my appointment couldn't be postponed to this witchcraft affair," I returned after brief consideration. "Just what is it?"

"My word is good among shipping men in every trading city in the world," Garfinkle continued quietly. "But I have my doubts whether old Simon Gulliver, banker, of London and Antwerp, won't circulate a report that I'm insane. I told him right out that this Hollister Island girl was a witch."

"You show me a canvas sack filled with gold nuggets," I said to him when he had finished his hemming and hawing, "and tell me that for six years a girl on a desert island down in the South Seas has been shipping this stuff by private hand. She has deposited, all told, something over a hundred thousand pounds of the bullion—yet your men assure you there is no metal of any kind on Hollister Island, nor within three thousand miles of it. There's only one explanation, Mr. Gulliver: Peggie Fosdick makes that gold!" Garfinkle chuckled.

"YOU should have seen old Gulliver's eyes roll then. He coughed, blushed, fidgeted, and plumped out: 'Nonsense! The girl's simply run into some old treasure buried years ago. Melts it up and ships it to us without a word. Now, Mr. Garfinkle, where there's a hundred thousand pounds, there's a million. Go see.'"

"Sounds likely," I assented. "There must be quite a lot of old loot scattered around in the Pacific. If one could only find it!"

"Exactly," my friend agreed. "But more than one exploring party has combed Hollister Island without coming on a grain of precious metal. I stopped there years ago when Richard Fosdick was still alive and I tell you Fosdick would have uncovered any booty buried there. And anyway the incontestable fact stands forth that this gold has never been melted, nor treated; unless the chemists lie, it's virgin gold."

"There's lots of gold in the sea," I suggested.

"So there is," Garfinkle agreed. "And radium and diamonds and sea serpents."

SIX days thereafter Garfinkle and I left the tramp for a dancing whaleboat manned by eight Kanakas. Hollister Island lay among its frothing shoals fifteen miles to leeward and the skipper of the *None Such*, leaning from the bridge-rail with an earnest and gloomy face, was voluble over the disasters that would overtake us.

It was mid-afternoon when we landed on a small, irregularly shaped islet with a single green peak rising from the surrounding border of rather level beach. I saw that Hollister offered little encouragement to either trader or fisherman. Its total extent was less than a dozen square miles. It had no harbor worthy the name, merely a cove under a bluff through which a rivulet tinkled to the sea. One European house showed at the foot of the slope under some trees with a few native huts grouped not far off. I surmised what was the truth: that by ascending the low peak one might view the entire island.

"What ever brought your friend Fosdick to such a place?" I demanded.

Garfinkle shook his head. "He was a gentleman at outs with himself and his people at home and he'd married the daughter of a dusky chief with some property. She chose Hollister Island and Fosdick agreed. That's about the sum of the matter."

"I know something of natives," I protested. "The woman must have had a reason."

MY COMPANION glanced at me. "The story runs that this was a kind of sacred island where witches came to do their enchantments," he murmured. "The natives wouldn't land on the beach unless a priestess was along, much less stop here. I figure that the native Mrs. Fosdick knew she and her husband would not be bothered here."

"But why did she care?" I insisted.

"Well," Garfinkle said gloomily, "wouldn't anybody that could make gold out of sand naturally try to find a place nobody cared to come?"

I mightily dislike seeing a common-sense, practical, and successful man go the road of superstition. It affects me like an unpleasant odor. I hate detecting

the seeds of mental decay in a man I like. It was shameful that Garfinkle should yield to a childish and worthless belief.

THIS feeling was soon forgotten. We had landed but a few moments when I saw a rather tall, slender young woman dressed neatly and tastefully in European clothes stepping down the path from the house under a gaudy parasol. She was, I instantly thought, distinctly white. She was even modish in her style, with little tricks one never associates with the natives. Her hair, which was fixed in a kind of coronet about her small head, was a bright gold; her straight brows were dark and I saw that her eyes were a kind of purple with bronze glints in them. Her figure was well set off by her frock and she walked with an easy grace that spoke of long training and perfect health. She was, in a word, a very handsome, attractive girl.

Yet I hadn't exchanged a dozen words with her when I began to feel that there was something deeper in her than good looks. She was civility itself, shaking hands, smiling, bidding us welcome to Hollister—and I couldn't for the life of me help stammering like a schoolboy whenever she looked at me. I learned before long that one had that bashful and uneasy feeling even when one was talking to her in the dark, as if she were forever looking beyond and over your shoulder at someone who was listening.

WE HAD a lunch in the big house, which was stuffed with Fosdick's curios and suggested everywhere the attempts of an exile to remind himself of home. We were served by two old crones who mumbled at their work. Though I was fairly starved after my weeks on the *None Such* I discovered but a small appetite and made an awkward figure. Miss Fosdick seemed a little vexed at my not eating and apologized coldly for the fare.

"With vessels calling so seldom," she remarked, "I have got into the habit of eating native food. But I really did try to have a good lunch for you."

"How did you know to send the boat out to the tramp?" Garfinkle asked quietly.

Miss Fosdick glanced at me and I had the sensation again of someone behind me, listening and watching.

"Uncle Tom saw the steamer making up outside the shoals," she answered briefly.

Garfinkle was evidently not satisfied. "Yes, but do you always send a boat off to passing craft?"

She laughed in a well-bred tone. "You know the natives have their own ways of knowing such things," she remarked. "I've learned to trust them and when Uncle Tom told me two gentlemen were coming to visit me I sent the big boat."

GARFINKLE nodded and said no more. After the meal, and a drink out of what was evidently one of the departed Fosdick's bottles, we went out

and sat in the shade and watched the sun set over the reefs. When the stars had come out Peggie Fosdick reminded us for the first time that Garfinkle had been an old friend.

"Before he died, Papa told me what you promised him the last time you were here," she said. "So when I didn't know what next to do I sent for you."

Garfinkle gaped a moment, recovered himself, and replied: "You sent for me, yes. Here I am—with my old friend Edward Ferguson."

"You see, Mr. Thorwaite missed a trip in the *Halcyon* and the *None Such* was the first vessel to make Hollister in seven months."

Most rudely I spoke up.

"Let me get this straight," I said. "You expected the missionary schooner. No vessel turned up. So you sent for my friend Garfinkle. How? I see no wireless."

MISS FOSDICK lifted her chin slightly and looked at me calmly.

"I sent for him," she answered briefly.

"But did you send for me, too? I got no message."

"Then why are you here?" she demanded.

At ten o'clock we had tea and I went to the



The skipper shouted gloomy warnings from the bridge when we put out for Hollister Island, lying among its frothing shoals fifteen miles to leeward.

hut assigned me and tossed till dawn. In the gray light I slipped down to the cove and splashed into the warm, deep water that lapped to the base of the bluff. There I swam for a quarter of an hour, alone. On my return to our hut I found Garfinkle awake and dressed.

"You've played a trick on me," I told him. "You had a letter from this girl and you've put it all off on some miserable banker in London. I don't even believe a word about the gold now."

He sighed and pointed to a bulky canvas sack that lay in a corner. I went and grasped it. It did not lift to my pull. I took both hands. It weighed a hundred pounds.

"Open it," Garfinkle said huskily.



"I'll tame the witch!" growled Hawes—but under Peggie's hand a cloud of smoke boiled up and enveloped him.

I UNLOOSED the whang that laced the mouth of it and peered in. Nuggets of all sizes met my gaze; bits of yellow frosted metal, slivers of polished metal, golden grains that flowed under my fingers like liquid. I closed the sack.

"It's gold," I whispered.

Garfinkle laughed harshly. I saw my friend's usually composed face was troubled.

"What's the answer?" I demanded.

"I think that's for you to discover," he said. "The fact is, I came here, as you know, because I am commissioned by Gulliver to find out where all this metal originates. Miss Fosdick believes I am here because she sent me a message—which I never received, of course. But you—"

"Yes?" I said, breaking the silence.

Garfinkle laughed uneasily. "You are unexpected. She sent for me—and you turn up, too. I don't pretend to understand the girl's reasoning. But the truth is, she thinks you came providentially. She has argued it out that whereas I am here on a summons, you were—er—sent."

"Sent?" I repeated. "Who by?"

He made a small, infinitely emphatic gesture. "I don't know. But she looks on you as a kind of messenger—an envoy—the man to save her from her troubles." He lowered his voice. "I can not impress on you too strongly that the girl is, after all, perfectly sensible. Like any sensible person she sends for a man who has promised her father to aid and assist when need comes. But unexpectedly and in the nick of time another turns up. Naturally, she looks on you as an instrument of—of Providence. It lies with you whether she is disappointed or not. I advise you to be tactful."

I SAT down and stared. "What kind of troubles has she?" I demanded. I indicated the sack lying potently in the corner. "She has money."

"Exactly. But the fame of Hollister has spread abroad. I misdoubt that Thorwaite has blabbed too much. So far as natives are concerned you couldn't stir one of them to set foot on this island for all the gold ever touched since Solomon's day. But white men—what do they care for *kahuna*, magic, spells, witchcraft? Big Ed Hawes doesn't fear God nor man."

The name roused bitter memories. "I know him," I said. "He and I have an old grudge to settle. He is bully and coward and thief and liar, all in one."

"He's been watching Hollister Island like a shark at the gate of a fish pond," Garfinkle went on. "Time and again Peggie's seen his topsails on the horizon and she knows he's simply waiting."

"For what?" I demanded.

"Thorwaite and the *Halcyon*. The missionary has a great influence among the islanders and, because they know she entertains him and gives him money, they think Peggie also fears him. When the *Halcyon* is lying off the cove and the missionary is ashore Peggie's spells are worthless, they think. Besides that, Thorwaite has been rather explicit in proclaiming that the girl is really no magician and that all magic is mere superstition. You see? Thorwaite, with all the good intentions in the world, is working right into Hawes's hand. The only thing that has kept Peggie's treasure safe has been the islanders' belief in her invincibility and control of spirits. The missionary, for his own righteous purposes, has rather shattered that belief, and Ed Hawes plans some day to land his crew and walk off with the metal."

"But any man—Thorwaite—wouldn't stand for it!"

GARFINKLE looked at me curiously.

"You fail to reason correctly, Ferguson. Thorwaite is a hard-working, conscientious, and upright man. But he has got to feel that the greatest obstacle he must contend with in converting the islanders to true Christianity is Peggie Fosdick and her repute for being able to rule spirits and fairies. So long as she can pile up her gold in sacks and let it lie around, guarded by dread of her anger, so long (Thorwaite believes) will he have to combat the native superstitiousness. Once let a man—any man—break through her supposed magic circle and walk off with the treasure, and Thorwaite has won his big point: there is no power in magic. Let him once get Peggie Fosdick discredited—and the natives will flock to the church. Thorwaite under ordinary circumstances would likely utterly condemn Hawes and his project. But when he measures a mere robbery against the salvation of countless souls, he shuts his eyes to the robber."

I PONDERED this in a puzzle. There were several questions that needed answering: Where did the gold come from? How did Miss Fosdick manage to conceal its origin and attribute it to witchcraft? Why didn't she simply rake together the entire amount and be off to the bank with it, instead of doing the business piecemeal, with every chance that some freebooter would come along and snatch the whole?

I voiced my conclusion briefly: "Hawes knows she is simply playing a game and thinks (Continued on page 66)

The Broad-Minded Marquis

Jacob's Ladder - Round Four

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

JACOB PRATT wanted to spend every cent of his new-made fortune in the delightful game of getting even, one by one, with his friends who ruined him. But pretty Sybil Bultiwell was no part of his scheme. Now Jacob, who started to climb, rung by rung, his Ladder of Revenge, stands an even chance of being fleeced out of his money and losing the girl he loves.

JACOB met Lord Felixstowe in the paddock on the second day of Ascot. The young man's greeting was breezy and devoid of any embarrassment.

"Jacob, old heart!" he exclaimed, leaning on his malacca cane and pushing his silk hat a little farther back on his head. "God bless you, my bloated capitalist! Where have you been to, these days?"

"Getting about as usual," was the modest reply.

The young man considered his friend's attire and nodded approvingly.

"Quite the Ascot touch," he observed. "You can't get the perfect sweep of the coat with your figure, but on the whole your man's done you proud. Here alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Tell you what, then, I'll introduce you to my people. Pest leg forward, old buck!"

JACOB followed his guide back through the tunnel, into the stand, up the stairs, and into a box on the second tier. The introduction was informal.

"Mother, want to introduce a pal: Mr. Jacob Pratt—Marchioness of Delchester . . . my sister, Lady Mary . . . Dad. . . . Now you know the family. What's doing up here?"

The Marchioness, a handsome, thin-faced lady of advanced middle-age, whose Ascot toilette was protected from the possible exigencies of the climate by an all-inclosing dust coat, held out her hand feebly and murmured a word of greeting. The Marquis, a very spare person, with aquiline nose and almost hawklike features, welcomed him with a shade of dubiousness. Jacob felt a little thrill, however, as he bowed over Lady Mary's fingers. Her eyes were blue, and, though her complexion was fairer and her manner more gracious, there was something in the curve of her lips which reminded him of Sybil.

"Do tell me, do you know anything for the next race, Mr. Pratt?" she asked. "I had such a rotten day yesterday."

"I'm not a racing man," Jacob replied, "but I was told that Gerrard's Cross was a good thing."

THERE was a general consultation of racing cards. The Marquis studied the starting board through his glasses.

"Gerrard's Cross is a starter," he announced, "ridden by Brown, colors brown and green. Belongs to Ex-minster, I see. Nine to one, they seem to be offering in the ring."

"I want a sovereign on," Lady Mary decided. "Hurry, Jack!"

"Nothing doing, child of my heart," the young man sighed. "Cleaned out my pocketbook last race."

The young lady turned to her parents, who both seemed suddenly absorbed in the crowd below.

"Bother!" she exclaimed. "And the numbers are up already!"

"Will you allow me?" Jacob ventured, producing his pocketbook and handing a five-pound note to Felixstowe. "You'll have to hurry."

LADY MARY smiled at him sweetly, and abandoned a furtive attempt to open her bag.

"Do you go to many race meetings, Mr. Pratt?" she asked.

He shook his head.

the last year or so that I have had any time or money to spare for amusements of this sort."

"How interesting!" she murmured, a little vaguely. "Now tell me, have they started? We must watch."

The race was a good one. In the last stretch, Gerrard's Cross came away and won easily by three lengths. There was a scene of measured enthusiasm in the little box.

"Your horse has won, my dear," the Marquis informed his daughter, lowering his glasses. "I congratulate you."

THE Marchioness indicated her approval by a more or less genial smile. Lady Mary's blue eyes danced.

"You dear person, Mr. Pratt!" she exclaimed. "This is my first winner, and I did want one so badly. I wonder what price Jack will get."

"Very few," he answered. "As a matter of fact, this is my first Ascot."

She looked at him in surprise.

"Are you an American or Colonial?"

"No, I am English, but it is only during

The young man returned presently with a bundle of notes in his hand.

"Nines I got," he announced. "Here's your fiver, Jacob. Forty-five of the best for you, Mary. Lucky old dear!"

The girl grasped the notes joyfully.

"But surely these aren't all mine? I said one pound. Some of this must belong to Mr. Pratt?"

Jacob shook his head, interrupting Felixstowe's reluctant confirmation.

"Not at all," he protested politely. "As a matter of fact, I have won a great deal of money myself on the race. I gave your brother a five-pound note because I could not find a smaller one. So much the better for you."

THE girl gave a little sigh of content. Jacob, turning around, was suddenly aware of a look of relief on the part of her distinguished father and mother. The latter smiled approvingly at Jacob, who was preparing to take his leave.

"You must come and call some afternoon, Mr. Pratt," she said graciously. "We shall be glad to see you in Belgrave Square."

"I shall be very pleased," Jacob replied.

"And thank you," Lady Mary whispered.

Jacob had made his farewell—he had almost



"How have you contrived to offend Sybil Bultiwell?" Lady Mary demanded.

reached the door. Felixstowe, leaning towards his mother, whispered behind his hand:

"Millionaire! Rolling in it!"

The Marchioness was a woman of rare presence of mind. She addressed the departing guest quite softly, with no signs of flurry, but with a new note of graciousness. Jacob paused upon the threshold.

"Mr. Pratt," she invited, "won't you come and dine with us one evening? I know how men hate afternoon calls. Next Thursday night at eight o'clock?"

"Do come!" Lady Mary begged, still grasping her notes.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Pratt," the Marquis added, with a little bow which was a model of deportment.

Felixstowe walked down the wooden stairs with his departing guest, who had murmured his grateful acceptance.

"You've hit it up all right with the old folks at home," he confided. "Between you and me, that forty-five quid is about the only ready there is in the house. Bet you they're snaffling it at the present moment. What a life it must be to have plenty of the dibs. Jacob! So long, old bean. See you Thursday. . . . Hullo, what's that?"

THE two men looked back up the wooden staircase. Lady Mary was slowly descending towards them.

"I am to be taken for a walk," she announced sedately, "on the lawn, if possible. And if either of you feel inclined to save the life of a young girl, perhaps you will give her something cool to drink."

Jacob hesitated for a moment, but Lady Mary's smile so obviously included him that he ventured to remain. They crossed the lawn and found an empty table, within hearing of the band. Jacob ordered strawberries and cream, ice cream and champagne cup, with reckless prodigality. The girl laughed softly.

"How deliciously greedy it all sounds!" she murmured. "And how much nicer this is than that stuffy box! . . . Jack!"

Lord Felixstowe, however, was on his feet, waving to someone in the distance.

"There's Nat Pooley!" he exclaimed. "Knows every winner to a cert. I've been looking for him all day. Look after my sister, Pratt, old thing."

HE DIVED into the crowd and disappeared. Lady Mary smiled at her companion.

"I am foist upon you, Mr. Pratt," she said.

"I am very much the gainer," he assured her. "I was feeling unusually lonely when I met your brother."

"Well, I've had rather a stuffy time of it myself," she acknowledged. "You see, I have on a new dress, and my mother was afraid it was going to rain. And then Jack deserted us and there was no one for me to come out with. . . . How do you like my frock, Mr. Pratt?"

"I think you look nicer than anyone I've seen here," Jacob replied sincerely.

She laughed.

"I hope you mean it! . . . You must eat some strawberries, please," she begged. "Please do, or I shall feel so greedy. I had no idea one could get such good things here."

JACOB did as he was told, drank some champagne cup, lighted a cigarette, and began to realize that he was having a very pleasant time. Lady Mary chattered on gaily, telling Jacob who many of the people were, and exchanging greetings with a number of friends. Presently, at her suggestion, they walked in the paddock, where she pointed out to him the most wonderful of the toilettes, and it was not until the bell rang for the last race that they climbed the steps once more to the box.

"I have enjoyed myself more," she declared, "than any day this week. Thank you so much for looking after me, Mr. Pratt."

"It has been a great pleasure," Jacob assured her. "I hope I haven't kept you too long, and that your people won't be annoyed."

The Marchioness, however, received them without any sign of displeasure, and listened complacently to her daughter's account of their doings.

"So nice of you, Mr. Pratt," she said "to have looked after Lady Mary. So many of our friends are not down today that I am sure she would have had quite a dull time but for you. We shall see you on Thursday."

"With great pleasure," Jacob answered truthfully.

"THE aristocracy," Dauncey remarked, the next morning, as he handed Jacob his private letters, "are sitting up and taking notice of us. Two coronets!"



Sybil . . . in Lady Mary's drawing-room . . . was a great surprise.

"Anything in the rest of the letters?" Jacob inquired, as he opened his desk and made himself comfortable.

"Nothing worth your notice," his secretary replied. "Five or six addle-headed schemes for getting rid of your money, and about as many bucket-shop prospectuses."

Jacob opened the first of his two letters. It was dated from Belgrave Square, and was simply a cordial reminder from the Marchioness of his promise to dine at Delchester House on the following Thursday. The second was dated from the same address, and Jacob read it over twice before he came to a decision.

Dear Mr. Pratt:

I know you will think me very foolish, but I am feeling most unhappy about the money which I thoughtlessly accepted this afternoon. It was really only a sovereign I asked you to put on Gerrard's Cross for me, and the remainder of the money, except mine, surely belongs to you.

Are you, by any chance, ever near Kensington Gardens about twelve o'clock? I walk there most mornings, and I should feel so much happier if I could have just a word with you about this.

Please don't think I am quite mad.

Sincerely yours,

MARY FELIXSTOWE.

JACOB dictated a few letters, studied his stock-brokers list for half an hour, and drove to Kensington Gardens. Lady Mary was almost the first person he saw. She greeted him with a friendly little nod, and led him from the broad avenue into one of the narrower paths. From the first he had been aware that Lady Mary, escaped from the shadow of her parents, was a very different person.

"Well," she asked, smiling at him, "what did you think of my ingenuous little letter?"

Jacob glanced at her doubtfully. He had the impression that she was reading his thoughts.

"You probably decided that it would amuse you to fall in with the scheme," she continued, "although I expect you saw through it quite easily. Well, the scheme doesn't really exist. My mother dictated the letter and I wrote it. I haven't the least idea of giving you back a penny of that money—in fact, it's all spent already. Still, if you like you can think of me as the ingénue with a conscience, who wants reassuring but doesn't want to part. That was my rôle."

"I SEE that you have your brother's sense of humor," he remarked.

"Heaven knows where we got it from!" she exclaimed. "Mother's idea is that I am to walk in Kensington Gardens with you every morning until one day we find ourselves late for luncheon and you take me to a restaurant. Compromising situation number one. Intoxicated with pleasure, I hint—you not being supposed to notice that it is a hint—at a dinner and theater. We go, are discovered, my mother asks your intentions. Behold me, Lady Mary Pratt, restoring the family to a condition of affluence."

Jacob laughed till the tears stood in his eyes.

"The idea doesn't seem to appeal to you!"

"Not a bit," she answered frankly. "I like you



"You can see what I've done for you . . ."
Lady Mary whispered.

"Sorry I can't say the same," she replied.

"Is there any reason," he asked desperately, "why you shouldn't treat me like an ordinary human being?"

"There is."

"What is it?"

"You know."

"I'm blamed if I do!"

very much—I like the little crease about your eyes, which deepens when you laugh. And I like your mouth. But as a matter of fact, I'm rather in love with someone else, and I'm going

to marry him soon. He's got quite enough money for me, although he can't carry the family."

Jacob sighed.

"I am in the same position," he confessed, "only the girl I'm in love with won't have anything to say to me."

TWO pudgy little children suddenly deserted their attendant and rushed at Lady Mary. While she was returning their embraces, Jacob stood transfixed. So did the attendant.

"Miss Bultiwell!" he gasped.

"Jacob Pratt!"

Lady Mary looked up.

"So you two know one another?"

"Young lady I was just telling you about," Jacob confided.

Lady Mary held out a hand each to her small nieces.

"May I have the children for a few minutes, Miss Bultiwell, please?" she begged. "You come along with Mr. Pratt."

Sybil's response was scarcely gracious. She accepted the situation, however, and walked slowly by Jacob's side.

"I'm very glad to see you, Miss Bultiwell," he ventured.

SYBIL glanced at him without any sign of offense. "What are you doing, walking with Lady Mary in Kensington Gardens at this time of the morning?" she inquired.

"Her mother's idea," Jacob explained. "Nothing to do with us."

She regarded him thoughtfully.

"I suppose you're to marry Lady Mary and redeem the family fortunes!"

"The idea doesn't appeal to either of us," he assured her. "Lady Mary has just confided to me that she is in love with someone else, and I have made a similar confession to her."

"Are you in love with someone else?"

"Yes!"

"Who?"

"You."

"Is there any sense," she demanded, "in being in love with a person who, as you perfectly well know, thoroughly dislikes and detests you?"

"There's no sense in love at all," Jacob groaned.

IF WE must talk," Sybil suggested, quickening her pace a little. "let us talk of something else. How are you enjoying your millions?"

"Not at all."

"Why not?"

"I'm lonely."

"Poor man!" she scoffed.

Lady Mary rejoined them.

"Well, I must go," she announced. "Take me to the gate, won't you Mr. Pratt? Good by, Miss

Bultiwell. How these children have improved since you had the charge of them!"

"*Au revoir*, Miss Bultiwell," Jacob ventured.

She leaned towards him as he turned to follow Lady Mary.

"If you come back," she whispered threateningly, "it will cost me my situation and I will never speak to you again."

"I won't come," he promised sadly. . . .

"She's a charming girl," Lady Mary said. "Why won't she have you?"

"It's a long story," Jacob sighed.

"We'll see what we can do on Thursday night," she reflected. "Good-by! I shall tell Mother we are getting along famously. Don't forget Thursday at eight o'clock."

THE drawing-room at Delchester House was large and in its way magnificent, although there was in the atmosphere that faint, musty odor, as though holland covers had just been removed from the furniture, and the place only recently prepared for habitation. The Marchioness, who was alone, greeted Jacob with much cordiality.

"I hope you won't mind our not having a party for you, Mr. Pratt," she said. "We are just ourselves, and a quaint person whom Lord Delchester has picked up in the city—someone who is going to help him make some money, I hope. You have no idea, Mr. Pratt, how hard things are today for people with inherited estates."

Jacob murmured a word of sympathy. Then the Marquis appeared; Lady Mary, who drew him on one side to ask him questions about Sybil; Lord Felixstowe, who looked in to say "How do you do" on his way to dine with a friend; and finally, to Jacob's amazement, the butler announced:

"Mr. Dane Montague!"

MR. DANE MONTAGUE, in a new dress suit, his hair treated by a West End hairdresser, had a generally toned-down appearance. Jacob was conscious of a sensation of genuine admiration, when upon the introduction being effected, the newcomer held out his hand without the slightest embarrassment.

"I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Pratt," he announced. "We have, in fact, carried through a little business deal together. Not such a bad one, either—eh, Mr. Pratt?"

A few thousands each, or something of that sort, if I remember rightly. Even a few thousands are worth picking up for us city men, Marquis," he added, turning to Lord Delchester.

The Marquis's eyes glistened. His face seemed more hawklike than ever.

"I should be exceedingly grateful to anyone who showed me how to make a few thousands," he declared.

"Well, Mr. Pratt and I between us ought to find that easy enough," the financier observed. "Treat the City right, pat and stroke her the right way, and she'll yield you all you ask for. Buck up against her and she'd down a Rothschild."

DINNER was a quaint meal. Mr. Dane Montague engaged his hostess's attention with fragments of stilted conversation; the Marquis was almost entirely silent; and Lady Mary monopolized Jacob, except for a few moments when her mother alluded to the subject of the letter.

"Dear Mary is so conscientious," she murmured. "She positively couldn't rest until she had it out with you."

Jacob stammered some sort of answer, which was none the more coherent owing to the kick under the table with which Lady Mary favored him. Afterwards she continued to carry out the parental behest and again completely absorbed his attention. She wound up by lingering behind as he held open the door at the conclusion of dinner, and whispering audaciously in his ear:

"We're getting on too well, you know. You'd better be careful or I shall be Lady Mary Pratt, after all!"

The Marquis moved his chair down to the side of Jacob's, on the latter's return to the table.

"I am glad to see you on such excellent terms with my daughter, Mr. Pratt," he observed.

"Lady Mary is most gracious," Jacob murmured uneasily.

"My son, too," the Marquis continued, "has always spoken to me highly of your (Continued on page 80)



Victor carried Bessie out into the prison keep, but the weight of her unconscious body was growing unbearable.

The Master of Man

By Hall Caine

Illustrated by Walter Louderback

*"The law is wrong, therefore
it is right to resist the law."*

STOWELL, at Ballamoar, kept saying this to himself all day on Sunday. It was a blind day, with a chill air and white mists sweeping up from the sea. In the morning he went to church, and in the afternoon he sat in the library, reading in many volumes the stories of prison-breakings and escapes. He saw that in nearly every case of failure chance had played a part at the last moment, and he thought hard to foresee and to meet every possible contingency.

IF A man honestly believes that the law is unjust, is he right in violating it? Bessie Collister was condemned to die. Yet now, on the eve of her execution, the very Judge who sentenced her secretly plans to visit Bessie in her cell and help her to escape from prison.

TOWARDS evening he brought his car round from the garage and told Janet not to wait up for him. She had delivered Fenella's message ("Tell him to come back to me") and thought she knew where he was going to. He was going to Government House. She was very happy.

"I'll leave the piazza door on the catch, dear," she said as he was going off into the moving shadows of the trees.

By the time he reached Castletown the mist had deepened to a fog. The broad tower of the Castle looked monstrously large and forbidding against the gloom of the sky, and the fog-horn of the lighthouse on

Langness was blowing with a measured and melancholy sound across the unseen sea.

Coming upon a tholthan (a ruined cottage) by the roadside, he ran his car into it, instead of taking it, as he usually did, to the public garage, and then walked into the town.

The little place was once the capital of the island, and it still retained many of its primitive characteristics. There were no lamps in the streets, which were therefore quite dark. Only a few of the houses gave out light, for the younger children were already in bed, and their parents were trooping off to church or chapel.

THE church-bells were ringing. Save for that, and the voices and footsteps of his fellow pedestrians who walked in the darkness beside him, Stowell heard nothing but the blowing of the far-off fog-horn. Everything favored his design. "It was meant to be," he told himself.

Nevertheless he was conscious of making his steps light and of trying to escape observation. He took the least-frequented thoroughfares, so that he might walk fast and not be recognized, but in a narrow lane that ran along under the Castle he came upon a pitiful spectacle and was compelled to stop.

An elderly woman, wearing little except her night-dress, with her feet bare and her long gray hair hanging loose, was kneeling on the paved way and praying:

"O Lord, as Thou didst send Thine angel to take Peter out of prison, send him now to take my poor girl out of the Castle."

By a dull light from a curtained window, Stowell saw who the poor demented creature was. It was Mrs. Collister. Little as he desired it, he had to pick her up and take her home.

"Come, Mother," he said, raising her. She looked into his face with a certain awe, and permitted herself to be led away by the hand like a child. A group of boys and girls who had gathered round told him where she lived and that she was the mother of the woman who was to be "hangt" in the morning.

JUST then the people, a man and his wife, with whom she lodged, came hurrying up, saying they had left her in bed while they went into their yard on some errand and on returning to her room they had missed her.

In a few moments they were all at the open door of the house, a tiny place two steps down from the street, with a lamp burning on the kitchen table.

Finding the light on his face Stowell said good evening and hurried away, but not before the man and his wife had seen him.

"That must be the young Deemster," said the man.

"It was his father," said Mrs. Collister.

"But his father is dead, woman," said the wife.

"It was his father, I tell thee," said Mrs. Collister, and they let her have her way.

STILL the church-bells rang, the fog-horn blew and Stowell stepped lightly through the dark streets of the little town. He passed the new Methodist chapel with the dark figure of the pew-opener against the colored-glass screen of the vestibule; the barracks, with the sentinel pacing outside and a number of red-coated soldiers in a bare room playing cards. The market-square was ablaze with light from the windows of the church—the same at which Bessie had kept Oie'l Verree—and the shadowy forms of the congregation were going in at the porch.

At length he reached the quay with its smell of rock salt and tar. The *Dan O'Connell* was lying under the Castle gates, lazily getting up steam, and the Captain was smoking by the gangway.

"Everything all right, Captain?"

"Everything, sir."

"Will the fog interfere?"

"Not a ha'porth, Yer Honor."

"What about the Harbor-master?"

"In church with the wife, but I'm to have supper with him after and take a bottle of something."

"And the Turnkey?"

"Blind polatic at the Manx Arms, sir."

There came a dull hammering from inside the Castle. Stowell shivered.

"Will they be gone in time?"

"Going back by the last train, they're afther telling me."

"You'll whistle when you're clear away?"

"Shure!"

AS STOWELL crossed the foot-bridge at the back of the church, he heard the congregation singing the opening hymn—"Nearer, My God, to Thee"—and thought he knew the subject of the forthcoming sermon. The melancholy blowing of the fog-horn was coming out of the blindness of the sea; the revolving light was blinking in and out on Langness.

A quarter of an hour later he was at Derby Haven. Most of the houses of the little port were dark, but the window of one of them gave out a faint light. Stowell tapped at it and Gell opened the door.

For two hours they sat together in the old maids' stuffy sitting-room, talking in whispers. Stowell gave Gell his last instructions.

"You remember there are two gates to the Castle?"

"Yes."

"At eleven o'clock exactly—the moment the clock has ceased striking—you'll ring at the big gate, and then step round to the Deemster's."

"Yes!"

"Somebody will open the gate. It will be the Jailer. If he calls you'll make no answer."

"Yes?"

"As soon as he has closed the big gate the little one will be

opened and Bessie will be brought out to you."

"Yes?"

"That's all. You know the rest."

"But if anything should happen—

anything unexpected?"

"Then wait—you can trust my wits against Tommy Vondy's."

AFTER that there was a cold silence, quite unlike the warmth of yesterday. Each was thinking of the cruel thing which had come between them, and neither dared to talk about. At length Gell, taking something from his pocket, said:

"I owe you some money."

"No, you don't. Remember the terms I lent it on."

"All alone here—the night before an execution!" Jailer Vondy grumbled.

"Then take this, anyway," said Gell, handing Stowell a sealed envelope.

After that there was another long silence, and then Gell said, in a thick voice:

"When we're far enough away I'll write."



From the lighthouse Victor watched the ship that carried his sin pass out into the channel.

"No, no!"

"Do you mean that I'm never to write to you?"

"Never."

The wash of the tide (it was near to the flood) on the stones of the shore, the monotonous blowing of the fog-horn, and the deliberate ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece were the only sounds they heard except the irregular heave of their own breathing.

THE two men were alternately watching the fingers of the clock and gazing down at the pattern of the carpet. At a few minutes to ten Stowell got up and said:

"I must go now, Alick."

"I'll go down the road with you," said Gell.

They walked side by side in the mist until they came to the ruins of Hango Hill (where long before Alick had had his fight with the townsmen) and were breast to breast with King William's College.

"You had better go back now. We must not be seen together," said Stowell.

They stood for some moments without speaking. The clock in the school tower was striking ten. The school itself was in darkness. Another generation of boys was lying asleep in it now.

"I suppose we've got to say good-by," said Gell.

Stowell made no reply, but he took Gell's hand and there was a long handclasp. Then they separated, Stowell going on towards the town, and Gell turning back to Derby Haven. Each had walked a few paces when Gell stopped and called:

"Vic!"

"What is it?"

There was a pause, and then, in a thick voice:

"Nothing! S'long!"

And so they parted.

THERE was loud laughter and a voice with a brogue from a house on the quay with the blind down but the top sash of the window partly open. The church was dark and the market-place was empty and silent, save for the measured footstep of the sentry.

But as Stowell crossed the square he heard a light step and saw through the thick air the shadowy form of a woman coming from the direction of the Castle and going towards the hotel opposite.

He hung back until she had passed, and when the door of the hotel opened to her knocking, and the light from within rushed out on her, he saw who it was.

It was Fenella. She had come from the cell of the condemned woman, and was sleeping in Castletown that night in order to be with her in the morning.

"But wait! Only wait! Providence knows better," he thought.

Yet in spite of his certainty that Providence was on his side, he stepped more lightly than ever as he went down to the quay.

The funnel of the Irish steamer was now throbbing hard and a few sailors on the forward deck were swearing. Save for this and the wash of the tide against the sides of the harbor all was silent.

Stowell looked around and listened for a moment. Then he stepped up to the Deemster's door and pulled the bell, and heard its clang inside the walls.

"AH, IS it you, Dempster? You've come for Miss Stanley? She's just gone, sir."

"I know. I saw her. Are you alone, Mr. Vondy?"

"Aw, alone enough, sir. It's shocking. The night before an execution, too! That Willie Shimmin, the drunken gommeral, went off at four and isn't back yet. I wouldn't trust but I'll be here by myself until the High Bailiff and the Inspector and Long Duggie Taggart come at six in the morning."

"How is your prisoner tonight, Mr. Vondy?"

"Wonderful quiet sir."

"Still expecting her pardon?"

"Deed she is, poor bogh, and listening for Mr. Gell's feet to fetch it. Now she thinks he'll come in the morning. 'Something tells me he'll come at daybreak,' she said, and that's the for she's gone to sleep."



They had reached the guard-room, where a comfortable fire was burning, and an old oak armchair (once the seat of the Kings of Man) was drawn up in front of the hearth.

"Gone to sleep, has she? I must see her, though. I have something to tell her."

"Is it the pardon itself, sir? Has it come, then?"

"Not yet, but a telegram may come from London at any moment."

"You don't say?"

"Give me your key, and sit here and make your supper" (a kettle was singing on the hob), "and if you hear the bell, go off to the gate immediately."

"Aw, 'deed I will that, sir."

AT THE end of a long corridor Stowell stopped at a cell that had a label on the doorpost ("*Elizabeth Corleene. Murder. Death*") and looked in through the grill. In the dim light he saw the prisoner lying on her plank-bed under her brown prison blanket. With a tremor of the heart he opened the door quietly and closed it behind him.

"Bessie!"

It had been hardly more than a whisper, but through the mists of sleep Bessie heard it. There was a cry, a bound, and then a rapturous voice saying in the half-darkness:

"Ah! You are here already. I knew you would come."

But at the next moment, seeing who her visitor was, she stared at him with wide-open eyes, and then fell on him with reproaches.

"So it's you, is it? What have you come for? Was it only to tell me that I'm to die in the morning?"

Stowell stood with head down, feeling like a prisoner before his judge, and then said:

"You are not to die, Bessie."

She caught her breath and put up her hands to her breast.

"Do you mean that I am——"

"You are pardoned and have to leave this place immediately."

FOR a perceptible time Bessie stood silent, save for her breathing which was loud and rapid. Then she said:

"Is it true? Really true?"

"It is quite true," said Stowell.

Bessie dropped back on her bed. There is something childlike in sudden joy; paradise itself must be

"Is it true . . . is it really true that I've been pardoned? I'm not to die?"

a place of children. She clasped her hands together and said:

"I see it all now, and it has been just as I thought at first. You wrote a letter to the King and told him I didn't intend to kill my child and he has pardoned me. The law is hard, but the King is so tender-hearted. 'Poor girl!' he thought. 'She didn't mean to kill her baby—not after it came, anyway.' How good he is! And God is good, too!"

Her eyes, which had been glistening, suddenly became grave and, lifting them to the ceiling, with her hands clasped before her face, she began to pray:

"O God, I've not been a good girl and I don't know how to pray right, but . . ." And then came a flood of words too sacred to be set down.

When she had finished her prayer she said:

"But *you* have been good, too, and I have been insulting you! That's the way with a girl when she has been in trouble. But now I am going to be so happy. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

Her face lighted up and she went on talking, more to herself than to Stowell.

"Did you say I was to leave this place immediately? That means first thing tomorrow, doesn't it? I'll go to Mother. She's staying with some Methodist people in Quay Lane. Poor Mother, she won't be able to believe it. We'll go home by the first train."

Thinking of home, she found a kind of proud revenge in triumphing over her enemies.

"DAN BALDROMMA will have to hold his tongue now. And those Skillicornes will never be able to show their ugly old faces again. And Cain the Constable will have to find another beat. And those impudent girls who stared at me at Douglas station—they'll never have the face to sit in the singing-seat again."

But the smiling background of her thoughts was love, not revenge.

"Alick will hear of it, won't he? I wrote to him but he didn't answer. Perhaps his sisters prevented him—they've always been casting me up to him. Poor Alick! He'll forgive me, though—I know he

will. It was for Alick I did it. And just think! Some day—next Sunday perhaps, when people are walking about—we'll go down Parliament Street together! And me on Alick's arm, and nobody to say a word against it now that the King has forgiven me!"

Stowell hardly dared to look at the girl. For a long time he could not speak. But at length he compelled himself to tell her that she was not to go home. It was a condition of her pardon that she should leave the island.

"Leave the island?"

"Yes, there's a steamer in the harbor, and you are to sail by that tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Yes, to Ireland, and from there by another steamer, to New York."

"To New York?"

"Yes, but Alick is to go with you. I've just left him. We have arranged everything."

She looked searchingly into his agitated face and the radiance died off her own.

"But are you telling me the truth?" she said. "Am I really pardoned? You are not helping me to escape, are you?"

He pretended to laugh—it was hollow laughter.

"What an idea! A Deemster helping a prisoner to escape! Who would believe such a thing?"

"No! No one would believe such a thing, would they?" she said, and her eyes again began to shine.

"At eleven o'clock the (Continued on page 60)



The Four Sexes

By Serafino Fazzini

ONE of the games preferred by all boys the world over is playing "soldiers." This game is always suggested by what may be termed as the master-mind of the group. The boy making the suggestion is not moved to it simply to please his companions, but because of the inward consciousness that he will occupy the highest rank; the suggestion is accompanied with the reservation that he will be the "General."

The usual debate follows, some of the boys "kicking themselves" because they had not thought of it first, and at once there begins a scramble for the next higher ranks. But that is not the point worth considering; there is another: the great probability that among that group there will be found one boy or several boys who will reveal no despotic or positive sense of choice, who will be unconcerned about "rank," indifferent to the place assigned for them, but who all the while are smiling and nervous spectators of what is going on.

WHEN the game is on it will be found that certain children will in every case predetermine their next step or are ready to contest it physically; the others will yield, perhaps petulantly, but will nevertheless yield.

What does it mean? That if we could know the mothers and fathers of all those boys their inherited characteristics could at once be placed. The self-confident boy will reveal his perfect masculine self; the "trailer" will reveal a timidity—the kind that has so frequently disturbed and mystified parents—that he is taunted with "being a girl."

The reason is simple: the latter are boys born in "odd order," or in the place of the female; the others are of normal, or "even order" birth.

For there is a most important discovery in that there exists an order of rotation in births, and this may be subdivided into the regular order and the irregular order.

ALTHOUGH there are some fine distinctions biologically, the simplest explanation, by which every reader may indulge in comparisons with interesting and surprising results, is that regular births must follow the given order of the female by odd numbers and the male by even numbers. In any case where the female is not first, third, fifth, and so on, or the male is not second, fourth, sixth, the normal order has alternated, giving to the one sex many attributes and characteristics of the other.

My explanations have naturally been countered

THERE are four principal types of human being: the Masculine Man; the Feminine Woman; the Feminine Man; the Masculine Woman. Physiologically they are alike; psychologically they differ. Each type follows its own immutable life-orbit and has special characteristics that denote individualistic worth. The feminine man or the masculine woman often succeeds where a masculine man or a feminine woman fails entirely.

with a commonplace objection, voiced by physician and layman: The male, even if born first or third, is always male; the female, even if born second or fourth, is always female; *what about it?*

THE objection is logical, but I wish to emphasize that the distinctions of the perfect sex specimens are not physiological, but psychological, and frequently accompanied by physical characteristics discernible to the eye, such as the contour of the body, facial lineaments, and general features.

IT IS admitted, and sometimes we appear to be puzzled by our problem, that men differ and women differ. Their constitution, their vitality, their intellectuality differ among brothers and sisters. We have not only degrees of strength, skill, and intelligence, but their proclivities as adults follow a distinctive sex current, and therefore we have the woman who has especial fondness for vocations preëminently belonging to man, as well as the man who prefers duties that are unmistakably within woman's sphere.

When father and mother are obliged to chastise their children they furnish unconsciously further comparable facts.

The masculine boy will not cry very easily, and he will stop at nothing to uphold his reasons. His tears will have nothing in common with the motive of the punishment; but it is his realization of seeing his will thwarted.

The feminine boy, instead, is more susceptible to the motive. And when forgiveness follows, the latter will forget at once, but the former will be immovable from his attitude of indignation.

ONE of life's thrills for parents comes when the child has mastered locomotion and orientation. How many of those parents, however, have been alarmed because the child has not shown any undue precocity in that respect?

Again the reason is simple; the masculine boy instinctively seeks independence, and those who have heard a tot say, "See? I'm a man!" have been impressed by the earnestness of the statement.

But the irregular-order boy does not feel the stimulus of independence; even after advanced age his preference is to remain near the guardian, and in the street this child is constantly preoccupied by imagined or expected danger, which explains the anxious tugging at the hand of the adult accompanying him.

NOTHING in these observations, however, must be taken as meaning that individuals not born in normal order are inferior, mentally or physically or morally, to those born in normal order. My research has led me to examine the order of birth of many historical characters, and I find among them men and women of magnificent physique, marvelous mentality and conspicuous worth. For instance, the firstborn, if male, will very likely have all the characteristics of the male second-born, but his intelligence, even superlative, will be modified by the subjugated temperament of woman, and therefore success will depend upon lack of competition by a masculine man, for the simple reason that he will lack the organic spirit of will, sometimes known as force of character.

Let me cite a few names. Jesus, Archimedes, Galileo, Darwin were men born in irregular order. On the contrary, Moses, Caesar, Charlemagne, Columbus, Washington, Napoleon, Garibaldi were born in normal order.

Moses, among the very few normal-born males, was a high philosopher as well as a man of action, while Jesus, whose place transcends that of any other man, being a firstborn was primarily a philosopher.

THE subject of names suggests a few words in parenthesis to parents who have the responsibility of naming children, and to them I would say that this highly important task be adapted to the order of birth of their child, lest they unpremeditatedly should do the child a bad turn by naming Leo a boy born not in normal order, as he will unavoidably reveal feminine traits sooner or later, or naming Marion or Percy—as so often happens—a six-foot-four brute comparable to ancient athletes whose marble likenesses are to be seen everywhere.

There are ambitious or (Continued on page 63)



"This is a private conversation, Skippy," said Macnooder severely. "The Macnooder Folding Toothbrush is my own invention."

The Bathtub King

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THERE comes a moment when, without warning, boy and puppy instantaneously pass into the consciousness of manhood. With the young canine it comes with the first deep-throated defiance of the intruder; the instinct that the wriggly, fawning days are over and that the moment to attack and accept attack has arrived.

With the human puppy the change is more elusive. To some it comes with the first clinging splendor of long trousers; to others with the first hopeless love, when at the tragic age of fifteen the world, Fate and the disparity of age interfere. But usually this transformation, all in the twinkling of an eye, from the hungry slouch of boyhood into the stern and brooding adolescence, comes with the discovery of a controlling idea. Without any apparent cause, some illuminating purpose descends on the imagination, the future opens, and in the vision of a future Napoleon, a P. T. Barnum, a millionaire, or a predestined genius the man emerges.

WHEN Skippy Bedelle, at the age of fifteen years and three months, in the warmth of early June rambled across the green stretches to his appointed rendezvous with compulsory baths, he went as a puppy sidles to an undetermined purpose, with a skipping broken motion, occasionally halting for an extra hitch at the long, undisciplined trousers. A

"TO SOME the great change comes with the first clinging splendor of long trousers; to others with the first hopeless love. But to Skippy Bedelle—who went to Lawrenceville along with Dink Stover and the Tennessee Shad—it came, in the twinkling of an eye, with the discovery of a great Controlling Purpose."

cap rode on the straw-colored shock of hair which hung like weeds over the freckled sharp nose and the wide and famished mouth.

Once the idea occurred to him to turn a cartwheel and he promptly landed sprawling on his back, picked himself up, skipped forward a dozen steps, stooped to tighten a shoelace, and arrived breathlessly before Doc Cubberly, who was eyeing him, watch in hand.

THIRTY seconds later he was contemplating the tips of his toes from the warm and delicious water, yielding to the relaxing ecstasy of pleasant daydreams. He had no quarrel with water as such, though from principle and to remain regular he rebelled against the

element of compulsion, but water, particularly warm water, brought him a quickening of the imagination.

Now between water as such and bath, particularly compulsory bath,

is all the difference between the blue freedom of the sky and the allotted breathing-space which is inclosed in a cage. There was something peculiarly humiliating and servile in being forced to soap and water three times a week under penalty of having your name read out before a tittering schoolroom—Absent from Bath! It vaguely recalled medieval days and such abominations as the inspection of ears and the prying intrusion of governesses!

SKIPPY was aware of all this and publicly voiced his indignation at the despotic practice. To have done otherwise would have been to draw down a storm of ridicule. There are certain traditions in school life as firmly established as the doctrine of infant damnation in the good old days.

Secretly, however, Skippy adored the first warm contact of the tentative toes, followed by the slow ecstasy of the mounting ripple over the sinking body and the long drowsy languor of complete submersion. It was for him the apotheosis of happiness when all the aches and vexations of the day disappeared in a narcotic reverie, when he could forget the scorn of the Roman, flunking him, the gibes of Slugger Jones, the rigorous discipline of Turkey Reiter and

the base ingratitude of Denis de Brian Boru Finnegan, who had refused him the price of a jigger, with pockets that bulged with the silver he had loaned him.

"WELL, I'll be jigg-swiggered!"

Skippy looked up hastily to perceive the unwashed features of Slops Barnett peering over the partition in set disapproval.

"Hello, Slops!"

"What are you doing that for?"

"Doing what?"

"Getting into it," said Slops in an angry whisper. "You're a nice one, you are!"

Slops's method of rebellion, which antedated the hunger strike, was to submit to a superior authority so far as outward appearances demanded. But once safely behind a locked door, he employed the minimum of ten minutes in simulating the bathing process by immense disturbances in the bathtub produced without recourse to disrobing processes while gleefully chanting:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter;

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb

But don't go near the water!

Don't go near, don't go near, don't go near the water!"

Publicly Skippy stood pledged to this uncompromising defiance of the Powers that Be, so with Slops Barnett's accusing glance on him he answered hastily: "I caught an awful cold and got to steam it out!"

"Faker!"

"Honest, Slops."

At this moment a dripping sponge came spinning through the air and struck the young irreconcilable squarely between the shoulders.

"If Peewee Davis threw that sponge I'll skin him alive," announced Slops wrathfully.

Instantly the air was filled with flying sponges, and towels, like dripping comets, passed and repassed, while Doc Cubberly came hobbling in, threatening, imploring, and dodging stray missiles.

SKIPPY, safe below the surface, watched this bombardment swing overhead, die out, and silence return. One by one his fellow-prisoners emerged, vociferous, hilarious, and passed, moist and voicing imprecations, into the outer region. Still Skippy continued gorgeously to steam and doze.

Then a sharp rat-tat-tat on the door.

"Mr. Bedelle!"

"Hello, Doc!"

"Time's up."

"All right, almost dressed. Coming fast."

The crucial moment had arrived, the tragic end to all happiness here below, that inevitable moment when he must, by some supreme exercise of the will, rise out of this blissful warmth and stretch a reluctant arm through the chilly air to let in the cold water. End of dreams and chill return of reality! He temporized. A second time Doc Cubberly's sliding step arrived.

"Mr. Bedelle—Mr. Bee-del!"

"Just buttoning on my collar, Doc!"

FOR the hundredth time, one foot slowly emerged and five overcivilized toes sought in vain to turn the round faucet labeled "Cold." A hundred, yes, a thousand times he had accomplished this involuntary act of hope, mechanically, apeline, in a reflex action before the final mental determination to rise out of the warm spell into the frigid air.

"Gee! If I could only turn that with my foot!" he said. "My lord, what a cinch that would be!"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

Through dimmed eyes Skippy saw that bathtub, a juggernaut of ill luck.

He tried a last ineffectual time, jerked up precipitately, shot out his arm, let in the cold water and dodged back below the surface.

TEN minutes later he sidled out of the bath and, having balanced Doc Cubberly's Grand Army hat on the gas jet, simulated an attack on Tippy, the black and tan, escaped before the guardian of the bath could return to the rescue of his pet.

"All the same, you ought to be able to work a bathtub with your foot," he said as he went skipping towards the village with heightened appetite. "Gee, that would be scrumptious!"

Suddenly a queer thought came to him. After all—why not! All you needed was a foot regulator, to let in the hot and cold water gorgeously, at your ease and inclination! Foot regulators! Why not? There was something in that idea, surely.

"Gee, what a cinch that would be!"

If man in his age-old struggle with nature could harness the force of steam to his service and ride the air, why should he not be master of his daily comforts?

"I don't think a foot regulator would be so dingy fired hard to invent," he said, meditating.

THE idea had begun to work, though as yet the vast scale had not opened to his tender imagination. Now, in youth when an idea begins to grow it brings sharp animal appetites. To contemplate properly this new, entrancing thought, he repaired to that first station on the hunger route, which was known as Laloo's Kennels, where fragrant hot dogs sent their tantalizing invitation from bubbling tins. "Two kiyis and easy on the mustard."

Mr. Laloo prospered because Mr. Laloo dealt on a strictly cash basis. He was languidly tired. One foot rested on a soap box, one arm rested on the upholstered divan he had exchanged with the late Hick Hicks for a hot dog a day in the lean month of December, and his head drooped over the supporting toothpick. Mr. Laloo never made an unnecessary motion or uttered a superfluous word. So he continued without apparent notice to conserve the feeble energy which ran low in his burnt-out eyes.

SKIPPY looked at Laloo and understood. Freshme might argue but even the Tennessee Shad waste no time in producing the coin. There was exactly ten cents in Skippy's pocket after the most painstaking search revealed this last ray of hope in the lining under the threadbare pocket. Only ten cents to stop the deficit in his stomach! The choice was difficult. There was ginger-pop at Bill Appleby's and jiggers at Al's, pancakes at Conover's, and the aching void within him knew no prejudice or limitations to its hospitality. He hesitated, but the fragrance in the air was maddening—besides, there was always the chance of a friend in funds. He fingered the coin regretfully and laid it on the counter with a heavy heart. He might argue with Bill and plead with Al but Laloo had the soul of a pawnbroker.

"There's the bank roll; pick out the fat ones!"

FIVE minutes later, with his nose buried in a fragrant sandwich, elbows on the counter, he returned to The Great Idea. Suddenly the sublimity of the conception smote him. Think of lolling languidly under the surface and regulating the temperature of the will with only the exposure of a foot! Think of the gain to humanity in the added daily comfort! The idea was stupendous, colossal! It beat even Dr. Stover's famous Sleep Prolongers, the Alarm Clock which automatically closed the window and opened the hot-air register at the designated hour. And out of the world, out of the whole human race, present and past, he, John C. Bedelle, was the first to stumble upon this revolutionary fact! An accident? Perhaps—but so was Galileo's discovery of the telescope and the discovery of the microscope.

When the gnawing appetite had been placated (somewhat placated, but not convinced), the Skippy Bedelle who descended Laloo's steps, with gray and thoughtful face, had emerged from the war skin of the urchin, with the consciousness of mankind's call to service.

TO SKIPPY'S credit be it recorded that the first impulse was humanitarian. For the second was distinctly mercenary. But then Skippy lived in a materialistic age and Skippy's father owned a department store. Yet the practical and profitable possibilities did not proceed from any inward contamination of the generous impulse of invention but from contact and suggestion. At Bill Appleby's, where he wandered in hungrily, in a desperate hope of meeting some friend whose memory could be jogged by reference to past favors, he perceived the celebrated Dr. Macnooder in earnest conclave with Appleby,



"And now, gentlemen—I make no promises. . . . But this moment may be historic."

whom he was offering to sell the Lawrenceville rights of his last invention, the Folding Toothbrush. As, given Bill Appleby's natural canniness and Macnooder's hypnotic eloquence, the discussion was apt to be long and difficult, Skippy hovered at a respectable distance, with attentive ears.

AT THIS time, due to a rift in the lute (a little matter of expert accounting on a joint operation), the firm of Macnooder and the Tennessee Shad had been dissolved and each financier had assumed an independent and belligerent attitude. The Shad had a certain adroit and devious imagination, but the practical mind was Macnooder. His point of view was purely economic. Hickey might plan the daring maneuver which made the conquest of the clapper possible, and revel in the faculty's amazement at the sudden silence of the tyrant will. Macnooder immediately proceeded to capitalize this imagination by fabricating clapper watch-charms and selling them at auction prices. The Gutter Pup might organize the sporting club in memory of the lamented Marquis of Queensberry. Macnooder sold the tickets and took charge of the surplus. His ambition was not to be a philosopher, or a benefactor. He announced openly that he intended to be a millionaire and among his admiring victims there was much speculation as to just how far he had gone in the accomplishment of his heart's ambition.

WHEN Skippy moved into an eavesdropping position, the situation was this: Bill Appleby, having carefully closed and locked the cash drawer, was braced with both arms extended against the counter, and eyeing Macnooder with a look of steely negation that expressed a settled conviction to doubt instantly any statement whenever or however made. Macnooder's round capuchin body was drawn up in confidence and ease and the smile on his face was bland as he remarked:

"Bill—get my proposition; let it percolate, sift down and settle. But, Bill, don't make a mistake. The Macnooder Folding Toothbrush is a fact—patented and financed! I'm not asking you to take stock—no, Bill, no." He shook his head and said with friendly regret: "I couldn't, Bill; not in fairness to myself—not in fairness to my family. Why, Bill, if you had the chance now to get in on the ground floor, you'd buy a yacht in five years, live on Fifth Avenue and marry Lillian Russell."

"Go slow," said Appleby huskily, for Appleby was a bachelor.

"Well, watch me," said Macnooder with a wave of his hand that played among the rubies and emeralds floating in his imagination. "Bill, I'd like to put you in—I can't—that's flat. I can't! Why, Bill, if you put your hand in your pocket this moment and took out that little greenback of yours and said: 'Mr. Macnooder, this is your account—it's nothing—I dismiss it, I tear it to pieces—you are my guest from now on. Let's start right. What will you have?' If you should say that—"

"I won't!" said Appleby, shrinking from the hypnotic caress in the financier's manner.

IF YOU should do that and should take out a nice new one-hundred-dollar bill—you have one bill right in that old leather wallet—don't shrink, Bill; your alarm pains me—if you, now, here, in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, John C. Green Foundation, should produce that one-hundred-dollar bill—slap it on the counter, shove it into my face, force it into my pocket, and beg me to give you a little interest—no! No, Bill, no! I'd refuse—I'd have to refuse. Don't build up any false hopes, Bill. Don't!"

"I won't," said Appleby; yet already a sense of great personal loss had begun to invade him.

"All I can let you in on are the regional rights—the Lawrenceville rights—for ten years. I might—I don't say it flat; I want to consider—but I might

extend them to Princeton. It's a gift, but I might. And do you know why I'm giving you this opportunity of a lifetime?"

"Why, Doc?"

"Because, Bill, I don't want to break you. I don't want to have to run you out of business. That's friendship, but there's more. I can use you," said Macnooder magnanimously. "You have the qualities I shall need in my future operations; I suffer from them now but I appreciate them. You will make an ideal watchdog of the dollar, and when the dollar leaves your hand, Bill, there won't be a rim left to it. Bill, let's do business—it's more than just the toothbrush, it's a whole future's open to you. Bill, the moment is yours. Choose! Fifth Avenue, a yacht, box at the opera—Lillian Russell!"

APPLEBY fumbled in his pocket and drew out a cigar to break the spell, and the hand that held the match trembled.

"Wall, now," he began cautiously, "tomorrow's tomorrow, and toothbrushes is toothbrushes. And say—gettin' down to tacks—who in Sam Hill ever wanted a folding toothbrush, nohow?"

Macnooder's fist descended on a shivering glass counter and he cried triumphantly:

"Say that again!"

"Wall, who does want a folding toothbrush?" said Appleby, in a more bellicose manner.

"Bill, your hand!" said Macnooder, matching the gesture to the exclamation. "Straight to the point. Keen—Gad, you're devilishly keen! That's you, Bill. No one can beat you at seeing the kernel at once! Who wants a folding toothbrush? No one!" said Macnooder, folding his arms and beaming with delight. "Is there any reason anyone should? There is not. Can you imagine anything more unnecessary, idiotic, or useless than a folding toothbrush? Don't try—you can't. That's the beauty of it. But, Bill, make no mistake—that's (Continued on page 61)



Estebán jumped back as though he had touched fire, and like one damned he ran crying through the church.

Three Tales of Siete-Fuentes

By Maxime Formont

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

ON THE altar of the ancient monastery in the mountain village of Siete-Fuentes, Spain, lies the beautiful Black Virgin.

Her neck, her hands, her face—all of her that the sumptuous and archaic costume which binds her like an infant of the time of Charles V permits one to see—is the color of coal. She lies stretched at full length on scarlet cushions hung with heavy gold lace, that give an even more funereal appearance to her dark face.

They say that she sleeps a strange sleep. Yet seven swords pierce her breast, each sword thrust in up to the middle of the blade. But despite the atrocious punishment inflicted on the statue, the Black Virgin maintains a divine serenity, and vaguely smiles, as though she were in a dream.

THE good monks, guardians of the sainted effigy, boast but little of their strange charge and seldom volunteer any information. They will admit she once saved Siete-Fuentes and the surrounding countryside from the plague, and sometimes they tell of lesser miracles. But down in the village inn they tell quite another story:

IN THE time of Philip IV, there lived in Siete-Fuentes a seigneur of uncertain age who had married a young girl, Doña Isabel de Mendoza, of the illustrious family of Mendoza. For three or

four years they lived according to the sacred laws of marriage. She was chaste, pious, and charitable, a treasure for her lord, and an angel to the poor. But the devil contrived that she should meet a student who had a prettily formed figure, who was fair, and who played the guitar. To her sorrow she listened to his joys of love.

In time the old graybeard learned of their romance. As was the custom, he killed the student, and the village of Siete-Fuentes took no official notice of his deed. As for his wife—she disappeared.

It was generally thought that the bilious old seigneur had caused her to be buried in the depths of some convent. There was no lack of them in Castile, and they guard admirably both the secrets and the guests which are confided to them.

(Continued on page 85)

PLAY OF THE MONTH



"Don't move. . . I didn't mean to interrupt!" Deburau revisits his lovely "Lady with the Camellia"—and finds that already another kneels at her feet.

Deburau: A Poem by Sacha Guitry

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY GRANVILLE BARKER

THE Barker (to the crowds of Parisian pleasure-seekers who have gathered at the Théâtre Funambules to see the great Deburau play Pierrot)—"Here you've Deburau, that marvelous Pierrot; the one and only, supreme and lonely in his fame. For all the others, all Pierrots before he came, were nothing better than puppets of wood. He's the first that has understood what can be made of that weird white figure. You sit and wonder how it's done. Never a wink to point the fun—and yet you laugh, and yet you feel your eyes grow bigger. You may even feel the tears come tumbling. How does he do it, how with half—not half, not a quarter—of what other actors get words and music and make-up to help them! I must say it's humbling. If I were an actor I'd feel it so) To be left no— Nowhere at all by a mere Pierrot, by a bundle of white rags called Pierrot. And when Pierrot is Deburau that's so!"

FOR Deburau has scored a hit. All over Paris people are saying, "What a triumph for Deburau!" Yet the crowds which come flocking to see him, the press reports that acclaim him "the greatest actor of our time—a thousand actors in one" have not sufficed to make Deburau happy. For now that he has won success at last, after years of hardship, he finds it empty, and the jealousy of his fellow comedians cuts deep.

DEBURAU (pointing to a whispering group)—Oh, can't you feel it in the air, how they hate it?

Robillard (his friend)—Let them! Deburau—But how they hate me! Look at them there. . .

Robillard—Well, my friend, that's the price of success.

Deburau (in real distress)—Then I can't pay it. Does that sound absurd? But—I can't endure being looked at so. It makes me too wretched; indeed, it does.

All I want, you know Is to be met with a smile, a kind word, And to feel I give the public pleasure. That's how I measure My success. And the rest I'm content to lose.

I don't hunger to be admired. I could never be a hero. I'm just a poor Pierrot.

Rather sad, and sometimes so tired I must make up my mind to be jolly at night

As I make up my face, black and white. . .

Well, there's a smile for you. Is that all right?

Robillard—Quite right. Now a grateful one for your own good luck—

One for the future. Deburau (softly)—Ah, the many smiles My past owes me! And still the debt's not paid

For those first fifteen years Of such childish trials. But they burn deep when one salts the wounds with tears

For the next fifteen, climbing out of the ruck

Of neglect and misfortune! Ah, I mean that my boy

Shall have his own childhood's joy and my childhood's joy

Both. Such a fine little fellow, solemn and staid!

He has my eyes and my voice, And already my way with his hand

You know— Swinging the left hand—so!

Robillard (smiling)—You're running into a second edition.

Deburau—Yes, but I've planned Many revisions of it for him.

It's not such an unselfish vision. For my filling his happiness to the brim The overflow will be mine, you see, And he—

The Barker (interrupting)—Deburau! Deburau— What?

The Barker— A lady! Deburau— Oh!

The Barker—She's the right sort and she wants a word.

Deburau (impatiently)—Another! This is really too absurd.

BUT Deburau, who usually discourages his too persistent women admirers by showing them a tiny picture of his wife and asking "Isn't it pretty?" is instantly caught in the spell of this woman's loveliness. For it is the famous Marie Duplessis whom all men go mad about. She is girlish and exquisitely beautiful, so like a candle-flame a mere breath would blow out. But Deburau does not know her and it does not occur to him to ask her name. Instead he christens her "My Lady with the Camellia" for the flower she wears at her breast and, almost in a trance, follows her blindly away. It is with her, his "Lady with the Camellia," that Deburau finds the first real happiness he has ever known.

DEBURAU (exultantly)—A prisoner, you know, Set free on a sudden, can only shout That he's free and find nothing else to say. So now I cram

All the emotions that
possess me
Into "I am happy. . . ."
(*He takes Marie's hand.*)
I was born
To be in love with you,
my dear.
Yes, from morning till
evening and eve to morn
To fall deeper and deeper
in love with you.
And to think that no one
could tell me that!
I shouldn't have been so
hard to convince.
Think of the time I've
so cautiously wasted
In follies!
Looking for—what?
When love was—there.
Caring for—who?
When you were near.
And this has lasted
Half of my life.
For twenty years I've been
running away from wo-
men. I was afraid—
Marie (smiling)—Of
your wife?
Deburau—Not a bit, nor
of them. But just
Of being happy. . . .
Then came the sight of
you.
And now, if you please,
On me, love's pauper and
life's coward,
All the wealth of the world
has been
showered.



Deburau to his son—Give up my part? Not yet—not quite! We shall go shares in it tonight!

Brilliant crowds of Parisian pleasure-seekers flock to
Deburau (*Lionel Atwill*) play

Oh, my heart's—my untaught heart's desire! . . .
To have you and hold you all for my own!
That's what I want, oh, that's what I want! (*He takes
her in his arms.*)

Marie (resisting)—Gently, gently! Pierrot has grown
Too like Pierrot.
We're not living in Fairyland, you know.

BUT for Deburau this love is Fairyland—and, though he
does not suspect it, a Fool's Paradise as well. For Marie
is troubled by Deburau's devotion and—when he goes off to
the theater and to pay a visit to his neglected wife and little
boy—she confides in old Mother Rabouin. For Mother
Rabouin sells all sorts of things one can't find in shop-
windows and has the gift of fortune-telling besides!

MARIE—One night at the theater I was alone—
All alone and a little lonely.
Oh, no! It didn't start
As a whim.

Madame Rabouin—You did love him.
Marie—Oh, for a little it burnt me
Up like a flame. I felt sure, quite sure
That I never would change. Then I seemed to recover,
After a little.

Madame Rabouin—So it's gone?
Marie (sadly)—Quite gone.
Madame Rabouin—Then d'you think that you need
Have him here quite so much? For completing the cure
It is rather a freak
To have him pay calls on you lasting a week.

Marie—I know, I know. If only
I knew what else to do, or what to say!
But he's happy, so happy in thinking I love him
And I haven't the heart to send him away.
I know it's wrong.

I know it's foolish. But you see
Loving has mattered so little to me
And to him it seems to mean so much.

Madame Rabouin—Well, how long
Is this going on for?

Marie—Something may move him
To leave me of his own accord.

Madame Rabouin—Good Lord!
In about a hundred years it may.



the Théâtre Funambules to see the great his marvelous Pierrot.

My pretty, this sort of thing doesn't pay!
Marie—Pay? Oh, of course, I'm in the clutch
 Of that beautiful word.
 D'you know that I'm not twenty yet?
 Girls of my age are still at school,
 But the only lesson I've learned quite pat
 Is how to say to a fool
 Of a man "I love you" without meaning a word of it.

BUT scarce an hour goes by before *Marie* knows for herself what it means to say "I love you," as *Deburau* has been saying it to her. For her first glimpse of *Monsieur Armand Duval* awakens love, and when *Deburau* returns, exultant because his wife has left him and he is free at last, he finds another man kneeling at the feet of his "Lady with the Camellias." "Please don't move. . . . I didn't mean to interrupt," he apologizes to the young man, and—taking his dog and his bird and his little boy *Charles* away with him again—leaves this farewell:

DEBURAU—There's nothing, tell her, she need regret. . . .
 She must remember
 That the happiness she gave me—
 Joys without number,
 Riches of happiness—
 Will suffice to save me
 For a long time from distress.
 But when I've spent it all, and am quite poor again,
 Perhaps I'll send to her, and then
 Perhaps she'll come,
 Bringing a little alms of love.

THIS unrequited love for the "Lady with the Camellias" is the undoing of the great *Deburau*. He does not forget her. Instead, at the high tide of his success at the Théâtre Funambules, he loses interest

in his art.
 Living from day to day in the forlorn hope that his loved one will come to him, he grows loath to leave home lest he miss her visit. But years pass and she gives no sign and *Deburau*, somewhat embittered, an invalid in his garret, still

waits for her. His young son *Charles*, now almost grown to manhood, tries from time to time to cheer his father by reminding him of his successes at the Théâtre Funambules.

DEBURAU (bitterly)—Oh, to sit and think of past successes
 Is like—what's it like?—picking over a rag-bag
 Full of faded gaudy dresses
 One used to wear.
 Every old hag
 Was beautiful once, she'll swear.
 I'm humbler than most.
 I only boast
 To have been once a rather popular clown.
Charles—What's worth having but success?
Deburau—My boy, prick a vein in your arm and write this down
 In your blood. Love's worth having.
 Unless
 You can mix love with your drink of life
 You'll go parched, no matter how heady
 And glorious your wine of success and of fame is.
 When your love comes be ready.
 Seize her and hold her, love her madly.
 It hurts to love madly. But, though the game is
 Cruel, you must play it out to the finish.
 It's a worse hurt to sit and sadly
 Count the lost moments; the Strife
 Unstriven; the swinish
 Wallowing lethargy in the sty.
 Of failure. Oh, yes, I exaggerate—
 But, at any rate,
 Have a try to live.
 Have a try!
 But you don't need advice from me. . .



Margot Kelly as the alluring Columbine.

Every day as it gets near two
 I see you with your eyes on the clock.
 Silly boy, what are you blushing at?
 Where do you go? (Continued on page 74)



"The Bird Song" ranks with the best paintings of Lillian Genth, one of the foremost of American women artists.

Miss Genth vs. Mrs. Grundy

By Gardner Teall

AMERICAN art has long since taken its place in figure-painting of the highest order. Mrs. Grundy no longer rushes breathlessly to exhibitions prepared to pounce like a vulture on the human form divine, unable to discern between the nude and the naked. No one decries the vulgar, the indecent, more than the true artist (as much, I might almost say), for that which outrages the beautiful is an abomination in the eye of the artist.

The extraordinary prudery of the few did, however, for many years, blow like a devastating simoom on American figure-painting. Mrs. Grundy (Mr. Grundy too) placed hoopskirts, bustles, plush, satin, and the Tiddlety-winks of fashion within the litany, but pronounced anathema upon the delineation of the human figure. We all knew, because Mr. and Mrs. Grundy had been to see and had told us so, that paintings of the nude could then only be tolerated on the walls of the glittering barrooms of gorgeous hotels. The

the art of any other. We are familiar with Miss Nourse's types of human character, Miss Cassatt's mother-and-child subjects, Miss Beaux's brilliant and refined portraits, and now the remarkably beautiful nude subjects from the brush of Miss Genth have won for her an enviable renown.

"THE BIRD SONG" is one of the finest of Miss Genth's paintings and it was purchased for the permanent collection of (Continued on page 72)



MISS Lillian Genth ranks with the three other great American women painters of our generation — Elizabeth Nourse, Mary Cassatt, and Cecilia Beaux. A graduate of the Pennsylvania School of Design, Miss Genth won the Elkins fellowship and studied in Paris under Whistler. On her return to America her work won prompt recognition. Miss Genth has a studio in Washington Square and spends her summers in the foothills of the Berkshires, painting such beautiful studies of the nude as "The Bird Song."

wonder is that the Grundys could ever bring themselves to take their Saturday evening baths with eyes unclosed. Fortunately the diseased minds of the Grundys proclaimed their malady, and art was permitted to go about picturing God's noblest works, delineating the earthly temple of the spirit in all the loveliness of its pure form.

FREED from the shackles of prudery, American art quickly turned its attention to life study. Where Inness, Wyant, Tryon, Homer Martin, and Winslow Homer with their intellectual art had brought laurels to American landscape painting, so too were to follow the triumphs of our school of figure-painters — Blashfield, Alexander, Walker, Simmons, Blum, Cox, to name but a few of the pioneers in the painting of the nude, whose works adorn so many of our great public buildings and have become endeared to the hearts of Americans.

IN THE galaxy of contemporary American figure-painters the name of Lillian Genth stands forth conspicuously. Indeed, American art owes much to our women painters — Elizabeth Nourse, Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, Lillian Genth. Each one of these occupies a conspicuous and important place in our national art, each one is so strongly individual that there would be no mistaking the art of any one of them for



Copyright, 1920, by Alfons Mucha

"The Abolition of Serfdom," one of twenty great mural paintings by Alfons Mucha portraying for the new Republic the history of the Czecho-Slovaks.

The World in Two Volumes

Wells's Outline of History

THE true hero of the story of Alexander is not so much Alexander as his father Philip. The author of a piece does not shine in the limelight as the actor does, and it was Philip who planned much of the greatness that his son achieved, who laid the foundations and forged the tools, who had indeed already begun the Persian expedition at the time of his death. Philip, beyond doubt, was one of the greatest monarchs the world has ever seen; he was a man of the utmost intelligence and ability, and his range of ideas was vastly beyond the scope of his time. He made Aristotle his friend; he must have discussed with him those schemes for the organization of real knowledge which the philosopher was to realize later through Alexander's endowments. Philip, so far as we can judge, seems to have been Aristotle's "Prince"; to him Aristotle turned as men turn only to those whom they admire and trust. To Philip also Isocrates appealed as the great leader who should unify and ennoble the chaotic public life of Greece.

IN MANY books it is stated that Philip was a man of incredible cynicism and of uncontrolled lusts. It is true that at feasts, like all the Macedonians of his time, he was a hard drinker and sometimes drunken—it was probably considered unamiable not to drink excessively at feasts; but of the other accusations there is no real proof, and for evidence we have only the railings of such antagonists as Demosthenes, the Athenian demagogue and orator, a man of reckless rhetoric. The quotation of a phrase or so will serve to show to what the patriotic anger of Demosthenes could bring him. In one of the "Philippics," as his denunciations of Philip are called, he gives vent in this style:

THAT a new history should attract such enthusiastic and widespread attention among all well-informed people as to justify its selection as the Book of the Month in *Hearst's* is a unique event. H. G. Wells's two-volume "Outline of History" competes in sales with better fiction, and is among the half-dozen books most called for at the public libraries. By courtesy of the publishers, the Macmillan Company, one characteristic, full-flavored chapter of "The Outline of History"—Mr. Wells's version of the career of Alexander the Great—is here reproduced.

"Philip—a man who not only is no Greek, and no way akin to the Greeks, but is not even a barbarian from a respectable country—no, a pestilent fellow of Macedon, a country from which we never get even a decent slave." And so on and so on. We know, as a matter of fact, that the Macedonians were an Aryan people very closely akin to the Greeks, and that Philip was probably the best-educated man of his time. This was the spirit in which the adverse accounts of Philip were written.

WHEN Philip became king of Macedonia in 359 B.C., his country was a little country without a seaport or industries or any considerable city. It had a peasant population, Greek almost in language and ready to be Greek in sympathies, but more

purely Nordic in blood than any people to the south of it. Philip made this little barbaric state into a great one; he created the most efficient military organization the world had so far seen, and he had brought most of Greece into one confederacy under his leadership at the time of his death. And his extraordinary quality, his power of thinking out beyond the current ideas of his time, is shown not so much in those matters as in the care with which he had his son trained to carry on the policy he had created. He is one of the few monarchs in history who cared for his successor. Alexander was, as few other monarchs have ever been, a specially educated king; he was educated for empire. Aristotle was but one of the several able tutors his father chose for him. Philip confided his policy to him, and entrusted him with commands and authority by the time he was sixteen. He commanded the cavalry at Chaeronea under his father's eye. He was nursed into power—generously and unsuspectingly.

TO ANYONE who reads his life with care it is evident that Alexander started with an equipment of training and ideas of unprecedented value. As he got beyond the wisdom of his upbringing he began to blunder and misbehave—sometimes with a dreadful folly. The defects of his character had triumphed over his upbringing long before he died.

PHILIP was a king after the old pattern, a leader-king, first among his peers, of the ancient Nordic Aryan type. The army he found in Macedonia consisted of a general foot levy and a noble equestrian order called the "companions." The people were farmers and hunters and somewhat drunken in their habits, but ready for discipline (Continued on page 77)



Is the world going to be overcrowded? It is already overcrowded in spots—as, for example in the congested districts of Northern China, where not enough food is produced to maintain human life.

Our 500,000-Year-Old Grandfather

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

OLDER readers will recall the excitement that attended the discovery, nearly thirty years ago, of part of the skull, two molar teeth, and a thigh bone of a creature that came to be popularly designated as the "missing link."

The discovery was made by Doctor Eugene Du Bois, a Dutch army surgeon, while excavating for fossils in central Java. The creature whose remains he had exhumed was given the scientific name of *Pithecanthropus erectus*—the erect ape-man. It has been estimated that if these are indeed the relics of a prehuman ancestor of our race, he must have lived about five hundred thousand years ago.

The popular attitude towards problems of evolution has changed markedly since 1891, when the remains of the ape-man were discovered. There is no longer any controversy worth mentioning about the "missing link." But interest in the records of our prehuman and early human ancestors has naturally increased in a generation that accepts the evolutionary hypothesis without challenge. The fossil beds of Europe have yielded remains of a so-called Heidelberg man of about two hundred and fifty thousand years ago, with skull far larger than that of the ape-man, but primitive in comparison with the skull of the so-called Cro-Magnon man who inhabited Europe at a period far more recent yet still prehistoric. But, whereas these remains of men of the Stone Age have been found in Europe, it is believed by most anthropologists that the cradle of the human race must be sought in Asia. There is apparently a gap of a quarter of a million years between the ape-man of Java and the oldest known prehistoric man of Europe—perhaps one hundred thousand generations. Must not the successive populations of this vast company have left some fossil remains?

SHALL WE STARVE IN 2100?

The world may produce at that time only half of the food values required for its larger population

IT IS estimated by Professor Raymond Pearl, of the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University, in an address before the Lowell Institute, that the population of the United States in the year 2100 will be 197,000,000. It is further estimated that this population will require 260 trillion calories of food; and that, to judge from the production of the last seven years, half of this will need to be imported.

Such an estimate, particularly the latter part of it, does not seem to hold out a pleasant prospect for our

*Salt on the Oyster's Tail.
Give Your Plants Gas
Movies in Your Own Home
Eggs in Boiling Oil
Shall We Starve in 2100 A.D.?*

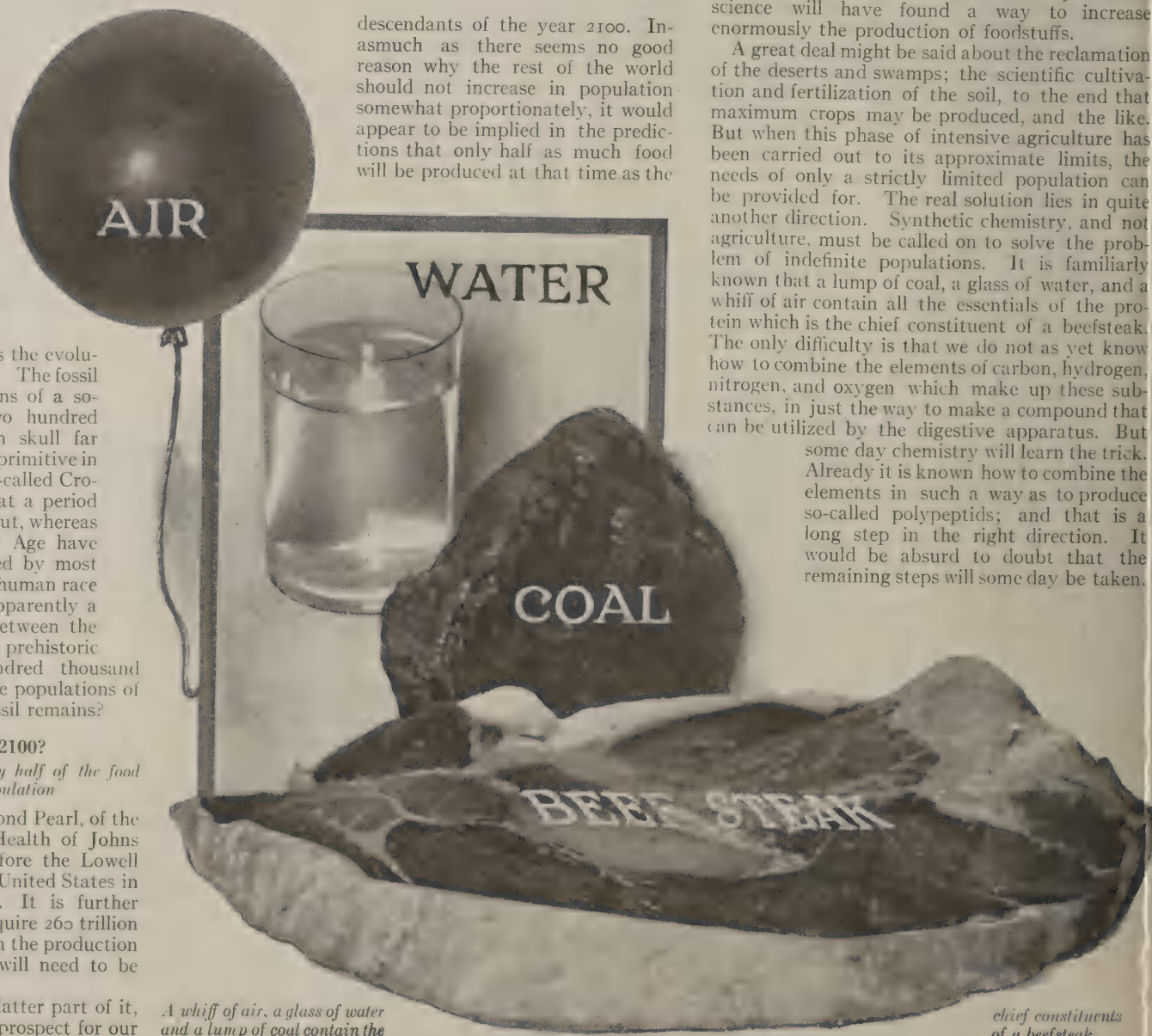
descendants of the year 2100. Inasmuch as there seems no good reason why the rest of the world should not increase in population somewhat proportionately, it would appear to be implied in the predictions that only half as much food will be produced at that time as the

population of the world requires. In that event, half the world must be in a condition of impending or actual starvation.

These are interesting predictions. But like all other prophecies they admit of seasoning with that proverbial grain of salt. In the present instance, for example, there are many possibilities that suggest themselves as modifying factors. To mention only one—it is more than likely that before the year 2100 science will have found a way to increase enormously the production of foodstuffs.

A great deal might be said about the reclamation of the deserts and swamps; the scientific cultivation and fertilization of the soil, to the end that maximum crops may be produced, and the like. But when this phase of intensive agriculture has been carried out to its approximate limits, the needs of only a strictly limited population can be provided for. The real solution lies in quite another direction. Synthetic chemistry, and not agriculture, must be called on to solve the problem of indefinite populations. It is familiarly known that a lump of coal, a glass of water, and a whiff of air contain all the essentials of the protein which is the chief constituent of a beefsteak. The only difficulty is that we do not as yet know how to combine the elements of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen which make up these substances, in just the way to make a compound that can be utilized by the digestive apparatus. But

some day chemistry will learn the trick. Already it is known how to combine the elements in such a way as to produce so-called polypeptides; and that is a long step in the right direction. It would be absurd to doubt that the remaining steps will some day be taken.



A whiff of air, a glass of water and a lump of coal contain the

chief constituents of a beefsteak.

ONLY ONE A MINUTE?

A simple explanation of a trick that has been the talk of the two continents

SPACE has been given in the newspapers lately to reports cabled from Paris concerning the alleged discovery by an American pugilist of a method of "short-circuiting" the strength of an athlete by touching his neck with the tips of the fingers of one hand while feeling his pulse at the wrist with the other. When his strength was thus "short-circuited," the athlete became a weakling—as proved by his inability to lift from the ground the light-weight person who performed the miracle.

It is a familiar law of logic that unknown causes for an observed phenomenon should not be sought until known causes have been exhausted.

Making the application, it is obvious that anyone might readily perform the reported miracle by merely keeping the strong man at arm's length; or by throwing his own body backward so that the center of gravity of the weight to be lifted is a long distance from the shoulder of the athlete, where the muscles are located that must under the circumstances accomplish the lifting. With extended arm even the strongest man can lift comparatively little. Championship weight-lifting is never done under such conditions. The fact that impossible conditions are being imposed is masked by the juggler-like expedient of the pretended "short-circuiting," the actual efficacy of which is contingent not at all on touching the neck and the wrist, but on keeping the arm outstretched so that the weight of the body is held at the end of a lever actually extending some distance beyond the athlete's hands, which are grasped about the waist of the individual he is attempting to lift. The short end of the lever is the distance between the shoulder joint and the insertion of the shoulder muscle called the deltoid, a few inches down on the other side of the bone of the upper arm called the humerus. To lift a hundred pounds under these conditions calls for a pull of perhaps a quarter of a ton at the short end of the lever; and naturally the shoulder muscle is not equal to this demand. But when the "short-circuiting" is discontinued, the weight is brought effectively nearer to the athlete; his biceps and pectoral muscles, among others, come into play, and the lifting capacity is proportionately multiplied.

All of this involves nothing new or in any wise startling. The trick can be performed and the demonstration made by any person coöperating with any other person who is strong enough to lift him. It is not to be supposed that the trick deceived any person of scientific acumen.



From the center of civilization to a bleak and practically uninhabited wilderness is still only a few hours' journey "as the crow flies."

SALT ON THE OYSTER'S TAIL

Can the juice of the bivalve be used commercially for treating tuberculosis?

THE newest effort to utilize hitherto wasted by-products is reported from the oyster industry. It appears that in the wholesale markets oysters are opened before shipment even to local retail markets, and drained of a watery liquid the presence of which interferes with the keeping qualities of the bivalve.

In a large Fulton Market oyster establishment, the quantity of this wasted fluid is something like 500 gallons daily. It occurred to a chemist in connection with one such establishment that the fluid might have value as a medicinal agent because of the relatively large amount of phosphate of lime that it contains. A project is therefore under way for conserving the fluid, preserving it by heating, and marketing it in jars after the manner of meat extracts and canned soups.

An alternative suggestion is to evaporate the fluid to the consistency of a jelly, when it retains its oyster flavor and can be eaten like caviar.

Even when the liquid is totally evaporated, so that only a dry powder remains, the powder

contains enough of the organic constituents to have a decided flavor, and when dissolved in hot water a palatable oyster broth is made. The powder contains, in addition to its organic constituents, a high percentage of mineral salts, including the phosphate of lime, that are indispensable to the human organism. The value of these salts in many cases of malnutrition among infants and children and in a very large number of adult maladies, including tuberculosis, is indisputable.

Whether the advantages of administering the salts in this way are sufficient to make the project commercially feasible remains to be seen. But inasmuch as the liquid now wasted daily in a single wholesale oyster market contains about 200 pounds of the residual salts, it would seem that the test is well worth making.

It is not improbable that a valuable medicament, disguised as a table delicacy, may thus be added to the physician's equipment in combating malnutrition among children and wasting diseases generally.

IS CIVILIZATION A HANDICAP?

Elemental knowledge of woodcraft is being lost by men reared in our cities

THE experience of the three naval balloonists who inadvertently soared over into Canada and landed far out in the woods in midwinter, attracted world-wide attention. The fact that the aeronauts escaped from the woods through the accident of coming on the tracks of a wandering Indian was properly enough heralded as providential.



Starting from the Rockaway air station, the Navy balloon traveled northwest over 800 miles



Does the manatee represent an intermediary stage of development between the whale and the horse?

But it must be obvious to every woodsman that if these men had not been quite so highly civilized their predicament when they found themselves safely on the ground up there in the Canadian woods, however exciting, could hardly have been called hazardous. The men were provided with matches, revolvers, knives, and a hatchet. The stranded balloon would provide them with any amount of material in the way of ropes, strings, and even textiles with which to make a tent. Had the men been as skilled in woodcraft as they were in aircraft they would have known how to capture rabbits and perhaps grouse. Through a hole in the ice they probably could have caught fish with improvised hook or spear. From saplings and balloon materials they could have constructed a crude sled and even passable snowshoes. They could have journeyed at leisure in search of the human habitations that they believed to be not far distant.

All of which takes nothing from the heroic character of the actual experience of these airmen who were not woodsmen, but only illustrates some of the disadvantages of being overcivilized.

WHY DO ANIMALS CHANGE?

Conditions of prehistoric life that are responsible for the divergences in the earth's creatures

ONE of the great enigmas confronting the student of fossil life is the fact that some forms appear to change with relative rapidity, geologically speaking, whereas others remain static, age after age.

The "almost tempestuous" evolution of the whale following its migration into the sea during the Tertiary Epoch converted it from an herb-eating to a flesh-eating animal.

Students who are metaphysically inclined have been disposed to assume that there must have been some inexplicable force urging the various races this way and that, some to changes that may be interpreted as progressive, others towards degeneration and death.

Such a view, however, is combated by other investigators, who seek an explanation of all modifications in the response of the organism to environmental influences. The latter view is, of course, essentially the Darwinian conception; but those who hold it have often been puzzled to explain why creatures of the same epoch—subject, therefore, to the same climatic modifications—vary so widely in their response.

This question is dealt with by Dr. F. A. Bather, President of the Geological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in an address delivered at the Cardiff meeting of that organization. He points out that creatures the remains of which may be found side by side were not necessarily subjected to the same conditions. We must distinguish between the place of birth, of life, of death, and of burial of the different creatures. There may be land animals, creatures that lived at the surface of the sea, those that inhabited the middle depths, and forms that never left the seabed itself, all deposited in one stratum.

Such diversions are, of course, far more pronounced when we consider creatures of different species living in the same epoch.

Dr. Bather quotes Professor Aber as having argued that the varying rate of evolution depends solely on the changes in outer conditions, and as having cited by way of illustration the evolution of whales, sirenians (manatees, sea cows), and horses during the so-called Tertiary Epoch, which he correlates with the nature of the food. He suggests that the manatees underwent a steady, slow change, because though they migrated from land to sea, they retained their habit of feeding on the soft water plants. The horses, on the other hand, although they remained on land, evolved more rapidly than the manatees, because they became eaters of grain, and their habits were modified to adapt them to the life of the plain.



An ancestor of the horse—the Eohippus—was only 16 inches high; it had four toes on its fore feet and three on its hind feet.

THE WHALE IS A COUSIN TO THE HORSE

How modern science explains the variations in our animal life and its development

THE whales, migrating into the sea at about the same time with the ancestors of the manatees, underwent rapid and extraordinary evolution. Not at the outset, to be sure, while they remained near the coast and kept to the ancestral diet; but after they became flesh-eaters and took to hunting fish and then to eating large and small cephalopods. Thanks to this utter change of diet and habit, the evolution of the whales was "almost tempestuous." But subsequently many whales again changed their dietetic habit, and took to swallowing minute floating organisms. They had apparently exhausted the possibilities of ocean provender, and from that time to this they have changed very slowly.

Dr. Bather urges that the evidence justifies the conclusion that all the evolutionary changes with which the geological record makes us familiar are the result of reaction to the stimuli of the outer world, and that the rate of evolution depends on these outer changes. He makes an application of this thesis to the case of man, who has the power of altering his environment and of adapting racial characters through conscious selection; urging that because of these unique possibilities the human race need not necessarily enter on a period of decadence; but that, on the contrary, by deepening our knowledge of ourselves and of our world, and by controlling our energy and guiding our efforts in the light of that knowledge we may prolong and hasten our advent to ages and to heights as yet beyond prophetic vision.

GIVE YOUR PLANTS GAS

Will carbon, restored to the air by the burning of coal, help vegetation?

IT HAS long been known that plants get the carbon which is one of the essential constituents of all organic matter, directly from the atmosphere. Looking forward, imaginative scientists have suggested that in future ages, when the carbon has been restored

to the air, through burning the coal, climatic conditions may be modified and the character of the vegetation again changed by the presence of this increased food-supply in the air.

Yet no one until recently seems to have thought of modifying the air directly for the benefit of localized plant crops. Recently, however, a test has been made by Dr. Frederick Riedel, in Germany, in which the exhaust gas from a blast furnace, purified so that only carbonic acid gas remains, is liberated in a greenhouse. The gas, having been purified of sulphur and other noxious chemicals, exerted no injurious effect, and could be breathed with impunity by workmen in the greenhouse.

It is reported that within a few days there was increased luxuriance of vegetation in the greenhouse thus supplied with carbonic acid, in comparison with similar plants in companion greenhouses supplied with ordinary air. The leaves of a castor oil plant spanned more than three feet, fully twice the breadth of those in untreated air. There was similar discrepancy in the development and productivity of cauliflower plants, tomatoes, potatoes, and other vegetables. The potatoes not only increased the output by 180 per cent but ripened much more quickly.

Dr. Riedel predicts that in the near future carbonic acid works for supplying agriculture will be as common as electricity and gas works; and that the large industrial centers will become centers of agricultural activity because of the facilities they supply for fertilizing the air.

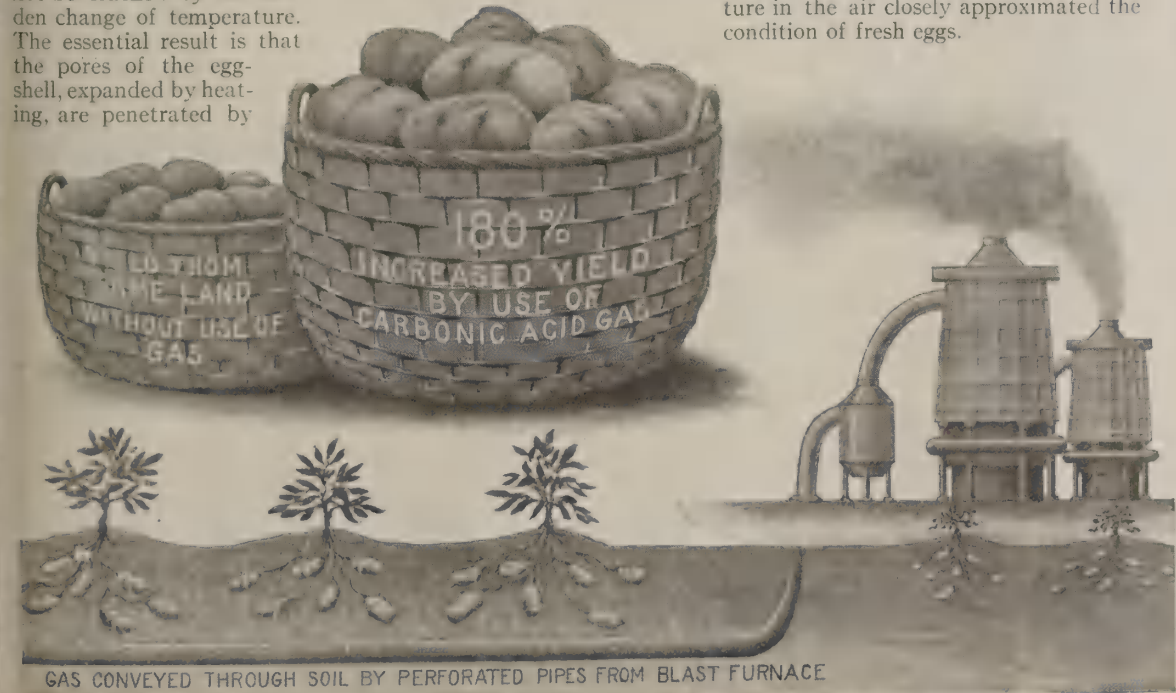
EGGS IN BOILING OIL

A new method of "sterilizing" eggs that keeps them fresh for months

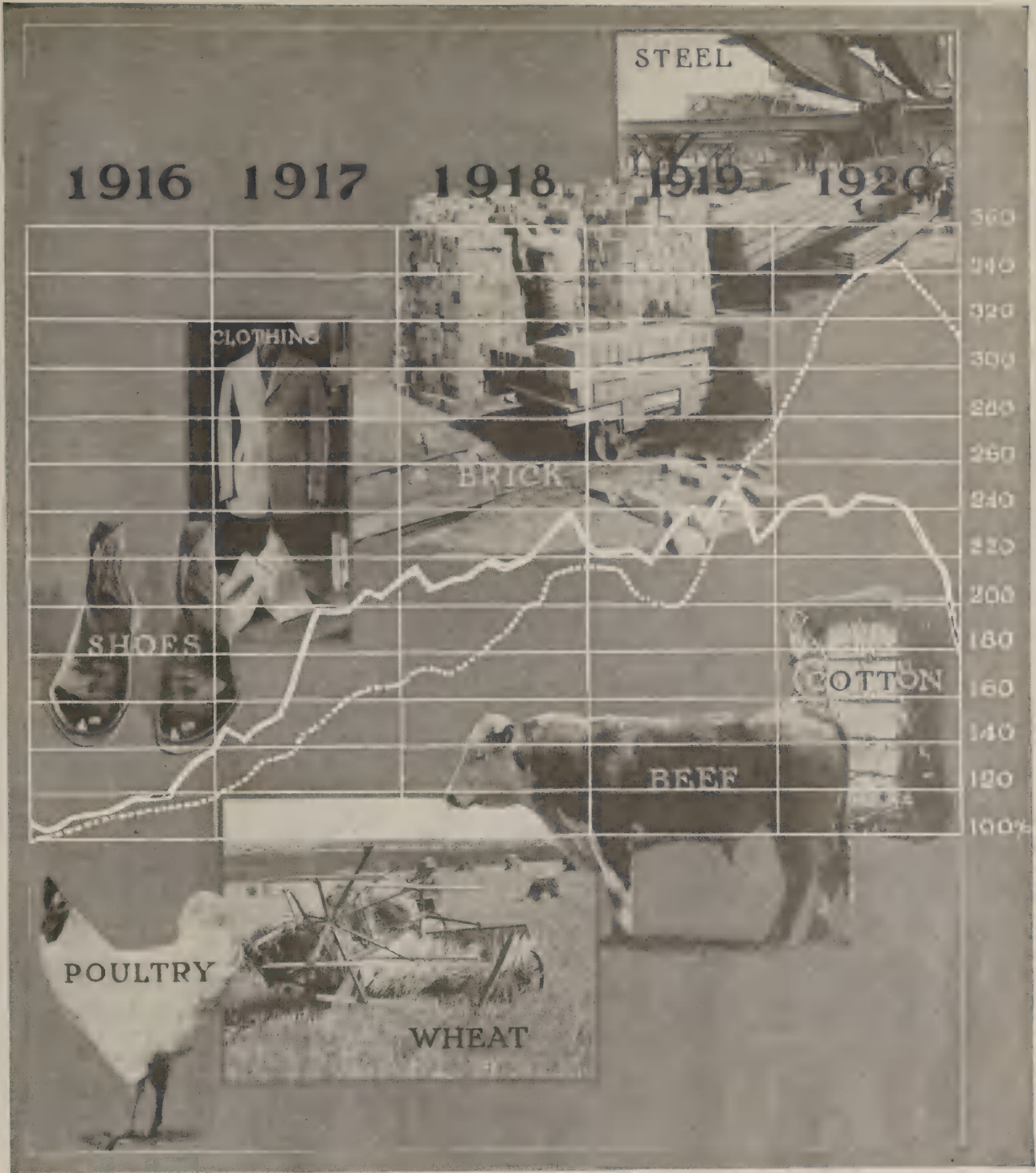
THE object of all attempts at preserving the egg is to make difficult or impossible the development of the bacteria that are the agents of decay. The eggshell is necessarily porous, in order that oxygen may be supplied from the air to the developing chick, in case the egg fulfills the function for which it was originally designed. And as usual, Nature makes it difficult to interfere with her designs.

PROBABLY the most satisfactory attempt up to date is the utilization of a method of so-called "sterilization," in which the egg is passed through a solution of oil, Burgundy pitch, and palm wax heated to 230 degrees Fahrenheit, well above the boiling point of water. The egg is immersed in this hot liquid for only about twelve seconds. In case the egg has previously been in cold storage, it is given a preliminary bath at 180 degrees, so that the shell may not be cracked by too sudden change of temperature. The essential result is that the pores of the egg-shell, expanded by heating, are penetrated by

the hot liquid, and a permanent layer of wax is deposited between the shell and the lining membrane. Probably the parts directly affected are sterilized. At any rate, germs imbedded in the preservative wax doubtless can not develop. It would appear, also, that this permanent layer of wax should fully prevent the entrance of air. It is alleged that eggs kept for an entire year at ordinary temperature in the air closely approximated the condition of fresh eggs.



Will carbonic acid works furnish gas to our farms of the future? Dr. Riedel thinks they will.



The High Cost of Living is coming down! So reports the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, on whose figures this chart is based. The dotted line shows the rise and fall of wholesale costs of manufactured products; the solid line shows the same for farm products.

MOVIES IN YOUR OWN HOME

A new invention that places the cinema film on the same popular plane as the talking machine

IT WAS suggested some years ago by Mr. Theodore Brown, of London, that it should be possible to apply the talking-machine principle to a motion-picture apparatus, and have the pictures arranged in a spiral on a flat disc like that of the familiar phonograph. After a long series of experiments the apparatus to which the name spirograph has been given was evolved.

The spirograph record is in effect a phonograph disc made of film or glass, with an unbroken series of tiny pictures arranged in a spiral from near the center to the circumference. These pictures were originally taken on a roll of films, like any other series of moving pictures.

One advantage of the spirograph record is that it is not inflammable. The simple projection apparatus with which it is used contains a miniature incandescent-bulb lamp operated by a dry cell, a battery of motorcar cells, or by connection with the ordinary house system of electric lighting. It can thus be brought into the home; and that is, indeed, the purpose for which it is primarily designed. Enthusiasts predict that it may become as popular as the phonograph; and that it may constitute an educational influence of value. It is suggested that spirograph records may constitute a pictorial library in the ordinary home; and that there will be local libraries to circulate the picture records on the plan of the familiar circulating library for books.

May we not ultimately have spirograph records—made of transparent paper, perhaps—to take the place of textbooks in the schools, and of newspapers and books? That would seem to be the logical goal of present-day educational and cultural tendencies.

Heading Ahead with Harding

By John Temple Graves

Sketches by Guyas Williams



A STRONG MAN OF THE CAROLINAS

NOT since the Civil War has any man carried the political fortunes of a great commonwealth so completely in the hollow of his hands as Senator Furnifold McLendel Simmons has held North Carolina—not entirely because of mastery of political machinery, but because he holds securely the gratitude of his state. North Carolina Democrats remember him as the savior and redeemer of the state from fusion in 1904. He is the beloved "Chieftain of White Supremacy"—unselfish, unflinching, brave, and wise. He was the Southern "sword of the government" during the war. His tenure of office rests entirely upon his own will.



A YOUNG MAN IN THE SENATE

FIVE terms in Congress before he was forty made Pat Harrison of Mississippi a full-fledged and well-equipped Senator of the United States on the day he took his seat. A single term placed him in the front ranks of Senate debaters and masters of legislation and politics. The Democracy leans on him in national elections and the Democratic leader in the Senate plays him strong in critical measures. He is one of the youngest of Senators and one of the keenest and wisest. Mississippi knows how to select men for the Senate.

HE IS in! Upon the wave of the most unprecedented majority ever recorded in popular government, and amid a chorus of universal good wishes unbroken even by partisan protest, the Harding régime has at last entered upon its four years of executive authority. Not even McKinley came to the White House with so many evidences of universally popular sympathy.

If Mr. Harding's friends do not darken his cloudless horizon, he ought to have the smoothest administration that the Republic has known within the century. Grant's fool friends spoiled the last four years which the Hero of Appomattox had hoped to make an era of harmony and national honesty, and there are daggers visible in the belts of the factional Republican leaders which threaten the serenity of the Harding reign. There seems to be no such thing as peace in politics.

There are two solid columns of paragraphic promises which the new President has made in behalf of himself and of his triumphant party. It is the common judgment that these promises were sincerely made and intended to be kept. Is it possible? We must wait and see. With the exhaustively discussed and nationally examined Harding Cabinet all (Continued on page 83)



A POLITICAL GIBRALTAR

NO MORE powerful and unconquerable personality survives amid the broken fortunes of the Democratic party of 1920 than Carter Glass of Virginia. He is the stuff out of which causes are rebuilt and organizations revived. Fearless in thought and speech, clear of head and clean of life, definite and aggressive, the best debater and one of the ablest men of his political faith, Carter Glass, journalist, ex-Congressman, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator of the United States, towers among the figures of strength and hope in the Democratic ranks.

LAFOLLETTE'S SUCCESSFUL RIVAL

FOUR years ago, Irvine L. Lenroot was a fighting Congressman in the Sixty-third Congress. Today, at the age of 52, he is one of the fast-growing and forceful Senators of the United States. Up from the ranks of the people, with his eyes fixed on the sun, steadily, bravely, and logically he has mounted to the rim of a Presidential possibility of his party. Of balanced temper, frank, fearless, and definite of purpose, he is a statesman to be reckoned with by ambitious men of both parties. He is safe for six years in the Senate.



Children of the Whirlwind

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Armand Both

THE trap was all set and the rich young man was on the point of walking into it. Nor had pretty Maggie Cameron's pals the slightest reason to believe that Maggie—whose father was a convict—would turn against a crooked game. But just as she traps them with their own bait, someone else arrives unexpectedly to take Maggie's affairs into his own hands.

AT THE entrance of Biff Mellis instead of the expected Dick, Barney and Old Jimmie had sprung up from the table in amazement. Joe strode past Maggie, hardly heeding his daughter, and faced the two men.

"I guess you know me, Jimmie Carlisle!" said Biff with a terrifying restraint of tone. "The pal I trusted—the pal I turned everything over to—the pal who double-crossed me in every way!"

"Biff Mellis!" gasped Jimmie, suddenly as ghastly as a dead man. "I—I didn't know you were out."

"I'm out all right. But I'll probably go in again, for what I'm going to do to you! And you there"—turning on Barney—"you're got up enough like a professional dancer to be the Barney Palmer I've heard of!"

"I'd like to know what business it is of yours who I am," Barney tried to bluster. "Perhaps you won't mind introducing yourself."

"I'M THE man who's going to settle with you and Old Jimmie Carlisle! Is that introduction enough? If not, then I'm Biff Mellis, the father of this girl here you call Maggie Carlisle and Maggie Cameron, that you two have made into a crook."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Barney in stupefaction. "Why, she's Jimmie Carlisle's—"

"He's always passed her off as such; that much I've learned. Speak up, Jimmie Carlisle! Whose daughter is this girl you've turned into a crook?"

"Your daughter, Biff," stammered Old Jimmie. "But when you talk about my making her into a crook—you're—you're all wrong there."

"So, she's not a crook, and you didn't make her one?" demanded Biff with the calm of unexploded dynamite whose fuse is sputtering. "I left you about twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year to bring her up on—as a decent, respectable girl. That's twenty-five or thirty a week. If she's not a crook, how can she, on twenty-five dollars a week, have all the swell clothes I've seen her in, and be living in a suite like this that costs from twenty-five to fifty a day? And if she isn't a crook, why is she mixed up with two such crooks as you? And if she isn't a crook, why is she in a game to trim young Dick Sherwood?"

THE two men started and wilted at these driving questions. "But—but, Biff," stammered Old Jimmie, "you've gone out of your head. She's not in any such game. She never even heard of any Dick Sherwood."

"Cut out your lies, Jimmie Carlisle!" Biff ordered harshly. "We've got something more to do here, the four of us, than to waste any time on lies. And just for the sake of proving to you that your lies will be wasted, I'll lay all my cards face up on the table."

"Since I got out I've been working for these Sherwoods. Larry Brainard was working there before me, and got me my job. I've seen this girl here—my daughter that you've made into a crook—out there twice. Dick Sherwood was supposed to be in love with her. At the end of this afternoon some officers came to the Sherwoods' and arrested Larry Brainard. I was working outside, overheard what was happening, and crept up on the porch. Officer Gavegan, who was in charge, found a painting among Larry Brainard's things. Miss Sherwood said that it was a picture of Miss Maggie Cameron, who had been visiting there, and I could see that it was. Officer Gavegan said it was a picture of Maggie Carlisle, daughter of Jimmie Carlisle, and that she was a crook. Larry Brainard, cornered, had to admit that Gavegan was right. I guessed at once who Maggie Carlisle was, since she was just the age my girl would have been and since you never had any children."

"And that's how, Jimmie Carlisle, standing there outside the window," concluded the terrible voice of Biff Mellis, "I learned for the first time that the



"You don't do that to each other," Biff Mellis snarled. "That job belongs to me!"

baby I'd trusted with you to be brought up straight, and that I believed was now happy somewhere as a nice, decent girl, you had really brought up as your own daughter and trained to be a crook!"

OLD JIMMIE shrank back from Biff's blazing eyes; his mouth opened spasmodically, but no words came. There was stupendous silence in the room.

Larry, within the closet, had an impulse to step out to Biff's side. But just as a little earlier he had felt the scene had belonged to Maggie, he now felt that this situation, the greatest in Biff's life, belonged definitely to Biff, was almost sacredly Biff's own property. Also, he felt that he was about to learn many things which had puzzled him. Therefore, he held himself back, at the same time keeping his hold upon Red Hannigan.

DURING this moment of silence, while Larry was wondering what was going to happen, his eyes also took in the figure of Maggie, all her powers of action and expression still paralyzed by appalling consternation. He understood, at least to a degree, what she was going through. He knew this much of her plan: that she intended to cut loose in some way from Barney and Old Jimmie, and that she intended that her father should continue to cherish the dream that had been his happiness for so long. And now, her father had come upon her in the company of Barney and Old Jimmie and in a situation whose every superficial circumstance was such as to make him believe the worst of her!

Biff turned on the smartly dressed Barney. "I'll take you first, you imitation swell, because I'm saving Jimmie Carlisle to the last!" went on Biff's crunching voice. "I'm going to twist your crooked neck for what you've helped do to my girl, but if you want to say anything first, say it."

BARNEY'S response was a swift movement of his right hand towards his left armpit. But Barney Palmer, like almost all his kind, was a very indifferent gunman; and he had no knowledge of the reputation for masterful quickness that had been Biff Mellis's twenty years earlier. Before his compact automatic was fairly out of its holster beneath his armpit, it was in Biff Mellis's hands.

"I sized you up for that kind of rat and was watching you," continued Biff in his same awful grimace. "I'm not going to shoot you, unless you make me. I'm going to twist that pretty neck of yours. But first, out with anything you've got to say for yourself!"

"I haven't had anything to do with this business," said Barney, trying to affect a bold manner.

"You lie! I know that in this game against Dick Sherwood, in which you used my girl, you were the real leader!"

"Well—even if I did use your girl, I only used her the way I found her."

"You lie again! I know how your kind work: cleverly putting crooked ideas into girls' minds, and exciting their imagination, so they'll work with you. Your case is closed!" Biff turned to his one-

time friend. "What have you got to say for yourself, Jimmie Carlisle?"

OLD JIMMIE believed that his last hour was come. He showed something of the defiant, almost maniacal courage of a coward who realizes he can retreat no farther.

"What I got to say, Biff Mellis," he snarled in a sudden rage which bared his yellow teeth, "is that I'm even with you at last!"

"Even with me? What for?"

"For the way you double-crossed me in 1901 in that Gordon business. You never gave me a dime—said the thing had fallen down—yet I know there was a big haul!"

"I told you the truth. That Gordon thing was a fizzle."

"There's where you're lying! It was a clean-up! And I knew you'd been cheating me out of my share in other deals!"

"You're absolutely wrong, Jimmie Carlisle. But why didn't you have it out with me at the time?"

"Because I knew you would lie! You were a better talker than I was, and since our outfit always sided

ing, malignant triumph: went on with the feverish exultation of a twisted, perverted mind that has brooded long over an imagined injustice, that has brooded greedily and long in private over its revenge, and at last has its chance to gloat in the open.

"When you were sent away, Biff Mellis, and turned over your daughter to me with those orders about seeing that she was brought up as a decent girl, I began to see the big chance I'd been waiting for. I asked myself, What is the dearest thing in the world to Biff Mellis? The answer was, this idea he'd got about his girl. I asked myself, What is the biggest way I can get even with Biff Mellis? The answer was, to make Biff Mellis believe all the time he's in stir that his girl is growing up the way he wants her to be and yet to bring her up the exact thing he didn't want her to be. And that's exactly what I did!"

"You—did—such a thing?" breathed Biff Mellis, almost incredibly.

"THAT'S exactly what I did!" Old Jimmie went on, gloatingly. "It was easy. No one knew you had a daughter, so I passed her off as my own baby by a marriage I'd not told anyone about. I saw that she always lived among crooks, looked at things the way crooks do, and grew up with no other thought than to be a crook. I never had an idea of using her myself, till she began to look like such a good performer this last year; and then my idea, no matter what Barney Palmer may have planned, was to use her only in a couple of stunts. My main idea always was, when you came out with your grand idea of what your girl had grown up to be, for you suddenly to see your girl, and know her as your girl, and know

her to be a crook. That smash to you was the big thing to me—what I'd planned for, and waited for. I didn't expect the blow-off to come like this; I didn't expect to be caught in it when it did happen. But since it has happened—Well, there's your daughter, Biff Mellis! Look at her! Look at what I've made her! I guess I'm even, all right!"

"My God!" breathed Biff Mellis, staring at the lean face twisting with triumphant malignancy. "I didn't think there could be such a man!"

HE SLOWLY turned upon Maggie. This was the first direct recognition he had shown her since his entrance.

"I don't suppose you can guess what your being what you are has meant to me," he began in a numbed tone which grew accusingly harsh as he continued. "But I'd think that a daughter of mine, with such a mother, would have had more instinctive sense than to have gone into such a game with such a pair of crooks!"

"It's true—I have been what you think me—I did go into this thing against Dick Sherwood," Maggie responded in a voice that at first was faltering, then stumbled rapidly on in her eagerness to pour out all the facts. "But—but Larry Brainard had kept after me—and finally he made me see how wrong I was headed. And then this afternoon, before I spoke

to you, Larry told me that you were my real father. When I learned the truth—how I had been cheated out of being something else—how I was the exact opposite of what you had wanted me to be and believed me to be—I felt about it almost exactly as you feel about it. I—I made up my mind to clear up at once all the wrong I was responsible for—and then disappear in such a way that you'd never have your dream of me spoiled. And so—and so this afternoon after I left Cedar Crest, I confessed the whole truth to Dick Sherwood—about our plan to cheat him. And, like the really splendid fellow he is, Dick Sherwood offered to help me set straight the things I wanted to set straight—particularly to clear Larry Brainard. And so my being here as you find me is part of a plan between Dick Sherwood and myself. It's really a frame-up. A frame-up to catch Barney Palmer and Jimmie Carlisle."

"A frame-up!" ejaculated the two in startled unison.

"Ask him how much . . . and when he wants it paid," Biff ordered.

with you, I knew I wouldn't have a chance then. But I reasoned that if I kept quiet and kept on being your friend, I'd get my chance to get even if I waited awhile. I waited—and I certainly got my chance!"

"Go on, Jimmie Carlisle!"

AND Old Jimmie went on—a startlingly different Old Jimmie, his pent-up evil now loosed into quiver-



ARNOLD BOTH



For an instant Larry continued to gaze. . .
The miracle had happened.

"HOW was it a frame-up?" demanded her father, no bit of the accusing harshness gone out of his voice.

"Our plan against Dick Sherwood was to have him propose to me, then for me to confess that I was really married to a mean sort of man I didn't love—the idea being that Dick would be infatuated enough to pay a big sum to a dummy husband, and the three of us would disappear as soon as we got Dick's money. Dick offered to go through with the plan as Barney Palmer and Jimmie Carlisle had shaped it up—go through with it tonight—and then after money had passed, we'd have a criminal case against them. By reminding him that Larry Brainard knew just what we were up to, and might spoil everything if we didn't act at once, I got Barney Palmer worked up to the point where he was going to pose as my husband and take the money. Dick Sherwood was to come a little later, after he'd first telephoned me, with a big roll of marked money."

THERE were stuttered exclamations from Barney and Old Jimmie, which were cut off by the dominant incisiveness of Biff Mellis's words to his daughter:

"I think you're lying to me! Besides, even if you're telling the truth, it's a pretty way you've taken to clear things up! Don't you see that by letting Dick Sherwood come here and play such a part, you'd be dead sure to involve him and his family in a dirty police story that the papers of the whole country would play up as a sensation? It's plain to anyone that that's no way a person who wanted to square things would use Dick Sherwood. And that's why I think you're lying!"

"I had thought of that—you're right," said Maggie. "And so I wasn't going to do it. He was going to telephone me—just about this time—and when he called up I was going to fake his message. I was going to tell Barney Palmer and Old Jimmie that

Dick had just telephoned he wasn't coming, because one of the two had just sold him a tip for ten thousand dollars that this was a crooked game. I thought this would have started a quarrel between the two; they are suspicious of each other anyhow. Each would have accused the other, and in their quarrel they would have been likely to have let out a lot of truth that would have completely given each other away."

"Not a bad plan at all," commented Biff Mellis. He tried to peer deep into his daughter for a moment, his inflamed face relaxing neither in its harshness nor in its doubt of her. "But since you are the clever crook I actually know you to be from your work on Dick Sherwood, and since Jimmie Carlisle says he has trained you to be a crook, I believe that everything you've told me is just something you've cleverly invented on the spur of the moment—just so many lies."

"But—but—"

She broke off before the harsh, accusing doubt of his pale face. For a fraction of a moment no one spoke. Then the telephone bell began to ring.

"Dick!" breathed Maggie, and started for the telephone.

"STAY right where you are," her father ordered. "I'll answer that telephone myself, and see whether you're lying to me about Dick Sherwood! . . . No, we'll do this together. I'll hold the receiver and hear what he says. You'll do the talking and you'll answer just what I tell you to, and you'll keep your hand right over the mouthpiece while I'm giving you your orders. You two"—to Barney and Old Jimmie, with a significant movement of Barney's automatic—"you'd better behave while this telephone business is going on."

The next moment Larry was hearing, or rather he was witnessing, the strangest telephone conversation

of his experience. Maggie was holding the transmitter, and Biff had the receiver at his ear, grimly covering the two men with the automatic. Maggie obediently kept her palm right over the mouthpiece during Biff's brief whispered directions, and no one in the room except Biff—not even Maggie—had the slightest idea of what was really passing over the wires.

WHAT Larry heard was no more than a dozen most commonplace words in the world, transformed into the most absorbing words in the language. Biff ordered Maggie to answer with "Hello" in her usual tone, which she did, and Biff, after a startled expression at the first words that came over the wire, listened with immobile face for four or five seconds. Then he nodded imperatively to Maggie and she put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Ask him how much, and when he wanted it to be paid," he ordered.

"How much, and when does he want it to be paid?" repeated Maggie.

Again Biff listened for several moments; then he ordered as before: "Say 'Yes.'"

"Yes," said Maggie.

Another period of waiting, and Biff ordered: "Say, 'I've got a much better plan that supersedes the old.'"

"I've got a much better plan which supersedes the old."

There was yet another period of waiting; then Biff commanded: "Tell him he really mustn't and say good-by quick."

"You really mustn't! Good-by!"

THE instant her "Good-by" was out of her mouth Biff clicked the receiver upon its hook, and stood regarding the breathless Maggie. His pale, stern face was not quite so severe as before. Presently he spoke.

"I know now that you really were sick of what you'd been trying to do—that (Continued on page 80)



"If that turtle climbs upon that rock," says Janssen softly, "it will be a sign that God has heard us and has given His consent."

The Woman God Changed

By Donn Byrne
Illustrated by Harry Townsend

WITHOUT the gray January dusk had crept into the cañons of New York and given the narrow streets, the crenelated buildings, the moving trucks, the pedestrians a semblance of unreality, as though they were being seen through a mist raised by some necromancer at the call of a fortune man. Through the windows of the courtroom the Tombs were still evident, but the building had become unreal. It was like some ogre's castle in a fairy-tale for children, very terrible, but not really there.

The judge, the jury, the attendants, all the court had somehow lost entity as a court. It was no more a court than a house in a play is a house. It was just a formula embracing a hundred or so human beings. And one felt also that this was not in New York. There was no atmosphere of New York. New York might be a cloak and a disguise but the minds and personalities of all were on a golden island on shining seas.

And they didn't see McCarthy in the witness box, nor Janssen in the dock, but by the cove where the water was so translucent that one could see, fathom on fathom deep, the rainbow fish below.

"SHE gets better day by day, and I'm so glad I could sing," continued the officer, speaking more easily as practice came after his seven years of silence. "She sits on the beach and health comes to her with the wind, and little by little the flush comes in her cheek, and life ferments, and her hair that has become dank ripples and flows, as a still sea stirs up with a breeze. And soon she's swimming again. But there's little of the old Janssen left. All her movements are grave. At times she sits thinking, and her brow is working with thought. At other times she smiles. Just a dignified little smile.

"And soon after she gets well, she saved my life a second time.

"This is how it happens. I'm fishing one day and my line and hook get caught down in the coral.

"HER sins—which are many—are forgiven, for she loved much." Thus spake Christ. But man's Law claims a life for a life. Should the miracle that happened on that desert island count for or against this woman whom honest McCarthy has brought back at last to justice.

And I don't want to lose that hook. Hooks aren't easy to make. So I say: 'I'll go down after that hook.'

"I shoot in and go swimming down through the water, and I hang on to the coral with one hand, and unloose the hook with the other. I'm about ready to come up when in the water between me and the sun I can see a shadow like a boat. For a moment I think it's a boat, and come up with a rush. But halfway up I know it's no boat. And in the warm water I go cold as ice.

"I'M more than halfway up, and I have no chance of shouting, splashing, making a noise, the way you frighten them off. And suddenly I know the big fellow sees me. I can feel the vibration of his swirl in the water as he turns off to a point where he can come rushing at me.

"It's good-by, McCarthy!' I say to myself, and turn to face him. And then I hear a *plung-h* into the water the moment he's ready to turn over and come at me. And Janssen comes shooting down.

"She has a stone or something in her hand drawn back and lets him have it just on the soft point of the nose, the only place you can hurt those fellows. One crack! And the big coward turns and slinks off just like a dog that's been kicked.

"WHEN we get ashore I'm just as mad as I can be. The idea of her taking a chance like that!

"Haven't you got any sense at all?' I bawl her out. 'What do you mean, taking a chance like that? What do you think a shark is? A mackerel? Maybe you think he wouldn't touch you? Maybe you think he's a gentleman? He's not. If brains were money,' I say, 'I don't think you could buy a subway ticket. Never do that, or anything like that again. Mind your own business!'

"But she's crying and laughing together. She walks off, now sobbing, now laughing. I run after her.

"Not that from the bottom of my heart I'm not grateful to you, but you must never again —"

"But she laughs and she sobs:

"Go away, McCarthy. Go away. Please go away!"

"ALL this time I know I'm very fond of Janssen and something tells me Janssen is of me, though God knows why. But we say nothing. At times it's hard to talk. And I look at her and think. If things were only different, how I could love that girl! But here she is, a prisoner, and I'm her keeper. It's a pity. It's a pity even she's changed. It makes it awful hard for me.

"But I can't keep my eyes off her. She stands on the beach, the wind rustling her green garment, and rippling her hair. Very beautiful. And a little butterfly, from God knows where, is fluttering about her. Now it's in her hair, now about her throat. And curiously it comes to light on her lips.

"You look awful pretty, Janssen,' I say, 'with that butterfly.'

"She smiles at me, kind of queerly.

"You're a brave man, McCarthy,' she says. '—the bravest man I ever knew. You're strong. You're tremendous. Yes, you're brave. But this little butterfly, that in all its body hasn't the strength of one single hair of your head, whose brief life is but a single

day, is braver than you, McCarthy, braver far than you.'

"I don't understand you, Janssen."

"But I understand her all right."

"AND the days roll by, roll by, and nothing changes, nothing comes to us. Once or twice we see sails. Once a full-rigged ship under bare poles runs before a gale. And once in the distance we see a schooner heeling to the breeze."

"We are not speaking much to each other. There is a feeling of strangeness in the air. And at night I'm worried-like. The trees rustle. The waves lap. There is great darkness. And for all we are the only two people in that island, yet I feel at night somehow we are not alone. Unseen shadowy people are about us, in the sea, in the air. Once there were millions on these islands and now there are few. Once they were a great strong race, and now they are a timid handful. And I imagine that in the dark of the moon the brown tribes reassemble and put to sea in their war canoes, and walk on the beaches that are so like Paradise."

"And there are great temples on these islands, but their gods are no more. And may they not too walk in the night-time with terrible silent stride?"

"The Cross of Christ is between me and all harm. I believe that, and I know it, and I am not afraid. But I am unquiet, nevertheless."

"And if I am unquiet, what of Janssen, wide-eyed through the night?"

"AT LAST one night I take my courage in both hands. Janssen is sitting in the moonlight by the cove, and for the first time I ever heard her she is singing a little something. Her voice is somehow like a boy's."

"Janssen!" I stand and look at her.

"Yes, McCarthy." She turns and looks at me.

"Janssen, when we go back," I say, "and when what has to be will be done, and when all is over, the morning you are free, I'll be waiting at the gate for you. I'll want you to marry me and come to me."

"You love me, McCarthy?"

"Yes," I said, "I love you, Janssen."

"I love you, too, McCarthy. I suppose you know."

"All this time she never looks at me, but out on the moonlit cove."

"BUT if we never get off this island," she says after a little while, "we never get married."

"How can we?" I say. "There is none to marry us."

"She is speaking slowly, seriously, in the moonlight, and every word she says has the weight of sincerity."

"Do you believe, McCarthy, that the church and all the people there and the organ and the rice make a marriage? Are all these necessary, McCarthy? Tell me, please."

"No," I think it out. "The only one necessary is the clergyman."

"Because he is the representative of—God?"

"Yes," I say in a minute or so, "because he is there for—God."

"And yet God is everywhere? Knows all? Sees everything? Reads the inside of our hearts as easily as the clergyman reads our faces?"

"That is what they say, Janssen. That is—what—we believe—"

"THERE is silence. Then she sinks to her knees in the sand in the moonlight."

"Kneel down, McCarthy, and give me your hands." I kneel and give her my hands without protest—her voice is so commanding, so sincere. And there is a strange thing between us now. All the time before if I touch her I feel strength flowing from me to her, but tonight when I hold her hands there is an even level.

"If God wishes to hear us tonight, then we are married."

"But," I say, "Janssen, how do we know if He hears us, gives His consent?"

"Her eyes wander over the island, over the sea. She points suddenly to the lagoon."



"It's good-by, McCarthy!" says I when the shark sees me. Then I hear a plung-h and Janssen comes shooting straight down with a stone in her hand.

"See, McCarthy. See, under the moon there, that big turtle. He is uncertain where to go." I look and I see the little black head like a dot on the water and the widening ripple as he swims around. "See the boatswain bird's rock." I saw the flat square surface in the cove. "If he swims to and mounts that rock, then it will be a sign we have been heard and—He has given His consent."

"But he will never come to the rock, dear Janssen," I say. "He is going out with the tide."

"McCarthy," she says a little scornfully, "you are the good man, the untarnished one, the one who was brought up to believe, and you do not. And I, the bad woman, the murderess, the worse than Magdalen because I never loved until now, I believe. I believe and know."

(Continued on page 65)



The Welter of Hate

By Medill McCormick
U.S. Senator from Illinois

WHEN he sets foot again on shore in New York, the American traveler returned from a journey through Western and Central Europe in very truth comes to a New World. He comes to a country unenvious of its neighbors, neither fearful of them nor considering any aggression upon them. He returns from a journey through a veritable welter of hate, where neighbors are not friends, from a continent where to cross a frontier is to be conscious of the mutual rivalry, envy, animosity, or even hatred, which moves the peoples whose borders march together.

THERE is more international ill will in Europe today than there was before the war or than there has been for a generation. The American traveler in Europe, however much he may have made ready for it, while he is shocked, perhaps, by the bad blood which lingers between former enemies, will be startled by the bitterness between former allies.

IN THE first place, the economic unity of Europe which had developed during the last hundred years has been broken down not only by the war but no less by the several treaties of peace.

Look at the map.

There is absent from the company of European nations great Russia, which formerly produced quantities of breadstuffs and other raw materials to exchange for the manufactures of Britain, France, Germany, and the other industrial countries of Western Europe.

Austria-Hungary too has vanished. Where once under the Hapsburg monarchy some fifty million people labored in farm and factory, behind the protection of a high tariff, to produce a great part of all that they consumed, there is today in Central Europe a group of little states, the majority of which under the most favorable circumstances could not be self-contained, and which, today, when above all things they should be laboring together for their mutual salvation, are harassing one another by conflicting

THESE incomplete notes are written by a traveler under the reserve imposed upon him because of the candor with which old acquaintances and old friends in former enemy and allied countries discussed their problems. You can not trade to mutual advantage with a man you hate. Europe is, therefore, faced not only with the necessity of rebuilding her economic life, but of liquidating her Hates. The one is dependent upon the other.

and mischievous political purposes and economic restrictions. Look at the map again.

FROM the Adriatic to the Baltic there have been added seven new states to the total number in Central Europe. There are, beside these, old states which have taken on new forms, greatly grown or very much dwarfed as compared with their size before the war. There is not one of these states which does not bear a grudge or is not jealous or suspicious of at least two of its neighbors. As a natural result of this general ill will, the commerce, the exchange of goods, the untrammelled railroad traffic which they all need, does not exist.

A freight train bearing manufactured materials or the raw products produced in one of them reaches the frontier. It does not go on to the point for which the freight is destined, the cars there to be unloaded and returned to the point of origin. So fearful are the little states lest one of them steal the rolling-stock of the other, that at the frontier all the freight in one train is unloaded—by hand, of course—and loaded again into freight-cars belonging to the railroads of another state. This sort of deadlock you might perhaps expect between the railroad systems of the countries inhabited by people opposed to one another in the war; but there in Central Europe it is true of peoples who not only were allied in war but mutually found their freedom as the result of the war!

THE practical American who will study the map may be interested to consider a more specific instance of the damage to the transportation system of Central and South Central Europe which militates against the reconstruction which we all seek. In Austria-Hungary, among the state-owned railways there used to be before the war a privately owned and administered railroad system, generally known as the Süd Bahn, running northeasterly from tidewater at Trieste, with one branch to Budapest and another through Vienna towards the coal fields at Teschen. It was a single system which carried down to tidewater the produce of Central Europe, some of it intended for Pittsburgh and Joliet, and which carried back from tidewater the produce of America, Russia, and Southern Europe. That railroad now, no longer a singly efficient, privately managed corporation, is cut into five morsels and actually constitutes parts of the government-managed railroads of Italy, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria and Jugo-Slavia.

THERE is still another state in which the railroads are managed with relative efficiency, but with a constant deficit and drain upon the national treasury. An American business man, a naturalized American citizen, but born in the little state of which I speak, proposed to the Minister of Finance that since it was important to refund the debt of the country and set an example of efficient administration to the people, the railroads should be placed in the hands of an American company for management during a period of twenty years, as security for a loan.

"To that we could never consent," replied the Minister of Finance. "An efficiently managed private corporation would dismiss a third of the railroad employees."

ANOTHER of these smaller countries has a surplus of wheat. It is perhaps the only country in Europe of which this can be said. It needs certain manufactured articles and has a surplus of wheat to export, but the government- (Continued on page 59)

The Little Red Foot

By

Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

CAN a man ever escape his Fate? "It makes no difference where you go; all trails lead to that appointed place." Both to Thiohero, the little Indian sorceress, and to yellow-haired Penelope Grant have come prophetic visions of Jack Drogue with a shrouded white figure beside him. Certain it is that in the coming battle the young soldier will surely meet Death . . . or Love.

THE problem which I must now solve staggered me. How was it possible, with my little scout of five, to discover McDonald's approach and also find Sir John's line of communication and penetrate his purpose?

On a leaf of my *carnet* I made a map which was shaped like an immense right-angle triangle, its apex Fort Stanwix in the west; its base Schoharie Creek; the Mohawk River its perpendicular; its hypotenuse my bee's-flight to Oneida.

The only certain information I possessed was that Sir John and St. Leger had sailed from Buck Island to Oswego, and from there were marching somewhere. I guessed, of course, that they were approaching the Mohawk by way of Oneida Lake; yet, even so, they might have detached McDonald's outlaws and sent them to Otsego; or they might be coming upon us in full force from that same direction, with flanking war parties flung out toward Stanwix to aid their strategy.

One thing, however, seemed almost certain, and that was the direction their wagons must take from Oneida Lake; for I did not think Sir John would attempt Otsego in any force after his tragic dose of a pathless wilderness the year before.

I saw very plainly, however, that I must now give up any attempt to scout for McDonald's painted demons on the Schoharie until I had discovered Sir John's objective and traced his line of communication. And I realized that I must now move quickly.

THERE were only two logical methods left open to me to accomplish this hazardous business with my handful of scouts. The easier way was instantly to face about, secure two good canoes at Schoharie, make directly for the Mohawk River, and follow it westward by water day and night.

But the surer way to run across Sir John's trail—and perhaps McDonald's—was to take to the western forests, follow the hypotenuse of the great triangle, and, traveling lightly and swiftly northwest, head straight.

This was what, finally, I decided to attempt as I lay on my blanket that night; and I was loath to leave the Schoharie and ashamed to turn tail to McDonald's ragamuffins, when the entire district was in so great distress, and Brakabeen farms a rat's nest of disloyal families.

But there seemed to be no other way to conduct if I obeyed my orders too, no better method of discovering McDonald and of devising punishment for him, even though in the meanwhile he should carry fire and sword through Schoharie—perhaps menace Schenectady, perhaps Albany itself.

No, there was no other chance; and finally I realized this, after a night passed in agonized indecision, and asking God's guidance to aid my inexperience in this so terrible a crisis.

At dawn my Indians began to paint

AFTER we had eaten a bowl of samp I called them around me, showed them the map I had made in my *carnet*, told them what I had decided, and invited opinions from everybody. I added that there now was no time for any customary formalities of deliberation so dear to all Indians: I told them that Tharon and God were one; and that our ances-



Chandler Christy

Into the cannon-smoke behind me the figure of Penelope floated. . . .

tors understood and approved of what we were about to do.

Then I laid a handful of dry sticks upon the ground, pretended that this was a fire; warmed my hands at it; lighted an imaginary pipe; puffed it and passed it around in pantomime.

Still employing symbols to reassure these young Oneida warriors concerning time-honored formalities which they dared not disregard, I drew a circle in the air with my finger, cut it twice with an imaginary horizontal line to indicate a sunrise and a sunset, then turned to Tahioni and bade him answer my speech of yesterday after a night's deliberation.

The young warrior replied gravely that he and his comrades had consulted, and were of one mind

with me. He said that it was with sorrow that they turned their backs on McDonald, who was a great villain and who surely would now be coming to Schoharie to murder and destroy; but that it did no good to sever the tail of a snake. He said that the fanged head of the Tory serpent was somewhere



east of Oneida Lake; that if we scouted swiftly and thoroughly in that direction we could very soon surmise where the poisonous head was about to strike, by discovering and then observing the direction in which the body of the serpent was traveling.

ONE by one I asked my young men for an opinion: the youthful warriors were unanimous.

Then I turned and gazed fearfully at Thiohero, knowing well enough that these other adolescents would obey her blindly, and in dread lest her own dreams should sway her judgment and counsel her to advise us to some folly. She was their prophetess; there was nothing to do without her sanction. I could not order these Oneidas; I could only attempt to use them through their own instincts and personal loyalty to myself.

THE early sun gilded the painted body of the young sorceress, making of her clan ensign and the Little Red Foot two brilliant and jeweled symbols.

She stood lithely upright, one smooth knee nestling in the other, her feet in their ankle moccasins planted parallel and close together, and her body all glistening like a gold dragon-fly.

From her painted cineture hung her war sporran—a narrow cascade of pale blue wampum barred with scarlet, and lined with winter weasel. Hatchet and knife swung from either hip; powder horn and bullet wallet dangled beneath her armpits. A war bow and a quiver full of scarlet arrows hung at her back. Her hair, shoulder-short and glossy-thick, was bound above the brows by a tight scarlet circlet. From this, across her left ear, sagged a heron's feather.

NEVER had I beheld such wild and supple grace in any living thing save only in a young panther when she was clothed in the soft, dun gold of her wedding fur.

"Thiohero," I said,—"little sister to whom has been given an instinct more delicate than ours, and senses more subtle, and a wisdom both human and super-human—you who listen when the forest trees talk one to another under the full moon's luster; you who understand the speech of our lesser comrades that fly through the air paths on bright wings, or run through the dusky woodlands on four furry feet; you who speak secretly with the mighty dead; who whisper and laugh with fairies and little people and stone-throwers; who with your magic drum can make worn-out and cast-off moccasins dance; whose ancestress ate live

My Oneidas halted, listening for Thiohero's prophecy.

coals to frighten away the Flying Heads; whose forefathers destroyed the Stonish Giants—we Oneidas of the clan of the Little Red Foot are now of one mind concerning the war-trail we ought to take and follow to the end!

"Little sister, we desire to know your opinion. *Hiero!*"

THEN the Little Maid of Askalege folded her arms, looking me intently in the eyes.

"Brother and my captain," she said very quietly, "a year ago I told you that you should come from Howell's house in scarlet. And it was so.

"And while you lay at Summer House a Caughnawaga woman with yellow hair washed the scarlet from your body.

"And there came a day when we met under apple-trees in green fruit—this yellow-haired woman and I. And, stopping, we confronted each the other, and looked deeply into one another's minds.

"Brother, when I discovered that Yellow Hair was in love with you I became angry. But when I discovered that this young woman, also, was a sorceress, then I became afraid.

"Brother, there was a vision in her mind, and I also beheld the scene she gazed at.

"Brother, we saw a battle in the north, and men in strange uniforms, and cannon-smoke. And we both were looking upon you; and upon a shape near you, which stood wrapped to the head in white garments.

"BROTHER, I do not know what that shape may have been which stood robed in white like a Chief of the Eight Plumed Ones.

"But at that moment we both understood—the yellow-haired one and I—that you must surely travel to this place we gazed at.

"So it makes no difference where you decide to go; all trails lead to that appointed place; and you

shall surely come there at the hour appointed, though you travel the world over and across before you shall at last arrive.

"Brother, we Oneidas of the Allied Clan of the Little Red Foot are now of one mind with our elder brother. He is our chief and captain. He has spoken as an Oneida to Oneidas. We understand. We thank him for his love offered. We accept; and, in our turn, we offer to our elder brother and captain our love and our kinship. We take him among us as an Oneida.

"At this our fire—for alas!—no fire shall burn again at Onondaga, nor at Oneida Lake, nor at the Wood's Edge, nor at Thendara—I, Thiohero, Sorceress of Askalege, and Oyaneh, salute an Oneida chief and Sachem. *Hai! Royaneh!*"

"*Hai! Royaneh!*" shouted the young warriors in rising excitement.

THE girl came to me slowly, stooped, and tore from the ground a strand of club-moss. Then, straightening up, she lifted her arms and held the chaplet of moss over my head—symbol of the chief's antlers.

"*O nentich o ya nen ton tah ya qua wen ne ken. . . .*" Her young voice faltered, broke.

"*Tah o nen sah gon yan nene tah ah tah o nen li ton tah ken yahtast!*" she added in a strangled voice. "Now I have finished. Now show me the man!"

"He is here!" cried the excited Oneidas. "He wears the antlers!"

Tahioni stretched out his hand; it was trembling when he touched the red foot sewed on my hunting-shirt.

"What is his name, O Thiohero, whom you have raised up among the Oneidas—who mourn a great man dead?"



A DEAD silence fell among them; for what their prophetess had done meant that she must have knowledge that a great man and chief among the Oneida lay dead somewhere at that very moment.

Slowly the girl turned her head from one to another; a veiled look drowned her gaze; the young men were quivering in the imminence of a revelation based upon knowledge which could be explained only by sorcery.

Then the Little Maid of Askalege took a dry stick from the pretended fire, crumbled it, touched her lips with the powder in sign of personal and intimate mourning.

"Spencer, interpreter and Oneida chief, shall die this day in battle," she said in a dull voice.

A murmur of horror and rage, instantly checked and suppressed, left the Oneidas staring at their prophetess.

"Therefore," she whispered, "I acquaint you that we have chosen this young man to take his place; we lift the antlers, we give him the same name—Hahyon!"

"Haih! Hahyon!" shouted the Oneidas with upflung hands.

I WAS dumb. I could not speak. I dared not ask this girl why and by what knowledge she presumed to announce the death of Spencer, and to raise me up in his place and give me the same name.

*Haghriron, of the Great Rite, in the Canienga dialect.

"I speak—as one dying. . . . Haice! Haie-e! Your Yellow Hair is—a witch!"

In spite of me her magic made me shudder. But now that I was truly an Oneida and in absolute authority, I must act quickly.

"Come then," said I in a shaky voice. "We People of the Rock must march on the Gates of Sunset. If my fate lies there, why, then I am due to die in that place! . . . Make ready, Oneidas!"

THE Screech-owl found a hollow under a windfall; and here we hurriedly hid our heavier baggage.

Then, when all had completed painting the Little Red Foot on their bellies, I stepped swiftly ahead of them and turned northwest.

"March," I said in a low voice

We traveled as the honey-bee flies and as rapidly while the going was good en route; but to cover this great triangle of forests we were obliged to use the tactics of hunting wolves and from some given point, circle the surrounding country, in hopes of cutting the hidden British trail we sought.

This delayed us; but it was the only way. And, like trained hunting dogs, we even quartered and cut up the wilderness, halting and encircling Cherry Valley on the second day out, because I knew how familiar was Walter Butler with that region and with the people who inhabited it, and suspected that he might be likely to lead his first attack over ground he knew so well.

Ah, God! Had I known then what all the world knows now! And I erred only in guessing at the time of Cherry Valley's martyrdom, not in estimating the ferocious purpose of young Walter Butler.

THAT night my Indians and I lay within rifle-shot of the Mohawk River; and at dawn we made a crow-flight of it towards Oneida Lake and found not a trace of Sir John or of anybody in that trackless wilderness; and so we camped at last, exhausted and discouraged.

On the fourth day, toward sunset, the Screech-owl, roaming far out on our western flank, returned with news of a dead and stinking fire in the woods, and fish-heads rotting in it; and he thought the last ember burnt out some four days since.

He took us to it in the dark, and his was a better woodcraft than I could boast, who had been brent-meester, too. At dawn we examined the ashes, but discovered nothing; and we were eating our parched corn and discussing the matter of the fire when, very far away in the west, a shot sounded; and in that same second we were on our feet and listening like damned men for the last trumpet.

My heart made a deadened rataplan like a muffled drum, and seemed to deafen me, so terribly intent was I.

Tahioni stretched out like a panther sunning on a log, and laid his ear flat against the earth. Seconds grew to minutes; nobody stirred; no other sound came from the westward.

PRESENTLY I turned and signaled in silence; my Indians crawled noiselessly to their allotted intervals, extending our line north and south; then, trailing my rifle, I stole forward through an open forest, beneath the ancient and enormous trees of which no underbrush grew in the eternal twilight.

Nothing stirred. There were no animals here, no birds, no living creature that I could hear or see—not even an insect.

Under our tread the mat of moist dead leaves gave back no sound; the silence in this dim place was absolute.

We had been creeping forward for more than an hour, I think, before I discovered the first sign of man in that spectral region.

I was breasting a small hillock set with tall walnut trees, in hopes of obtaining a better view ahead, and had just reached the crest, and, lying flat, was lifting my head for a cautious survey, when my eye caught a long, wide streak of sunlight ahead.

My Indians, too, had seen this telltale evidence which indicated either a stream or a road. But we all knew it was a road. We could see the sunshine dappling it; and we crawled towards it, belly dragging, like tree-cats stalking a dappled fawn.

SCARCE had we come near enough to observe this road plainly, and the crushed ferns and swale grasses in the new wagon ruts, when we hear horses coming at a great distance.

Down we drop, each to a tree, and lie with leveled pieces, while *slop! thud! clink!* come the horses, nearer, nearer; and, to my astonishment and perplexity, from the east, and traveling the wrong way.

I cautioned my Oneidas fiercely against firing unless I so signaled them; we lay waiting in an excitement well-nigh unendurable, while nearer and nearer came the leisurely sound of the advancing horses.

And now we saw them—three redcoat dragoons riding very carelessly westward on this wide, well-trodden road which now I knew must lead to Oneida Lake.

I could see the British horsemen plainly. The day was hot; the sun beat down on their red jackets and helmets; they sat their saddles wearily; their faces were wet with perspiration, and they had loosened jacket and neck-cloth, and their pistols were in holster, and their guns slung upon their backs.

IT WAS plain that these troopers had no thought of precaution nor entertained any apprehension of danger on this road, which must lie in the rear of their army, and must also be their route of communication between the Lake and the Mohawk.

Slap, slop, clink! they trampled past us where my Oneidas lay a-tremble like crouched cats to see the rats escaping on their runway.

But my ears had caught another sound—the distant noise of wheels; and I guessed that this was a wagon which the three horsemen should have escorted but, feeling entirely secure, had let their horses take their own gait, and so had straggled on far ahead of the convoy with which they should have kept in touch.

The wagon was far away. It approached slowly. Already the horsemen had ridden clear out o' sight; and we crept to the edge of the road and lay flat in the weeds, waiting, listening.

TWICE the approaching vehicle halted as though to rest the horses; the dragoons must have been a long way ahead by this time, for it was long since the sound of their horses' hoofs had died away in the woods.

And now, near and ever nearer, creeps the wagon; and now it seems close at hand; and now we see it far away down the road, slowly moving towards us.

But it is no baggage-wain, no transport cart that approaches us. The two horses are caparisoned in bright harness; the driver wears a red waistcoat and is a negro, and powdered. The vehicle is a private coach which lurches, though driven cautiously.

"Good God!" said I. "That is Sir John's family coach! Tahioni, hold your Oneidas! For I mean to find out who rides so carelessly to Oneida Lake, confiding too much in the army which has passed this way!"

Slowly, slowly the coach drew near our ambush. I recognized Colas as the coachman *pro tem.*; I knew the horses and the family (Continued on page 87)



"Hai! Royaneh! I, Thiohero, Sorceress of Askalege, salute you, Oneida chief and Sachem!"



"But, my dear Lily," Mrs. Murray-Poley protested languidly, "people will think you're a militant suffragist!"

At the Gates of Delhi

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrations from Poses by Miss Rosalind Fuller

By Baron Gayne de Meyer

closed more nervously than ever upon the roll beneath her coat.

AN ODD girl, Lily, according to her mother. But, after all, was it so very odd that all her waking hours and some of her dreams were filled with schemes, many of them gradually becoming desperate, whereby she might place her only parent beyond the reach of what must all too soon become a state of penury?

Was it so very odd that, with a heart filled with the pain of loss for the best of all fathers, she should wish, with all her soul, to take his place?

Of course she was restless and ever on the lookout for some way by which she could add money to the dwindling stock. She was a girl who might have been a boy, and if she had been a boy there would not have been anything odd in this restless and anxious endeavor to play the game.

There was nothing languid and Micawberish about her. She saw plainly enough the sort of thing that faced them. Therefore, something must be done. It was all very well to say, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." She would be good because she was her father's daughter, but she must be clever too. She *did* face the gates of Delhi. She *was* the leader of a forlorn hope, and this was the very hour and the very place in which she had determined to show whether she was fit for her self-appointed task.

HERE and there impatient people who thought that they were being kept waiting began to clap. An electric car went past the inclosure with its peculiar

"Oh, I see!" said Mrs. Murray-Poley. "Oh, yes! It certainly is quite nice, isn't it?" When Lily turned round there was a curi-

ous gleam in her large gray eyes. It had in it more than the mere interest of the ordinary visitor who goes to a seaside pavilion theater for the first time. It was calculating. It was also full of a latent excitement and determination.

She saw that the large inclosure was very nearly full of cheery, sunburned people, fresh from dinner at their boarding-houses and furnished cottages and bungalows. She studied the faces along all the rows—those of the hatless girls who laughed and chatted with hatless boys, true holiday-makers who were getting every ounce of enjoyment out of a none-too-long vacation; of nice-looking mothers who had only just come from the cribs of children who were thoroughly ready for sleep after a gorgeous day of paddling and castle-building; of perfectly contented fathers who had left the cares of business behind them for a time and were renewing youth in sun and sea; and of dear old people gone white with grace to whom there were few sights more charming than that of a crowded beach and few sounds more beautiful than the eager laughter of grandchildren. And then she turned and faced the little lighted stage built in on three sides, with its piano and six chairs. And as she did so she smiled and tightened her hands upon two rolled-up songs that were hidden beneath her white linen coat.

"If it doesn't rain and the songs are not too vulgar

and the funny man is really funny and the girl who sings the sentimental songs has got a voice, it will be a quite pleasant way of passing the evening. Don't you think so, dearest?"

"Yes, Mother," said Lily, "quite."

MRS. MURRAY-POLEY looked round languidly. There was an unexpected and surely unnecessary ring in her pretty daughter's voice that caught her ear. She was, however, characteristically languid under all circumstances, even under a sudden and pathetic widowhood and a very lean bank-account and expensive tastes and a daughtee verging upon twenty. And with her languor went the usual Micawberism and the comfortable feeling that, whether she made an effort or not, something must turn up.

"My dear Lily, you look like a person who has been chosen to put dynamite beneath the gates of Delhi, the leader of a forlorn hope."

Lily laughed. "Well, who knows, Mother?" she said. "Perhaps I am."

"Weil, pray don't press your lips so tightly together or sit in that strained attitude. People will think that you are a militant suffragist."

Lily did not laugh again, but when her mother's well-done head was turned expectantly back to the still empty stage, her lips went tight and her hand



Mark ran forward with wet eyes and with the old touch of grace raised Lily Logan's hand to his lips.

flip. A sudden laugh rang out and a high-pitched voice said "Hurrah!" An "ah" went through the audience as a little line of men and women with made-up faces went jauntily along to the back of the stage. "There's Mark and Dolly," cried a girl, calling them familiarly by the names by which they called themselves.

And then the last slow light of the evening slipped away and the footlights seemed to glare.

A MIDDLE-AGED and rather battered man in none too spotless evening dress ambled on and sat down at the piano. His boots were conspicuously of the daytime. He played with amazing confidence and force and a splendid sense of time, and when he brought his hands down for the final crash on came the little troupe laughing, with unfinished sentences, cleverly unaware of an audience. The three girls were in a sort of fancy dress, the three men in evening dress with dinner jackets with colored lapels and cuffs. One was very fat and solemn and clean. Another was thin and tallish and pert, who considered himself to be attractive.

But it was upon the roguish, clever, India-rubber face of the third that all eyes fastened. This one was Mark, and he slid across the stage to the footlights and waved his hand and said, "Hullo, all!" In his familiar impertinence there was something so contagiously schoolboyish that everybody laughed. He was obviously the licensed fool of the party, and a good fool, too.

LILY MURRAY-POLEY kept her eyes fixed upon the entrance to the pavilion. She heard her mother laugh at the ingenious, extravagant vagaries of these hard-working and talented girls and boys who made some sort of living at this precarious trade and could hope for good results only so long as weather and fickle Fortune were in their favor. But all her senses were focused with an eagerness that was almost pathetic upon the entrance.

Suddenly two tall, rather stout men well past middle age came in and the blood rushed into her cheeks.

Her eyes became strangely bright and very wide, and she smiled and swallowed and sat up straight. She had been willing these two men to come from the smart hotel of the place into which she had seen them go during the afternoon.

"Dear me! They're really quite amusing," said Mrs. Murray-Poley. "Don't you think so?"

"Quite."

"But I haven't heard you laughing."

"No?"

Then came a finale, carried out to a sort of accompaniment of intricate movements and the tapping of walking-sticks, and this earned for the six young people who danced neatly through the doors at the back an outburst of applause. The pianist came forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a rather husky voice, "there will now be an interval of five minutes, to enable our friend Mark to smoke a cigarette."

He laughed before the audience laughed and, as he turned to go up to the piano, Lily rose quickly.

"What is it, dear? Don't you think we may as well wait?"

"Of course, Mother."

"Then where on earth are you going?"

BUT Lily only smiled. Without another word she slipped quickly along the line of chairs, ran up the flight of stairs to the platform and caught the pianist just as he was leaving the stage.

"Will you please play these for me?" she asked, handing him her songs.

The expression of amazement that came into the man's face had already spread over the faces of the people in front.

"But—" he stammered.

"Please!" said Lily.

He laughed rather coarsely. "Is this a—a joke, or what?"

"No," said Lily with a little catch in her voice, "very, very far from a joke. Please play."

Several astonished faces appeared at the door. Mark's eyebrows were raised high. The pianist

shrugged his shoulders and took the music. And then the buzz of questions and speculations among the audience fell away as they saw "this extraordinary girl" come down to the footlights and stand there facing them.

"Ladies and gentlemen"—her voice came clear—"there are two gentlemen here tonight to whom I have been trying to sing for several weeks without success. I have got to earn my living and they can give me work if my voice is good enough. Will you in this interval, be my judge?"

THERE was some faint and astonished applause.

The buzz came again and the people who had risen sat down. The two tall men turned to each other and said something. And then the pianist tinkled the first few bars of "Annie Laurie," and upon the still night broke a high, sweet voice in which there was the timbre of a beautiful bell.

In complete silence the old and incomparable song was given, verse by verse, with a simplicity and a sincerity that made it touch all hearts. When the end came, the silence for a moment was not broken by a single hand, but the applause came thunderous when the girl moved emotionally to the stairs. Mark came down swiftly and, with a touch of unexpected grace, took her by the hand and led her back to the center of the stage.

"Go on, man!" he said to the pianist. "The other song, quick. She's a winner!"

And then the audience, amused and delighted at the wholly unusual element of the scene, had another treat. The encore was "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" and it was sung with a charm and coyness and a sense of character so neat that at the end of it people shouted. The girl bowed and bowed again and then, trembling in every limb, went down and made her way back to her breathless and amazed parent. She was as white as the flower after which she was named.

"My dear Lily, my dearest Lily!"

"Don't, Mother, or I shall cry."



Lily's voice rang out over the crowd, high, clear and sweet . . . and those who had risen sat down again.

MARK cracked a joke and fell over an imaginary pin and brought laughter and broke the spell, and the program was continued. It was very good and very varied and was carried through with dash and go and a sort of enjoyment.

"Good night, all," he said, finally.

"And now, perhaps," said Mrs. Murray-Poley fretfully—she detested anything unconventional—"and now, perhaps, you will be good enough to tell me—"

The light from the lamp-post fell on an eager and wistful little flowerlike face. "There is nothing to tell you yet, Mother, but there may be if—"

ONE of the tall men came up and bowed, and stood smiling. "Have you really been to one of our voice trials?" he asked. "Or is that just—"

"To eight of them," said Lily quietly, "and at the last I was told that my voice was no good."

"No good! . . . Look here! Mr. Ledwards and I are going up on Monday to settle the cast of the fall production. There's music in it that has to be sung, do you see? You've got the voice that we've been looking for. If you'd care to come—"

"Care! . . ."

THERE had been a wet July and an amazing August. Not one single day of it had been fine or warm. Instead of long, delicious golden days there had been great cruel gales that put the tender petals of all the flowers in dreadful disorder or scattered them to the sodden earth; downpours of cold rain either drove holiday-makers back to their homes or kept them indoors.

It was a disastrous and depressing time for the "Coronets." They had been obliged to give their performances in the local theater and in doing so altered the whole character of them. It was the open-air element of the thing which made it appeal to holiday-makers. They did not follow them inside in sufficient numbers to give them one paying week.

THE middle of August, which showed no signs of improvement, found even the flamboyant Hick-sian Mark in the depths of dolefulness. He stood with the clean-looking fat man at the window of their lodgings, which were in a small house in a back street. The rain was falling persistently, and over a leaden sky large black clouds chased each other angrily.

(Continued on page 68)



The Enchanted Earth

By
Richard Le Gallienne

THE human heart will never change,
The human dream will still go on,
The enchanted earth be ever strange
With moonlight and the morning
sun,

And still the seas shall shout for joy,
Or swing the stars as in a glass;
The girl be angel for the boy,
The lad be hero for the lass.

II

The fashions of our mortal brains
New names for dead men's thoughts shall give,
But we find not, for all our pains,
Why 'tis so wonderful to live;
The beauty of a meadow flower
Shall make a mock of all our skill,
And God, upon His lonely tower,
Shall keep His secret, secret still.

III

The old magician of the skies,
With colored and sweet-smelling things,
Shall charm the sense and trance the eyes
Still onward through a million springs;
And nothing old or nothing new
Into the magic world be born.
Yea, nothing older than the dew,
And nothing newer than the morn.

IV

Delight and Destiny and Death
Shall still the mortal story weave,
Nor shall man lengthen out his breath,
Or stay when it is time to leave;
And all in vain for him to ask
His little meaning to the Whole—
Done well or ill his tiny task,
The mystic making of his soul.

V

This fire that through our being runs,
When our two hearts together beat,
Is one with yonder beaming sun's,
Two atoms that in glory meet.
What unimagined loss it were,
If that dread power in which we trust
Had left your eyes, your lips, your hair
Naught but unanimated dust!

VI

Unknown the thrilling touch divine
That sets our magic clay aflame,
That wrought your beauty to be mine,
And joy enough to speak your name:
Thanks be to Life that did this thing,
Unsought, Beloved, for you and me,
Gave us the rose and birds to sing,
The golden earth, the blue-robed sea.

VII

And joy to know that, even as we,
Æon on æon, star on star,
There shall, to all eternity,
Be lovers happy as we are:
A universe from end to end
Of lovers' faces bright as gold—
Till Man meets God, as friend meets friend,
And all the tales of Time are told.

A Young Man Greater than His Fortune

By B.C. Forbes

"EVERY thoughtful man must concede that the purpose of industry is quite as much the advancement of social well-being as the accumulation of wealth. But without absolute sincerity of purpose, no amount of elaborate machinery can ever be successful in bringing the men and the management into closer working relationship."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

THE man who administers the largest family fortune in the world is, in a sense, the largest employer of labor in the world. The character, the motives, the aims, the ideas, the ideals and the activities of this man are, therefore, of unequalled importance alike from the public point of view, the labor point of view, and the capitalistic point of view.

This man is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who of late years has relieved his father, now eighty-one, of most of the responsibilities connected with the administration of the Rockefeller fortune.

BECAUSE of the epochal stage we have reached in the relations between employers and employees, with many employers anxious to "bring labor to its senses," I sought out Mr. Rockefeller and induced him to give his views with the frankness that has characterized all his utterances since he first came under the public's scrutiny when he ascended the witness-stand during the Walsh Commission's investigation of industrial relations, in 1915.

There has been talk of "liquidation of labor, as well as everything else," and some employers have taken the attitude that bread-lines and soup kitchens would not be an unmixed evil. In other words, widespread unemployment was welcomed in certain quarters. When I asked Mr. Rockefeller his views of such an attitude, he replied:

"Such an attitude would be most deplorable. Better feeling, better industrial relations, can never be brought about through one side taking advantage of the other. Harmony can be evolved only as men develop a spirit of justice and fairness.

"I AM convinced from a study of various plans instituted for drawing employers and employees closer together in the running of a business that the plan, the program, the machinery employed, is of secondary importance and that it is the *spirit* underlying and animating the effort that counts most—counts for everything. Where there is not absolute sincerity of purpose, where either the management or the men are not actuated by right and worthy motives, then no amount of elaborate machinery for going through the forms of bringing both sides into closer working relationship is or ever can be successful.

"For the employer to say, now that there are more men than jobs, 'I have the upper hand and will exercise my power,' would be both shortsighted and reprehensible. Because labor was in some cases inclined to exert its power when it held the whip-hand during the war emergency is no reason why employers should adopt a similar course now. Employers ought to take a broader stand. Indeed, they now have an opportunity for exhibiting a magnanimous and fair spirit which, I think, would go a long way towards helping the next turn of the wheel to put them in the right position. Any employer who follows a less broad-minded course is throwing away a great opportunity. If anything savoring of revenge is done it will create a bitterness which, in turn, will rend the avenger.

"I find, however, from my own observation as well as from the reports we receive, that throughout the country there is a growing desire on the part of employers



John D. Rockefeller, Senior and Junior—whose known gifts already approximate \$500,000,000.

to improve their relations with their employees, not merely because it pays, but because it is right. The other type of employer, I hope and believe, is in the minority. Therefore, I don't look for serious trouble.

"EMPLOYERS as a rule have been more ready, the facts show, to adopt a proper attitude towards labor than some of their executives, more particularly their superintendents and foremen, have been. It is not sufficient for employers to have the right attitude; they must see to it that all their associates who have direct contact with labor are imbued with a similar spirit and taught to exercise it in their daily dealings with the workers.

"Happily, the importance of the influence wielded by foremen is now being recognized more fully than ever before. In many places efforts are being made



John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the administrator of the greatest family fortune in the world.

to enlighten foremen to a proper appreciation of the power they exercise, for weal or woe, and to bring home to them that they are the direct representatives of the president and the company in dealing with workers, and that, therefore, it is extremely important that they correctly interpret the principles and policies of the management.

"It is very difficult to bring this fundamental fact home to the minds of many foremen, most of whom have come out of the ranks.

"JUST as older boys are inclined to bully younger boys—I notice it in my own family," Mr. Rockefeller added with a smile—"so foremen, until pains have been taken to show them a better way, are sometimes inclined to deal and speak rather harshly with the men under them. Foremen's classes, clubs, and conferences, are now being held in a great many plants to give the foremen a proper viewpoint of their position and a fuller understanding of their responsibility in interpreting and exercising the basic principles animating the officers of the company, and the value of doing everything possible to improve industrial relations. These educational efforts are going to help a great deal."

THE public's conception of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., used to be that he was, somehow, vastly different from other men. That was before he gave the American people an opportunity to know him. Then they began to find—and they are still finding—that he is very much a human being like all the rest of us, only, perhaps, more farsighted, more seriously minded, more fundamental in his thought, given to getting at the roots of things, seeking to cure the causes of evils rather than to patch and palliate the fruits of the evils. "My present business," he not so long ago stated, "is to do as much good in the world as possible."

Mr. Rockefeller once told me that he counted it one of his supreme blessings that he had been given a son who was devoting his life to worth-while things.

THE son is like the father in many respects. He is even more seriously minded; the elder Rockefeller laughs more often than (Continued on page 57)

The Derelictions of Dolf-Nine

"IF YOU'RE a man," said Dolf, "Life is what you make it. But if you're a woman, it's what men make it for you! And I should so like to make my own life!"



"I wonder what you want?" Dolf murmured. "You may have Geoffrey . . . if you can get him."

A Tangent Into Gilead

By F. E. Baily
Illustrated by Will Greffe

DOLF considered the typed letter with disillusioned eyes from embossed heading to firm, legible signature.

"He will engage me as his secretary," she said slowly, and the certainty seemed to bring her no joy. "It won't be on account of my shorthand and typewriting, which are no better than anybody else's. He'll do it because my clothes came from Hanover Square, and I'm pretty, and my ankles are silk, and he wants to kiss me, and feels quite sure it'll be difficult enough to be worth while though not impossible. Men are like strange heathen gods; they need regular sacrifices, and girls who have to live are the sacrifice. And then old ladies tell us to be good!"

THE early-morning sun, which shines on the just and unjust alike, made a golden pool of light on the carpet of her Bloomsbury boarding-house. In the midst of the pool sat Dolf, her fair hair tumbled about her shoulders, a pathetic expression of self-pity in her blue eyes. Her slight beauty showed still slighter in a diaphanous nightgown; the wistfulness of her soft, provocative mouth became intensified as she delved hopelessly into a wardrobe for something plain and businesslike that should appeal to a distinguished business man. Most of Dolf's clothes represented so many milestones along the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. Hitherto she had managed to keep the clothes and escape the bonfire, but several times its hot breath had fanned her cheek.

Finally she dragged out a blue tailored suit and the silk shirtwaist, stockings, and shoes to match.

"It's plain and businesslike," she murmured. "If he's got any sense he'll realize the cut, know I couldn't afford it, scent an easy prey, and get going on the trail. If he hasn't any sense, he'll still thank Heaven I didn't turn up in a silk frock with a string of amber beads round my neck and a Directoire sunshade. Really a blue suit seems equal to anything."

SHE dressed with the infinite care for detail that forms nine-tenths of a girl's life, played with the unappetizing breakfast and set forth to seek Geoffrey Sanway in his Bond Street offices—an irresistible lure of pretty face, soft curves, and slender ankles.

Bond Street, the paradise of the rich and the Mecca of the indigent, caressed her with a wanton's smile. The block of offices retired behind the smug opulence of a marble vestibule. A silent lift bore her many floors upward, till a mahogany, brass-bound door received her into Geoffrey Sanway's suite.

She became aware of many girls bent in mock humility over typewriters. A couple of male clerks moved to and fro in the desultory fashion of early morning. The senior, carefully groomed, middle-aged, discreet, led her to an inner room, simply and perfectly furnished, that interposed a circuit of peace and remoteness between the outer world and the aloof majesty of Geoffrey Sanway's private apartment.

Dolf guessed that she or some other girl would

occupy this neutral zone, because women, properly handled, are more discreet than men.

A small, plain, costly clock on the mantelpiece struck half-past nine on a silver-toned gong. From the outer office came faint snatches of laughter and gossip. Before a quarter to ten three different girls had passed from it to Geoffrey Sanway's room and out again. Each, without seeming to do so, weighed

the waiting Dolf's clothes and morals in the balance, valued them, made a mental note, and returned to her occupation. As usual, all of them, however they might hate one another, hated the stranger more.

EXACTLY at ten o'clock the door of the outer office clicked and a Personality immediately pervaded the whole place. Dolf felt it through the walls and closed door; a moment later a tall figure strode through the room in which she sat, bowed very slightly, and disappeared inside his own.

In that second Dolf had photographed him on her brain—the swift brain of the girl who lives by her wits. If she knew anything in the world, she knew men, their standards, their shibboleths, the little intimate tests by which they measure one another and the strange gods they worship.

"He's clever," she told herself. "He's not the ordinary business creature who wears a Trilby hat with his evening clothes and feels frightfully wicked when he takes out a girl and leaves his wife at home. This man's one of the Best People. I know where he gets his clothes and who cuts his hair."

The senior male clerk hurried through to the holy of holies much as an orderly in a good regiment approaches his company commander with a message.

"His manners'll be heavenly and he hasn't any morals," pursued Dolf inwardly. "Every head waiter in London knows him, and money means nothing to him. In a way, I'm lucky, but not as the Y. W. C. A. would see it."

THE senior clerk stepped briskly into her presence.

He seemed to have borrowed inspiration from someone mightier than himself. He was bigger, manlier, keener, more competent.

"Mr. Sanway would like to see you, please, Miss Farmer."

He showed her into Sanway's room, placed a chair for her, and left them alone.

The tall man at the writing table looked up, faintly preoccupied. Their eyes met and his were as blue as her own. Just as when contact is made the electric current flows instantly and inexorably to complete the circuit, so from each of them went out those waves of spiritual ether, and met and mingled. Instinctively the two relaxed where they sat and he opened the conversation almost carelessly. He knew she would never misunderstand. They spoke the same soul-language. They were tuned to the same wave-length. With a little sigh of relief she realized that, whatever happened, there would be nothing ugly or sordid or vulgar or inartistic.

The well-cut features broke into a little almost-relieved smile.

"Good morning," he said; and his voice was as the voices of the men, not of her class, who might break a girl but would never insult her. "It's very good of you to come along at short notice. I haven't gone into all those references. I needn't, need I? I hate references. I s'pose your shorthand and typing are all right? It isn't so much them I want, though, as someone who won't get on my nerves, or the nerves of people who come to see me. I don't think you will; do you?"

THE smile lingered on his face. Dolf felt rested and at home. She knew he must be summing her up, but he did it imperceptibly. After a quick

glance he seemed hardly to look at her again. He sat back in his chair, hands clasped behind his head, and let her alone.

"Tell me about yourself. What do you want to do? What do you think of life?"

Dolf looked straight at him very thoughtfully and he never gave a sign that he felt her eyes on his face.

"I want to earn my living," she said slowly, "and be independent, and never have to propitiate any man again. I'm not an ordinary girl typist. I've been on the stage, and in a big shop, and met heaps of men—your kind of men. Perhaps, partly, I've lived on them, but never with them, and yet I don't think I owe them anything. As for life, it's what you make it if you're a man and what men make it if you're a woman. I should so like to make my own and be as good as a man. Can it be done, ever, do you think?"

THE steady eyes came back to her face from the picture they seemed to have been studying.

"You shall see," he said.

"Your salary will be six pounds a week. If in a month either of us is dissatisfied I will give you a month's salary and we'll call it off. If it's O. K. you can practically make what career you like. I've any number of irons in the fire. Probably you won't go far wrong, not being, if I may say so, exactly foolish. I should rather like you to make good. If there's ever anything you want or don't understand, please tell me. Now you'd better meet my other people, and if you could start work on Monday so much the better."

He took her and introduced her to the other people. Dolf noted the faint subtle difference in Parravain's manner, the meek humbug of the other girls, who would be inferior to her. She took a last look at her own perfect room and sighed. Perhaps at last an Eden had bloomed for her in which no serpent lurked and no Adam should oppress her. Then she recalled the blue eyes of Geoffrey Sanway, and sighed again.

SANWAY came out of his room into Dolf's and closed the door. She never raised her eyes from her notes and the typewriter clicked on methodically. She had sworn to be good. Mistrusting the witchery of spiritual ether and propinquity, she set herself to be a secretary and no more than a secretary, a charming machine, something impersonal and not quite human. And feeling daily that faint exultant stimulation his presence brought, knowing it to be reciprocal, she knew the battle to be lost before it began.

HE STOOD on the other side of the room and leaned his shoulders against the mantelpiece.

"Dolf," he began, with a faint affectionate stress



"But oh, Dolf! You're such a lovely thing—and there you are as aloof as though I were the water-rate man!"

on her name, "Dolf, will you lunch with me today?" She swung round in the swivel-chair, considered him gravely, and shook her fair head.

"Why not?"

"Because," said Dolf slowly, "I'm your secretary and an inferior and it wouldn't do. Parravain would think things, and Miss Ramsay and Miss Merridew and Miss Laverstock would say things. Besides, a

secretary ought to be neither mineral nor animal, nor vegetable. Lunching together and that kind of thing get in the way of work."

"Parravain will think things anyway and the girls'll talk anyway. You might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. In Parravain's eyes you're too charming to be—oh, well, staid; and in the eyes of the girls you're too expensive to be good. They know

good things are cheap and nice things are dear. Besides, I want to talk to you about the potash contract."

"No, thank you, Mr. Sanway."

"I always call you Dolf when we're alone," he objected irrelevantly.

"I know, but then you can do as you like, and I didn't ask you to, and you're my employer, so I call you Mr. Sanway."

"Dolf, how old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Well, the sun's shining, and there are men selling violets in Piccadilly, and there's a lilt in the air and I feel frightfully young in spite of my thirty-five years. And I do want you to lunch with me."

SHE picked up a pencil and drew little nothings with it on the blotting-pad.

"Why are men always destroyers?" she said almost passionately, looking him straight in the eyes. "Why can they never rest content without pulling down barriers like a kid pulling a toy to pieces. I knew as soon as I saw you how it would be. Today you want me to lunch. Another day you'll want to kiss me. Well, there's no harm in your kissing me if you must, but you won't rest content with kisses. A man always wants to go on where he left off the day before. You couldn't kiss me one day and call me Miss Farmer and strafe me over a letter the next. And in the long run I shall have to leave, and I don't want to leave."

"Aren't you misjudging me rather, Dolf? Have I ever been unkind to you?"

"No, I'm not. Girls don't misjudge men. They always know. And you're far too kind to me. That's the trouble." She smiled, and the curve of her soft mouth troubled his man's nature so that his mind rioted among imaginary kisses. "If you were healthily rude occasionally, I should be less anxious. I'm sorry, Mr. Sanway, but I can't lunch with you. You can see for yourself we're much better as we are."

His face clouded a little and he shrugged faintly.

"All right. Have it your own way," he said almost casually, and went back to his work.

LATER Dolf saw him go out alone. As she passed through the outer office to her own meal Parravain smilingly held the door for her. He was married, with a family, and he believed in making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness when it wore a sixteen-guinea suit and earned, or was paid, six pounds a week. Dolf did not mistake the quiver of Miss Ramsey's eyelid as her glance met Miss Laverstock's.

"Damn them!" she exclaimed fiercely as the door closed. "They're green—jealous and as cruel as the grave. Laverstock would crawl over my dead body to get Geoffrey to look at her twice. I want to be good, and how hard it is to be pretty and good as well! I doubt if the women one meets in heaven are exactly a beauty chorus."

THAT afternoon Sanway, who had left no message, failed to return from lunch. His Rolls-Royce, ordered for two o'clock, waited in vain at the curb, outside the marble vestibule. Dolf, unable to explain his tarrying, coped as best she might with a string of callers.

"*Cherchez la femme*, Miss Farmer," quoted Philip Heriot, twenty-six, beautifully polished, morning-coated, silk-hatted, having lighted, with permission, a fragrant Egyptian cigarette. He conferred a gentle distinction on the room, with a touch of charming sincerity thrown in as if to assure her that, lovely as he was, no harm or evil intent lurked beneath the surface. Dolf rather liked him.

"How's 'Lucky Lingerie, Limited'?" she queried idly, wondering what had become of Sanway. "The boss is awfully keen on it. He says the profits are enormous and you'll double them before long."

"We're using half the material and charging twice the price, gracious lady. How can we help succeeding? May I sell you a set of everything at wholesale prices as a reward for entertain-

ing me so nicely? That is, of course, provided Sanway doesn't mind."

"Please don't," said Dolf with a touch of ice in her tone. "There's no reason why you should, or why he should mind if you did. I'm just his secretary and I take myself dead seriously. If you were a girl you'd understand what I mean."

"I do understand as it is," he insisted, and the mockery faded out of his voice. He became at once a very nice, sincere boy, indeed. "Of course I was only being silly. I've got the deepest respect for a girl who stands on her own feet and makes her own way in the world as you do. And I'm sure Sanway has, too. 'Fraid I can't wait any longer. Do excuse me and make it all right with him."

"Right-o!" she promised and gave him her hand and a friendly smile.

Somehow she felt he might turn out a pal in case of need. There was obviously no vice in him—he laughed too frankly and joyously for that.

TO HIM succeeded Mrs. Dawlish. She drifted in with her faint ironic smile and *soigné* atmosphere, the perfect woman of the world who knew everyone, did everything and believed in nothing except possibly herself. She was a journalist of the uncommon sort who mixed with the lords of the world on equal terms, had the scandals of London at her fingertips, and was invariably so discreetly indiscreet. She cultivated Sanway because he was a big specimen of her sort of

man and her business led her to at least a nodding acquaintance with genius of any kind.

"Good afternoon," she murmured in her clear-cut, lingering tones. "You're new since I saw Mr. Sanway last. I think he's very lucky to get you, if you don't mind my saying so. After all, why shouldn't I? I'm old enough to be your mother, nineteen times as wicked, and not half so good-looking. If either of us has to be afraid of the other, I've got to be afraid of you."

SHE drifted over to a chair and smiled across at Dolf. And Dolf could only feel like a little girl caught stealing jam, and wonder how many scores of men must have loved Mrs. Dawlish.

"Mr. Sanway's disappeared," she explained, and faced the newcomer with a desperate effort to hold her own. "He didn't tell me he wasn't coming back. It's a mystery and I can't explain it. Do let me give you tea."

"Thanks—I've had two teas already," Mrs. Dawlish looked at Dolf with the ironic smile still playing about her mouth. "How did Geoffrey discover you? Do you know, I think it's frightfully clever of him. So few men understand how to choose their secretaries. They either get hold (Continued on page 83)



"Don't," Dolf pleaded. "Haven't you any pity, any sympathy at all?"



I was at the mercy of the truck boss, who could hold up my work for hours by failing to bring me material.

My Month in a Factory

By an Ex-Schoolteacher

USUALLY, I am a docile member of that most docile of professions—teaching. For a number of years I ladled out blameless doctrines to boys and girls in high school. But frequently I found myself wondering whether these blameless ideas, so adroitly ladled out and swallowed by the young innocents, did perchance represent any realities later to be grappled with in the real world. For I myself had sprung from the cell of a country home, had advanced to the cloisters of a woman's college, and had later been immured within the four walls of a small city high school. I knew I had not the answer to this question in my soul.

MY ONE intractable habit is that now and then I insist upon following an idea to its logical conclusion. So I decided that I must see for myself what sort of world this is, and more than that—what sort of world it might be. But where should I carry on my quest for a taste of reality? It was borne in upon me by every source I consulted that it was in the industrial world that I should do my scouting—that modern industry most nearly typified the future of the country.

So I procured a job as a factory hand in a large plant which produced automobile bodies, and which had made a point of employing women during the war and after. I was determined to see for myself whether it was possible for the professional and the wage-earning classes to meet on a level with one another.

AFTER the first five minutes there was not much doubt about what the future level was to be.

In obedience to a condescending quirk of the errand boy's thumb I followed him, through endless humming aisles, bare fireproof passages and devious stairways to the press shop, a huge and overpowering place with great machines whirring, metal clattering on the floors, great cranes passing to and fro over-

WHAT has one-third of our population ever done that the rest of us have sentenced them to a life like this? I had come to this factory prepared to be shocked and horrified by the restlessness and impatience of the factory population. On the contrary, I was really shocked by their docility and long-suffering.

head. He conducted me to the forelady in charge of the girls of this shop, handed her a slip, and left. I was then shown to the girls' dressing-room to be provided with a suit of bloomers and cap.

Although the place was clean and sanitary, I found it rather shocking to my well-bred and modest susceptibilities because of its utter lack of privacy. There were only a few suits left, faded and small and incomparably ugly, with horribly baggy seats to the trousers and no blouse to the shapeless waists. My cheeks grew pink with embarrassment as I tried to adjust some sort of blouse at the bottom of the legs, but the forelady approached and said:

"It is better not to show your stockings, Helen."

THIS tone of voice was new to me, but I realized it was to be, from this time on, part of my world. It is the tone of voice universal under the régime of factory discipline. So I acquiesced humbly and followed her out into the great pressroom past rows and rows of curious, staring men's eyes.

"Stand here and watch to see how it is done," was the next instruction. So I stood at first ignominiously, but later lost in wonder at all the machinery about me, cutting out, shaping, piercing, trimming,

notching different sizes and shapes of steel. Late in the morning I was told that as "Beatrice's" helper was going home, I was to take her place.

I had brought my lunch with me and at noon I retired to the immodest dressing-room and consumed my peanut sandwiches hungrily, listening curiously to the loud voices of the girls.

The whistle blew; I was shown how to "ring in" on the time clock. But we lazily lingered on until one o'clock, when Beatrice and I sallied forth to work. Now, Beatrice's sallying forth was in itself an education to me. She swung her slender body along, now and then shuffling her feet to the latest dance, mirthfully bumping into whatever men got in her way, calmly walking in front of the trucks and holding them back—in short, amusing herself thoroughly on the way. Rather classical features she had, with vivid coloring, and a never-failing vivacity. At her machine, her movements were quick and snappy. She corrected my awkward movements in an amused fashion as I handed her the long pieces of metal which had to be laid on the gauge, pierced by the machine, turned, pierced and thrown into the truck.

Provided with canvas gloves, I fell to ambitiously, and soon got the swing, but was surprised to see Beatrice work rapidly for a few minutes, then stop to shout a few words into the ear of any man who happened to be around, while I waited impatiently from my corner behind the truck. There were a number of large machines, opposite ours, now idle, with the men operators waiting vacantly about, staring at us, drawing closer now and then for a word or two, and then returning to stare. I had to bend and swing my body, causing my color to rise and making me look ridiculously young.

MEN passed to and fro, on various matters of business, but all paused at our machine to chat with Beatrice and to look (Continued on page 70)

The Baron's Bridge OR

"CAN you tell me," she asked, "howda write a scenario for the movies?"

She was delightfully young; her eyes were delightfully blue; her face was delightfully pretty; her figure was delightfully slender and I had the delightful feeling that I would gladly make her a present of the universe. Her sphere of activity lay in the filing and mailing room of a popular periodical, but she was ambitious.

"Just what is it," said I, "that you want to know?"

"I want to know," said she, "howda write a scenario myself."

It sounded reasonable. In contemplating the field which her inquiry embraced, however, it seemed rather a pity that the answer to such a broad, vital, and interesting question should be confined to one hearer, be she ever so delightful. I therefore determined to tell it to all the world.

HOWDA write a scenario! That is the question. Those who know howda do it find it the simplest thing in the world. They do it mechanically. In fact, most of the habitués of motion-picture houses are coming to the conclusion that the average scenario is written by machinery. Yet those on the outside look upon it as a mysterious, enchanting art. Nevertheless, the process is amazingly simple.

In order to learn howda write a scenario one does not even have to know howda write at all. Motion-picture scenarios are not written; they are compiled. As long as the director who is going to carry out your idea knows what you have in your mind, he does not care how you impart it to him. Style, diction, grammar—even an ordinarily humane attitude toward the English language—play no part in a scenario. All one really needs is imagination, a sense of the dramatic, a knowledge of the elements of photography, a blunted sense of propriety and lots of "pep."

IN "The Baron's Bridge," I have selected a scenario which I have long wanted to produce in pictures. I shall now write it, explaining the various steps in the process as I go along, concealing nothing, explaining

Howda Write for the Movies

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

everything, laying all my cards upon the table and making it impossible for anyone to fail in attempting to write a scenario on his or her own hook.

THERE is much in a title. "The Baron's Bridge" has probably already impressed you with the fact that this picture is laid in an aristocratic atmosphere, suggestive of feudal castles, suits of armor, moats and drawbridges, moth-eaten tapestries, mortgages and all sorts of baronial trimmings. This

as it is commonly referred to in the Isaacstein Studios. Now, for "The Baron's Bridge," I would give instructions thus:

"Swell joint, big, jazzy rooms, everything on the Ritz."

The director will understand from this that the scenario demands a rich, aristocratic setting and will get the studio carpenter and joiner to fix it up accordingly. In the end, of course, the setting will not be like anything you imagined when you wrote your scenario, but, on this point, you must always nurse your misery in silence. Never remonstrate with a director. Never try to tell him anything. He always knows better. A director is a man who knows better and gets paid for it.

IT IS now high time for the camera man to shoot. The word "shoot" is a technical term in motion pictures which means that the camera begins to take the picture. Amateur scenario writers are sometimes led into the mistaken belief that the director or the star or the president of the motion-picture company is shot. The motion-picture art has not progressed that far. Let us now give our director something to shoot.

Rich drawing-room in castle. Baron Phravsk, a Czecho-Slovakian nobleman, leans against table in aristocratic attitude, scraping spots off his vest. When his vest is clean he draws a hypodermic syringe from a golden case and slips a shot into his arm. Show close-up of Baron, thinking deeply. Flash to title.

"THAT CERTAINLY WAS SOME PARTY LAST NIGHT."

THE title, following upon the picture, completes the scene. The director knows at once that the Baron is a haughty, dissipated nobleman and that he was out the night before. The first thing he does, now, is to go out into the ante-room of the studio and gaze over the crowd of applicants for jobs who are always to be found there and select one who looks most like a haughty Czecho-Slovakian rounder. This person becomes the Baron Phravsk. The purpose of the title is to show what is going on in the minds of your characters. Of course, if your characters have no minds the title is apt to be misleading.

Enter the Baron's wife, short and dumpy, hair in curl-papers. Baron gazes at her superciliously. She hesitates for a moment, then clasps her hands and approaches him, supplicatingly. Flash to title.

"OH, SIGWITCH! DO NOT BREAK OUR DAUGHTER'S HEART. GIVE YOUR CONSENT TO HER MARRIAGE WITH SKWOLBO OR SHE WILL DIE OF GRIEF."

Baron sneers at wife. Kicks over a chair, sweeps lamp from table and points to the door. Flash to title.

"GO! BEFORE I PERMIT MY DAUGHTER BELUGA TO MARRY A TROMBONE-PLAYER I WILL STRANGLE HER WITH MY OWN HANDS."

Bring in the handsome trombone-player for a love scene!

sort of background never fails to make a hit with a director. Such titles as "The Bugs of Death," "Lurid but Lonesome," and "The Passionate Pup," are already back numbers. In the motion-picture game competition is fierce and the classy title of today is sure to be the cheesy droop of tomorrow.

You begin by giving the director instructions as to your idea of the background of your picture—the *mise-en-scène*, as the French call it; the "prop dope,"

YOU have now laid the foundation for your story. You have presented the old situation of a young girl in love with a poor musician, her mother evidently on her side and her father violently opposed to the match. In writing a scenario you must always guard against presenting a new situation. Unless a director knows a situation well—can call it by its first name, so to speak—he will have nothing to do with it.

M. LEONE
BRACKER
1921



The Baron strides toward the Vamp's couch and whispers fiercely in her ear—but she only smiles disdainfully.

IT WILL not do, however, to maintain the story up on the tragic level on which it begins. A successful scenario must have no end of variety. You must introduce an element of comedy, a bit of pathos, a touch of mystery and either an acrobatic stunt or a bevy of pretty girls. Let us now introduce a touch of the mysterious.

As the Baroness slinks from the room and her husband sprays his throat with an atomizer, turn camera slowly to show butler in adjoining room. Butler is cleaning silver platter and gazing at Baron through narrowed eyes. Flash to close-up of butler. He has a sneaky, mysterious look. Flash to title,

THE BUTLER, TLBUICK OPS.
LEADER OF THE SECRET
SOCIETY HLMASOF WHICH
HAS SWORN DEATH TO THE
ARISTOCRACY.

THE slogan "Death to the aristocracy" is one of the best titles ever used in motion pictures. It appeals to that portion of the human race which will never become aristocratic, viz. 99⁹/₁₀%. The platter which the butler cleans does not have to be real silver. White metal will do just as well.

Butler watches Baron leave the room. A sinister smile comes into his face. Takes a letter from his pocket, reads it intently, tears it into tiny bits and swallows them. Flash to title,

INSTRUCTIONS FROM
THE HLMASOF!

Of course the butler does not actually have to swallow the bits of paper. He can simply hold them

in his mouth until the camera man has shot the scene, and then he can gargle.

WE MUST now change the scene. The first rule of scenario-writing is to keep changing scenes. It not only keeps the spectator busy trying to keep track of what is going on, but it saves the writer the trouble of getting up ideas.

Show boudoir of Beluga, the Baron's daughter. She is a peach. She is sitting in chair gazing fondly at photograph of a trombone-player. Picks it up and kisses it. Tears roll down her cheeks. She falls into reverie and smiles. FADE-OUT into picture of same boudoir, the evening before, showing same girl in swell bath-robe, her face turned toward the window, listening intently. Flash to title,

"IT'S HIM!"

Flash to outside of castle and show trombone-player serenading Beluga. Flash back to morning scene and show Beluga kissing the photograph again.

THIS flashy business is one of the great secrets of scenario-writing. Whenever you run out of material for one scene flash to another. Frequently it is advisable to flash to the second and leave the first out, but this becomes intricate. We must now change our scene again.

Show interior of dentist's office. Dentist is trained juggler. Show him throwing a dozen instruments—probes, forceps, etc.—in the air and catching them behind his back. Introduce touch of comedy.

Dentist approaches small tank marked LAUGHING GAS. Takes tube in hand, holds it to his nose for an instant and then laughs. Flash to title,

"HA! HA!"

Door opens and Baron Prhavsk enters. Dentist bows obsequiously. Baron seats himself in operating chair and dentist, bending over him, removes from his mouth an artificial bridge extending from the right molar to the left bicuspid. Holds it up in his hand. Show close-up of it. Flash to title,

"THE BARON'S BRIDGE!"

THE entire purpose of this scene, aside from the delightful comedy which it enables the writer to introduce, is to explain the title of the picture. The spectators—and the director, too, sometimes—now know that the Baron's bridge is dental and not rustic or cantilever.

This is an innovation in scenario-writing and I am not yet sure whether it can be done successfully. Hitherto, in most successful pictures, no one ever knew why the title had been selected. The screening of "Hamlet," one of the greatest successes in motion-picture history, was made under the title, "When Henrietta Hesitates."

WE MUST now return to the Baroness Prhavsk. It is a director's duty to keep his actors busy. Their salary runs on all the time and if you do not provide sufficient work for your cast, the director will inject some idea of his own (Continued on page 72)



JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON
HOUSE OF Representatives.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JOE.
YOU'RE 85.
AND FOR 48 years.
YOU'VE been in Congress.
NEARLY ALL the time.
AND WHEN you began.
YOUR CONGRESSIONAL life
THE MEMBERSHIP.
WAS 221.
AND YOU'VE seen it grow.
UNTIL today.
IT'S 435.
AND IF it wants to.
IT HAS the right.
TO INCREASE its numbers.
AND OF course I know.
HOW UNIMPORTANT.
IS A humble voter.
SUCH AS I.
AND I ought to keep quiet.
BECAUSE RIGHT now.
I COULDN'T tell you.
WHO IS the Congressman.
FROM MY district.
BUT I hope he's all right.
BUT IF he isn't.
IT DOESN'T matter.
WHEN THERE'S so many.

Turnips for My City Flat

By K.C.B.

AND THAT'S the thing.
I'M WRITING about.
AND I'M writing to you.
AS THE oldest member.
OF THE House of Congress.
BECAUSE I feel.
THAT YOU'LL understand.
WHEN I say to you.
THAT JUST as a voter.
AND PAYER of taxes.
I WANT to protest.
AGAINST ANY move.
TO ENLARGE the House.
IT'S BIG enough now.
AND YOU know, Joe.
THAT THE bigger it gets.
THE HARDER it is.
TO MAKE it hear.
AND BESIDES that, Joe.
EVERYONE THEY add.
HAS A lot of relations.
AND CAMPAIGN workers.
TO FIND jobs for.
AND THERE are salaries to pay.
AND RAILROAD fares.
AND IT'S just expense.
AND DOESN'T help any.
AND REALLY and truly.
IT WOULD be as well.
TO LET the party.
THAT HAS a majority.
SEND A couple of men.
AND LET the party.
THAT HAS a minority.
SEND JUST one.

AND IF that were done.
WE COULD watch all three
AND KEEP them scared.
BUT OF course that's silly.
AND CAN'T be done.
AND OF course I know it.
BUT DOGGONE it, Joe.
HERE I'VE been voting.
SINCE '94.
AND MOST of the time.
I'VE TRIED to vote right.
AND WHEN I was younger.
I USED to get excited.
AND IN '96.
I WAS so excited
I VOTED for Bryan.
AND SIXTEEN to one.
WHATEVER THAT is.
BUT THE older I get.
THE DEEPER I've learned.
THAT I never can tell.
WHAT I'M voting before.
AND I can't remember.
THAT A member of Congress.
FROM ANY district.
THAT I ever lived in.
CARED A tinker's darn.
FOR WHAT I thought.
AND THE only thing.
THAT ANY of them.
EVER DID for me.
WAS TO mail me seeds.
FOR TURNIPS and things.
WHEN I lived in a flat.
AND COULDN'T plant 'em.

OR ANYTHING.
AND MAYBE I'm crazy.
AND WASTING time.
AND GOOD white paper.
BUT I'M telling you.
SO FAR as I'm concerned.
THE HOUSE of Representatives.
IS PLENTY big enough.
AND THERE are salaries enough.
AND RELATIONS enough.
AND EXPENSES enough.
AND IF I had my way.
I'D CUT it in two.
AND HAVE half as many speeches.
AND TAKE half as much time.
AND HALF as many seeds.
AND HALF as many minds.
TRYING TO figure out ways.
OF SPENDING my money.
AND I ask you, Joe.
AS A good old guy.
AND THE daddy of 'em all.
IF HONEST to goodness.
AIN'T I right?
AND IF you happen to know.
WHO THE Congressman is.
FROM WHERE I live.
GIVE HIM my regards.
MAYBE I voted for him.
I DON'T know.





Men don't go to his church—the atmosphere of it would make them blue for a week.

Why Don't I Go to Church?

By Walt Mason

UPON a recent Sabbath afternoon I adjusted my person in a rocking-chair on the front porch, and prepared to have a good time reading Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Samuel Jingleston, my next-door neighbor, was fixing the tin roof on his kitchen, and making a great clatter, which disturbed me slightly, but not enough to stir my wrath.

Presently, however, Aunt Dorcas came out of the house quite indignant.

"It is a shame," she said, "the way that man next door destroys the peace of the Sabbath, with his hammering and swearing. I have been trying to read Charlie Spurgeon's sermons, and can't get any sense out of them for the noise. If you had the spirit of a grasshopper you would go over there and tell him where to get off."

IHAVE more spirit than many grasshoppers, and I went over to Jingleston's, and climbed the ladder until my face was flush with the roof, and then spoke in a commanding tone of voice, ordering him to cease his unholy racket. In an equally commanding tone he instructed me to go to the creek and immerse my head.

Whereupon I adopted argumentative tactics, and pointed out that his course was morally wrong, and a violation of one of the commandments. Then he argued at great length that Saturday, and not Sunday, is the Sabbath, and consequently he was violating no law or commandment. Seeing that argument would lead us nowhere, I appealed to him, as a gentleman and scholar, to cut out the noise, since he greatly disturbed my aunt.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he inquired. "No man can say that Samuel Adolphus Jingleston ever willfully and wantonly annoyed the ladies."

Then he gathered up his tools and slid off the tin roof and broke a leg when he hit the ground.

The moral of this modern instance is that you can get the freeborn American citizen to do anything if you approach him in the right way.

THAT forenoon I had attended church. The pastor was a man of delicate physique and spiritual face. His hands were small and white, like those of a woman, and he was pardonably proud of them, keeping them in view all the time. He had a musical, caressing voice. He seemed a creature remote from all contact with modern life. It was impossible to imagine him crawling under an automobile to see what in thunder was the matter with the crank-case, or rearing up from the bleachers to express a few drastic sentiments concerning the umpire.

HIS sermon was a sort of vindication of Aaron, so far as I could understand it before I dropped off to sleep. It seemed that Aaron, in the absence of Moses, weakly yielded to the demands of the Israelites and erected the golden calf. The parson admitted that this was a bad break, but seemed to think it rather an error of judgment, and not an indication of inferior character. He was outlining the circumstances that led up to Aaron's mistake when I lost consciousness.

AS WE drifted out of church people were saying that it was a fine, helpful discourse, and they could take a fresh grip on life, now that they could dismiss all anxiety as to Aaron's true character; but to me it seemed the climax of futility. It is hard for me to get excited over the doings of people who died five or six thousand years ago, when I know dozens of good men who are out of work, and whose children are wading through snowdrifts in open-work shoes.

At the time when this sermon was delivered the profiteers of the town had jacked up the rents to such a degree that people in moderate circumstances couldn't have roofs over their heads, and scores of families were living in tents, although the nights were bitter cold. There were a hundred vital problems shrieking for solution—problems of the present day and age—and a man of education and gifts could find it in his heart to preach of Aaron and the golden calf!

WHY don't men go to church? We hear the question every day, and a thousand answers are given, and a thousand reasons may be advanced, each one with a basis of truth.

It has been my fortune to spend most of my life in towns of about 10,000 inhabitants. The West is liberally supplied with such towns. Each state has about a dozen of them. In their youth these towns were going to be new Chicagos; they had the Natural Advantages, and the Pep and Punch, and their Leading Business Men were born boosters, and nothing could head them off from crimson glory and undying fame. They grew and grew, like the beanstalk of history, until they reached the ten-thousand mark, and they stuck there, and never grew any more. It is as a lifelong resident in such towns that I refer to the church-going question—a topic one must approach with his hat off.

ALFA CENTER has its 10,000 inhabitants and has stagnated there forever. She has eighteen churches. Two of them are well attended and seem prosperous. The pastors draw salaries on which they

can live in reasonable comfort, and they wear tailor-made clothes and hold their heads high as pastors should, for the church and its ministers should be dignified, and not objects of compassion. These two churches have pipe organs and choirs, and the music is so good that anesthetics are not necessary.

The other churches are just scratching along the best they can. Each has its minister who believes he was "called" to his sacred work, and that he is doing good in the world. But he is shabby and his church is shabby, and his stipend is a pitiful thing. The members of his church are mostly women, and they have to organize church suppers and bazaars and pass the hat in one way or another to buy the pastor new slippers and provide coal and kerosene for the church. You must live in a small town to understand the heartbreaking shifts the women resort to, to keep the bankrupt churches going.

ON A Sabbath morning the minister appears in his pulpit to deliver a helpful discourse. His congregation is the size of a corporal's guard. A few people scattered in the pews, here and there. The church is too hot or too cold. There is a broken window and a hole in the roof. No man born of woman could make a talk worth while, under such conditions. In his youth the minister probably was filled with righteous enthusiasm, but he is growing old, and he has seen no results after years of work, and his people sit before him like graven images, and a cold wind is blowing on the back of his neck, and so he can only drone through a tiresome sermon treating of things thousands of years old, when the world is aching with today's sickness and weariness.

Men don't go to his church; the atmosphere of such a place would make them blue for a week. In these modern times the institution that would command the respect and support of men must be solvent.

WE HEAR much about the Men in the Street, the Toms, Dicks and Harrys, as the ones who shun the churches. Well, Tom, Dick and Harry haven't much use for the concern that is shabby and run down at the heel, whether the concern be a church or a movie theater.

EVERY Western town of 10,000 has from fifteen to twenty churches. These separate churches exist because of doctrinal differences which seem important to theologians, but which look like piffle to Tom, Dick and Harry. These superficial gents have the idea that the fifteen or twenty churches could consolidate, pool their resources, and have one fine tabernacle, with a humdinger of a preacher, and music that would be more attractive than a joy-ride

in a henrycar. Why not pay \$10,000 a year to a real pulpit orator instead of distributing it to fifteen or twenty discouraged divines who have to wear patched pants in the pulpit? The proposition seems reasonable to Tom, Dick and Harry; but the elders of the churches sweat blood when such a thing is mentioned. The First Vegetarian Church unite with the Reformed Calvinistic Church! Treason! Send for the police and fire department at once!

THE churches won't get together and offer an attractive program. Better continue the age-old policy, embracing shabby buildings and starved preachers, than compromise on any small point of doctrine. The First Vegetarian Church holds to the theory that the collection should be taken up by a man; the Calvinistic Church permits women to perform this function. Such a gulf can never be bridged merely as a bid for popular favor.

WHY don't men go to church? The question is so urgent that in several Kansas towns the "drive" machinery is at work, dragooning people into the synagogue. The towns are canvassed by squads of Willing Workers, headed by captains, and every citizen is asked to make the pledge that he will go to church the following Sunday.

The next legislature will be asked to pass a law requiring people to go to church, or face a penalty. And of course the pastors, who know so much more about theology than about human nature, are eagerly back of this movement, and if the law is not placed upon the books it will not be their fault.

AND here we see one major reason why Tom, Dick and Harry are weary of the church and its ministers. These ministers are like the Bourbon kings; they never learn anything, and never forget anything. They can't realize that the people now on earth have liberal minds, that they resent being driven and coerced.

Propose any sort of law that will make people uncomfortable and deprive them of some pleasure or amusement and the preachers are back of it, as one man. They are animated by the same old spirit that governed when people were burned at the stake because their belief was different from the belief of those who had the power to burn them.

We should find tolerance and kindness and patience in the church, but these virtues are not there. It should strive to lead men by moral suasion, but it wants to drive them with a spiked club.

ADMITTING that the preachers are right in trying to legislate evil out of existence, is it a good policy, if they really desire to increase the church membership and lure Tom, Dick and Harry into the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults of the cathedral?

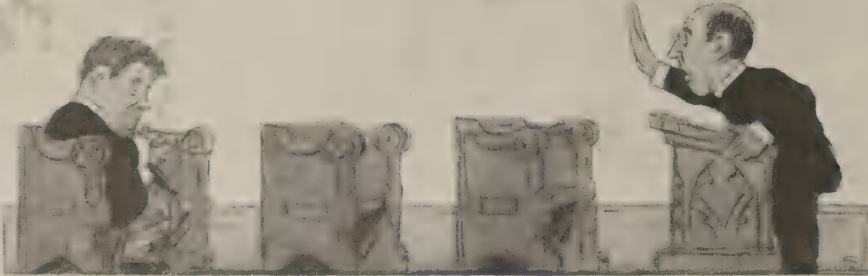
Tom, Dick and Harry smoke tobacco. So did Raleigh and Tennyson and Carlyle and Fitzgerald and a hundred great men.

Tobacco is one of the great blessings of the world. Because of its use thousands of men are quiet, law-abiding citizens, who would otherwise be anarchists; for its soothing influence makes men contented with their lot, and is an antidote to angry passions. The weary toiler returns to his cottage in the evening feeling that he is ground down by the iron heel of tyranny; but when he sits on the front porch with his pipe in his shelf-worn face, and smokes a few stanzas, he concludes that the world is a pretty fair resort, after all, and forgets his resentment. The peace of countless families is maintained because the Old Man gets solace from his pipe.

TOBACCO contributes to the friendliness and good understanding of the world. There is no scriptural injunction against its use, and no sound moral argument against it. But now the reformers are campaigning against tobacco, and they will have the united support of the churches. The pastor maddens Tom, Dick and Harry by trying to deprive them of the chief comfort of their misfit lives, and

then wonders why these misguided individuals don't put on their lavender neckties and go to the sanctuary to hear him preach.

AS REMARKED in the opening section of this essay, the freeborn American citizen can be induced to do almost anything, if properly approached; but our friends the parsons have a positive genius for



THE PULL OF THE PULPIT

THE pastor looks, in sore amaze, upon the stretch of vacant pews, and wonders why poor erring jays don't enter, in their Sunday shoes, to hear him prove that virtue pays, that sin's a load they ought to lose. "I think they treat me pretty raw," he thinks, behind his earnest face; "I'm standing back of every law designed to elevate the race, and yet my efforts fail to draw the voters to this sacred place. I'm working with those noble souls who put the lid on rum-hole bars, who, having canned the flowing bowls, would now exterminate cigars, and jail the delegate who rolls on Sabbath day in motorcars. Braced by the triumph over Rum, we'll conquer sin at any price, proscribe immoral chewing gum, destroy the vicious lemon ice; and yet the people do not come to hear my precept and advice." Alas, poor mortals are so strong in stubbornness, they don't admire the mentor herding them along like cattle headed for the byre; a man might lead them out of wrong, but when you'd drive, their tempers fire!



taking the wrong way. If the reverend gentlemen are convinced that tobacco is an evil, they are privileged to argue against it and persuade people to abandon the habit, and they will be considered good sports. But nothing will do but a law making it a felony to be found with a pipe or cigar.

MANY drastic laws governing American life are now threatened, and the preachers are backing all of them, and have suggested some of them. Among other proposed laws is one making it a crime to drive an auto on the Sabbath.

Countless good citizens go to church on Sunday morning, with their wives, children, and aunts; they chip in liberally when the contribution box comes along; they dig up to paint the church and pay the janitor and give the pastor a set of false teeth as a Christmas present. They listen with interest to sermons based on ancient history, and when the services are over, and they have eaten some canned beans, they back the family auto out of the garage and take the wives, children, and aunts for a leisurely trip in the country, where the beauties of nature may be observed without extra charge.

THESE excellent citizens work all through the week in their offices, shops, or stores, and have no other opportunity to get a slant at the beauties of nature. And when their little harmless excursions are forbidden by law, under pain of a life sentence to the penitentiary, their enthusiasm for the church, that helped to clamp down such a law, may be imagined. If this law actually is placed upon the books, and I expect it will be, for the reformers nowadays seem able to put anything across, it will deprive the

churches of tens of thousands of their most liberal supporters.

ONE trouble with the preachers is that they know nothing of human nature. They live in a little sheltered world of their own; they are surrounded by women, and their problems are chiefly concerned with the next oyster supper or Sabbath School picnic.

They are aloof from the real life of this world.

I have lived in two towns where there were colleges in which young men were prepared for the ministry. Most of the young men came from the farms, where the current problems had to do with setting hens and cows going dry. From the college they went forth into the churches; young men, full of pious zeal, but knowing absolutely nothing of human life, human burdens, human tears and suffering. What comfort could these young preachers give to the weary and heavy-laden? The majority of clergymen travel the same pathway into the church. All they know is theology, and theology is a cold, dead thing. If a man would give real comfort, real service, he must have lived like a human being.

IT WOULD be a good thing for the churches if all the young preachers had to graduate from the missions in the slums, if for a season they had to be close to real misery, hardship, suffering, and poverty.

Once having entered the church, the young preachers are remote from every genuine human interest. They have a natural desire to display the erudition they gained in college and they deliver sermons full of sound and fury which, for all their applicability to human affairs, might as well be delivered in Spitzbergen as in Kansas or Georgia. The longer they are in the ministry the more remote they become from the real life around them; the very garb they wear keeps them in a class by themselves. They have no understanding of the human attributes of Tom, Dick and Harry; and yet they unwisely determine to regulate these delegates by law, while urging them to go to church.

PROHIBITION without doubt is a good thing, or will be when it has settled down; but its enforcement was followed by the greatest crime wave this country ever endured, and that crime wave still sweeps the land, to the terror of policemen and jurists. Perhaps the crime wave isn't due to the sudden clamping down of the prohibition law, but it is a fact that the people are in an exasperated state of mind, and not in the right mood to welcome an avalanche of blue laws, making it a felony to smoke, or chew gum, or drink circus lemonade.

WITH fatuous zeal the preachers of the country are advocating such laws, at the worst time they could have chosen in a hundred years. In Delaware they induced the police to arrest business men for playing cards; in Florida they draped works of art with petticoats, that pious eyes might not be shocked; in Kansas they are pursuing cigarette smokers with Torquemada enthusiasm; everywhere they are doing as much as they can to inflame public resentment against the church, and yet when they pause from their labors they innocently ask why people don't go to church.

IT IS a question one must approach with his hat off, and my hat has been off from the first. Nobody has more respect or reverence for the real church, the church of good works and high examples. I have merely tried to advance, in the Kansas language, the inward sentiments of Tom, Dick and Harry, in whom there is nothing subtle.

"WE THINK our reforms are making a great impression on civilization," says Walt Mason. "But the next generation won't be able to find the dent without the aid of a magnifying glass!" See Hearst's for May.

Good cheer and good spirits I treasure—
 Good fare for my friends and myself.
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Robert Dollar learned his lesson in finance from his first business venture that crashed in the panic of '73—and was never caught again.

He Built Success from Failure

By B. C. Forbes

BE READY!" That was the first ingredient in the recipe for success given me by the best-known business man on the Pacific Coast, an ex-lumberjack who later became a "lumber king" and founder and owner of a famous line of steamships, a man who is better known through the Orient than any other American. This man is Robert Dollar of the Dollar Steamship Line, whose offices dot the world and whose ramifications cover the earth.

HE IS an old-fashioned sort of gentleman, patriarchal in appearance, with his white beard and high forehead, and carrying his broad shoulders erect despite his seventy-seven years. His ideas, however, are up to the minute. Neither panic nor prosperity has shaken the wonderful structure he has built. He tasted failure once, when he was very young, and that experience, bitter though it was, proved a helpful lesson for the rest of his life.

Briefly, he failed because he had not saved enough money, had not accumulated enough capital.

BORN in a Scottish lumberyard, of very poor parents, he was brought by his father to Canada at an early age, as a motherless lad. Before receiving any schooling to speak of, he was hired out as chore boy in a distant, uncouth, uncivilized lumber-camp in the frozen North. The life was hard, but it made a man of him. Before emerging from his 'teens he realized that he must acquire some education before he could hope to get on in the world. And he meant to get on. An unexpected visit by the manager found him practicing writing and figuring on birch bark, the only "paper" available. This led to his being given all the bookkeeping of the camp—to be done after regular working hours, however, without extra pay.

AFTER experience as a lumberjack and as a foreman, during which he had to boss an army of men most of whom were as uncouth as their environment, young Dollar (having saved all his wages except the few dollars needed to keep him in rough clothing and to cover his precious few "incidentals") decided to start lumbering on his own account. He had mastered every phase of the business and was getting along well when—crash! The terrific financial panic caused by "Black Friday" on the New York Gold Exchange, in 1873, swept down half the business concerns on the continent—young Dollar's among them.

"Happy and lucky is the young man who fails when young," he was told by a veteran. Dollar did not grasp his wisdom then.

HE AGAIN became a foreman, worked and saved until he paid off every dollar of his debt, and then began accumulating a fresh stock of capital, determined to fare better the next time he launched out. He delayed action until he felt sure he had garnered enough capital, and this time no panic occurred to bowl him off his feet. He early saw the possibilities of exporting lumber to Britain and opened up a large and profitable trade. As his ambitions—and his capital—expanded, he looked for fresh fields of enterprise, and concluded that the greatest undeveloped market for timber in the whole world was China. To China he went, not once but twice, to analyze the whole situation. Then he moved to the Pacific forests.

HE SOON discovered, however, that it was one thing to prepare lumber for the market and another thing to find ships to transport it across the Pacific. Not only were vessels scarce, but the freight rates were ruinous. Why not, he figured, buy ships and do his own transporting?

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st year. He bought another and then another. Today the Dollar steamships thread their way through every ocean, carrying not only lumber but all varieties of cargo, many of which are not only carried but bought and sold by Dollar.

WHEN China changed from a dynasty to a republic, one of the first steps taken was to summon Robert Dollar for advice, and when the World War came, with the clamor for ships and still more ships, it was Robert Dollar who was instrumental in arranging that China should build \$30,000,000 worth of ships for the United States. Such is the faith of the Chinese government in him that it ordered that the money, as needed, be paid over to Robert Dollar in this country without requesting him to put up a single bond.

BE READY!" Mr. Dollar emphasizes that one essential to being ready is to be able to command enough capital to handle opportunity when it hovers into sight. "I early saw that the only way I could get out of the lumberjack class and into business for myself was to earn all I could and save all I could, because I had no wealthy relatives or friends to call upon.

MY FIRST investments were in books. What little schooling I got as a young boy in Scotland was pretty well rubbed off the lumber-camps, so that I had a lot of ground to make up in order to acquire any sort of education. Every season I took up to camp a little library of standard books. I thoroughly digested them. The best investment any young man can make is in education. Had I not learned to figure, should not have been able to keep the books of the camp, and it was this unpaid-for work which brought me to the attention of the management."

MR. DOLLAR recently remarked to me, "Money no longer means anything to me." Pressed to tell how one should go about striving to reach that position, this

veteran of many vicissitudes—he still, in the course of his business, covers enough ground every year to encircle the globe—gave this somewhat uncommon advice:

"The older I grow, the more convinced I become of the folly of anyone thinking he can make headway in business by using crooked or dishonorable means."

"Punctuality is important."

"Never promise unless you are perfectly sure you can and will perform."

"The easiest competitor of all to lick is the one who indulges in intoxicating liquors. Whisky and business don't mix."

"Spurts of hard work are no use; it is steady, persevering, continuing hard work that wins."

"IN LAYING business plans, fortify yourself with all procurable facts—and be sure your facts are facts, investigating them personally wherever you can, no matter what trouble you may have to take or what distance you may have to cover to see things for yourself. Also study probabilities, trends, and undercurrents."

"Foresight, perhaps the most important quality of all in business, is nothing but applying common sense; but common sense, or judgment, can be acquired only by thorough mastery of all angles of your business."

BEING a canny Scot, Robert Dollar has never chased rainbows, and has never been inveigled into "investing" in fraudulent or worthless securities. He has always gathered every possible fact about a proposition before putting any money into it.

Incidentally, since the advice began to be given in these columns to buy dependable securities, quotations for the best grades have advanced substantially. And, as the business and industrial outlook is brightening, the probabilities are that trustworthy securities will appreciate a great deal more in market value.

Remember, however, to investigate before investing. Consult some banking or brokerage house of unimpeachable standing.

Greater than Fortune

(Continued from page 45)

the younger, and is fonder of swapping amusing stories.

John D., Jr., however, has an overwhelming sense of the responsibilities pertaining to his position in life. He has never sought to flatter or exhibit the surpassing business acumen of his father. He has no ambition to become a Napoleon or Alexander the Great of the business world. Of necessity, he devotes a great deal of time to the oversight of the family investments, to looking after what they already own rather than to seeking new industrial or commercial fields to conquer. Temperamentally, the son is more interested in the beneficial using, the distributing of wealth, than in acquiring or hoarding more. "Vast wealth is not a toy but a tremendous responsibility," he once declared.

[F] John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were not who he is, he would be a preacher," declares one who knows him through and through. "His heart is in the church and that the church means to accomplish its religion is of the soul, not of the sleeve. He conducts family worship every morning. His mind dwells chiefly on how he can utilize the family wealth for the greatest benefit of humanity. When he declared, in giving testimony before the Industrial Relations Commission, 'I believe that the ultimate object of all activities in a public should be the development of the inchoad of its citizens,' he meant exactly what he said. It was not grand-stand play. The words came from his heart."

It was on this same occasion that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., said: "If with the responsibilities I have and the opportunities given me I am able to contribute toward promoting the well-being of my fellow-men, through the lessening of injustice and the alleviation of human suffering, I shall feel that it has been possible to realize the highest purpose of my life."

ADDRESSING a large body of men at Atlantic City several years ago, Mr. Rockefeller, in pleading for a fair, generous wage for all workers, uttered these deeply

significant words—words all the more remarkable considering that they come from the son and heir of the most notable business man the United States has ever produced:

"The soundest industrial policy is that which has constantly in mind the welfare of employees as well as the making of profits, and which, when human considerations demand it, subordinates profits to welfare. Industrial relations are essentially human relations."

"It is, therefore, the duty of everyone entrusted with industrial leadership to do all in his power to improve the conditions under which men work and live."

"The day has passed when the conception of industry as chiefly a revenue-producing process can be maintained. To cling to such a conception is only to arouse antagonisms and to court trouble."

"In the light of the present, every thoughtful man must concede that the purpose of industry is quite as much the advancement of social well-being as the accumulation of wealth."

WHEN young Rockefeller visited Colorado, after the tragic labor troubles there, he alarmed the other members of his party by insisting upon going about the mines and visiting the workmen at their jobs and in their homes, entirely unprotected and unaccompanied. "Innocence is triple armor," said Shakespeare. Mr. Rockefeller feels in his heart and soul that he deserves no harm at the hands of his fellow-men and, consequently, he fears no harm. When he first testified before the Industrial Commission a body of New York City detectives was told off to guard him and to surround him in his comings and goings. He ordered very emphatically that such fuss and palaver cease. He had never employed a bodyguard before and he did not want one then.

Not only so, but when Mother Jones, the famous revolutionary, buttonholed him after he stepped from the witness-stand, he greeted her cordially, invited her to come and talk things over with him, later had a two-hour session with her, and publicly declared, "She knows a great deal about labor matters



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- Current Investment Guide**
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that I don't know." She, in turn, told reporters: "I used to call him a high-class burglar. I now know he isn't. I am sure he means to do right." Other Socialist leaders and fighters, such as Mrs. Bella Newman Silberman and Mrs. Gertrude Weal Kein, also found Mr. Rockefeller quite ready to talk with them when they waylaid him.

NEITHER Rockefeller, Sr., nor Rockefeller, Jr., has built Fifth Avenue houses or castles outrivaling Roman emperors'. The Rockefeller homes in New York would not attract the attention of a single passer-by. Within, too, they are not plastered with gold and glitter, or ornamented with any dazzling wealth of priceless objects. The food served is simple. None of young Mr. Rockefeller's children is pampered and indulged in every whim. The oldest child, an only daughter, wanted a gold wrist-watch, like the ones her playmates had, her watch being on a strap; but she was refused it, on the principle that she must not be allowed to get it into her head that she could have everything she wanted. "It's a hard job to help my children to overcome the handicap of wealth," he once remarked.

Both father and son take an extraordinarily detached view of their wealth. They carefully consider every penny spent for personal purposes. They do not feel that, simply because they have the power, they should indulge in luxury or ostentation. But when it comes to using wealth for worthy, unselfish purposes, "the number of ciphers they add to the initial figure doesn't seem to make any difference to them," as an intimate remarked.

I HAVE known numbers of very wealthy men who professed to be indifferent to the opinion of the public, but I have never known one who actually was indifferent. Neither are the Rockefellers. The father once impressed upon me that I must not represent him as resenting the many criticisms leveled against him, adding that it was perfectly natural that those who did not have much should feel as many of them do against those who have amassed large means.

A Standard Oil executive once told me that the son never interfered with the running of the company except that if any complaint were published about anything alleged to have been done, Mr. Rockefeller was sure to send it along with the request for a full explanation. He is anxious that the most punctilious care be exercised to have everything conducted so fairly and honorably as to eliminate all grounds for just criticism. Briefly, he wants the Standard Oil and all other companies in which the family is interested to do the right thing by everybody.

DR. WALLACE BUTTRICK, a member of the Rockefeller Foundation and associated with the Rockefellers for many years, says: "Young John is one of the most industrious, even-tempered, healthy, and approachable men in New York. He has not taken much to automobiling. He is an excellent horseman and he rides a great deal. He is a fine whip and drives a coach and four, or sometimes a dog-cart and a tandem, with ease and skill. He is a great reader and a diligent student of our modern problems. He is persistently expanding his father's views on all those matters. I have known 'Junior' since he was a boy, and I respect and like him, not because he is wealthy, but because, being wealthy, he regards his wealth as a trust to be employed in a wise and constructive way for the benefit of humanity."

IT WOULD not be stretching the truth to say that the subject engaging most of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s thought and reflection today is the attainment of more satisfactory, harmonious, and brotherly relations between employers and employees. Mr. Rockefeller confided to me that he has been conducting an extensive investigation into profit-sharing.

"I have always believed in the theory of profit-sharing," he said, "and with a view to ascertaining whether there is a sound and workable method of making the principle

effective, I am having an extensive investigation made into all sorts of profit-sharing plans and their results. The investigation so far reveals that a great many plans were received with enthusiasm when introduced, but did not work out well and were abandoned. However, we are still diligently investigating the whole ground covered, and, whatever the findings, I believe they will be of interest and value. So many novel questions arise as an effort is made to introduce the profit-sharing principle that the most

ago airily figured, basing their calculations on the high quotations for Standard Oil stocks, that John D. Rockefeller was worth over two billion dollars. The truth, as I understand it, is that his fortune is not anything like half that amount. At a guess I would say that it is nearer half a billion than a billion.

JUST what leads up to such gifts as \$100,000,000 announced in December year ago and the \$63,700,000 announced a month or two ago—the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial to benefit women and children?

As can be understood, the elder Rockefeller, at eighty-one, is very much less actively in touch with men and affairs than John D., Jr. Said the latter: "My mind dwells a great deal on the ways in which money may be helpfully used in assisting mankind in different parts of the world. The gifts my father makes are the result of months and often years of serious study supplemented by thorough investigation and research. Once those of us who are engaged in considering such questions are convinced that a certain thing involving a large amount of money ought to be done, I take the matter up with my father and make definite suggestions to him." Mr. Rockefeller added, smiling: "Sometimes he acts on our recommendations; sometimes he doesn't. He alone can determine how best to accomplish the broad purposes which animate him."

"I have three or four propositions before him now. Naturally, I am more in touch with great world-needs than he can be. As I see a need develop which affords opportunity for helpfulness, my associates and I take it up and have it investigated and developed. This constitutes a part of my work which may not generally be thought of."

ANOTHER pursuit in which Mr. Rockefeller takes special delight is spotting promising men. He contrives to see and rub shoulders with a great many people—"so as to have at my fingers' ends," as he expressed it, "men we may want for different positions. For some time I have been looking for the right kind of men to become directors of industrial relations in different organizations and for men having a grasp of the problems surrounding the human element in business. My father and I both realize that our ability to serve our day and generation is largely dependent upon securing the cooperation of men of big caliber and high purpose."

Mr. Rockefeller added that he ran across one man while doing war work, later induced him to take up the valuable work of going from plant to plant, studying the relations between workers and employers, and carrying from one concern to another information covering the most valuable features thus gathered. After a time this man was released to take charge of industrial relations in a large company in which Mr. Rockefeller was interested. Another man is now out doing research work so as to fit him for valuable practical service along similar lines.

EVERY man should accept and discharge his share of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, Mr. Rockefeller believes. It may be recalled that when he was chosen to serve on a grand jury to investigate vice conditions in New York, he threw his whole energy into the work and freely utilized the services of trained men to conduct both a national and an international investigation of the whole subject, with the result that a volume of tremendous value was compiled. During the war he worked like a Trojan, sometimes addressing three or four meetings a day in the training-camps where he slept and ate for days at a time.

So many duties and responsibilities does Mr. Rockefeller find pressing upon him that he once remarked to me, "My daily regret is that there aren't sixteen working hours in every day." He could utilize every moment of every one of them. Like Cecil Rhodes, he feels "so little done; so much to do."

Verily, the term "idle rich" does not apply to the richest young man of them all.

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profound thought must be employed if sound, scientific results are to be attained. It is easy enough to launch into the profit-sharing sea, but it seems to me vitally important that before embarking on it every effort be first made to chart the sea, map out the course, and be sure that it leads to the desired port.

LATELY I have devoted much time and study to some plans for enabling employees to become stockholders. Here also thorough investigation and study are essential to insure action that will prove satisfactory both to the workers and to the owners. The public is entitled to assume that any large concern adopting a plan for enlisting workers as stockholders has sifted every phase of the problem before taking action.

In this connection it may be added that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, regarded as originally the parent of all the other Standard Oil enterprises, recently announced a plan making it easy for employees to acquire shares on attractive terms. It will not be surprising, therefore, if similar action is taken as time goes on by other Standard Oil companies if this initial experiment works out successfully.

ANSWERING my question as to how he spends his time, Mr. Rockefeller further said: "I have to spend a great deal of time—far more than you would probably imagine—in considering problems arising in connection with the many companies we are associated with. While I am not a director in a single company, yet our interest in many cases is so substantial that the officers frequently seek consultation with us on various matters of policy, particularly matters invested with a public interest. In this sense, therefore, I devote a great deal of time to business, to the oversight of our investments and the policies of the companies we are heavily interested in."

IS IT not an illuminating commentary on Mr. Rockefeller's character that, although not a director of any corporation, he is chairman of the finance committee of the several Rockefeller organizations for the distribution of many millions of dollars annually? In this capacity he has the chief responsibility for investing enormous funds. While there are, of course, well-equipped organizations to carry out the purposes of the various Foundations, Mr. Rockefeller studies carefully the plans which others conceive and mature, and, as he remarked, "this requires no little thought and attention."

THE public make two mistakes about the Rockefellers. They underestimate the amount of money the Rockefellers have given away and they overestimate the amount the Rockefellers have left. While I don't know the figures, my estimate is that John D. Rockefeller has already given away as much as, or more than, he still has left.

The known Rockefeller gifts approximate \$500,000,000. The newspapers some time

The Welter of Hate

(Continued from page 36)

controlled railroad system has fallen into complete disorder that it is impossible to gather the cars, make up the train, and the wheat, and move it to the frontier.

You may learn in one country that such is the demand for coal that it would now be possible to work hitherto non-paying veins of its meager coal deposits, but that it has been impossible to arrange to get wooden mine props from a neighboring state which has no coal but a great wealth of timber!

THE great city of Vienna, the commercial gateway to the Orient, once the commercial as well as the political capital of an empire of 50,000,000 souls, the voluntary contributions of the American people feeding 150,000 children every day.

THOSE of us who had seen savage warfare in the Orient, who had been on the front in one or another of the great bombardments of the war, who had seen the mangled and dismembered bodies of men killed by enemy fire, who had looked upon the wastes of Flanders, where upthrust from the ground were the bones of men dead in the great struggle—none of us was ever more moved than when in Vienna the little children came clustering about us to hold our hands and thank us because we were Americans.

WE SAW children of eight and nine no taller than our own youngsters of five, and little girls of twelve or thirteen who could stand shoulder to shoulder and head to head with ours of eight and nine—but you have only to contrast their now rounder and redder faces with the pale and gaunt cheeks of their elders to know what the generosity of America has meant this year to the children of Central Europe. The picture in Vienna was more poignant, we want there more acute, perhaps, than elsewhere, but all Central Europe from Budapest to Riga is hungry or nearly hungry. Communism everywhere seems to be dead. The disordered societies are assuming something of the social order and the habits of industry which characterized them before the war. But they are poor, terribly poor, and must remain poor and hungry until they find the wherewithal to work, and so may work and earn their livelihood.

IN EASTERN Poland they make a compound of bran, straw, and flour that we could deem poor and rough nutriment for cattle—and call it bread. In Germany the people now eat something like half of what they ate before the war. In Berlin, even in the best hotels, you cannot have butter or sugar or milk or any food but the black mixture established by decree. The housewives are largely without cooking utensils because during the war they gave up their coppers to the government. In Italy and France the people are carrying a burden of taxation which presses upon industry and wars upon thrift. The governments (and that of course means the taxpayers) are maintaining great armies both of soldiers and of functionaries. A careful conjecture might place the French deficit for the ensuing year at thirty billion francs, and that of Italy at ten billion lire. In England there is an economic crisis as grave as that of the United States.

THE resumption of trade, the restoration of railroad intercommunication, the establishment of international credits, all obviously depend in large degree upon the mitigation of international hates. It is not merely that old enemies hate one another, but that old allies are moved by mutual rivalry and ill feeling. It is not only peoples who were engaged in the war who are imbued with bitterness, but the peoples of neutral countries as well.

THE mitigation of these hates, their actual abandonment, is made the more difficult because in some parts of Europe the hatreds have established frontiers upon no strategic, economic, geographic, or racial basis.

In one instance a frontier will be justified on the ground that it is historic and strategic

although it may include some hundreds of thousands or even some millions of people who, if they could, would join their kinsfolk across the border, and who thus create a continuing irredentist danger to peace.

In another case there will be a frontier which has been drawn without any consideration of the economic or strategic factors, on the ground that the majority of a mixed population is linguistically related to the people over on the other side of the mountain divide.

THE Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva did nothing which could not easily have been done by any international conference. Its political character and its tendencies were manifest enough—not to a hurried traveler, perhaps, but to those rather detached and impartial observers who sat in the American press gallery.

The little states, able to outvote the great states in the Assembly, sought to free themselves from the domination of the League Council, controlled by the great powers, while the great powers, whatever their differences among themselves, in a crisis united to defend their material or imperial interests from any control or influence by the action of the little states in the Assembly.

THE states which were neutral during the war resisted any movement to lay upon them obligations for the enforcement of the peace treaties or the difficulties arising out of their application. The two greatest powers represented had one real trial of strength upon an issue touching vitally their respective policies towards the vast Mohammedan populations which they now govern. It was manifest that a delegate who was able to speak only in English, and so was understood (until the interpreter had delivered his translation) by only twenty per cent of the Assembly, was at a great disadvantage in debate with a delegate who spoke French and was understood by eighty per cent of his fellows. M. Viviani's was the only personal triumph during the Assembly.

THE Assembly did nothing and it became evident that it could do nothing to set Europe on the road to reconstruction. There can be no economic reconstruction of Europe—even of Western Europe—until Central Europe finds the wherewithal to work and upon which to live.

There can be no reconstitution of Central Europe except as the means are found for the reconstitution of the economic life of Germany.

This is not going to be done by the adoption of international constitutions or by the signing of grandiose international contracts. Hate and unreasoning rivalry must make way for rational commercial relations. Armies must be reduced if trade is to be increased. Unless this is done, Europe will perish. She must help herself if we are to help her. If Europe will do this, a wise diplomacy, a commercial advantage to America and to Europe may be secured.

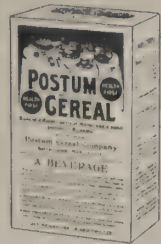
AMERICAN prestige and power in Europe are greater today than ever before.

Unbound by complex and conflicting political obligations alien to her interests, America in the field of economics, credits, and diplomacy can exercise an influence far greater and more beneficial than she ever could have wielded if the Senate had failed in its duty.

EUROPE is at last beginning to understand that Americans appreciate that although between them and Europe there is a community of interest there is by no means an identity of interest.

EUROPE is beginning to understand that America is not an inexhaustible storehouse of treasure and that if America is to grant credits and if America is to cooperate, it must be within the limits of sound judgment and of a prudent foreign policy.

WHAT is the one decisive factor in the future of mankind? H. G. Wells believes that one force, more than any other, must be reckoned with. See his "As Men Fight for Peace"—soon.

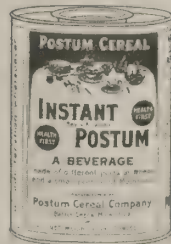
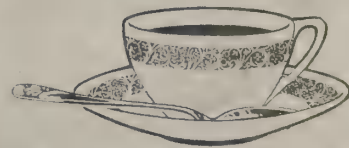


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big bell will ring," said Stowell. "That will be Alick coming for you. You must give me your hand and I'll take you down to him."

"How happy we shall be!" she said. "We shall go far away, I suppose—where nobody will know what has happened here?"

"Yes, but you must make no noise on going out, and not speak or call to anybody."

"But Mr. Vondy—he has been so good—I may stop and thank him?"

"He won't be here. I'll give him your message."

"But Mother—if I'm going so far away I must say good-by to her."

"No, I'm sorry—the steamer will sail immediately."

SHE looked again into his agitated face and then, raising her voice, she said:

"Mr. Stowell, you are deceiving me. I have not been pardoned. You are helping me to escape."

"Hush!"

But (again in a loud voice) she cried:

"Don't lie to me any longer. Tell me the truth!"

He hesitated for a moment, and then he told her. Yes, he was helping her to escape. He had tried to procure her pardon and failed, so he had determined to set her free.

WHILE Bessie listened to his tremulous voice she became a prey to a strange confusion. For days she had felt as if she hated this man, and now a mysterious feeling of warmth from the past came over her.

"But what about you?" she asked.

"I can take care of myself," he answered.

"But if anything becomes known after Alick and I have gone—"

"Nothing will become known."

"But if anything does, and you get into trouble—"

"Bessie," said Stowell (he was breathing hard), "I did you a great wrong a year ago—"

"No, that was as much my fault as yours. I have been praying and praying for pardon, but rather than run away now— No, I won't go!"

There was a moment of uneasy silence and then Stowell said:

"Bessie, Alick is waiting outside for you. He is ready to give up everything in the world for your sake. Are you going to break his heart at the last moment?"

"But I can't! I can't! I—I won't! And you shan't either. Mr. Vondy! Mr. Vondy!"

"Be quiet! Don't be a fool! Be quiet!"

SHE had tried to reach the door, and he had thrown his arms about her and was covering her mouth to smother her cries. She struggled with him but his strength was too much for her. Ceasing to shout, she began to moan, and then he tried to coax her.

"Come, girl! Trust me! I know what I'm doing. Pull yourself together. Stand up! It's nearly eleven. You'll have to walk to the gate presently. Come now, be brave!"

But her eyes had closed, and by the dim light from the grill he saw that she was lying insensible in his arms.

"Bessie! Bessie!" he whispered, but she was quite gone.

For a moment he was bewildered. Of all the chances that might prevent success this was the only one he had not counted with. But at the next instant his mind, which was working with lightninglike rapidity, saw a new opportunity.

"Better so," he thought, and laying Bessie on her bed he hurried back to the jailer.

"MR. VONDY! Mr. Vondy! Your prisoner is ill."

The jailer, who had fallen asleep after his supper, staggered to his feet.

"God bless my soul! And the doctor living at the other end of the town?"

"Never mind the doctor! Brandy! Quick!"

"There isn't a drop in the Castle, sir."

"Yes, there's a flask in my room. Take these"—giving him a bunch of keys—"and go for it."

"But where will I find it?"

"I don't know. I can't remember. Look everywhere—in every drawer, every cupboard."

"I will, Your Honor."

"Don't come back without it."

"I won't, sir," said the jailer, and picking up his lantern from the table he staggered off.

Stowell listened to the sounds of the old man's retreating footsteps until they had died away.

The Master of Man

(Continued from page 15)

"This will give more time," he thought. He knew he had sent the jailer on a fruitless errand.

IT WAS then five minutes to eleven. Returning to the cell, he picked up Bessie in his arms and carried her out of the prison. At first he was no more conscious of her weight than he had been of the weight of the sheep he had carried on the mountains—it was not for nothing he had been called a Viking.

But outside it was very dark and at every uncertain step his burden became heavier. In the open space, the Keep, between the

With the unconscious girl in his arms it was as much as he could do to open it. At last he did so. A pale face was outside. It was Gell's. "Take her—she has fainted." Not another word was spoken.

GELL, breathing rapidly, took Bessie into his arms, and carried her across the quay. Stowell watched him until he reached the gangway, and then the sea-mist hid him. He heard him walking on the deck, and then going, with heavy footsteps, down the cabin companion.

Stowell closed the Deemster's door, locked and bolted it and then turned back



Fenella visited the jail to see if Bessie might not perhaps have been pardoned.

main building and the outer walls, the fog lay thick as in a well, and it was as much as he could do to see one foot before him.

Over the wooden drawbridge his feet fell with a thudding sound, but he felt for the grass at the bottom of the stone steps, so that he should not be heard on the gravel path.

THERE was no sound except that of the fierce belching from the funnel of the steamer, the wash of the tide in the harbor, the boom of the sea in the bay and the monotonous blowing of the fog-horn.

He was making for the Deemster's private entrance and had no light to guide him except the borrowed gleam from the door to the Deemster's rooms, which the jailer in his haste had left open.

As he passed this door he heard the sound of the rapid opening and closing of drawers. The weight of the woman in his arms was becoming unbearable.

At one moment he saw the shadowy outlines of a white thing which the carpenters had erected against the walls. On coming into the Castle he had shuddered at it; now he wanted to laugh in its face.

THE damp air was chill and Bessie began to revive under it. At first she breathed heavily and then she made those low, inarticulate moans of returning consciousness which are the most unearthly sounds that come from human lips.

"Mr. Von— Mr. Von—"

Both arms being engaged, Stowell had to crush the girl's mouth against his breast to stop her cries. They ceased and she swooned again.

His burden was becoming monstrous. With a savage strength of will and muscle he struggled on. At length he reached the Deemster's door.

It was fastened as he knew, not only by the lock of which the key was in his waistcoat pocket, but also by three long bolts.

to the prison. Again he kept to the grass and was conscious of making his footsteps as light as possible.

On reaching the drawbridge he looked back and listened. The opening and closing of drawers was still audible. The funnel of the steamer was still belching invisible smoke, and the red sparks from the fires below were shooting through it. The tide was still washing in the harbor; the sea was still booming in the bay; and the fog-horn was still blowing on Langness. Save for these sights and sounds, everything was dark and silent within the great blind walls.

Then the clock in the tower struck eleven. Every stroke fell on the thick air like a blow from a padded hammer.

FIVE minutes passed. Stowell had returned to the cell, stretched out the brown prison blankets so as to give the appearance, in the dim light, of a body on the bed, and was now sitting in the armchair before the fire in the guard-room. His work was not yet done, and he was listening to the sounds outside. Until the steamer had sailed he must remain in the Castle to keep watch on the jailer. He was more sure than ever that he was doing God's work, but he was still behaving like a criminal.

Footsteps approached. The jailer entered, mopping his forehead.

"I can't find it, Your Honor, and I've searched everywhere."

"Never mind, Mr. Vondy. Your prisoner recovered from her attack and is now sleeping peacefully."

"Sleeping, is she? I'll take a look at her."

"Don't! I mean don't disturb her. Don't go into the cell."

"I won't, sir," said the jailer, from half-way down the corridor.

Stowell listened intently. Presently the jailer returned.

"Aw, yes, she's fast enough! Wonderful the way they sleep on the last night, sir."

Something you told her, perhaps. Has the telegram come, Your Honor?"

"No, and it won't come now. Eleven o'clock, they said. If it didn't come then I was not to expect it."

"Poor bogh! It will be a shocking thing when Duggie Taggart comes in the morning. I wouldn't trust but it will be a dead woman and itself we'll be taking out of the cell, sir."

"I wouldn't trust," said Stowell.

INSENSIBLY he had dropped into the Anglo-Manx. He had to find some excuse for waiting.

"It'll be a middlin' cold drive home, de friend—couldn't you make me a cup of coffee?"

"With pleasure, sir," said the jailer, and while the old man stirred the peats and hung the kettle on the slowrie, Stowell, listening at the same time to the voices without (the husky brogue of the Irish captain and the guttural croaking of the half-tipsy harbor-master) got him to tell the story of his appointment.

"It was thirty years ago, when I was coachman at Ballamoar in the 'Stranger' days—a wonderful kind woman your mother was, sir."

"Hurry up, boys. Bear a hand with that crank." The swing-bridge was being opened, the steamer was to go out in spite of the fog.

"I used to be taking her for drives in the morning, and it was always 'Thank you, Mr. Vondy! A beautiful drive, Mr. Vondy! Aw, gentry, sir, gentry born!'"

"Damn your eyes, let go that for'ard rope"—the captain was on the bridge.

WE HAD a young Irish mare in then days, sir, and coming home one morning in harvest, not more than a month before Your Honor was born, Illiam Christian (he was always a toot, was Illiam) started his new reaper in the road field just as we were passing the Nappin, and the mare bolted."

"Why the devil don't you take in the slack of that starn rope? Do you want me to come down and dump you overboard?" The funnels had ceased to roar and the paddles were plashing.

"I was a middling strong young fellow then, Mr. Stowell, sir, and if the mare pulled I pulled too, until one of the reins broke and me and I was flung off the box."

"Aisy does it! Take in that breast rope b'ys." The steamer was passing through the gate.

"I wasn't for letting go for all. Not me. Just holding on like mad, though I was tossing and tumbling on the road like a molla in a dirty sea."

"Half steam below there"—the steamer was opening the bay.

"I bet her at last, sir, and up she came at the Ballamoar gates blowing like smithy bellows at the nostrils and sweating tremendous, but quiet for all."

"Heave oh and away!"

"I was ragged and torn like a scarecrow and the Mistress was white as a sea-gull but never a scratch at her, thank God!"

"Bravo!"

"The Dempster had heard the yelling on the road and down he came in his dressing gown and slippers, trembling like a ghost. And when he saw it was all right with herself 'Mr. Vondy,' says he, with the water in his eyes, 'I'll never forget it, Mr. Vondy,' he says."

"And he didn't?"

"Deed no! Aw, a grand man, the ould Dempster, sir. Middling stiff in the upper lip, but a man of his word for all. And when Capt'n Crow had pegged out and this place became vacant he put me in for it."

STRAINING his powers of listening Stowell was still waiting for the whistle that was to tell him the steamer was clear away.

"Crow? That was Nelson's Crow wasn't it?"

"Nelson's Crow it was, sir. One-eye Crow, we were calling him. He was boat swain on the *Victory* and when the big man went down he was in the cockpit holding him in his arms. 'Will I die, Mr. Crow?' said Nelson. 'We had better wait for the opinion of the ship's doctor, sir,' said Crow."

SUDDENLY a long shrill whistle from distance. Stowell leaped to his feet and laughed—the steamer had gone.

"Ah, a real Manxman, wasn't he? Wouldn't commit himself, you see."

Then he slapped the jailer on the shoulder and said:

"So you've been here thirty years, old friend?"

"About that, sir," said the jailer.

"But do you know you wouldn't be here hours longer if I were to tell the Governor what you've done tonight?"

"Why, what's that, Your Honor?"

"Left a condemned prisoner without keys, or even without remembering to lock up and carry away the keys"—and he the keys of the cell on the table.

"God bless me, yes! I never thought of it. But it was Your Honor that sent me and Your Honor will not tell."

"Not I, old friend. But listen! Nobody on this island knows that I've been trying to get your prisoner's pardon, and now that it comes, it's better that nobody should know."

"So you'll say nothing to anybody about my being here tonight?"

"Not a word, sir. But you've done your duty for the poor bogh, and it's Himself will do you."

"It was not until Stowell was outside the door that he reflected that whatever else he had done in the morning the jailer would only fall into disgrace."

"I must find a way to make it up to him," he thought.

The quay was deserted and the berth of the tramp steamer was an empty space, in the fever of his impatience Stowell ran to the end of the pier to make sure the ship had gone.

The fog had lifted a little by this time; the wind was no longer blowing; and against the dark sea he could just make out the hull of the steamer going out of the harbor.

Farther away he saw the revolving light of the Languess, which was shooting red rays into the sky like breath from fiery lips. The night air was still cold but his head was perspiring.

Bessie would be recovering consciousness in time. "Where am I?" she would be asking. And then she would hear the throb of engines and the wash of the water, and see Alice by her side.

"Sail on! Sail on! Don't lose a moment." For a moment he lost sight of the ship's light (a mist was sweeping over the surface of the sea) and his anxiety became agony; but it reappeared at the other side of the lighthouse and his spirits rose again. She was steering northward.

"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

HE RETURNED to the town. In the thinning fog everything looked immensely large and frightening. He walked slowly in order not to attract attention, but met no one. Passing through the narrow streets he found nearly all the houses dark. Only two or three of the upper windows showed light, and from one of them, partly open, he heard the cry of a sick child.

But in a winding lane, close under the Castle, he came upon a cottage that was lighted up in the lower story, and loud with many voices. He recognized it as the house at which he had left Mrs. Collister, and understood what was happening. The old woman's Primitive friends were holding a prayer-meeting by her bedside in the kitchen to comfort her. A man was praying and many women were shouting responses.

"Save the sinner, O Lord!" (*Hallelujah!*) "She may be inside prison walls tonight, but show her the golden gates are always open." (*Hallelujah!*) "Remember Thy servant, her mother!" (*Aw yes, remember her!*) "Her soul is passing through deep waters." (*Deed it is, Lord.*) "Stretch out Thy hand as Thou didst to Peter of old and suffer her not to sink."

OUTSIDE the town Stowell had an impulse to run. He found his motorcar where he had left it and pushed it into the road. While lighting his lamp he thought he heard sounds from the direction of the Castle. Had the escape become known? He listened for anything that might denote alarm. There was nothing.

The Castle clock struck twelve. The fog had nearly gone now, and looking back he saw the great gloomy, forbidding fortress towering over the sleeping town. A few stars had appeared above it.

All was quiet. The condemned woman had escaped from Castle Rushen. There was nothing to show that he himself had been there.

With a last look back he started his engine and released his levers, and his car shot away.

BUT if Victor's crime is found out, how can he explain the fact that he, the very judge who sentenced Bessie to death, should risk so much to help her to escape? See Hearst's for May.

The Bathtub King

(Continued from page 19)

"Do you get the heterogeneous sucker! There ever been a folding toothbrush? No! That's where they bite! Think of no one's ever had one before. How do you know whether they want one until you've tried it? They've had a bicycle or a camera, but a folding toothbrush, Bill—think what it means! Get the sound of it! Bill, it's sunk into your imagination! You've got the hankering for it. You have. I can feel it!"

"Wall, now, I would sorter like to squint at it."

"And you shall," said Macnooder, reaching into his pocket. But at this moment he stopped, perceiving Skippy, who, lost in wonder, was listening, all ears.

"BEG your pardon, Doc. Honest, I couldn't help hearing," he said hastily. "This is a private conversation," said Macnooder severely.

"I say, Doc," said Skippy, gazing at the package which had come forth from an inner ket. "I say, Doc, can't I just have one of 'em at it?"

"You can not," said Macnooder, who assumed the gesture of the cruel father dismissing the hopeless lover in the latest melodrama. Skippy drew a long breath, hesitated, and at last slowly out. But what a world had he before him! It was something to be benefactor of humanity, but why not tap the wealth of the Incas! If the mere invention of a folding toothbrush could open the red precincts of Fifth Avenue, what joys beyond the dreams of avarice were in store for him who should revolutionize the bathtub!

His course of meditations suddenly halted before the Jigger Shop. They were all there, the fortunate possessors of jigs and nickels, gluttonously, selfishly, gorging themselves with juicy creamy peach ice and chocolate jiggers, clinking their spoons, licking their spoons—and he, John

C. Bedelle, the future Bathtub King, without a cent in his pockets! The irony of it! If they only knew, what sycophants would fawn upon him! Then an idea came to him (at such moments alone can man read the secret heart of humanity): this should be the test of true friendship.

He passed through the outer rapturous fringe of hungry boyhood and slowly approached the counter where Al, guardian of the jigger, dished out the jiggers and watched the counters with uneasy eye. Not that he had any hope, but that it was only fair to give even the most abandoned of them a sporting chance.

"Hello, Al!"

"I see you, Skippy."

The tone was not encouraging. Bedelle determined on direct methods. He turned his pockets deliberately inside out.

"You see?"

"Oh, yes, I see you."

"Anything doin'?"

"Nothing doin'," said Al, stroking his corn-colored mustache with that languid finality against which there was no appeal. "Nothin' at all."

"He has had his chance," said Bedelle to himself in gloomy pride. Yes, Al had had his chance, that one chance that comes unwittingly to every man—Al, who might have toured the world with him as his major domo, or his confidential valet.

"HELLO, Denis!" he said, perceiving the back of an enormous chocolate éclair the human anaconda that famine and opportunity had at this moment made of Finnegan, the discoverer of the double adjective.

"Hello, yourself!"

"How's the bank account?" said Skippy lightly, for etiquette forbade any reference to the half-dollar parted with on the Wednesday before.

"Why, bless my soul, you old Zockarooster! Are you setting them up?" said Brian Boru, pretending to misunderstand.



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Skippy disclaimed a reply. Al, after all, was but running true to form; but this was the basest ingratitude—the serpent's tooth in the fair landscape of friendship.

"If he'd at least offered to share that eclat I—I could—," said Skippy to himself, and then stopped in silence before the future Finnegan had thrown to the winds. For he liked Denis and Denis would have made such an ideal publicity man.

HE PASSED like a poor relation at a wedding feast, and as he passed with many a stammered hint, and eloquently pleading eyes, his faith in his kind began to ooze away. Of course it was the end of the month, yet of twenty friends who had fed from his hand, when his hand had been hospitable, not one stirred to the commonest of human impulses. And so, gloomy, alone, and misunderstood, like the young Napoleon among his school-fellows, John C. Bedelle, with the consciousness of future greatness, moved out from the uncomprehending crowd. At the door Toots Cortelle, arrived with unmistakably jingling pockets and seeing him, cried with the zest of young hunger certain of gratification:

"Hullo, Skippy, old sockbutts!"

"Couldn't lend me a quarter or a dime, could you?" said Skippy solemnly.

"Why not?"

"You can, Toots—honest?"

"With ease and pleasure. This is the way it is done," said Toots, who proceeded to transfer a quarter from his pocket to the astounded Skippy, with the classic manner of a prestidigitator.

"What's happened?" said Skippy, feeling that the situation demanded some explanation.

"Maiden aunt and birthday," said Toots joyfully. "Al, take Mr. Bedelle's order and make mine a triple jigger of coffee with chocolate syrup!"

WHEN, ten minutes later, gorged and sated, with his faith in humanity somewhat restored, Skippy separated from his benefactor, he turned to Toots and said solemnly:

"Old friend, I shall remember this!"

"All right—turn about's fair play. Ta-ta and so long," said Cortelle, all unsuspecting of the future Destiny had built up for him.

"Yes, some day I shall remember," said Skippy solemnly to himself.

And as he trudged back to his room at the Kennedy, there to map out the future operations of the Bathtub Trust, he allowed his imagination to dwell delightfully on that momentous future date when the debt of friendship should be paid. He saw himself in a gorgeous marble-lined office, protected by an outer fringe of obsequious secretaries, a box of expensive cigars on his shining mahogany desk, and before him in respectful attention Toots Cortelle—Cortelle grown a man, but worn and wasted with the buffeting years; and he saw the light of hope sprinting upward in the tired eyes as he heard himself saying:

"Cortelle, once long ago you did something I told you I should remember. You have forgotten it. I never forget. For that I am going to put you in charge of my whole South American trade at a salary—," Here Skippy paused, somewhat perplexed, before continuing, awed at his own munificence, "At a salary of over three thousand dollars a year!"

BUT just as Toots with tears in his eyes was starting to grasp his hand, Skippy's foot tripped over a step and he rolled ignominiously down the terrace and fetched up in a heap among the gravel.

"Oh, please do it again!" said the voice of Snorky Green from an upper window.

"You go to blazes!" exclaimed Skippy, rising wrathfully.

But all at once his anger left him. Snorky Green was his roommate and partner of his secrets, and the secret that had been locked up within him these last momentous hours simply had to be told.

Ten minutes later Snorky Green was standing in a daze, one hand on an open Bible (taken for the occasion from the room of the Pink Rabbit), and gazing into the flushed countenance of his roommate, who was saying:

"Snorky, you are a Christian?"

"Say, what do you—"

"No matter—you believe in God?"

"Sure I do."

"Then swear!"

"Swear what?"

"Swear never to reveal to man, woman, or child what I am about to disclose to you."

"I swear!"

"As I am a Christian and believe in God—"

"As I am a Christian and believe in God."

"And if I do may God strike with his afflictions those I love best—"

"Oh, I say!"



WHO but a professional humorist could so completely ignore the photographer's cheerful behest to "look pleasant, please"? Few would suspect this serious-minded artist to be F. Strothmann, whose skillful brush has so deftly caught the humor of Uncle Walt Mason's articles and added to it a whimsical touch that is wholly his own—as in his pictures for "I Dig Up Old Bones"—in *Hearst's for May*.

"Say it."

Snorky reluctantly subscribed to the terrible oath and five minutes later the Secret was his.

"Great Jehoshaphat!"

"Do you see it?"

"Do I see it?" Snorky tore from his throat the collar that was stifling him. "My aunt's cat's pants!" he said solemnly, "Skippy, we'll be billionaires!"

"We'll buy a yacht and live on Fifth Avenue," said Skippy, who for sentimental reasons suppressed any reference to Lillian Russell.

"SAY, this is so big we've got to take every precaution," said Green, whose imagination was on more practical lines. "No one must even suspect until we've got this drawn up and patented."

"That's what worries me."

Snorky Green cautiously opened the door and investigated the hall; then, returning, he drew up his chair and said in a confidential whisper:

"Skippy, when this goes through every bathtub in the country will go in the scrap heap. Think of that!"

"I have thought of that."

"It'll do what the pneumatic tube did to the bicycle."

"What the trolley did to the horse-car!"

"It's revolutionary."

"It is."

"Enormous!"

"Stupendous!"

They shook hands and Skippy, bursting with happiness, said impulsively:

"Old friend, whatever I make—you're down for half."

"No, no. Two-thirds to you—one-third to me," said Snorky, as Cæsar putting from him the proffered crown.

"I won't have it—share and share alike," said Skippy in a rush of emotion.

"But, Skippy, do you realize what even one-third will mean?" said Snorky, in a voice trembling with the vision of the future. He went nervously to the desk and returned with pad and pencil. "Write down these figures."

"Ought we to?"

"We'll destroy it afterward. Put down 92,000,000."

"What's that?"

"The population of the United States."

"I see—ninety-two it is."

"Divide that by—by—well, let's be conservative."

"It's better."

"LET'S say there's one bathtub to every fifty-five inhabitants."

"I think that's too conservative."

"We mustn't let our imagination run away with us," said Snorky. "One in fifty and then we're safe."

"Well, let's say 2,000,000 bathtubs," said Skippy, who disliked figures, but who yielded to the first promptings of avarice.

"So be it. Two million bathtubs and on every tub our royalty!"

"What'll we ask?"

"What do you suppose a bathtub averages?"

"Say fifty dollars, at ten per cent. That would be five dollars coming to us."

"Five dollars; but, Skippy, isn't that exorbitant?"

"You forget we'll be in a position to dictate."

"Holy Maria!"

Under "2,000,000" he wrote the figure five and slowly noted the colossal result.

"Do you realize what that means?"

"It means \$10,000,000!"

"No, it means more than that—it means that if the Bathtub Combine came to us today and offered us a million dollars—it would be suicide to accept it!"

Skippy's eyes dilated with excitement. Slowly he tore the sheet of paper in two.

"Burn it—take no chances," said Snorky, who proceeded to light a match.

"And that's only the United States," said Skippy in a whisper.

"There's Canada and the British Empire!"

"But Englishmen carry rubber tubs with them."

"They can be educated."

"The French don't bathe," said Skippy mournfully.

"That'll come."

"HOLY cats! Rockefeller won't be in it!" said Skippy, who was suffocating.

"Snorky, what I said goes. Money isn't everything. No—sentiment's bigger. Fifty-fifty I said and fifty-fifty it stands!"

"Then I'll put money into it," said Snorky, clasping hands. "I'll go to my father. But not now—not a word until we get the patent. If anyone gets the idea we're lost!"

Skippy jumped at the sound of Butsy White's elephantine descent of the stairs.

"And, Skippy," said Snorky Green, with a sudden realization of his chum's frailties, "whatever you do—never tell a woman. You understand?"

Skippy blushed but solemnly raised his hand.

"I swear."

"Now to be practical: I say, Skippy, we've got to invent the regulator, you know."

WHEN, after a dream-ridden night, Skippy started across the campus to morning chapel, the urchin's wobble had gone from his legs forever. He walked with firm and measured tread, shoulders thrown back and head erect, every inch a man, and his glance was set on the future with proud recognition of his place in the complex scheme of things. The imagination which returns even after the sense of humor was still drowsy with the painful waking effort in chapel, but as he proceeded to Memorial Hall, the glittering future approached a little nearer. Some day he, John C. Bedelle, would return to the old school a patron and a benefactor!

"THEY should have a gymnasium," he thought, appraising the campus in a burst of generosity. "I'll give it to them. I'll give them a gym that'll beat anything

hollow. I'll have the finest architect in country. I will, and when it's all built ready to dedicate—," But all at once he started to visualize himself before applauding crowd Snorky Green jogged elbow:

"Skippy, I think I've got it!"

"What?"

"Sh—sh! You know—the inventor! Meet me in the room after first recitation. Mum's the word!"

A little unworthy feeling of jealousy came to Skippy at this announcement; almost feeling of having been defrauded. Yet all he had only himself to blame. The temptation of the future had beguiled him from the present necessity. He slid into seat, conveniently protected by the back of Tubby Banks from the search gaze of Lucius Cassius Hopkins, better known as the Roman, who presently would number him among the flunked. Then with the attack centered among the R's and S's, across the room, he drew forth a pen and attacked the problem of a practical regulator. But immediately the deplorable deficiency of his education struck him. With preparation had he for his life's vocation. Of mathematics he knew absolutely nothing—the years had been thrown away on Latin, English, French verbs, and the vexatious grammars.

"I MUST have a scientific education," said to himself, drawing rough outlines on the margin of Caesar's Gallic Wars. "How in the deuce am I going to begin? foot's sort of different. Shall I make a button to press on or a sort of slipper push up and down?" There was a cut of a famous bridge across the Rhine, but a hurried examination brought him no comfort. He looked over at Snorky across the aisle and Snorky winked back at him in triumph of achievement. Still, if Snorky was to share in the fabulous returns, it was only right that Snorky should contribute the practical details. The truth must be told that Skippy in his calmer mood had already begun to regret the impulse of the day before. Five million dollars after was a good deal to give away in a gesture even to a chum of chums.

"What the deuce got into me?" he thought gloomily. Until that moment the sin of corruption of money had been foreign to nature, but all at once a change came to outlook. "Gee, even a third would have been a whale of a sum!"

HE ROSE and flunked horribly in an attempt to classify an ablative absolute and answered "unprepared" when the Roman, maliciously pressing his advantage, insisted on his translating. Then with sudden dignity he strode to the blackboard with the B's the C's and the D's and flunked once more on the conjugation of an irregular verb. What time was this for trivial anxieties when his whole soul was rent with thought of two and a half millions which had squandered for a moment's sentimental impulse! He was not ashamed of that impulse—no. But, all the same, Snorky, if he had finer feelings, would never have abused his generosity!

"What's the matter?" said the chums when, recitations over, they had gained the secrecy of their bedroom. "V look positively bilious."

"I didn't sleep much," said Skippy, eyes him with intuitive disfavor.

"Well, for Heaven's sake brace up; you look as though you'd swallowed a porcupine!"

"All very well for you to cheer up! Skippy thought to himself. It hurt; there was no turning from it. It did hurt. What a blunder he had made!

"I could have hired him on a salary," thought gloomily. But of course now there could be no backing out.

WELL, now what have you worked out?" said Snorky joyfully.

"I? My mind has been concentrating on the business organization."

"Gaze on this!" Snorky proudly brought forth a diagram which to Skippy's bewildered gaze looked like the cross-section of a switchyard. "Do you get it?"

"What's this?"

"That? Why, that's the bathtub, you chump!"

"It doesn't look like any bathtub." "You're in it, looking down—see, this the line of the water. Here's the hot and cold—"

"But this and that—"

"That's your legs, of course. You're

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the tub looking south. Your legs stick out, and these are the foot regulators—"

"They look like feet."

"They are feet—that is, your feet stick in 'em."

"But how does it work?"

Snorky produced another scrawl.

"This is a cross-section, you see. Works both ways. This you work with your hands. Then you turn it on here with this catch, and your foot regulators come into play—see?"

"It's awfully complicated."

"Ought to be."

"Why?"

"Cause if you just had an attachment to put on the spigots, you mightn't get more than a dollar a tub."

"He's thinking of the money, too," thought Skippy, darkly.

"You don't seem enthusiastic."

"No-o-o."

"I say, Skippy, you aren't natural," said Snorky in alarm. "You don't look at me as you used to. What is it? Out with it now."

"Well," said Skippy slowly, "I said fifty-fifty and I stick to it; fifty-fifty, because I am a man of my word, but I think there ought to be a limit. . . ."

TEN minutes later when Snorky's infectious laugh had restored his sense of humor, Bedelle, Incorporated took up the transactions of business again—the discussion of the profits having by mutual consent been adjourned to a later session.

"Skippy, old top, I'm thinking we've got to get expert advice," said Snorky after a morning of fruitless discussion.

"You mean—"

"I mean Doc Macnooder or the Tennessee Shad."

"I'm afraid so, too. This is bigger than us."

"It's a hard choice."

"It is—and we've got to be protected."

"You bet we've got to be protected."

"Well, if we must choose between Macnooder and the Shad, which would you rather trust?"

"Trust no one," said Snorky, finding it impossible to establish a distinction. "And say, Skippy—oaths on the Bible are all right, but if we're going to let Macnooder in on this he's got to sign a paper."

"Right-o!" said Skippy, with whom a little of Bill Appleby's mistrust remained. "A paper's the thing!"

THAT afternoon, after due ceremony, the door was closed and locked and Doc Macnooder inducted into an easy-chair. Skippy, producing the Bible, said firmly:

"Doc, you've got to take the oath, never to reveal to man, woman—"

"But I'm a Unitarian," said Macnooder, examining the King James Version.

The point was debated and passed over. Snorky then produced a formidable document tied in green ribbons with large wax seals, stamped with a cameo stick-pin.

"You'll have to sign this, too."

"Sign what?"

Snorky read rapidly:

"I, Doc Macnooder, in my third-form year, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, hereby testify that on this date, the 12th day of June, 1896, the information written on the back of the present sheet of paper was communicated to me by John C. Bedelle, the rightful and lawful inventor, and the document does hereby establish all his rights. Signed . . ."

"Yes, but what's on the other side?" said Macnooder, with rising curiosity.

"That can only be communicated to you after your signature."

Macnooder was wary, but Macnooder was inquisitive. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully and considered.

"Is Dink Stover in this, or the Tennessee Shad?" he asked cautiously.

"Not a soul besides us two has the slightest suspicion."

"All right then—I'll sign."

"SKIPPY, you tell," said Snorky Green generously; "the glory is yours."

"It's an invention that's got to do with a bathtub, with all bathtubs," said Skippy, with a sudden faintness of confidence before the professional agnosticism which Macnooder, the man of affairs, now assumed by crossing his legs and donning a large horn-rimmed pair of spectacles.

"You see, Doc, what's the matter with all the bathtubs of today," said Skippy, picking up courage. "Your head's at one end and the faucets are at the other—and that's an awful distance!"

"Good point!" said Macnooder, nodding.

"Now when you want to let in the cold water you've got to sit up, reach down and turn it on, and that's cold and chilly and drafty as the mischief, isn't it?"

"That's a very strong point," said Macnooder, who began to see.

"NOW, if you could only turn the faucets with your toes, you could lie quietly under the hot water, couldn't you? . . . But you can't—but you could if you had foot regulators. And isn't it the simplest thing in the world to have foot regulators? Only no one has ever thought of it before."

"Think what it would do to the bathtub industry, Doc," said Snorky, who felt the preceding explanation had failed to illuminate properly the epochal quality of the invention. "Why, Doc, we'd have 'em by the throat. We'd put every bathtub out of existence."

"At first sound," said Macnooder, who kept his glance on the end of his pencil, not to reveal how much his imagination had been stirred. "At first sound it interests me strangely. Skippy—Mr. Bedelle, your hand, and my congratulations."

"Oh, I say, Doc," said Skippy, with a lump in his throat. "You really do believe in it, don't you?"

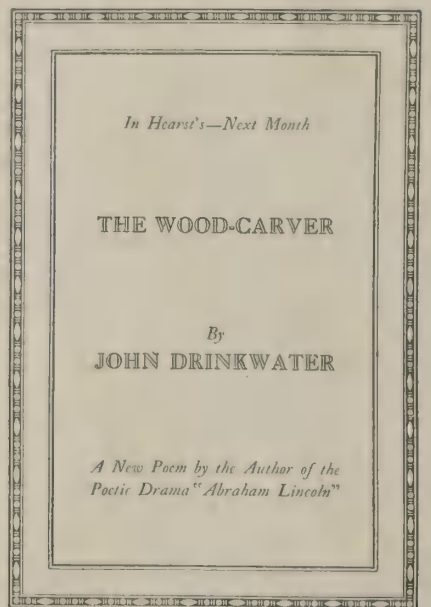
"My boy, there are gold mines in it," said Macnooder carefully. "The wealth of the Sultan is nothing to it, or—it isn't worth a plugged nickel."

Skippy and Snorky exchanged glances of sudden dismay.

"I SHALL write for catalogues first. I may have to conduct a personal investigation at the patent office—and of course I must look at all possibilities. The idea is revolutionary," said Macnooder, reviving their spirits. "Mr. Bedelle, nothing can deprive you of that distinction and glory. Your fame is secure. But the bank account? Can we protect ourselves against pirating? Can the Bathtub Combine avoid in any way, shape or manner, being forced to treat with the owners of the Bedelle Foot Regulator? That's what I must carefully consider. Gentlemen, one week from today you'll have my answer."

"Then if it's all right you will take it up, Doc?"

"If everything is all right we incorporate, Bedelle, patent the foot regulator, organize a stock company and I shall accept the posts



of President and Treasurer, with fifty-one per cent of the stock."

"Fifty-one per cent, Doc!"

"My invariable terms; the responsibility and the control must be mine. I don't ask fifty-two per cent, or fifty-three per cent. I ask only protection. Take it or leave it."

SKIPPY gazed at Snorky, who pondered a long while, but Macnooder's professional manner sank deep in their imaginations. "You don't trust us!" said Skippy sorrowfully.

"Business is business!" said Doc, pointing to the documents he had signed. "Did you trust me?"

"I sort of expected we'd all go cahoots," said Skippy reluctantly.

"Fifty-one per cent, gentlemen, or good day," said Macnooder, pompously.

"Take it," said Snorky.

Skippy drew a long breath. It had been a

day of disillusion, and the millions which had slipped away were simply incredible. Truly the lot of the inventor was hard!

"Well," said Macnooder, rising and shaking his cuffs, "is it or is it not?"

"It is," said Skippy heavily.

"And now, gentlemen," said Macnooder briskly, "I make no promises. I shall examine the scheme ruthlessly, without sentiment or prejudice—but perhaps, likewise, knows! Gentlemen, your hands. This moment may be historic!"

Caught by the sudden inspiration of the idea that history might some day look back to these humble beginnings, with a common gesture they rose and clasped hands.

BEDELLE, INCORPORATED! John C. Bedelle, the Bathtub King! For a full, delicious week Skippy sailed into the future on the magic carpet of his imagination. He dreamed through the long dull hours of recitations; he dreamed when, huddled in a sweater, he watched the scurrying of the baseball candidates; he dreamed over the prunes at breakfast and the prune whip at night, and in his soft and delicious bed he lay awake for hours planning out the disposal of his future wealth.

The week ended. At precisely five o'clock in the afternoon, with that fine sense of ceremony that was his, Doc Macnooder knocked at the door and entered.

"Well!" said Snorky Green and Skippy in joyful chorus.

"Your hats and follow me!" said Macnooder solemnly.

The tone sent a chill down their backs. Silently, already prepared for a great catastrophe, they filed across the campus, to the Upper House. Not a word had been spoken.

"We will examine the Fourth Form Baths," said Macnooder, in the same lugubrious voice.

UTTERLY and instinctively without hope Skippy clutched his roommate's arm and stumbled down the stairs. Something was coming, something that meant the end of all! Macnooder, entering the first bathhouse, flung back the door and pointed to the bathtub.

"Mr. Bedelle, there is your answer!"

"Jerusalem! The faucets are in the middle!" said Snorky, recoiling with a gasp.

"The Bathtub Combine has us beat!" said Macnooder. "If we patented the Foot Regulator every bathtub in the country will have the spigot fastened in the middle."

"Why in Sam Hill didn't you think of that?" said Snorky, turning indignantly on the inventor. He kicked at the offending tub, scowled at Skippy and deserted on his spot.

"And this is the friend I'd have made a millionaire!" said Skippy to himself in the bitterness of his trial.

"YOU see, bo?" said Macnooder, descending from his pedestal, as he perceived how the revelation had crushed the young imagination.

"I see, Doc."

"It's no use, is it?"

"No—they've got us beat!"

"Now, old sport," said Macnooder kindly, "don't mope about it. Your ideas are all right and I'm here to keep you practical. Better luck next time, but come to me."

"Thank you, Doc," said Skippy, through whose dimmed eyes the strange bathtub rolled towards him like a juggernaut. He escaped and went dizzily across the campus and sat on the steps of Memorial Hall gloomily gazing out at the dotted recreation fields. The great Bedelle gymnasium, which but yesterday was outlined in splendor against the sky, was now cinders and dust. Fifth Avenue, farther off than Africa, and a for Lillian Russell!

"Looking all over for you, Skippy," said a familiar voice.

Before him stood Toots Cortrelle.

"Oh, it's you!" he said heavily.

"Are you flush? I thought if you were that quarter, you know. You said—"

"I said I should remember," said Skippy with a hollow laugh. "There was just twenty cents in his pockets that an hour ago had been filled with millions. He drew it out and tendered it."

"Here's the best I can do, Toots. I'll try to get the other nickel to you tomorrow."

"THE Bathtub King" is the first of the delightful new series of Lawrenceville stories. In the next our friend Skippy recaptures the joy of living. Coming soon—in Hearst's.

The Woman God Changed

(Continued from page 35)

"You can step down, McCarthy," the district attorney said. And turning to the court he spread out his hands. "The case of the people rests."

"The case for Anna Janssen rests," countered Howard Donegan.

FOR a long time there was a pause, that was accentuated into uncomfortable drama by the ticking of the court clock. It was as though an angel of silence were passing. The jury looked uncomfortable. The district attorney bit his nails. The spectators looked at one another in mental disorientation. It might have been the first

self admits it. So I must instruct you to bring in a verdict of guilty."

THE jury looked at one another, amazed, a little scared. They turned to the foreman, a fine florid personage, with a fan-shaped red beard, a man who ought to be equal to every occasion, so it seemed. They turned to him as a sheep turns to a bellwether. He rose to his feet.

"But this woman is changed," he objected. "She is not the same—"

"That is not germane to your offices," the judge answered severely. "You weigh facts. I weigh Justice. Your affair is between Alastair de Vries and Anna Janssen. De Vries is now in the hands of his God. Janssen is in mine. Though I am the arbiter of legal form, yet also I am the personation of Equity. God has judged De Vries; I, with the voice of God, shall judge Anna Janssen. Consider your verdict."

"If we bring in a verdict of 'not guilty'—" the foreman suggested.

"If you do"—the judge was cold as steel—"you have done an unpardonable thing. You have betrayed the people of New York, whose representatives you are. You have brought into disrepute the law of your city. And women will kill men with the hope of obtaining lax verdicts. Moreover, on legal grounds, I shall declare this no trial. And the prisoner will go through the ordeal again."

"Well, if that's the way—" The foreman looked around embarrassedly at the jury. The jury seemed to put implicit faith in him. "We will have to leave the box!"

"Clerk of the Court," called the judge. . . .

"PRISONER, look on the jury. Jury, look on the prisoner. What say ye, have ye arrived at a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say ye: is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, this woman killed De Vries, but—"

"Guilty or not guilty?" judge demanded.

"Guilty!"

"PRISONER"—the judge turned to Janssen—"you have committed a murder. You have been adjudged guilty of it by a jury of your peers."

"It is now my duty to sentence you to a punishment not fitting the crime of murder but fitting such circumstances before and after as come within the scope of the foresight of Equity. You have taken a life and your life is hostage to the law."

"It now rests with me to decide what I shall do with this life that is in my hands and forfeit to the justice of the community; not only what is the best thing for the community, but what is the best thing for you. Shall I extinguish it, that it shall be no longer a danger to living men, a danger to your own immortal soul? Or shall I dispose of it otherwise, as my inspiration directs?"

"Prisoner, I give you back that life, but I sentence you to imprisonment for its natural term."

THERE was a moment's pregnant silence in the court. Then a quick bourdon hum of anger. Suddenly came riot. The prisoner wilted. The jury stood up in protest. The spectators rose on threatening feet.

The judge raised his hand. He was suddenly clothed in the majesty of Solomon.

"Prisoner, I have made inquiries and there is owing to your husband his salary for ten years, which he will collect. He will then take you and have this marriage made legal. He will then take you from the place where you now are to the place whence you came, to your island down the Pacific, and you will live there, happy ever after is the wish of this court of justice."

There came suddenly from the throats of all a mighty cheering. For an instant the attendants sought to keep order but they soon desisted, themselves to join the joyous clamor. The sound belled from the courtroom and into the street. Pedestrians stopped and horses started. All looked at one another in amazement. Out of the courtroom of tragedy had issued spring-time carnival. One expected at any moment to hear chiming bells. . . .

KATE of the Fighting MacSherrys believed in fair play—but Angelo never expected she'd apply it to love! See "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Donn Byrne. Coming soon.



You have been adjudged guilty . . .
by a jury of your peers."

ND then her belief came to me and I turned to see the great turtle. He swam and around and the moon shot the ripples in gleaming silk. And at last I d bear it no longer, and I lowered my head; but Janssen still watched with her head And I could feel her hands tremble, then crisp, and then tremble, and suddenly grow firm and fine and powerful. "Look, McCarthy, look!" Her voice like a bell. "He is come to—he is he rock."

ERE McCarthy stopped and all knew he would say no more. In- d, it seemed as if he could physically no more, for the man seemed over- ue. All the tenseness of him was e and the prisoner and he looked at h other in a strange, pathetic, and sting way, smiling with dry mouths wet eyes. All in the courtroom felt denly abashed, as a cynic might feel ore the eyes of a child.

nd suddenly in everyone's mind re were translated his simple words, nd so we were married, and dwelt happy as we could be," into pictures t were not pictures but chords, harmony counterpoint, not for the mind's eye, for the heart's feeling. There they had n by a cove on Paradise Island, loving h other not joyously, but simply and cerely and with great strength.

They could see them, strong and fine, by translucent water of the cove, under the den sun on the golden sands, in a place as utiful as the garden the Lord God planted Eden. And as over that first garden so er this one did a storm brood like an owl.

WHAT terrors she must have gone through, with the prison gate continually before r! What temptations must he have under- ne with his wife by him, and the thought in s head that one day he must bring her back stand trial for the killing of a man! In God's name what was the use to them shining seas and golden sands, trees green green banners, moons of Paradise and nted tropic winds, while tragedy was in e air, electric as a storm?

bar of justice with no precedent to follow, no set of rules, so suddenly had all the machinery stalled. Only Howard Donegan drowsed on. . . .

THE judge was the first to come to himself. He rustled papers. He rapped for order. He turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the case for the people rests and the counsel for the prisoner rests his case also. It has now arrived to make a decision."

"You jurymen have only one duty to perform, and a bounden duty it is. You have got to decide one fact. Did Anna Janssen kill Alastair de Vries?"

"Were Anna Janssen before you, the lowest of the low, gutter-soiled, evil, a menace to the community, and did not kill De Vries, then you would have to bring in a verdict of 'not guilty,' no matter how much enmity you felt to her. No matter what she is before you now, no matter what sympathy you feel for her, you must bring in a verdict of 'guilty' if you are certain she killed De Vries. "Now, gentlemen, there can be no reasonable doubt of this. Even the prisoner her-

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he'll checkmate her at it. The thing for the girl to do is to pack the stuff up, wait for a vessel, and take it to safety. You and I can guarantee her that much."

"You fail utterly to see the point," he told me, and would say no more.

AT THIS day I am unable to recall distinctly just when Peggie began to tell me about her father and her girlhood. The first distinct words that stick in my mind were, "Mother knew the secret from her mother and before she died she told me. It was right here on Hollister that my grandfather used to come to get his money."

"Money?" I echoed, startled.

Peggie laughed softly. "They called it money in those days, but it was only round stones. You know the coral islands have no stones on them. They used stones to make their tools and their weapons, you know. For some reason one could find them on the beach of Hollister. So in the old times the chiefs made this island *tabu* and only visited it when they wanted stones for coin, or to make clubs out of, or hammers, or other things."

I roused myself. I had heard more than once of this practice in the days before Europeans introduced metal money, and I was aware that still, in many places in the South Pacific, round stones are valued very highly and used in exchange.

"So that's the origin of the gossip about treasure on Hollister," I said.

Peggie nodded.

AND after stones weren't used any more, the *tabu* still remained. Mamma and Papa came here to live when I was only a year old, because some disease had got a foothold in the other islands, a hundred miles to windward, and they feared I would take it and die. The *tabu* kept other people off. Then Mamma and Papa needed money and Mamma sent Papa off in the canoe with the rest and spent three days in *kahuna*. When Papa saw her signal flying on the peak here he came ashore and Mamma handed him enough gold to pay everything he wanted."

"Not stones?" I croaked, stifling in the darkness.

"Gold," she said simply.

I tried to laugh.

"Buried treasure?"

She made no response and I peered at her. I saw that her eyes were fixed on something far below and invisible to me. I leaned closer, trying to catch the line of her gaze. Then I felt my flesh prickle. Down the long, easy slope of the peak a dim, shadowy form danced, like a dusty flame. It showed, faded, vanished.

"I see it!" I whispered.

I felt her slim fingers touch mine. "I knew it!" she murmured. "Papa never saw it. But Mamma told me that some day a man would come who would see it, just as I do."

"And then?"

Peggie rose with an utterly altered manner. Her voice was cool and civil.

"I've kept you up here a ridiculously long time with my reminiscences," she said. "You must be dreadfully bored."

NO MORE could I get out of her than mere formalities, and while we walked down to the house I cursed myself for not being shrewder. Something in my tone or my attitude had frozen her up on the very point of enlightening me. The only satisfaction I had was the wretched one of having seen an illusory figure dancing in air—a hallucination, of course.

I proved poor company for Garfinkle that night and went off to sleep on the beach. But even there, within the range of the soft spray, my thoughts refused to be calmed and raced on over the tangled matters of the day. At two o'clock I sat up and rubbed my eyes. I was entirely alone. The vista around me was perfectly visible, even to the smallest details, in brilliant starlight. But a hundred yards away, twisted over like a thing in agony, a dusty, smoldering form floated, distinct and unmistakable. My hair rose on my scalp. It drifted down like a shred of smoke, soared, faded. I peered breathlessly and saw nothing more. The grass waved silently in the breeze, the creeper sprawled over a smooth hillock and a coconut lay like a boulder in a dark hollow.

I TOLD nothing of my experience the next day and spent it going over accounts with Garfinkle and Peggie. In the evening I asked her to accompany me up the peak; but

The Golden Witch of Hollister

(Continued from page 8)

she excused herself and retired. So I went up alone, sat long and saw nothing. But on my way down, outside the beaten path, I stumbled against an object hidden in the grass and picked up a small, water-washed stone about the size of my fist.

"So this is the money the native chiefs used to gather," I thought, and put the pebble in my pocket.

By the light in the hut I examined it. I can still feel the thrill that ran up my spine when I perceived what lay in my hand. For that instant I thought I had solved the mystery of Hollister Island: the stone, though rounded fairly well by the action of

voice. "You found the stone. You saw the flame." A sudden note of passion surged in her tones. "There is no time to lose!"

A SOUND struck my ears. I listened intently, thrust my hand through the grass that curtained the window. The yellow light of an overcast sky showed through and a gust of tepid, briny wind extinguished the lamp.

"By heaven, it's going to blow a hurricane!" I gasped.

The girl smiled magnificently. "All night I made my magic," she said simply. "But we must make more. See!"



"All night I made magic," said Peggy simply. "The storm will come!"

water, was quartz. In it lay an extremely thin thread of metal—gold beyond a doubt.

But my heart had resumed its normal beat. The sackful of unheated nuggets lay in the corner, silent testimony that no quartz mine had ever worked on the island. And I also knew, by my brief exploration of Hollister, that it was preposterous to think that a vein of quartz, or any like rock existed on it. The soil of the whole place was detritus from the peak, which was a soft, volcanic tufa.

"THIS stone doesn't belong on this island," I told myself at last. "It was brought here."

The pebble I held in my hand was rounded by the action of water. It had lain a thousand yards up the slope, clean out of reach of the surf. The mystery was no nearer a solution. I stood staring at it, when a slight sound roused me.

I glanced up.

Peggie Fosdick stood in the doorway, but no such girl as I had known. The modish clothes were gone, the air of quiet artifice, the attitude of restraint. Instead there stood in the growing light a girl bare-limbed, her massy hair dressed with strange flowers, a thick, heavily scented wreath across her full bosom, a polished wooden bowl in her hand.

Her great, tawny eyes flared on mine. A whiff of pungent, sweetish smoke stung my nostrils and bewildered me. The quartz fell to the earthen floor.

"I knew," she said in a smooth, melodious

I joined her in the doorway and followed her outstretched arm. A couple of miles offshore stood a topsail schooner under easy canvas and just on the dull sea-line another vessel raised a thin spar. I jumped to the truth.

"Hawes in the *Sea Serpent* close in and Thorwaite in the *Halcyon* eight miles off."

The girl nodded quietly.

"They'll never dare try to make it ashore," I went on. "This hurricane will break before midday, or I know nothing of these seas."

She made a movement of impatience and the wreath on her breast stirred like close-set flowers blown by the wind.

"You are coming?"

I THREW discretion to the wild winds and followed. She led me down the bluff, around a small promontory and to an arched cove into which the sullen surf was already crashing. Up and beyond it she brought me to a little grove. The entrance was overgrown with weeds and brush. She thrust through and I found myself in a clearing entirely surrounded by trees and creeper. In the middle was a small pile of stones like the one I had picked up. Ashes of old fires lay on the ground. I perceived that no one had been there for months.

"This place is *tabu* to everyone but myself," she said. "This is where the old chiefs did their magic. I keep my treasures here—and the paper that Captain Hawes wants to get hold of."

She stooped swiftly, plucked up a stone,

and from a crevice took a tin of such as is commonly used to caulk ship's papers in. This she opened and showed me an old, rusty chart.

I took it in my hand and studied it. My heart leaped. Here was the secret at last. But as I examined the decayed paper I traced the faded script I lost all hope. It was only an out-of-date chart of the territorial South Pacific marking a few currents which converged at a point marked Hollister L. There was nothing else.

I turned to the girl. "Do you understand this?" I asked.

"You will understand it," she said convincingly. "It is Papa's last bequest to me."

"What has it to do with the gold?" demanded.

She laughed. "Nothing. The gold mine. I make it come out of the sea magic. But *that* is more than gold."

A squall of wind smashed against the shelter and shrilled overhead. Instantly the girl knelt and went about some obscure manipulations which to this day I have never rightly recalled. Then she lighted a small fire on the pile of stones, poured something on it and smoke eddied and filled the circle till I could do nothing but rub my eyes. When it had cleared Peggie was gone.

I stood like a stock with an old chart in my hand, the thunder of surf in my ears; a feeling of having almost caught the heart of a tremendous mystery. As Peggie did not return I presently went back to my house, shaved and dressed for breakfast. In the house I was astounded to find my hostess clothed as usual, talking to Garfinkle, swung on me instantly.

"Ed Hawes is trying to make a landing here," she snapped.

"Neither he nor any other man can succeed," I answered. "The surf is piling mountain-high on the shoals and running clear under the bluff in the cove."

"Thorwaite is coming in close, too," continued Garfinkle.

SOMETHING in Peggie Fosdick's eyes made me vainglorious. "After a while I'll go down and watch them both go smothered on the beach," I boasted, and seated myself at table.

The few natives and ourselves did but little we could to make ready against the hurricane. The huts were quickly strengthened, valuables removed and stores put in security. The shutters of the main house were tightly closed and locked, blinds stove away and all movables put in safety. At noon the three of us were gathered in the darkened dining-room.

The wind had died and the sluggish was hard to breath. The sweat poured from me. By common consent we went back to the grove, now standing still and silent, a place waiting for a thunderbolt.

TO MY amazement Peggie was ready to go. Her splendid eyes filled with tears, she bowed her head.

"I don't want to always make *kahuna*," she whispered. "But ever since Papa died and he wasn't here to protect me, I've stood to it. It's saved me. I know the secrets of mother knew and her mother and her mother's mother before her. But Mr. Thorwaite says it is wicked. He forbade me to kill Hawes."

I gasped. "Kill Hawes? How?"

She hesitated, then looked at me with childlike simplicity. She dug in the earth and pulled out a small wax image, about eight inches long, carefully dressed in miniature. I laughed crazily. "Ed Hawes, heavens!" I cried.

She stood before me like a convict. "I made it one night when he tried to kill me," she murmured.

"And how would you kill Hawes with a toy?" I laughed.

My laughter was echoed harshly.

The leaves that stopped the entrance of the enclosure were brushed aside and a bulky figure appeared. My jaw dropped. It was Thorwaite, standing before us, with torn clothes, bleeding hands and brine-whitened face. He laughed again and stepped forward and put a heavy hand on Peggie's shoulder.

She turned slowly and her great eyes darkened, lost light and splendor and life till there were two pools, dead and opaque. I saw a little waxen image between her white fingers like a toy sprawled in the hand of a statue.

"I'M just in time!" Hawes boomed with a wicked look of triumph at me. "I saw you had visitors and I came ashore."

Very quietly and while I was in a daze of anger, bewilderment and shame the girl

self away and knelt by the heap of stones. I dipped some stuff from a bowl half sunk in the soil, lighted a match and plunged it into the powder. A huge cloud of smoke instantly boiled up and enveloped us. I heard Hawes gasp and cough. The smoke died up and out before a gust of wind and two again confronted each other. The fire smoldered on the stones. Peggie was the first to recover herself.

"The damned witch!" he growled. "I'll cure her!" He rolled his bloodshot eyes on me. "And I'll finish your business, young fellow!"

I realized that Hawes was armed and I was defenseless before him. Suddenly he dropped and picked up the little image of myself which Peggie had dropped. He looked at it, for it fed his pride that she had had so in her thoughts. Then I saw a glimmer of perplexity crease his forehead. The image was the same, but a stout twig had been split and closed again, pressing the little manikin around the middle so that it lay in Hawes's palm contorted and wrenched. He stared at it, trying to solve the riddle. "Some blasted *kahuna*—*anā-anā*," he murmured. "I'll cure her!"

HE BRUSHED by me and tore at the slender trees that surrounded the enclosure.

I stiffened my muscles to spring when a port like a bursting cannon dinned outside and the whole grove leaned inward before the first terrific blast of the hurricane. I felt the upper branches of a tree sweep my face, and the give and crack of roots and flung myself on the ground. But in that instant a second blast took my breath away. I rolled over, into the brush, extricated myself and dashed at top speed for the main house. Before I reached it the storm had reached a height of fury that appalled me. I saw the sea about the island picked up and swept like a millrace past the promontory. The surf ceased to throb and beat and became a continuous, rising torrent that gnawed and bit to the bluff and shot a sharp sheet of spray inland. I closed the door behind me, with Garfinkle's help, and drew breath. Near him stood Peggie, eyes lighted up, lips parted, every sense alert.

"Where is Hawes?" Garfinkle asked.

"I left him back there," I said vaguely.

"The *Sea Serpent* struck one of the outer islets and went to pieces in two minutes," he told me.

"The *Halcyon*?" I asked.

"Put out to sea again half an hour ago," he replied.

"Don't worry about Hawes," I said quietly. "I'll handle him when he comes." Peggie laid tense fingers on my arm. "He won't come," she whispered, and I saw, to my astonishment, tears of agony in her eyes. My tongue tasted ashes in that moment. "I ought to have killed him," I muttered, before he bewitched you."

"Oh!" she moaned. "I couldn't wait—killed him!"

I stared round the dark room wonderingly. When I laughed.

"But how?" I cried. "I just left him in the grove, alive and well."

She drew herself up proudly. "That grove is *tabu*," she said simply. "He can not live."

I remembered the wax image, pressed between the split twig, and laughed at her childishness. I watched the door. I was ready for Hawes.

ALL afternoon we waited. The hurricane lost nothing of its violence and fury. The house rocked steadily. The shutters rattled to the impact of sand and soil blown against them. The brine seeped in at every crack. We could not tell, except by the clock, when day ended and night began.

Shortly after midnight the gale suddenly fell, the noise of the sea thundered in our ears and Garfinkle nodded, like a man ready for action.

"This house is a bare hundred feet above the water," he told us curtly. "We must get to the hill."

"Tidal wave?" I cried.

Peggie's eyes sought mine. She made a slight gesture of assent, took my arm and went to the door. Garfinkle unbolted it and we plunged out into the murk. We trod underfoot broken shrubbery, knotted creeper, and refuse of all kinds. We breasted the dripping hill and ascended quickly and breathlessly, the clamor of the sea rising behind us. A rift in the clouds let a few stars shine through. I recognized the grove, a little to the left.

Something white showed against the dark, something pallid and dreadful.

I slipped down and bent over.

Hawes lay half on his back, his great limbs twisted and stiffened in death. He was held between two slender, steel-like tree-trunks. One crossed his back, one his breast. He had been caught by the thrust of the gale as he lunged through the trees; the bending boles had caught him, crushed him, held him, killed him.

IN THE shelter of the peak we waited for the dawn. It came in lurid and tumultuous colors, poured, as it were, in torrents across the sky, driven in waves before the newly risen gale, surging in a great surf of pigment against the horizon's wall. We stared at each other and about us. Garfinkle's face was inscrutable. He seemed content. But I saw something that puzzled me. The lower slope, still pounded by the surf, was strewn with drift. I saw trees, roots, great broken stumps scattered at high water mark, half buried in the soil or rising and falling in the breakers. Peggie's voice roused me. She looked at me piteously.

"You'll never ask me to make magic again?" she whispered.

Remembering the grim visage of the man dead between the twisted trees, I swallowed hard and shook my head.

"Not even for all that gold?" she murmured.

"What gold?" I demanded, dazedly, shaken with horror.

She drew me down the slope, hastily, madly, till we came to a stand almost within reach of the thundering surf. An uprooted tree lifted its torn and weeping stump to the wind. She ran to it, pulled at a bit half broken off and pried out a stone. I bent over her shoulder and held my breath. In that crevice, shining in a pocket of earth which the stone had sealed, was gold. I stared and then ran to another mass of roots, to which I applied myself vigorously with my big knife. In an interstice of its roots I found another stone caught. I toiled furiously, extracted it, and scraped at the soil beneath with my nails. A small nugget rewarded me.

THE truth flashed on me at last. I turned to the girl who stood, finger on lip, and gazed at the welter. She met my eyes timidly, defiantly, proudly, shyly.

"It was the only way," she said, suddenly, wringing her hands. "When the old chiefs needed stones for money, they went to the witches and they came to Hollister and made enchantments and went back with the stones. My grandmother and my mother knew the secret. They taught it to me. When Papa needed money, money, Mamma got it for him—this way, making a storm blow and the trees to come ashore in the breakers with the stones and the gold in their roots. When Papa died, I had to do it again and again, whenever the season was right to do it."

I bowed my head. Who was I to dispute her faith? I had seen and heard. My mouth was stopped forever. I tossed the nugget away and saw Garfinkle plodding down, head down to the gale, steadily moving on us. He arrived and put his lips to my ear.

"THE chart explains this," he said. "These trees grow thirty-two hundred miles away on the banks of a great river rich in gold. Every so often a freshet and a tempest uproot them and send them floating to sea. Fosdick figured it out. When a hurricane like this blows it diverts the current that carries them to Hollister Island and deposits them here. That explains the presence of the gold on the island, why the natives thought it sacred and—everything."

"Not everything," I cried back, and drew poor trembling Peggie under my protecting arm.

"Granting everything," I said, "tell me why, when you had a fortune, you thought you must keep making magic to make still more money?"

She turned her earnest, splendid eyes on mine with a look that stopped my heart.

"I wanted it for you," she said simply.

"But—you never knew I existed!"

She looked over my shoulder with a steady and confident gaze, as though at someone invisible to me.

I barely heard her triumphant words. "Oh, yes! I knew you were coming!"

THE whites were scrupulously civil, the natives sullen and aloof. Suddenly Gregory knew why—he was *tabu*! "A Change of Venue," by John Fleming Wilson. Coming soon—in *Hearst's*.

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"Are they sick of us, Bunny?" he asked. "Have we come once too often? Or is it that I'm no longer funny? What is it?"

"Weather," said Bunny laconically.

"Yes, but we don't feel the weather in the Strand. You'd think it would drive 'em in. No, there's something the matter with us. And yet I thought the show last night was as good, if not better, than it was two years ago, when we did so well. Didn't you?"

"Yes," said Bunny. "But somehow or other I feel that we've reached the end of our bad spell. There's something in the air this afternoon that makes me think—"

HE STOPPED suddenly, with a perfectly unconscious touch of drama. His head went forward, and with a look of growing amazement he watched a bill-poster paste a long, wide strip of printed paper on a boarding opposite the window. Instinctively Mark followed his example and they both saw an announcement gleam bold'y on the boards for which they were in no way responsible, which they knew to be unauthorized, and which took from both of them the power of speech.

It ran like this: "Tonight and every night this week, Miss Lily Logan of Bailly's Theater will sing two songs for the 'Coronets' at the Strand Theater."

"Lily Logan!" cried Mark. "Lily Logan!"

But Bunny had snatched up his hat and umbrella and had gone pellmell out of the room and out of the house. Mark saw him running like a madman along the street. He guessed that he was making his way to their manager's lodgings at the other end of the town, and followed on the tips of his toes. As they ran they looked from right to left. Not only were other boardings plastered with the same extraordinary bill, not only did the same announcement face them from nearly every shop window, but it was being wheeled about the streets in enormous blue letters. Lily Logan, Lily Logan—the name which had taken London by storm, which had been printed under photographs in all the Sunday papers for a year, was everywhere. It was a name to conjure with. It stood for a personality and a voice that had raised musical comedy to a high level. What on earth was the meaning of it?

THEY ran breathless and panting into the sitting-room of the manager.

"What on earth is the meaning of all this?" he asked. "Is it a joke? Is this something of your doing, Mark? No, it can't be. But Lily Logan—Lily Logan—Lily Logan—why, she'd want two hundred a week to sing two songs a night anywhere!"

BUNNY fell into a chair and dabbed his forehead with a handkerchief. "I said our luck had turned," he gasped. "I said it had. Didn't I, Mark, eh? Didn't I now, eh?"

"It can't be a joke; it can't be," said the manager. "If it is, it's a very cruel one and will kill us stone-dead. People will swarm to hear and see Lily Logan, and if she doesn't

provident parents who concern themselves about the career of their child—a concern frequently in evidence right after its birth and occasionally determined prenatally. How many dreams have thus been shattered because the child did not come up to expectations!

It will very likely be a great help to parents to decide the nature of the career the child will follow as a grown-up by the order of its birth. It would be futile to make a teacher or a priest of a boy born in regular order because it would be compulsion he would not find agreeable; likewise, it would be useless to prepare a boy of irregular order for a two-fisted career. The chances of success would be strongly against them in any event.

And the same observation applies to girls. Knowing the order of birth and governing themselves accordingly, parents will solve the greatest difficulty of their children's future in preparing them for it.

At the Gates of Delhi

(Concluded from page 43)



"But it isn't a joke," Lily assured the astonished pianist. "Won't you please play for me?"

turn up— Oh, no, it *can't* be a joke! And yet it's a mighty queer thing. Who's paid for all this printing, then? Who's authorized her name to be used like this? Nobody's spoken to me, asked me."

"Lily Logan," said Mack softly. "Lily Logan!"

"Um—well, we shall see," said the manager. He read the handbill again. "Tonight and every night this week Miss Lily Logan will sing two songs for the 'Coronets.' . . . Well, we shall see. I don't believe it's true. Boys, I don't believe it's true. But, my word! If it is true, if she *does* sing two songs every night this week—"

NEVER in their history had the "Coronets" had such a house. Not only every seat, but every available, possible inch of standing room was taken up. Not only that but there had been an unprecedented rush to book seats for the rest of the week. It was wonderful.

But where was Lily Logan? This was the question that every member of the cast asked either actually or with anxious eyes during the whole of the first half of their act. Again and again one or another of them, when not taking part—they were all feverish and excited and working as they had never worked before—went behind to see if Lily Logan had

The Four Sexes

(Continued from page 16)

BEFORE considering females, it is well to note an important phenomenon, upon which attention should be fixed. This involves the relative vitality of the constitution of man and woman, which in the case of the former is longer-lived, while woman ages sooner.

Why is it that some men age early and some women retain their vigor until late in life?

The explanation is simple again: the man whose physical energy remains unaltered by age alone is normal-order born; the others, inheriting feminine characteristics, age about the time a woman reaches the hated Rubicon. The youthful woman of advanced years has, vice versa, been favored by masculine resisting qualities. This is another easy experiment.

THE masculine woman is no new thing, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries. When the fashion of wearing tailor-made suits first came, some women were even more shocked than mere men; and the women thus shocked were the feminine women—those born in odd-number order. The modern woman is not so much of an evolution of the sex itself, but a phase of freedom of thought exemplified by the woman born with masculine traits—that is to say, in the place of the male.

The feminine woman, the kind that ardent swains idealize, is not only timid but also afraid of everything and everybody in her childhood; and from the very first she is self-effacing in the presence of strangers and refuses either to "shake hands" or to answer questions. But from the very first instant

come, and one by one they returned and signaled "No" to the bewildered man at the piano. The audience was on the tiptoe of expectation.

Where was Lily Logan?

But when the last item of the first half was finished and the pianist came down to the footlights as usual to announce the interval for Mark's cigarette, there was still no Lily Logan.

A spasm of nervousness ran through the perspiring troupe when a great cry of "We want Lily Logan!" was sent up by the audience, led by three undergraduates in the second row. Was it then, after all, a cruel, cruel joke?

THERE was a movement in the front row of seats. A girl with a thick white veil over a mushroom hat rose and squeezed the hand of a languid lady who smiled and nodded.

"We—want—Lily—Logan! We—want—Lily—Logan!" was still the united and vociferous cry.

The girl bent down and said something to a young man who sat just below the platform. He stared and looked surprised but placed his chair, step-wise, against it. The audience saw the veiled, slim figure step on the chair, on the platform, take two songs from beneath her white coat and hand them to the pianist. Then she caught the eyes of the cast—all their heads were at the exit door—and waved her hand. Across the now silent hall Mark's triumphant voice sang out: "Lily Logan! Lily Logan!"

The girl turned and raised her veil.

NOT one man in all that packed audience was silent. Yes, it was a hearty welcome. And then a little hand was raised and in the silence that followed, a sweet voice, not without a curious quiver of deep feeling, came into the hall like a bell.

"Ladies and gentlemen, two years ago, one evening, I mounted the platform of the 'Coronets' and sang two songs during the interval, because I was nearly desperate and nobody would give me a chance. They gave me a chance, my first chance, and I was engaged to sing in 'The Blue Crow.' The weather has been bad and the 'Coronets' have not had their chance this season. I shall never forget their kindness to me and so I am here for the week to show that there is such a thing as gratitude."

SHE could say no more. There was something in her throat and something—a great roar—in the building. Mark, the funny Mark, ran forward, with wet eyes, bent down and with the old touch of grace raised Lily Logan's hand to his lips. And then, out into the hall in which it would have been possible to hear a pin drop, the first few bars of "Annie Laurie" came and a high, sweet voice sang, verse by verse, the incomparable old song.

NICHOLAS was a little afraid of her because she wore earrings! But adventure challenged and he followed. "After Midnight," by Marjorie Prentiss Campbell—coming soon in Hearst's.

of self-consciousness she reveals the basic trait of her sex: vanity. In fact the little girl baby will constantly return to the mirror and pose in front of it; is especially happy every time adornment is possible and is always looking for it.

RETURNING to the subject of games, we find that the feminine girl prefers the basic play of "dolls." This preference is not acquired; it is instinctive, and the maternal instinct is manifested in a hundred ways—by the manner in which she dresses and undresses the doll, scolds it and pets it and puts it to sleep and holds it close to the breast; in other words, it is a thumb-sketch of the perfect little mother.

But the same tendency is not encountered in the girls of irregular-order birth; their indifference to the dolls is not unlike that of boys of the same age, who might indulge in some such domestic game either as a novelty or out of curiosity or to please (for I refer to

masculine boys) the girls, and this desire is not of courtesy, but of domination.

Now we come to the part more interesting to readers: that of marriage.

The desire to marry a handsome and rich important man is common with all men—but! No matter what the wish is, a feminine woman is courted by a man who not meet all the expected requirements, will learn to care for him if at all worthy, on her part she will do her utmost to please him and even preclude the possibility of those little quarrels without which it is no love can not thrive. And in doing him she has special traits, which make her domestic inclinations, by being vested in his career, his future, his dress, wearing of his scarf, the color scheme, and like. Their conversation is always based on the commonplaces of life's duties rather than its brilliance.

At here we come to a surprising discovery: the females born in irregular order will be in their ranks the most beautiful of womanhood. It is not to be denied among the feminine females, so to speak, are beautiful specimens of womanhood, especially if their fathers are men of perfect physique; but the best examples of artistic beauty are always to be found among the others, especially if their mothers were beautiful women.

These irregular-order women are those who flirt, who have the artistic temperament, and who achieve fame or notoriety in things except domesticity. From childhood they show a fondness for "being loved," showing off, even before strangers, and unmistakably curious. Propinquity will destroy the feminine woman's timidity, especially in the presence of men; but the type of woman is the tomboy, the one who will disorganize the school and play all sorts of pranks. Women of this type talk out love and correlated subjects without inhibition. Their fondness for dancing and entertainments is unlimited, and in the measure they will not tolerate, or will mix with anger to, parental inhibition in such pastimes.

These girls have no matinee idols, for instance, but openly admire any man that takes their fancy, and if need be will make acquaintance on pretext. But they are the man—which is not to be wondered in the light of what we now understand—an equal, in which the man must add his p's and q's, less the woman has her plans, the results course depending on many factors. On the other hand, the man will admire this woman but less frequently love her, for lack in his mind in exact searches for the genuine.

Likewise these girls entertain themselves with some notable woman. They are easily influenced by what they see if it is related to vanity. They are attracted to art, and by constant thought will eventually develop the artistic temperament, or something akin to it. The middle-class families are most prone in giving the world the women who are intellectual or superior. This is not difficult, because they are endowed with the masculine force of will. And when a woman of this type falls in love she reveals some surprising tendencies. The chances are that the masculine man will not appeal to her, because the clash of inborn force is unmistakable; on the contrary, she is likely to scorn the feminine (which is different from feminine) man, and will decide upon a feminine man whom she wishes "to mother," among other things. This mothering, of course, leads to what Americans call henpecking, and this in proportion to the discovery, after marriage has settled down to a monotony, that the man of regular-order birth lacks resoluteness.

COLLATERALLY, however, it gives the woman who decides (and probably conceals her choice) upon a given man; and it must be that man or no one else. To what extent this type constitutes the "bachelor girl" is for others to decide.

All adults of deviated birth have the common quality of being fatalists. Whatever happens in their lives, be it good fortune or bad, illness, fame, is in their esteem due to fatalism. They ignore entirely the value of will in the everyday affairs of life, for the reason that they are constituted otherwise.

IN THE realm of physical beauty, we continue to find the parallel. The "beautiful" men are usually the men whose features are almost angelic, and by a strange coincidence the truly handsome woman (as distinguished from the beautiful clinger) is referred to by men and women as a "devil," in a complimentary sense. The beautiful man is no heart-breaker, however, just as the feminine woman is not, because the former, being feminine, lacks force, and the latter, being perfectly womanish, does not offer the lover the obstacles which he would encounter from the woman he can not dominate—the one endowed with man's force of will—that is, dominate her soon enough.

OCCASIONALLY reference is made to the "strong" and muscular men of olden times. In those eras, too, judging by what we have learned through the ages, the women presented a different type of physique, not really beautiful from our present viewpoint. Why is it that men and women have somehow lost the original form and include so many unrecognizable and differing types of individuals?

A study of the ancient human body has proved that woman's contour was one of curves and rotundity, whereas man's was conspicuous by its muscular ridges. No doubt many centuries ago it would have been possible to determine at a mere glance if an arm or a leg belonged to the body of a man or a woman. At the present time this difference can not always be determined at a glance; an expert alone can decide, and there have been instances of error.

THIS means that there has been some sort of amalgamation of individual form, so much so that women with masculine bodies are not rare as are not the women lacking some specific feminine contour; on the other hand, there are countless men with rotund bodies that many a woman would envy, or with some part

of the body, usually mouth and eyes, that is not masculine. This confusion of physical individuality has been due to the slow but continuous reproduction of the species through men born in the place of women and women born in the place of men, regardless of whether they were married to each other or to individuals of another category.

THESE deviations in no way affect the excellence of the individuals. If anything, owing to the substituted characteristics it is probable that they can fulfill, mentally at least, requirements perhaps not to be achieved through the perfect masculine man and the perfect feminine woman. Nor does

the social state affect the individual one way or another. The discussion involves normal men and normal women of normal status.

The observations set forth are elemental. Anyone may understand them. Anyone can determine the category of friends, enemies, and strangers, if the order of birth is known, and undoubtedly then it will be not at all difficult to explain to one's own satisfaction why that boy is timid, why that girl is "independent," why that man is never ready to say yes or no and why that woman is not tolerant.

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me over. The noise of the machinery was so great that I could not hear what was said. In fact it is factory manners to talk with lips close to the ear in an exceedingly familiar fashion.

More and more I wondered at Beatrice's popularity until finally she observed to me: "I don't believe you like men very well, do you?"

At last it dawned upon me. They had come to look over the new girl. They were waiting for me to smile at them.

NOW, I had been brought up on the good old Puritanic, bourgeois doctrine that it is the highest morality to deny all the great emotions and strong natural instincts within us. So now I looked about and saw for the first time unveiled clearly before me that a woman's smile and a woman's way are to a man, be he high or low, like honey to a bee.

THESE women, who had intruded upon what had been exclusively a man's shop, were waited upon as none of the men were, were continually noticed, petted, often caressed. They were not expected to do a man's work in a man's way, but to be wheedled, corrected, coaxed, and to wheedle, scutter, and coax in turn for what they might need from the men.

And all these things stimulated the girls. No matter how hard they worked—and some of the work was very heavy—they looked prettier and prettier as the day advanced. The day's work was not merely a day's work to them. It was stimulation, excitement, something like real life. So I determined to smile and wheedle and coax also.

Before the afternoon was over I knew all about Beatrice's love affairs and she was singing to me coquettishly, in lieu of anything in the shape of a man:

"I'm glad that I can make you cry."

Much to my amazement, we found no work ready when we appeared on the floor a few days later. Beatrice did not seem to mind and fiddled about comfortably, making no demands and merely waiting. The big, red-faced, well-built, debonaire, impervious-looking foreman walked past and paid us no attention. "Ed," his assistant, gaunt, worried, kindly, had nothing to give us. One hour passed. Goodness! Was this industry's boasted efficiency? Two hours! Was it the fault of the trifling Beatrice? I was later to learn that the ability to do nothing contentedly was one of the virtues most in demand in factory life. The strong inward necessity to occupy myself, a quality acquired by so many years' toil and training, was in my present surroundings condemned as a vice.

THE vacancy appalled me. I wandered about; I wanted to become acquainted with the different operations and with the different women performing them. To make conversation I asked what *rate* they were getting. They answered me rather stolidly, passed a few other remarks, and I moved on.

I learned to my surprise that some of the men had objected to retaining the women, claiming that they got all the waiting on and all the good piece-work and made more money than the men were able to do. At the root of all the pretended courtesy there was, then, rankling jealousy. Women were to be petted and waited on, but they were not to be granted an equal chance to work.

LATE in the afternoon, we were presented with a job and we devoted ourselves to it soberly and wholeheartedly for most of the hour remaining. Small heavy pieces of steel were to be pierced at a certain point. It required great effort on my part to knock them apart from one another and to reach them when the truck became nearly emptied.

BEATRICE was an intelligent worker. She was very careful of her machine. When it became jammed she tried no useless experiments but at once hunted up Ed or one of the die-setters and had it made right. When the material ran low in the truck she paused and helped me pile it up within easy reach to hand to her. She kept her die neat with a true professional air. But when I tried to gain a little information from her, asking the business of the various officials who came past to take the number of pieces we had completed, she could only give me their first names and evidently considered it "freakish" of me to talk about work when I might just as well talk about something really interesting.

My Month in a Factory

(Continued from page 49)

THE conversation I held with the other girls was very limited. They began it: "Did you ever work here before?"

"No."

"Where did you work?"

"At Smith and Crawford's." (I had been in their office for several days.)

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes, I think it's fine."

They were evidently suspicious as to my origin but could think of no illuminating questions with which to draw out my past.

day he relieved me of this awkwardness by accusing me of being a professional woman and by saying that he himself had been a high-school principal. At that I joyfully confessed that I used to teach also but did not want the others to know it.

ABOUT this time I began a flirtation with Paul, the die-setter, who was a most adorable youth. He was always singing or joking, never swore when he pounded his fingers with his mace, maintained a most

questions, and enjoying their good-natured fun. Such goings-on were her sign of a disordered mind, if not of a bad character.

ALL of these girls lived in the present. The past and the future had no real existence to them. They believed "living," not in continually putting off living, as do so many of us who are brought to the doctrines of prudence and caution. And so the flowering of their lives came early and swift and their misery came treading close behind. But they "live."

I SAID to Beatrice one day when she told me in one breath how much she loved her "friend" and in the next that she spent all the money she made:

"You ought to be saving to get married."

She turned on me with scorn. "Oh, I believe in living while I'm alive."

And I was rebuked. It was an object lesson to me to see the unrestrained pleasure Beatrice was able to obtain in mere strolling down the aisle, or in sauntering homeward. She would sing a little, she would dance a little, then yell some impertinent remark to a man she happened to notice, then run to boost a small boy into the back of a cart he was trying with all his power might to attain, turning quickly to fire a challenging remark at me or her other companion.

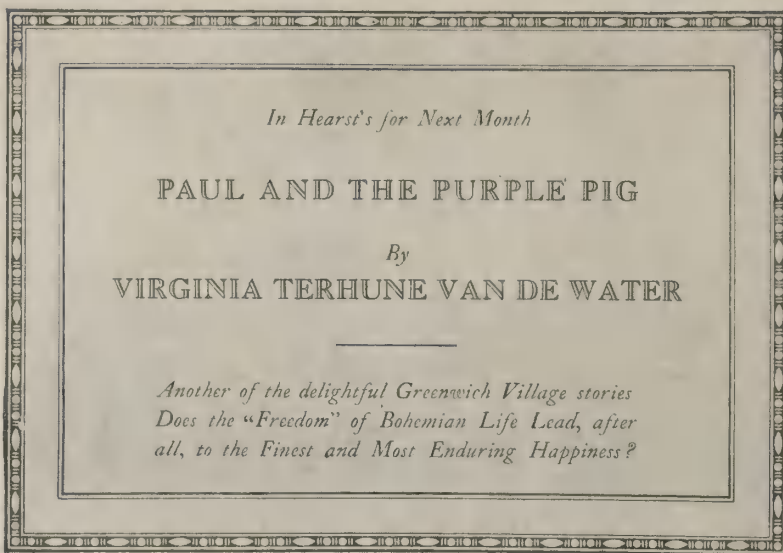
And it was this elemental nature in all the women that attracted the men. Even my friend the inspector was like the rest. Standing near one of the women at work, a man would try all methods of bringing out some emotional response—petting, insulting, chaffing—and linger to admire the result. The next minute, however, this same man would turn and complain to his companion that women had no sense. As a matter of fact these men had no interest in a woman whose sense predominated over her feeling.

OF COURSE, by this last phrase I was attempting to describe myself. I began about this time to "operate." This meant that I had various men to deal with—the foreman, the assistant foreman, who assigned me work, told me whether there was more material, ordered the right dies, and instructed me in turning out the pieces. There was the truck boss, at whose mercy was, for he could hold me up for hours failing to trouble to have material brought to work upon, or to provide empty trucks into which to throw the finished work. There were the die-setters, Phil and Paul, who were supposed to take orders from the assistant foreman but who could in reality use considerable discretion in the promptitude with which they changed or adjusted dies, or supplied a broken punch, or started a jammed wheel. Then there were the production clerks who came through every hour or so to supply piece-work slips for those who started on new jobs, and kept account of the number of pieces finished during the day. Our actual pay depended upon them. There were also the inspectors who by mere delay in passing upon each newly set up die could interfere with our work and diminish our pay.

AS LONG as I could keep a smile on my lips and some color in my cheeks, I had no trouble with any of these numerous men. They went out of their way to do me favors even though I failed to clap them on the shoulder and shout familiarly into their ears. But once let me become absorbed in my work, or let a sober expression settle on my face, or let me show my weariness, I could get nothing out of them. Except for one or two of them, they answered my numerous questions only so long as they imagined I had a personal interest in them and were asking for that reason.

I NOTICED that the foreman seemed to think me rather intelligent and clever. He sent me on an errand now and then, and supplied me with work as promptly as possible. But on every side I saw plainly that if I should venture a disapproving expression or a criticism, never so calm, I would be a lost soul in that factory. Anything, even the grossest sort of impudence, would be preferred to misguided attempts at improving existing conditions.

Yet I could not fail to love the childlike kindness that prevailed everywhere, the everlasting patience with things as they are, the disposition to make the best of matters, the good humor, the long-suffering which enabled men to pound their fingers and smile



BUT in the afternoon Nemesis came upon me for my prying questions of the morning. I was "sent for" at the employment office. This in itself was a trying ordeal.

First I had to pass the main aisle along which were waiting rows of idle men who eyed me up, and eyed me down, taking in every detail of my ill-fitting costume, evidently much interested in the figure under it. Having somehow found the stair door and got down it, I had to ask my way to the office from the men I chanced to meet, and to wander through what seemed miles of strange territory filled with strange men's faces. (Later I took lessons from the blithe way in which Beatrice passed by.)

AT LAST I was ushered into the august presence of the lady employment manager, a pleasant-faced girl, in reality younger than myself. But now I cringed before her, as she said in crisp tones:

"Well, do you know why I sent for you?"

"No," I faltered.

"The superintendent reports that you are making trouble in your department by asking the girls what rates they are making. We can't have that. It is not good manners to ask such questions as that, you know."

PROMISING not to make such mistakes again and inwardly cursing my ill-timed and ill-starred curiosity, I wearily walked back to my post, buying some gloves on the way as an excuse. Beatrice eyed me curiously but asked no embarrassing questions.

During the following days, like *Br'er Rabbit* I lay low. Idle hours were most profitably filled by helping some of the other girls to get out their piece-work faster. For this and my smiling silence they warmed towards me and I gained in popularity. Soon the girls began to confide in me, telling me of the "fine money" they had made the day before and of the "rotten rates" which had been passed on their work now. (The company was evidently trying to get wages back on a piece basis and I had unwittingly hit upon a sore subject.) However, they were very submissive in their attitude and careful not to make too much of a complaint.

SOON another solace came. The fatherly inspector who passed our work at intervals all day began to take an interest in my education. I found that here was one person whom I could safely question upon various subjects. He could tell me where the various parts of the auto were fitted on. And when such information ran stale he was fertile at starting arguments along various lines with woman suffrage as a leading favorite. At first I avoided theoretical conversation, fearing he might suspect my origin. But one

perfect camaraderie with Phil, the other die-setter, and capped the climax by looking about nineteen years old and like one of my favorite high-school boys. I used to ask him a great many questions about die-setting. But he always answered jokingly, while Phil gave me the real information.

THE accepted standard of manners among the men at first disgusted me, but in the end amused me greatly. It was improper *not* to chew tobacco. It was customary to spit at least once in five minutes and oftener if engaged in conversation with a friend, and oftener still if trying to be polite to a girl.

The accepted mode of introduction was to stare at a girl until she smiled and then to approach and lay a caressing hand upon her shoulder and whisper sage counsel into her ear about how she must be careful not to get her hand caught in the press. Rare was the man (even among those of education and refinement who were constantly going and coming in and out of the great pressroom, looking after the dies for the new models) who passed by without some slight caress for one of the women. Many of the men, in the excess of their approval, pawed them over and fondled them. Most of the girls objected to this treatment but said nothing. Beatrice let loose a good swearing vocabulary on occasion. Some few of the girls liked it. The married women had nothing to say to any of the men and were let alone. So far, being a helper, and new, I had been unmolested.

THERE were four very pretty Italian girls near us, who spoke with American accents and were the strongest, most untiring, most efficient workers of the whole group. But they were very discreet and modest in their deportment with men, and as a result were less kindly waited on. For, in the industrial world as elsewhere, the ability to make oneself agreeable is a great asset and nothing else will atone for its lack.

Most of the girls in the factory had but one real interest in life—to attract men. Margaret, pink-cheeked and shy, and Eileen, brimming with self-conscious life, and all the others—loving creatures for all their apparent hardness—were waiting to expand their heart's treasure on the first who came along, be he old, wrinkled, dissipated, if only he had an appetite for a little love.

The older women, on the other hand, had nothing to say to the men. As long as their heart's history was already written, there was no other reason for communication. Mrs. Paul, my helper, was often shocked because I insisted on keeping on good terms with a number of the men, asking them

HAD only one experience with any sort of objectionable familiarity among all that they throng of factory workers. The production clerk, Jack, with his gross but good-natured puppy-dog face and his derby tipped over one ear, had figured that the way to keep women in good humor was to ogle them, caress them and tell them lies—that anything to rouse the slumbering beast within them served to distract them from their petty troubles.

When I emerged from my chrysalis as a worker into the state of operator, I found it necessary to do business with him. I was more than ordinarily at his mercy, as I was thoroughly ignorant of piece-work ways. He answered my anxious inquiries jocosely and with my arm in a lingering grip. I hesitated to express my disapproval but my glance spoke for me, and it irritated him. He proceeded to ogle me each time he passed and each time he filled my chin. My glance spoke volumes.

"Doesn't Her Royal Highness like that?" he said.

"No, we all admire your jollying," I replied, resolved to make a last stand, but conscious of the possible results of incurring animosity. "But some of us would admire a great deal more your tact in sparing us from that particular sort of jollying." It was a clumsy double-header but a startled look came into his eyes.

"What is that—a threat?" he jeered. "No, indeed!"—in my gentlest tones. "Just the plain simple truth."

He looked almost convinced, but he tried out a little more. The next time he passed he jostled against me. I moved. He jostled again. "I beg your pardon," I said in my best manner, and he laughed and capitulated. After that he greeted me with dignity and consideration.

Factories, even as they are, are not such terribly impossible places.

IT IS the general opinion that the untrained and untaught factory hand will be more efficient than will the trained professional who has to have the processes explained to him and must be told why before following out orders. I doubt if this is so. Although not so quick and handy as some of the girls I could keep my attention on my work more steadily than they could. I was appealed to more by the necessity for production than by the thought of piece wages and hence had not the temptation to cheat.

Little ways such as running the piece-counting clock ahead or running very slow when the rate setter came past, or by ringing in "on a piece-work job late, and ringing out" on it early so as to claim greater day rates for the time lost between. A place of actual information as to the reason for the various regulations, narrow suspicions and distrust filled the minds of the workers. If only a little trouble were taken for the education of the workers, innovations could be introduced with far less difficulty than at present and "trouble" among the men or women need no longer loom up as a nightmare.

THE physical fatigue was very heavy upon me at first, so that I dropped into bed immediately after supper, sore and stiff and exhausted. But gradually I grew accustomed to it and each morning returned fresher and more vigorous than the morning before. Meanwhile my cheeks grew plumper and my whole system was toned up.

But a ten-hour day is too long, not so much for the health of the worker as for the narrowing down of the mental life. It makes it impossible to have outside interests to any great extent. And it seems plainly evident that with a little better planning of work it would be possible to turn out exactly as much work in eight as in ten hours.

My long days in the factory were happy, however, and my enjoyment of the place and work very keen. But all idyls must have their end. The month had passed.

ONE day several girls approached me with trouble in their faces. "We are being laid off for a week on account of lack of work," they said.

My turn came next. I was sent for at the office. Because I had been the last one taken on, it was thought best to lay me off for two or three weeks until the work picked up. The other girls went immediately, but I was to finish my day's work. I was the object of sympathy.

"Ain't you had a good education? Why don't you try for clerical work?" suggested Luella.

I said good-by to foreman number one. "I hate to bid you good-by," he said, shaking my hand solemnly.

"I'm leaving you," I called to foreman number two.

"Oh, now! That's too bad. I was going to try to make a date with you," he chaffed.

"There'll be nobody to look after you now. I'm leaving." This to the pink-cheeked Paul.

"Tell me your address and I'll come round and see you," he ventured.

But the worst blow of all awaited me when I said farewell to the fatherly inspector—the one who, I flattered myself, knew me best of all.

"Well, good-by and good luck to you, wherever you may go. You are all right but I have your number. Tell me the truth. Aren't you a Bolshevik agent? You are just the sort of woman they would choose—one that can talk and argue."

"Oh!" I groaned. Inconceivably flattering faith in womankind! When sense predominates over feeling a woman must needs be a fanatic, a radical, or a revolutionary.

I COULD not find time and occasion to say farewell to all my friends. That seems to me the worst of factory life today—the hit-or-miss handling of human life. Here today, and dropped out tomorrow with no questions asked. No plans for one's life and no place for any. And this is a factor imposed from above; it is not, as we with our superior ignorance of conditions are fond of believing, due to the nature of the factory worker himself.

THE critic of the working class would do well to look at some of these matters from the inside instead of from the outside. Allowing for time required to reach home and scrub the heavy black oil from my cut and roughened hands, it was eight o'clock before I could contrive to get out for an evening—if I ever happened to feel fresh enough to enjoy it. And I had no distance to go and no meals to prepare. It was well-nigh impossible to get to a bank or to do any shopping except by delegating it. And always one must rise at five-thirty in the morning and somehow get through with the interminable ten hours each day.

What has one-third of our population ever done that the rest of us have sentenced them to a life like this? I had come to this factory prepared to be shocked and horrified by the restlessness and impatience of the factory population. On the contrary, I was continually shocked by their docility and long-suffering.

I LEFT with a sorrowful heart. It was the close of a chapter in my life. I may have a mongrel soul and it may be that I have seared upon my character for life the scars of the vulgarity in which I lived. But I think differently. Fate shook her lap and I saw many things therein. I saw that underneath the cheap vulgarity of our factory class lives much of the truly gentle and the truly heroic—such as lived in the hearts of our heroes of old and in the hearts of our own pioneers. But now these virtues are unsung and despised because society has accumulated new ones. The virtues of our manual-labor life differ from those belonging to the sedentary occupations. But who shall say that they are less? Not I, after endeavoring vainly to imitate them.

And the faults of these people, their vulgarity and lack of initiative, can never be said to be inherent in their nature until members of the dominant class have ceased setting up barriers between themselves and these others, their servants, so constructed that whereas it is the glory of the one to spend his day as he sees fit, it is the bounden duty of the other to lay out his day and his life according to the rule of another.

Nor have the professional classes helped to level the fences that have been raised, shutting in the wage-earners. Our skirts are not clear, for all our drawing them aside. The intellectuals of this country would do well to give and take now and then from the class we consider beneath us, the class that lives, while we, in our prudence, are merely putting off living. For the barrier between these layers of humanity is after all one of trifles and each half of the world has much that is good for the other half of the world to see and know.

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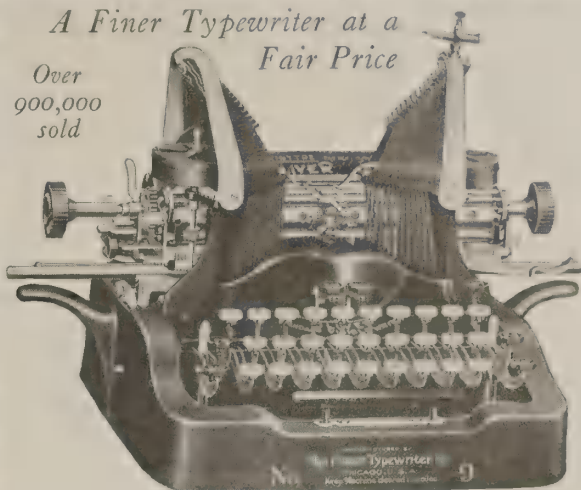


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Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. It is a study of the play of sunlight and shadow on the nude figure of a woman in the open air, chaste in conception, analytical in study, refined in effect, virile in execution and fine in color. Truly it is a noble work of art, nobly wrought. It is, indeed, a song in paint.

The effect of sun and shadow on the nude female figure is the recurrent theme in Miss Genth's work. This she has come to hold in magic mastery, revealing to our art a new sense of beauty we had not known before.

THE problem of rendering the human figure under the play of light and shade in the open is one which fell into neglect for

Miss Genth vs. Mrs. Grundy

(Concluded from page 24)

several centuries, to be taken up in earnest by the painters of our own time. Not one of them has produced more significant work in this field than Lillian Genth.

Old Leonardo da Vinci gave great thought to such study. We find him writing of the atmosphere interposed between the eye and the visible object: how the condition of that atmosphere affects the lights and shadows; what beautiful colors should be in the lights; how one ought to arrange the lights upon figures. And a perusal of the notebooks

of this myriad-minded colossus of art reveals to us how early in the history of painting thought was given to these matters, finally culminating in the achievements of the artists of our own century.

I say culminating, for it does not seem likely that there will be advances in certain directions beyond the conceptions of the present, though greater artists and more remarkable art may present themselves. Indeed, art always hopes for such efflorescence.

PICTURES like Lillian Genth's "Bird Song" are, indeed, treasures in the cabinet of our national culture. They confirm Gautier's insistence that art is, in reality, "the beauty of nature transformed by this magic into true beauty. Neither a copy nor an absolute creation, art is inspired by reality, produce the new, by the unison or thesis—which it absorbs and causes to reappear in a kind of æsthetic emotion—of elements which belong to the artist on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to the world of things external and things of the mind.

This synthesis is clearly marked in Miss Genth's painting, the mastery of its disposition betokening her great ability.

The Baron's Bridge

(Continued from page 51)

into your scenario rather than risk being called down for extravagance by the management. In this case he might have the Baroness do a serpent dance or the shimmy or something equally silly which would grab the whole picture.

"Baroness in her boudoir. Maid holding up assortment of switches and transformations for Baroness's selection. Both suddenly look at door. They quickly hide the artificial tresses. Door opens and stately blonde enters. Flash to title.

COUNTESS ZBOTCHKI, KNOWN AS THE "VAMPIRE OF VIENNA"—BOSOM FRIEND OF BELUGA.

A SCENARIO without a vamp is foredoomed to failure. You must be careful, however, not to permit your vamp to overplay her part. Vamp stuff is so easy to get up and there has been so much of it that it now fails to make a hit unless it is cleverly done. Let us, therefore, in the Countess Zbotchki, attempt to create a super-vamp—one so fiendishly vampish, that she vamps her own game.

What happens between the Countess and the Baroness does not matter much. The Countess's game is with the Baroness's husband and while she is in the Baroness's boudoir she is merely killing time and using up a few hundred feet of film. There is only one idea which we must put across, viz.: the Countess is on Beluga's side and wants to see her united in wedlock to her beloved trombone-player. Therefore, you merely give instructions that the two ladies gesticulate for a while and, by flashing to a title, bring out the vampire's allegiance to Beluga.

WE MUST not remain in the Baroness's boudoir too long because, in the first place, she is not very important and, in the second place, a lady ought to be allowed to fix her hair in peace. It is necessary now to consider an entirely different phase of the picture, namely, its "richness." A successful picture, these days, must show that a great deal of money has been spent upon it. The public simply will not accept a skimpy picture with only a handful of actors in it and a monotony of scenery. The public wants its money's worth, wants crowds and brilliance and thrills and lavishness and a lot of other things that cost money. How shall we satisfy its demands in "The Baron's Bridge"?

Here is where the scenario writer's ingenuity comes in. The scene does not necessarily have to cost a lot of money but it has to look as if it were expensive. We might, at this point, introduce a great banquet scene or a scene at the race-track or the foyer of the Opera during a gala performance. Now, in order to show the learner how a little cleverness will save a lot of expense, I would suggest that we shoot a meeting of the secret society Ilmazof of which the Baron's butler is leader. The word, "shoot," alas! is used in its technical sense.

A BUDDING scenario writer may think that it would be necessary, for this purpose, to hire a couple of hundred men of all types to pose for the membership of this organization. Fudge! All we need is to make arrangements with the secretary of the Amalgamated Longshoremen's Union to permit our butler, in his make-up, to attend one of their meetings and be "shot" while he stands upon a platform, gesticulating to them. This ought not to cost more than \$50, including extra lighting and a taxicab to the meeting-hall and return. The members of

the union do not have to be coached. The expression of their faces as they gaze upon the moving-picture actor will fit a magnificent riot scene. Then, all you have to do is to flash to the title,

"MEETING OF THE ILMAZOF. THEIR LEADER TELLS THEM THE TIME IS RIPE TO SOAK THE BARON PRHAVSK."

ARRANGEMENTS must be made with the secretary of the union, however, that none of the members make any remarks during the few minutes which this performance would occupy. While, of course, the camera does not record sounds, any spectator accustomed to dealing with deaf-mutes might read upon the lips of the members such expressions as "For the love of Mike!" or "What's the nut raving about?"

During all this time the dub scenario writer is asking himself—or herself—"What is Baron Prhavsk doing? Is he still sitting in the dentist's chair?" When the Baron is not on the screen his doings are of no ac-

her playing. The Baron gazes superciliously upon the scene. As his eyes fall upon the Countess he gives a sudden start. He turns quickly toward his wife and daughter to make sure that they are not observing him. He strides toward the vamp's couch, seizes her roughly by the wrist and whispers fiercely into her ear. The Countess smiles disdainfully. Flash to title.

"NO!"

WHATEVER you add to this scene is flub-dub. Add it if you have plenty of film to spare or leave it out—it makes very little difference. A close-up of the daughter's sad face would fit in or the vamp and the Baron could dance a two-step. The principal thing, however, is to get them all out of the drawing-room so that you can buckle down to the next scene. To this end it is best to discover a reason for the Baroness to leave the room and then the vamp can look at her wrist-watch and decide that it is time to

scene to stairs. Show Baron walking upstairs on tiptoe. He approaches door of Countess's boudoir, hesitates for a moment, turns the handle softly and enters."

IN A castle such as the one we have selected every lady must have a boudoir of her own. The ballroom of any first-class hotel can easily be leased for the purpose. In order to prepare the spectator, the Countess and the censor for the ensuing scene we must get into the boudoir before the Baron.

"The Countess is sitting before a mirror combing her golden hair and smoking a cigarette. She is in negligee. (Different directors and different state laws have different ideas as to what constitutes negligee.) The Baron glides into the room. The Countess perceives him and draws her peignoir closer around her. She rises and confronts him. A window is open and a breeze blows into the room. The curtains are swaying. The vamp's thin garments sway. The Baron lights a cigarette and stands before her. Flash to title.

"YOU SHALL BE MINE!"

"He seizes her wrist. She struggles in his grasp. At that moment the breeze hits him and he sneezes. His bridge flies out upon the floor. The Countess frees herself from his clasp and seizes the bridge. Close-up of bridge held in her hand. The Baron demands that she give it to him. She refuses. Both turn suddenly to look at the door. Flash to title.

"YOUR WIFE!"

"The Baron takes a flying leap and lands beside the door just as his wife opens it. As the door opens it conceals him. The Countess smiles and leads the Baroness into her room. The moment the Baroness has crossed the threshold the Baron sneaks out of the room. Flash back to the Baron's bridge lying upon the Countess's dressing-table."

HERE again you have one of those situations where it does not matter much what the two women say to each other. We are simply giving the Baron time to make his get-away. The Baroness may have come to show the Countess her new boudoir cap or to borrow a cigarette or to ask the Countess if she has any tips on the stock market. Be that as it may, it is necessary to flash back to the Baron.

Now he is in a devil of a predicament and likewise, in the power of the vamp. She has only to show the bridge to his wife and tell how she came into possession of it to spill all the beans. He naturally passes a restless night. A restless night, however, is very difficult to photograph. It requires a special lens made in Germany which has not been procurable since the war. The best thing to do under the circumstances is to show the Baron at breakfast the next morning, with his hair tousled and his necktie awry, passing up a chop because he can not chew it and reaching for the hominy instead, following it with the title,

AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT.

Is it to the Subconscious Activity of our Minds that We Owe the Preservation of our Memory Cells?

WHAT DO DREAMS SIGNIFY?

By

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

In Hearst's for Next Month

count. Coherence, sequence, dramatic logic, time, tide and the affairs of men play no part in motion pictures. The dentist has done his little stunt and the director has given him an order on the cashier which the dentist can collect if he finds the cashier. The Baron may go to his club or confer with his private bootlegger—it makes no difference.

NEVER try to fill a gap on the screen. The gap is essential because it gives the public something to think about and guess at. In the old days it might have been wise to let the Baron come home about 9 p.m. with a bun on and find that the vamp is a guest in his castle. Nowadays this does not pay. The Baron simply has to be plumped unexpectedly into the next scene.

"In the drawing-room of the castle. Beluga at the piano, playing. The Baroness is sitting under a tall lamp, darning the Baron's half-hose. The Countess is reclining upon a couch à la Mme. Recamier, smoking a cigarette. The Baron enters. The Baroness looks at her wrist-watch and sighs. (Close-up of sigh.) Beluga turns her head, stares scornfully at her father and resumes

go to bed. This leaves father and daughter alone. The next step is simple.

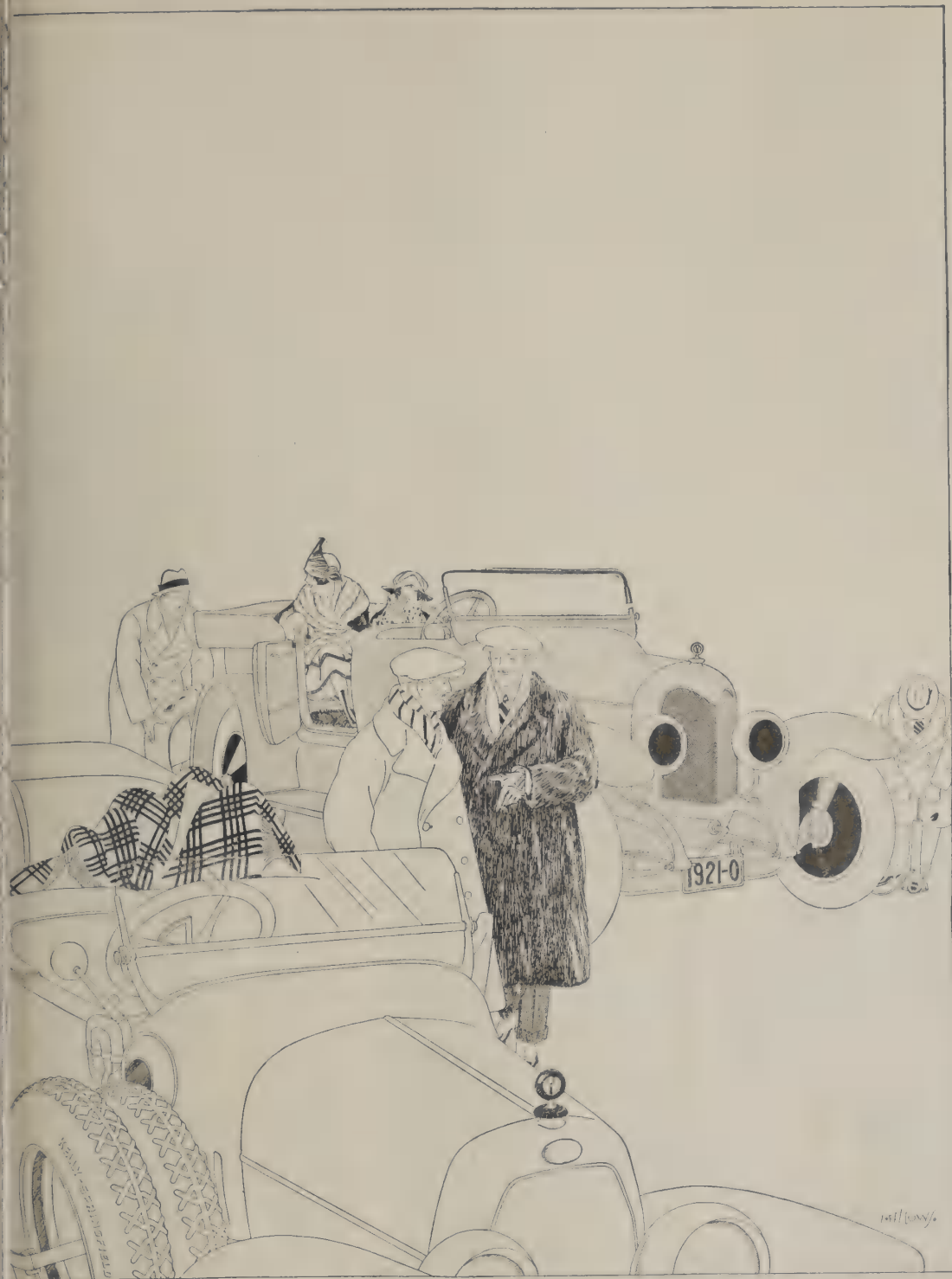
"The Baron lights a cigarette. Beluga approaches him with a gesture of despair. She clasps her hands and stands before him in a beseeching attitude. The Baron folds his arms and glares at her. Flash to title.

"THE PROUD ESCUTCHEON OF THE PRHAVSKS SHALL NEVER BE CROSSED BY A TROMBONE."

"Beluga sweeps her father from head to foot with a look of scorn and moves haughtily out of room. Baron lights a cigarette and shrugs his shoulder."

IT IS never necessary for a Baron to finish one cigarette before lighting another. We have now achieved our point: Baron Prhavsk is alone upon the screen.

"The Baron stands motionless, listening intently. He leaves the room. Change



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CONTEST EDITOR, 16th Floor, 150 Madison Avenue, New York

IT MIGHT be well at this point to flash back to the vamp in her boudoir gloating over the dental bridge. It is a powerful weapon in her hands and you must not take a chance of the spectator overlooking the significance of it. This time, however, the vamp ought to be dressed.

We now return to the Baron and the breakfast scene.

"The Countess enters. The Baron rises, perfunctorily, until she is seated. She opens her handbag and draws out the missing bridge just far enough for him to see it. He holds out his hand for it. The Countess shakes her head and snaps the bag shut. Flash to title.

"GIVE YOUR CONSENT TO THE MARRIAGE OF BELUGA AND HER BELOVED SKWOLBO AND I WILL RETURN YOUR TEETH. REFUSE AND YOU LIVE ON A SOFT DIET."

NEVER make your titles too long. There may always be someone among the spectators who can not read, and it is cruel to prolong the unfortunate's agony.

The Baron, of course, becomes furiously angry.

"He rises partly from his chair and shakes his fist. Flash to title.

"I'LL SEE YOU DAMNED FIRST!"

SOME censors object to the word "damned" and insist upon "darned" being substituted for it. This, however, is entirely a matter of taste. Any censor who has ever had trouble with his teeth will not balk at "damned."

"The Baroness and her daughter Beluga enter the room. When they are seated, the Countess gives the Baron another peep at his bridge. Then she talks excitedly to Beluga. Flash to title.

"YOUR FATHER HAS GIVEN HIS CONSENT TO YOUR MARRYING SKWOLBO."

"The Baron glares at the vamp. Beluga jumps to her feet and embraces her father. The Baroness does the same but, being fatter, does it more slowly. The Countess takes the bridge from her handbag and holds it up. The Baron, scared stiff, slowly nods his head. Flash to title.

"I THINK THAT TROMBONE-PLAYER IS A CHEAP SKATE BUT, OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH I HAVE NO CONTROL, I YIELD!"

"While his wife and daughter are hugging him the vamp slips the bridge into his hand. Show close-up of slipping. The Baron pushes his wife and daughter aside, surreptitiously sneaks the bridge into place and tells the butler to bring back the chop."

WITH the exception of one detail our story has now been completely told and we have used up several thousand feet of film. Some directors would suggest that Skwolbo, the trombone-player, be brought into the picture for a love scene and to round out a triumphant finish. This is hardly worth while. We have made it clear that he exists and that Beluga wants to marry him. The average spectator will take it for granted that he is handsome and interesting. If you have to hire an extra man to play the handsome and interesting it will cost at least \$7.53 a day and may crab the film. We must, however, wind up the Hlmazof.

"The Baron's studio. The Baron enters and sits at his writing-table, idly admiring his bridge. As he picks up his morning cor-

respondence and sniffs inquiringly each envelope, the butler's face appears at the window. The next moment a brick crashes through the windowpane and hits the Baron in the back of his neck. Flash to title.

"BLKAZZA!" (THE HLMZOF CRY OF TRIUMPH)

"The Baroness bursts into the room and beholds her husband, dazed, holding his hand to the back of his neck. She throws her arms about him and, slowly, he draws her head down upon his shoulder. They are reconciled. FADE-OUT."

THAT, my blue-eyed enchantress of the filing and mailing room, is howda wrote a scenario. The word "fade-out," at the end, means that the picture on the screen becomes dimmer and dimmer until it has faded out completely, vanished, disappeared. It is symbolic of the efforts of the vast majority who undertake to write scenarios.

BRUNOLESSING'S next easy step—"Howda Be Happy, or Money Ain't Everything!" Here's your chance to profit by Ezra Peabody's experience with the cobbler of Kenashee—in May.

Deburau: A Poem by Sacha Guitry

(Continued from page 23)

Charles—The theater!
Deburau—What theater?
Charles—The Funambules.
Deburau—Oh, is that where you meet her?
Who is she? Would you rather not say?
Charles—There's no one at all. I go to see the play.
Deburau—To see the play! Do you like seeing plays?
Charles (serenely)—Oh, yes!
Deburau—This is a bit of a shock.
I suppose you're not thinking, one of these days,
Of becoming—
Charles—An actor? I want to be.
Deburau—Do you? Indeed! Well, you might have told me
Before. Am I the sort of a man who bullies his children?
Charles (eagerly)—Let me work hard for a year.
Give me a chance; I'll work so hard
For two years. Then perhaps I could show you—
Deburau (amused)—Do you really think one can learn to act?
Charles—Well, one can try.
Deburau—Ah, there's nothing to stop you from trying.
There's nothing to stop a pig from flying
If he has wings. My boy, this is sheer folly! What sort of parts do you regard as likely to—well?
Charles (promptly)—Parts you used to play.
Deburau (sarcastically)—Parts that I—
Really you flatter me; really I owe you thanks for such an effort at tact.
Charles (eagerly)—Oh, of course, not ever in the way
You used to play them.
Though if you'd show me a trick or two—
Deburau (bitterly)—A trick or two!
Of course, that's all my acting is—or was—
A few tricks I stole from—never mind who!
Now in my turn, I'm to betray them to you! . . .
Don't be so sure I'm done with.
Charles (hastily)—Of course you're not.
Deburau (coldly)—There's enough left in me perhaps to blot
For a little the sun of your rising fame.
Charles (hurt)—Papa, it's a shame
To make jokes like that.
Deburau—Now, listen to me.
You're not quite such a fool as you're trying to be.
You think you can act. Well, take my advice
For remember at this game no one fails twice—
Try something easy. (Indulgently) You can learn to spout
As long as you've words to help you out—
Charles (quickly)—No.
I think I'd do better, like you, in dumb show.
Deburau (in surprise)—As Pierrot?
Charles (eagerly)—Why not, why ever not, I'd like to know?
I can move, I can dance,



Young Deburau (Morgan Farley), like his father, is loved by the ladies.

I'm as light on my feet as a fly,
I can try, I can but try.
Deburau (coldly)—Very well, try.
No doubt we can get you a chance
In some little place in the provinces.
Charles (sagely)—No, I think not. When one commences
That way one may finish that way, too.
Better start in Paris.
Deburau (with a slight sneer)—No doubt that is the thing to do.
What name will you play under?

Charles (in surprise)—What name?
Deburau—There are lots to be found.
The chief thing about which to take care is
That it looks well in print.
It should also have an attractive sound
And be easy to remember. It should give one a hint
Of something familiar.
Charles (taken aback)—Why not my own name?
Deburau—What may that be?
Charles—Deburau.

Deburau (harshly)—That happens to be mine, you see.
Your name is Charles.
Charles—Charles Deburau.
Deburau (angrily)—Oh, no! Oh, no! Make a fool of yourself, my lad, if you must. Of yourself, if you please.
But don't go dragging my name in the dust. My name!
Why, what is that, I should like to know. But another self, a second Deburau, That I've built up, piece by piece, Sweated and suffered to create it? And now you want to appropriate it.
Do the same
For yourself, my lad,
If you're such a genius.
Not a bad
Idea—in fact most ingenious—
To slip into my shoes;
But it happens I don't choose
That you should. And don't you try it.
My name! The wealth of the world shan't buy it.
I'm down, out, and done for, you think,
While you're on the brink
Of success.
None the less
While I've a breath in my body I swear
You don't play my parts in my name, so there!

BUT Deburau's harshness towards the son he loves so dearly is only a symptom of his unhappiness. For when—after seven long years—the "Lady with the Camellia" comes suddenly to visit Deburau in his garret, the invalid's whole attitude towards life is abruptly changed. Yet animated and eager as he is, his visitor finds him pathetically different from the man whom she knew as a wooer long ago.

MARIE (tenderly)—My poor friend, Lying so ill!
Deburau (protesting)—I'm not ill.
Marie—But they told me so.
Deburau (breaking in, disappointed)—It took that to bring you.
Never a thought of me when I was well?
Marie—Yes, I have thought of you very often.
Deburau—Loving me still?
Marie—Still loving you—
As much as ever. I meant to come one day.
A dozen times I've started
But then not been able.
Deburau—Curse them!
Marie—Why curse them?
Deburau—Because, since we parted
A dozen times they've made you miserable.
And then you started to come to me.
Isn't that so?
Marie (hesitating)—Yes.
Deburau—You should have come.
Are you unhappy?
Marie—I have some
Unhappy times.
Deburau—Many?
Marie—Yes, many.

It since I love him I prefer to be happy.
Deburau (exultantly)—At last, at last you understand.
 Now we can sing love's litany together, hand in hand.
Marie (sadly)—I can't explain why I love him so
 as that he's—
Deburau— Oh, I know, I know.
 Who should know if I don't know?
 As that he's a part of you,
 As has the heart of you,
 As is the heart of you—
 Nothing's true if that's not true.
Marie—Why did you sing the litany to me?
 Think that taught me to believe in it. . . .

UT Deburau, finding that his "Lady with the Camellia" still loves another and has pity for him, does not urge her to prolong visit.

DEBURAU (in farewell)—Give me your hand.
 Listen, and try to understand.
 While at me. When I've let your hand go
 Shall hold your smile fast.
 Remember when this is past,
 That the less we have the less we have lost.
 With life at its best I wanted you most.
 He's over;
 He loved you. Now, go to your lover.

UT the sight of her—the mere fact that she cared enough to visit him at all—restores Deburau's courage and his strength. When his Charles returns from the Théâtre Funambules, Deburau, for the first time in many days, takes an interest in the play.

DEBURAU—What are they playing tonight?
Charles—They're playing "Old Clo."
Deburau—Who plays my part?
Charles—Legrand.
Deburau—Who did you say?
Charles—Legrand.
Deburau (flinging off his invalid's robe angrily)—Does he, indeed! That's a poor sort of joke.
 Give me my hat; give me my cloak.
 Don't stand and stare.
 Run on and tell them I'll be there
 And ready to start.
 Near Legrand's prospects are hardly bright.
 Play tonight!

HAT evening at the Théâtre Funambules the audience welcomes Deburau, but soon grows fidgety. For the actor no longer sways as he used to; he seems to have lost his arm and power. He makes strenuous efforts to be amusing without success. He hesitates, makes one mistake after another. Gradually the audience grows bored, and presently a hiss is heard. Then another—and there follows a horrible noise of booing and cat-calling. The great Pierrot pauses in his part, and then slowly draws near the footlights. He makes an appealing gesture to the audience and silence falls. He attempts to speak, but he can not utter a single word. So he tells his audience by few simple gestures that he is ill, that he can't go on, that he has played for the last time. He asks their forgiveness—he says good-by. At this time there is dead silence in the house. Deburau kisses his hand, and the curtain falls. In silence the audience rises and in silence it moves away, leaving the theater empty. But a doom greater than theirs has descended upon the members of the cast back-stage, who grieve for their fellow-player's misfortunes. When Deburau emerges from his dressing-room it is to hear Bertrand, the manager, ordering the theater painter to remove the name Deburau from the boards.

DEBURAU (in a voice of authority)—Let my name be.
Bertrand—This is nonsensical.
Deburau—Well, then, let me—
 At least let me put it right, let me
 In my own way.
 Wait and you'll see. (He takes the brush from Bertrand's hand and makes a capital "C" in front of the name of Deburau.)
 That's enough to efface me
 And it gives you Monsieur Charles Deburau
 To replace
 Me.
Charles (overjoyed)—Father!
Bertrand—Your boy?
Deburau—If you please.
Bertrand—But—
Deburau—Don't worry. The contract can wait till one sees
 What he's worth. Or you can give him my
 First.
 Eight francs a week; that wasn't the worst

Bargain that you ever made, my friend, was it?
Charles, Monsieur Bertrand engages you At eight francs a week.
Bertrand—But he's a child!
Deburau (smiling)—Think how a leading part ages you.
 I was just his age when you took me on.
Bertrand—But you supered.
Deburau— So I did,
 And you told me I'd never learn to speak
 And I never have. How I drove you wild!
 How you wept and how you chided!
 A great experience; he ought not to lose it.
 And if I were thinking of him alone!
 But there's tonight and the theater's credit.
 We
 Have that to think of, have we not?
 And, besides, let's allow for heredity;
 I never had the father he's got.
Laurent—That's true.
Robillard— Let him try it.
Bertrand—But he don't know the part.
Deburau—Yes, he does.
Charles—Oh, I do!
Deburau— Many's the time
 He has sat to spy it,
 Such a little fellow, squeezed up in the wings,
 Prompting me
 Unconsciously,
 Gesturing things
 I was forgetting;
 Prompting's an art.
 Well, tonight
 I propose
 To prompt him;
 To sit and spy
 From that corner dim—
 Give up my part?
 Not yet—not quite!
 For tonight
 We're to go shares in it—he and I.
Charles—My child's game was to play that
 I was you.
Deburau—That's a good game; now I can
 Play it, too!
 (Then to the others) Off with you and leave
 Us alone;
 Just for ten minutes give us the stage.
 (To the Barker) Get along, you, and think
 Over your funniments,
 Sorry to drive away everyone. (But they all
 beg to stay.)
Laurent—Deburau, let me stay.
Justine (who plays Columbine to Deburau's Pierrot)—And me.
Deburau (as he dresses Charles in the costume of Pierrot and puts on the white make-up of the clown)—Now, pay attention, if you please.
 Get this firmly fixed in your head:
 Acting's as easy as shelling peas,
 If (Taking the boy's face between his palms
 and looking at him earnestly) Tell me now
 and tell me truly:
 Are you nervous about tonight?
 Oh, of course, I know that you'll duly
 Say that you are. But are you in a real
 fright?
Charles (stammering)—I—
Deburau—Truly now, I said.
Charles—Yes, I am. I'm terrified!
Bertrand (in dismay)—Now I ask you, if
 he's terrified—
Deburau (firmly)—As he should be, he's
 terrified.
 But that's our own affair—
 The audience doesn't want a share.
 (To Charles) Shake in your shoes in your
 dressing-room,
 Feel sure you've forgotten
 Your part; that you're rotten
 In what you remember. Turn so pale
 That rouge won't redden you. Be certain
 you'll fail.
 Walk forth as a criminal walks to his doom,
 But, once on the scene—
 Once the raps start to sound and the curtain
 to rise—
 Let your fright fly away with it up to the
 flies.
 Once you're over the brink,
 If you must think of yourself at all, think
 You're the greatest actor the world's ever
 seen!
 Now, remember this: be sincere
 But never be trite.
 And never, oh, never
 Try to be—or to seem—too clever.
 What you mean, when you do it, must of
 course be quite clear.
 And it must seem quite clear what you're
 going to do.
 For an audience must always feel sure of you.
 Yet, when you do it, it must seem acci-
 dentally done.
 That's not so difficult as it sounds.
 It's an effect quite easy to get
 When an audience is watching you,
 And a play hangs on you.



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Ah—and before I forget.
Never, on any grounds,
Never play second to anyone!
Now, as to our dumb show, always do
Whatever comes most naturally to you.
An audience isn't difficult
To please; if you find them so, that's your
fault.

It's only that they won't stand blundering.
You must never leave them wondering
What on earth it is you're at.

Laurent (nodding)—That was your secret.
One turn and they knew.

Deburau—It's a secret anyone's welcome to,
Theirs for the guessing.

(To Charles) Come a little closer.

Now! The ordinary gestures, the "Yes, sir"
and "No, sir"

You can't go wrong over. When you come
to expressing

Something elaborate, first think it right.
Nothing hard in that.

Quite still now! Don't move.

If you want to convey "What a pretty girl!"
Think it and do.

Whatever comes to your head to do.

If it's madness or love,

That you're frightened, or pleased, that your
head's in a whirl.

Think, think hard, think intensely

That you are in love, or in a fright,

Then, when you can't keep still any longer,
When your feelings grow stronger

Than you, still hold yourself tensely

And keep yourself in it

For the millionth part of a minute.

Then—let yourself go

And it'll come right.

Don't copy me;

Don't copy anyone.

A professor

Of acting can only teach you his faults.

But—let me see—

There may be one

Or two tricks. . . . (He shows Charles some
trifles of technique and gesture.)

And each time that you play

A part, add something new

While something you may

Feel is less good, take away.

And—love your work.

Remember, the actor's calling

Is the finest in the world.

Is it something a little galling

When, with lip politely curled

And a supercilious smirk.

You are told to your face

That the theater has no place

Among important things?

I tell you, it's an art

That has its springs

In the heart

Of all mankind.

So, when the world's wisacres slight it,
never mind.

And the triumph of triumphs, to hold

A whole house breathless, to mold

Them to tears or to laughter!

Would I sell that power for a king's

Ransom? Picture it now:

The curtain has risen.

For a moment after,
Silence. Row upon row,
So silent you'd swear you could hear the
shakings

Of the earrings that bedizen

That lady there.

Or the manager as he absconds with your share
Of the evening's takings.

All of a sudden you fling

Across the footlights to them

Some trivial thing

That takes their fancy.

Then it begins.

A whisper. They sway to a rhythm.

First it's only a smile you can see

Like a ripple that has just

Been raised by that tiny gust

Of laughter. But the laughter will keep

growing

Till a gale of it is blowing;

A gale that spins

Away with it, amid the silence it has broken

Into a thousand pieces, every token

Of dullness, of care,

Of trouble, of despair.

That's what they come hoping for. It isn't

worth their while

To sit three hours in a theater on the chance

that you'll make them smile,

Though, of course, there's credit in making

them smile.

But high renown

We leave to the tragedians.

It's they who will always be called the great

actors.

Odd, that in this world it's only expedients

For making folk miserable bring you fame. . .

Well, let them stick to it,

That cold academical glory of theirs,

Their temple of High art, we can't add a

touch to it.

Let them look down

On you, call you a clown.

Let the great world neglect and forget you.

Who cares?

It does the same

To all its other benefactors.

You get your pay and more than your pay

If just for a little you draw the breath

Of that glory that passes so quickly away,

Popularity.

Only one thing is better and that's too great

a rarity—

If you've tasted that life you need never feel
Starved, till you come to your final meal
With death.

DEBURAU now turns Charles around,
completely dressed and made up as
Pierrot.

LADIES and gentlemen, my successor,

Latest recruit to your ranks.

Please to give him a sympathetic

Welcome. My sincerest thanks.

He is to be my best performance

And my last, that's certain.

Here I stand prophetic:

"A greater succeeds a lesser."

I finish; he's ready to commence.

Prompter, stand by the curtain. (A scurry-

ing hither and yon, as play is about to

start)

(To Charles) But for a minute more, listen

to me.

I look back over my life,

Its failures and successes,

Its importance and strife;

Now, at the end of it, this is

The lesson I've learnt by heart.

There are two unfading things,

Love and Art.

And not so regretfully

I see them today take wings;

I've had my share of both in a way.

But if you've heard me say

Love was all that counted,

I was wrong.

Love without Art amounted

To something for a season;

But it can't hold you long.

Art without love? That's rhyme without

reason.

No, you must strive

To hold them both by a hand,

If you want to understand

What life is innermost;

If you want to be

Both happy and alive.

Tonight you may make your first success.

If you do, there'll be many more to follow.

Do you think they'll be enough to content you?

Do you think the applause will never sound

hollow?

Do you think that is all the good God meant

you

To have when he gave you the heart of a man
In the skin of an actor? Gather life's joys

while you can;

Life's sorrows, life's dangers;

It's your birthright to know them.

A man's life, nothing less!

Give your audience whole-heartedly all that

you owe them;

But remember that, friends as they are, they

are strangers,

And while their applauding still echoes about

you

Find someone to love—and oh, someone to

love you.

THE big drum is heard off left. The crowd
of players scatters for the wings and the
voice of the barker is heard outside.

BARKER—Gentlemen and ladies—

Our trade is

To amuse you;

And tonight we offer something new,

A new Pierrot,

To take the place of our world-famed

Deburau.

I know what you're going to say, my man:

"No one can."

Well, I excuse you,

There are precious few

Who could. But I'm not boasting. I believe

That in these serious matters one can't afford

to deceive

One's public; and I never do.

But we are going to deceive you, too.

For when you see him, with one accord

You'll say: "That is Deburau!"

And you'll be right, though you'll be wrong.

What's the secret, what's the riddle?

Who can this be

As good as he?

As light on his feet, and rather lighter;

As clever as he, and cleverer, too;

As charming, and with a little more charm?

Well, I give you my word

That this Deburau

Who is not Deburau, and is Deburau—

Gentlemen, does it take you so long

To guess?

I thought you'd have stopped me in the

middle.

Who could be as great a success

As Deburau, and the possessor

Of all his secrets?

Who but one?

His son!

We present you tonight with his son and
and successor.

Charles—Father, what lies he's telling!

What a sham!

Deburau—Hush! That's how he earns his

money.

Charles—Let me stop him.

Deburau—No, no!

Charles—But how could I ever earn half

your fame?

Deburau—Who knows? The public is so

funny! (And as the curtain rises, Debu-

rau stands quietly in the wings and sees the

pleasure-seekers of Paris accord to his son the

tumultuous welcome that had hitherto been his.)



The Barker—Tonight we offer something new—a new Pierrot to take the place of Deburau!

The World in Two Volumes

(Continued from page 25)

good fighting stuff. And if the people are homely, the government was intelligent alert. . . .

PHILIP'S first years of kingship were devoted to the discipline of his army. herto most of the main battle fighting in world had been done by footmen in nation. In the very ancient Sumerian le-pieces we see spearmen in close order ing the main battle, just as they did in Zulu armies of the nineteenth century; Greek troops of Philip's time were still ing in that same style; the Theban anax was a mass of infantry holding

rs, the hinder ranks esting their longer spears een the front-line men. h a formation went ough anything less disined that opposed it. unted archers could, of sc, inflict considerable es on such a mass of y, and accordingly, as horse came into warfare, semen appeared on er side as an accessory his main battle. The ler must remember that horse did not come into y effective use in western until the rise of the yrians, and then at first y as a chariot horse. chariots drove full tilt the infantry mass and d to break it. Unless its ipline was very solid y succeeded. The Hoic fighting is chariot ting.

IS not until the last ousand years B.C. that begin to find mounted iers, as distinct from ioteers, playing a part warfare. At first they ear to have fought in a ttered fashion, each man ng his personal feats. So Lydians fought against us. It was Philip who ms to have created charg-cavalry. He caused "companions" to drill a massed charge. And o he strengthened his lanx by giving the rear a longer spears than had been used hitho, and so deepening its mass.

7TH the weapon of his new army in his hand, Philip first turned his atten- n to the north of Macedonia. He carried editions into Illyria and as far as the nabe; he also spread his power along the st as far as Hellespont. He secured session of a port, Amphipolis, and certain d mines adjacent. After several Thracian editions he turned southward in good nest. He took up the cause of the Delphic phictyony against those sacrilegious Pho- ns, and so appeared as the champion of llenic religion.

HERE was a strong party of Greeks, it must be understood, a Pan-Hellenic rty, in favor of the Greek headship of ilip. The chief writer of this Pan-Hellenic vement was Isocrates. Athens, on the er hand, was the head and front of the position to Philip, and Athens was in open npathy with Persia, even sending emis- ies to the Great King to warn him of the nger to him of a united Greece. The com- gs and goings of twelve years can not be ated here. In 338 B.C. the long struggle tween division and Pan-Hellenism came a decisive issue, and at the battle of ersona Philip inflicted a crushing defeat on Athens and her allies. He gave Athens ace upon astonishingly generous terms; displayed himself steadfastly resolved to opitiate and favor that implacable city; d in 338 B.C. a congress of Greek states ognized him as captain-general for the r against Persia.

IE WAS now a man of forty-seven. It seemed as though the world lay at his st. He had made his little country into the iding state in a great Greco-Macedonian nfederacy. That unification was to be the clude to a still greater one, the unification

of the western world with the Persian empire into one world-state of all known peoples. Who can doubt he had that dream? The writings of Isocrates convince us that he had it. Who can deny that he might have realized it? He had a reasonable hope of living for perhaps another quarter-century of activity. In 330 B.C. his advance guard crossed into Asia. . . .

But he never followed with his main force. He was assassinated.

It is necessary now to tell something of the domestic life of King Philip. The

awe. These occupations of his wife must have been a serious inconvenience to Philip. for the Macedonian people were still in that sturdy stage of social development in which neither enthusiastic religiosity nor uncontrollable wives are admired.

THE evidence of a bitter hostility between mother and father peeps out in many little things in the histories. She was evidently jealous of Philip's conquests; she hated his fame. There are many signs that Olympias did her best to set her son against his father and attach him wholly to herself. A story survives (in Plutarch's Life) that "whenever news was brought of Philip's victories, the capture of a city or the winning of some great battle, he never seemed greatly rejoiced to hear it; on the contrary, he used to say to his play-fellows: 'Father will get everything in advance, boys; he won't leave any great task for me to share with you.'"

It is not a natural thing for a boy to envy his father in this fashion without some inspiration. That sentence sounds like an echo.

WE HAVE already pointed out how manifest it is that Philip planned the succession of Alexander, and how eager he was to thrust fame and power into the boy's hands. He was thinking of the political structure he was building—but the mother was thinking of the glory and pride of that wonderful lady Olympias. She masked her hatred of her husband under the cloak of a mother's solicitude for her son's future.

When in 337 B.C. Philip, after the fashion of kings in those days, married a second wife who was a native of Macedonia, Cleopatra, "of whom he was passionately enamored," Olympias made much trouble.

PLUTARCH tells of a pitiful scene that occurred at Philip's marriage to Cleopatra. There was much drinking of wine at the banquet, and Attalus, the father of the bride, being "intoxicated with liquor," betrayed the general hostility of Olympias and Epirus by saying he hoped there would be a child by the marriage to give them a truly Macedonian heir. Whereupon, Alexander, taut for such an insult, cried out, "What then am I?" and hurled his cup at Attalus. Philip, enraged, stood up and, says Plutarch, drew his sword, only to stumble and fall. Alexander, blind with rage and jealousy, taunted and insulted his father.

"Macedonians," he said, "see there the general who would go from Europe to Asia! Why! He can not get from one table to another!"

How that scene lives still, the sprawl, the flushed faces, the angry voice of the boy! Next day Alexander departed with his mother—and Philip did nothing to restrain them. Olympias went home to Epirus; Alexander departed to Illyria. Thence Philip persuaded him to return.

It was at the marriage of his daughter to her uncle, the King of Epirus and the brother of Olympias, that Philip was stabbed. He was walking in a procession into the theater unarmed, in a white robe, and he was cut down by one of his bodyguard. The murderer had a horse waiting, and would have got away, but the foot of his horse caught in a wild vine and he was thrown from his saddle by the stumble and slain by his pursuers. . . .

So at the age of twenty Alexander was established king in Macedonia.

OLYMPIAS then reappeared in Macedonia, a woman proudly vindicated. It is said that she insisted upon paying the same funeral honors to the memory of the murderer as to Philip, and that she consecrated the fatal weapon to Apollo, inscribed with the name of Myrtalis, by which Philip had been wont to address her when their loves



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first began. In Greece there were great rejoicings over this auspicious event, and Demosthenes, when he had the news, although it was but seven days after the death of his own daughter, went into the public assembly at Athens in gay attire wearing a chaplet.

Whatever Olympias may have done about her husband's assassin, history does not doubt about her treatment of her supplanter, Cleopatra. So soon as Alexander was out of the way—and a revolt of the hillmen in the north called at once for his attention—Cleopatra's newly born child was killed in its mother's arms, and Cleopatra—no doubt after a little taunting—was then strangled. These excesses of womanly feeling are said to have shocked Alexander, but they did not prevent him from leaving his mother in a position of considerable authority in Macedonia. She wrote letters to him upon religious and political questions, and he showed a dutiful disposition in sending her always a large share of the plunder he made.

These stories have to be told because history can not be understood without them. Here was the great world of men between India and the Adriatic ready for union, ready as it had never been before for a unifying control. Here was the wide order of the Persian empire with its roads, its posts, its general peace and prosperity, ripe for the fertilizing influence of the Greek mind. And these stories display the quality of the human beings to whom those great opportunities came. Here was this Philip, who was a great and noble man; and yet he was drunken, and could keep no order in his household. Here was Alexander, in many ways gifted above any man of his time, and he was vain, suspicious, and passionate, with a mind set awry by his mother.

We are beginning to understand something of what the world might be, something of what our race might become, were it not for our still raw humanity. It is barely a matter of seventy generations between ourselves and Alexander; and between ourselves and the savage hunters our ancestors, who charred their food in the embers or ate it raw, intervene some four or five hundred generations. Make men and women only sufficiently jealous or fearful or drunken or angry, and the hot red eyes of the cavemen will glare out at us today. We have writing and teaching, science and power; we have tamed the beasts and schooled the lightning; but we are still only shambling towards the light. We have tamed and bred the beasts, but we have still to tame and breed ourselves.

FROM the very beginning of his reign the deeds of Alexander showed how well he had assimilated his father's plans, and how great were his own abilities. A map of the known world is needed to show the course of his life. At first, after receiving assurances from Greece that he was to be captain-general of the Grecian forces, he marched through Thrace to the Danube; he crossed the river and burnt a village, the second great monarch to raid the Scythian country beyond the Danube; then recrossed it and marched westward and so came down by Illyria. By that time the city of Thebes was in rebellion, and his next blow was at Greece. Thebes—unsupported of course by Athens—was taken and looted; it was treated with extravagant violence; all its buildings, except the temple and the house of the poet Pindar, were razed, and thirty thousand people sold into slavery. Greece was stunned, and Alexander was free to go on with the Persian campaign.

This destruction of Thebes betrayed a streak of crazy violence in the new master of human destinies. It was too heavy a blow to have dealt. It was a barbaric thing to do. No Greeks would have gone so far with conquered Greeks. If the spirit of rebellion was killed, so also was the spirit of help. The Greek states remained inert thereafter, neither troublesome nor helpful. They would not support Alexander with their shipping, a thing which was to prove a very grave embarrassment to him.

Mixed with the craziness of Olympias in Alexander was the sanity of Philip and the teachings of Aristotle. This Theban business certainly troubled the mind of Alexander. Whenever afterwards he encountered Thebans, he tried to show them special favor. Thebes, to his credit, haunted him.

Yet the memory of Thebes did not save three other great cities from similar brain storms; Tyre he destroyed, and Gaza, and a city in India, in the storming of which he was knocked down in a fair fight and wounded; and of the latter place not a soul, not a child, was spared. He must have been

badly frightened to have taken so evil a revenge.

AT THE outset of the war the Persians had this supreme advantage: they were practically masters of the sea. The ships of the Athenians and their allies sulked unhelpfully. Alexander, to get at Asia, had to go round by the Hellespont; and if he pushed far into the Persian empire, he ran the risk of being cut off completely from his base. His first task, therefore, was to cripple the enemy at sea, and this he could only do by marching along the coast of Asia Minor and capturing port after port until the Persian sea bases were destroyed. If the Persians had avoided battle and hung upon his lengthening line of communications they could prob-

ably have destroyed him, but this they did not do. A Persian army not very much greater than his own gave battle on the banks of the Granicus (334 B.C.) and was destroyed. This left him free to take Sardis, Ephesus, Miletus, and, after a fierce struggle, Halicarnassus. Meanwhile the Persian fleet was on his right flank and between him and Greece, threatening much but accomplishing nothing.



WHILE H. G. Wells has been sketching his "Outline of History" this famous Czech painter, Alfons Mucha, has been writing a brilliant "Epic of Slavia"—in oils. (See page 25.) "The Abolition of Serfdom in Russia, 1861"—reproduced in Hearst's by courtesy of Mr. Mucha—is from his magnificent series of twenty mural decorations portraying the history of the Slavic peoples. The "Epic," when completed, is to be housed at Prague by the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia.

ably have destroyed him, but this they did not do. A Persian army not very much greater than his own gave battle on the banks of the Granicus (334 B.C.) and was destroyed. This left him free to take Sardis, Ephesus, Miletus, and, after a fierce struggle, Halicarnassus. Meanwhile the Persian fleet was on his right flank and between him and Greece, threatening much but accomplishing nothing.

In 333 B.C., pursuing this attack upon the sea bases, he marched along the coast as far as the head of the gulf now called the Gulf of Alexandretta. A huge Persian army, under the great king Darius III, was inland of his line of march, separated from the coast by mountains, and Alexander went right beyond this enemy force before he or the Persians realized their proximity. Scouting was evidently very badly done by Greek and Persian alike. The Persian army was a vast, ill-organized assembly of soldiers, transport, camp followers, and so forth. Darius, for instance, was accompanied by his harem, and there was a great multitude of harem slaves, musicians, dancers, and cooks. Many of the leading officers had brought their families to witness the hunting down of the Macedonian invaders. The troops had been levied from every province in the empire; they had no tradition or principle of combined action. Seized by the idea of cutting

off Alexander from Greece, Darius moved this multitude over the mountains to the sea; he had the luck to get through the passes without opposition, and he encamped on the plain of Issus between the mountains and the shore. And there Alexander, who had turned back to fight, struck him. The cavalry charge and the phalanx smashed this great brittle host as a stone smashes a bottle. It was routed. Darius escaped from his war chariot—that out-of-date instrument—and fled on horseback, leaving even his harem in the hands of Alexander.

All the accounts of Alexander after this battle show him at his best. He was restrained and magnanimous. He treated the Persian princesses with the utmost civility. And he kept his head; he held steadfastly to

his plan. He let Darius escape, unpursued, into Syria, and he continued his march upon the naval bases of the Persians—that is to say, upon the Phœnician ports of Tyre and Sidon. Sidon surrendered to him; Tyre resisted.

HERE, if anywhere, we have the evidence of a great military ability on the part of Alexander. His army was his father's creation, but Philip had never shone in the siege of cities. When Alexander was a boy of sixteen, he had seen his father repulsed by the fortified city of Byzantium upon the Bosphorus. Now he was face to face with an inviolate city which had stood siege after siege, which had resisted Nebuchadnezzar the Great for fourteen years. For the standing of sieges Semitic peoples hold the palm. Tyre was then an island half a mile from the shore, and her fleet was unbeaten. On the other hand, Alexander had already learned much by the siege of the citadel of Halicarnassus; he had gathered to himself a corps of engineers from Cyprus and Phœnicia; the Sidonian fleet was with him; and presently the King of Cyprus came over to him with a hundred and twenty ships, which gave him command of the sea. Moreover, great Carthage, either relying on the strength of the mother city or being disloyal to her, and being furthermore entangled in a war in Sicily, sent no help.

The first measure of Alexander was to build a pier from the mainland to the island and a dam which remains to this day; and on this as it came close to the walls of Tyre, he set up his towers and battering-rams. Against the walls he also moored ships in which towers and rams were erected. The Tyrians used fire-ships against this flotilla, and made sorties from their two harbors. In a big surprise raid that they made on the Cyprian ships they were caught and badly mauled; many of their ships were rammed, and a big galley of five banks of oars and one of four were captured outright. Finally a breach in the walls was made, and the Macedonians clambering up the debris from their ships stormed the city.

The siege had lasted seven months. Gaza held out for two. In each case there was a massacre, the plundering of the city, and the selling of the survivors into slavery. Then towards the end of 332 B.C. Alexander entered Egypt, and the command of the sea was assured. Greece, which all this while had been wavering in its policy, decided now at last that it was on the side of Alexander, and the council of the Greek states at Corinth voted its "captain-general" a golden crown of victory. From this time onward the Greeks were with the Macedonians.

THE Egyptians also were with the Macedonians. But they had been for Alexander from the beginning. They had lived under Persian rule for nearly two hundred years, and the coming of Alexander meant for them only a change of masters; on the whole, a change for the better. The country surrendered without a blow. Alexander treated its religious feelings with extreme respect. He unwrapped no mummies as Cambyes had done; he took no liberties with Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis. Here in great temples, and upon a vast scale, Alexander found the evidences of a religiosity, mysterious and irrational, to remind him of the secrets and mysteries that had entertained his mother and impressed his childhood. During his four months in Egypt he flirted with religious emotions.

He was still a very young man, we must remember, divided against himself. The strong sanity he inherited from his father had made him a great soldier; the teaching Aristotle had given him something of the scientific outlook upon the world. He had destroyed Tyre; in Egypt, at one of the mouths of the Nile, he now founded a new city, Alexandria, to replace that ancient center of trade. To the north of Tyre, near Issus, he founded a second port, Alexandretta. Both of these cities flourish to this day, and for a time Alexandria was perhaps the greatest city in the world. The sites, therefore, must have been wisely chosen. But also Alexander had the unstable emotional imagination of his mother, and side by side with such creative work he indulged in religious adventures. The gods of Egypt took possession of his mind. He traveled four hundred miles to the remote oasis of the oracle of Ammon. He wanted to settle certain doubts about his true parentage. His mother had inflamed his mind by hints and vague speeches of some deep mystery about his parentage. Was so ordinary a human being as Philip of Macedonia really his father?

For nearly four hundred years Egypt had been a country politically contemptible, overrun now by Ethiopians, now by Assyrians, now by Babylonians, now by Persians. As the indignities of the present became more and more disagreeable to contemplate, the past and other world became more splendid to Egyptian eyes. It is from the festering humiliations of peoples that arrogant religious propagandas spring. To the triumphant the downtrodden can say, "It is naught in the sight of the true gods." So the son of Philip of Macedon, the master-general of Greece, was made to feel a small person amidst the gigantic temples. And he had an abnormal share of the youth's normal ambition to impress everybody. How gratifying then for him to discover presently that he was no mere successful mortal, not one of these modern vulgar Greekish folk, but ancient and divine, the son of a god, the Pharaoh god, son of Ammon Ra!

Not altogether was the young man convinced. He had his moments of conviction; he had his saner phases when the thing was almost a jest. In the presence of Macedonians and Greeks he doubted if he was divine. When it thundered loudly, the ribald Aristarchus could ask him: "Won't you do something of the sort, O Son of Zeus?" But the crazy notion was, nevertheless, present henceforth in his brain, ready to be inflamed by wine or flattery.

EXT spring (331 B.C.) he returned to Tyre, and marched thence round to the Syrian desert on right. Near the ruins of forgotten cities he found a great Persian army, that had been gathering since the battle of Issus, waiting for him. It was another huge medley of contingents, and it relied for its chief force on that now antiquated weapon, the war chariot. Of these Darius had a force of two hundred, and each chariot had scythes attached to its wheels and to the pole and body of the chariot. There seem to have been four horses to each chariot, and it will be obvious that if one of those horses was wounded by a spear or arrow, that chariot was incapacitated. Against broken footmen or a small body of individualist fighters such vehicles might be formidable; but Darius began the battle by flinging these instruments against the Persian cavalry and light infantry. Few reached the objective, and those that did were readied for position. The well-drilled Macedonian moved obliquely across the Persian front, keeping good order; the Persians, following their movement to the flank, opened gaps in their array. Then suddenly the disciplined Macedonian cavalry charged at one of these places and smote the center of the Persian host. The infantry followed close upon their charge. The center and left of the Persian army crumpled up. For a while the light cavalry on the Persian right gained ground against Alexander's left, only to be cut to pieces by the cavalry from Thessaly, which by this time had become almost as good as its Macedonian model. The Persian forces seemed to resemble an army. They dissolved into a vast multitude of fugitives streaming over great dust-clouds and without a single leader across the hot plain towards Arbela. Through the dust and the flying crowd rode the victors, slaying and slaying until darkness stayed the slaughter. Darius led the retreat. . . .

AND now begins a new phase in the story of Alexander. For the next seven years he wandered with an army chiefly of Macedonians in the north and east of what was then the known world. At first it was a pursuit of Darius. Afterwards it became a systematic survey of a world he meant to consolidate into one great order, or was it a wild-goose chase? His own soldiers, his intimates, thought the latter, and at last stayed his career beyond the Indus. The map it looks very like a wild goose chase; it seems to aim at nothing in particular and to get nowhere. The pursuit of Darius III soon came to a final end. After the battle of Arbela his own generals seem to have revolted against his weakness and incompetence; they made him a prisoner, and took him with them in spite of his desire to throw himself upon the clemency of his conqueror. Bessus, the traitor of Bactria, they made their leader. There was at last a hot and exciting chase of the flying caravan which conveyed the captive king of kings. At dawn, after an all-night pursuit, it was sighted far ahead. The chase became a headlong bolt. Baggages, camp, everything was abandoned by Bessus and his captains; and one other impediment also they left behind. By the side of a pool of water far away from the road a Macedonian trooper presently found a deserted mule-cart with its mules still in the traces. In this cart lay Darius, stabbed in a score of places and bleeding to death. He had refused to go on with Bessus, refused to mount the horse that was brought to him. His captains had run him through with their spears and left him. . . . He asked his captors for water. . . . When, a little after sunrise, Alexander came up, Darius was already dead. . . .

ALEXANDER had been in undisputed possession of the Persian empire for six years. He was now thirty-one. In those six years he had created very little. He had retained most of the organization of the Persian provinces, appointing fresh satraps or retaining the former ones; the roads, the ports, the organization of the empire was still as before, his greater predecessor, had left them; in Egypt he had merely replaced old provincial governors by new ones; in India he had defeated Porus, and then left him in power much as he found him, except that Porus was now called a satrap by the Greeks. Alexander had, it is true, planned out a number of towns, and some of them were to grow into great towns; seventeen Alexandrias he founded altogether; but he had destroyed Tyre, and with Tyre the security of the sea routes which had hitherto been the chief

westward outlet for Mesopotamia. Historians say that he Hellenized the East. But Babylonia and Egypt swarmed with Greeks before his time; he was not the cause, he was a part of the Hellenization. For a time the whole world, from the Adriatic to the Indus, was under one ruler; so far he had realized the dreams of Isocrates and Philip his father. But how far was he making this a permanent and enduring union? How far as yet was it anything more than a dazzling but transitory flourish of his own magnificent self?

He was making no great roads, setting up no sure sea communications. It is idle to accuse him of leaving education alone, because the idea that empires must be cemented by education was still foreign to human thought. But he was forming no group of statesmen about him; he was thinking of no successor; he was creating no tradition—nothing more than a personal legend. The idea that the world would have to go on after Alexander, engaged in any other employment than the discussion of his magnificence, seems to have been outside his mental range. He was still young, it is true, but well before Philip was one and thirty he had been thinking of the education of Alexander.

Was Alexander a statesman at all? Some students of his career assure us that he was; that now at Susa he planned a mighty world-empire, seeing it not simply as a Macedonian conquest of the world, but as a melting together of racial traditions. He did one thing, at any rate, that gives color to this idea; he held a great marriage feast, in which he and ninety of his generals and friends were married to Persian brides.

Here is a matter for a very pretty discussion. Was Alexander really planning a racial fusion or had he just fallen in love with the pomp and divinity of an Oriental monarchy? The writers of his own time, and those who lived near to his time, lean very much to the latter alternative. They insist upon his immense vanity. They relate how he began to wear robes and tiara of a Persian monarch. "At first only before the barbarians and privately, but afterwards he came to wear it in public when he sat for the dispatch of business." And presently he demanded Oriental prostrations from his friends.

One thing seems to support the suggestion of great personal vanity in Alexander. His portrait was painted and sculptured frequently, and always he is represented as a beautiful youth, with wonderful locks flowing backward from a broad forehead. Previously most men had worn beards. But Alexander, enamored of his own youthful loveliness, would not part with it; he remained a sham boy at thirty-two; he shaved his face, and so set a fashion in Greece and Italy that lasted many centuries.

THE stories of violence and vanity in his closing years cluster thick upon his memory. . . . The story of his frantic and cruel display of grief for Hephaestion can scarcely be all invention. If it is true, or in any part true, it displays a mind ill-balanced and altogether wrapped up in personal things, to whom empire was no more than opportunity for egoistic display, and all the resources of the world stuff for freaks of that sort of "generosity" which robs a thousand people to extort the admiration of one astounded recipient.

Hephaestion, being ill, was put upon a strict diet, but in the absence of his physician at the theater he ate a roasted fowl and drank a flagon of iced wine, in consequence of which he died. Thereupon Alexander decided upon a display of grief. It was a grief of a lunatic. He had the physician crucified! He ordered every horse and mule in Persia to be shorn, and pulled down the battlements of the neighboring cities. He prohibited all music in his camp for a long time, and, having taken certain villages of the Cusians, he caused all the adults to be massacred, as a sacrifice to the manes of Hephaestion. Finally he set aside ten thousand talents (a talent £240) for a tomb. For those days this was an enormous sum. None of which things did any real honor to Hephaestion; but they served to demonstrate to an awestricken world what a tremendous thing the sorrow of Alexander could be.

This story and many such stories may be lies or distortions or exaggerations. But they have a vein in common. After a bout of hard drinking in Babylon a sudden fever came upon Alexander (323 B.C.), and he sickened and died. He was still only thirty-three years of age. Forthwith the world empire he had snatched at and held in his hands, as a child might snatch at and hold a precious vase, fell to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

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you'd really broken away from these two—that you'd really confessed to Dick, and are now all square with him."

The word "Father!" struggled chokingly towards her lips. But she only said:

"I'm glad—you know."

"And you were shrewd in that guess you made of what one of these two would do," Biff crossed back to Barney and Old Jimmie. "You two must have been almighty afraid, because of Larry Brainard, that your game was suddenly collapsing, and each must have been trying to grab a piece for himself before he ran away."

"What you talking about?" gruffly demanded Barney.

"Perhaps I'm talking about you. But more particularly about Jimmie Carlisle. For just now Dick Sherwood said when he telephoned that an hour or two ago Jimmie Carlisle had hunted him up, had hinted that he was going to lose a lot of money unless he was properly advised, and offered to give him certain valuable information for five thousand cash."

Barney turned upon his partner. "You thief!" he snarled, tensed as if about to spring upon the other.

OLD JIMMIE turned greenish pale, shrank away from Barney, his every expression proclaiming his guilt. Then Maggie again found her voice:

"And at about the same time Barney was trying to double-cross Jimmie Carlisle. Parney proposed to me that, after we'd gotten Dick Sherwood's money, we'd tell Jimmie Carlisle we'd got very little, and divide the real money fifty-fifty between just us two."

"You thief!" snarled Old Jimmie back at his partner.

The next moment Barney and Old Jimmie were upon each other, striking wildly, clawing. But the moment after, Biff Mellis, his repressed rage now unloosed, and with the super-strength of his supreme fury, had torn the two apart.

"You don't do that to each other—that job belongs to me!" he cried. His right arm flung Barney backward so that Barney went staggering over himself and sprawled upon the floor. Biff gripped Old Jimmie's collar, and his right hand painfully twisted Jimmie's arm. "And I finish you off first, Jimmie Carlisle, for what you've done to me and my girl! But for Larry Brainard you, Jimmie Carlisle, would have succeeded in your scheme to make my girl a crook! I'd like to give you a thousand years of agony, you rat—but that's beyond me!" His right hand shifted swiftly from Old Jimmie's arm to his throat. "But I'm going to choke your rat's life out of you—your lying, sneaking devil's life out of you!"

OLD JIMMIE squirmed and twisted with those long fingers clamped mercilessly around his throat, his eyes rolling, and his mouth gaping with voiceless cries. He was indeed being shaken as a rat might be shaken.

"Don't! Don't!" cried the frantic Maggie and started to seize her father to pull him away. But she was halted by her arm being caught by Barney.

"Let Jimmie have it!" he said fiercely to her, and flung her to the farthest corner of the room. And, grimly exultant over what seemed to be Old Jimmie's doom, he started for the door to make his own escape.

UP TO the moment of Biff Mellis's eruption Larry had felt bound to remain a mere spectator where he was; long as the time had seemed to him, it had in fact been less than half an hour. He had felt bound at first by his promise to Maggie to let her work out her plan, and bound later by his sense that this situation belonged to Biff Mellis. But now this swift crisis dissolved all such obligations. He sprang from his closet to take his part in the drama that was so swiftly unfolding.

XXXVI

LARRY caught and whirled around Barney Palmer just as the hand of the escaping Barney was on the knob of the outer door.

"No, you don't, Barney Palmer!" he cried. "You stay right here!"

Startled as Barney was by this appearance of his dearest enemy, he wasted no precious time on mere words. He swung a vicious blow at Larry, intended to remove this barrier to his freedom. But the experienced Larry let it glance off his elbow, and with the need of an instantaneous conclusion, he sent a terrific right to Barney's chin.

Children of Whirlwind

(Continued from page 33)



Isabel explained to Hunt . . . her quarrel with him had been designed to make him chuck everything and paint.

Barney staggered back, fell in a crumpled heap, and lay motionless.

Sparing only a fraction of a second to see that Barney was momentarily out of it, Larry sprang upon Biff Mellis and tried to break the deadly grip Biff held upon Old Jimmie.

"Stop, Biff—stop!" he cried peremptorily. "Your killing Jimmie Carlisle isn't going to help things!"

Without relaxing his hold, Biff turned upon this interloper. "Larry Brainard! How'd you come in here?"

"I've been here all the time. But, Biff, don't kill Jimmie Carlisle!"

"You keep out—this is my business!" Biff fiercely replied. "If you've been here all the time, then you know what he's done to me, and what he's done to my girl! You know he deserves to have his neck twisted off—and I'm going to twist it off!"

LARRY perceived that Biff's sense of tremendous injury had made him for the moment a madman in his rage. Only the most powerful appeal had a chance to bring him back to sanity.

"Listen, Biff! Listen!" he cried desperately, straining to hold back the other's furious strength from its destructive pur-

pose. "After what's happened, everyone is bound to know that Maggie is your daughter! Understand that, Biff! Everyone will know that Maggie is your daughter! It's not going to help you to be charged with murder. And think of this, Biff: what's it going to do to your daughter to have her father a murderer?"

"What's that?" Biff Mellis asked dazedly. Larry saw that his point had penetrated to the other's reason. So he drove on, repeating what he had said.

"Understand this, Biff: Everyone will now know that Maggie is your daughter! You simply can't prevent their knowing that now! Remember how for over fifteen years you've been trying to do the best you could for her? Do you now want to do the worst thing you can do? The worst thing you can do for Maggie is to make her father a murderer!"

"I guess that's right, Larry," he said, huskily. "Thanks."

HE PUSHED the half-strangled Jimmie Carlisle away from him. "You'll get yours in some other way!" he said grimly.

Old Jimmie, staggering, caught the back of a chair for support. He tenderly felt his throat and blinked at Larry, and Biff and

Maggie. He did not try to say anything. In the meantime Barney had recovered consciousness, had struggled up, and was standing near Old Jimmie. Their recognition that they were sharers of defeat had served to restore something of the sense of alliance between the two.

"Well, anyhow, Larry Brainard," snarled Parney, "you haven't had anything to do with putting this across!"

It was Biff Mellis who replied. "Larry Brainard has had everything to do with putting this across. He's been beating you all the time from the very beginning, though you may not have known it. And though he's seemed to be out of things for the last few hours, he's been the actual power behind everything that's happened up to this minute. So don't fool yourself—Larry Brainard has beaten you out at every point!"

A sense of triumph glowed within Larry at this. There had been a time when he had wanted the animal satisfaction which would have come from his giving violent physical punishment to these two—particularly to Barney. But he had no desire now for such empty vengeance.

"Well, I guess you've got nothing on me," Barney growled at them; "so I'll be moving along. Better come, too, Jimmie."

WHILE he spoke a figure had moved from Larry's closet with the silence of a swift shadow. Its thin hand gripped Barney's shoulder.

"I guess I've got something on you!" it said.

Barney whirled. "Red Hannigan!" he gasped.

"Yes, Red Hannigan! You stool—you squealer!" said Red Hannigan. "I heard you brag about being Barlow's stool, and I heard everything else you bragged about to Biff Mellis's girl. I'd bump you off right now if I had my gat with me, and if I had any chance at a get-away. But I'll be looking after you, and the gang will be looking after you, till you die—the same as you set us after Larry Brainard: No matter what else happens to you, you'll always have that as something extra waiting for you. And when the time comes, we'll get you!"

As silently as he had appeared from the closet, as silently he let himself out of the room. The glowering features of Barney had faded to a pasty white while Hannigan had spoken, and now the hand which tried to bring a handkerchief to his lips shook so that he could hardly find his face. For none knew so well as Barney Palmer how inescapable was this thing which would be hanging over him until the end of his days.

BEFORE anyone in the room could speak there came a loud pounding from within the door of the closet Larry and Red Hannigan had not occupied. "Oh, I'd completely forgotten!" exclaimed Maggie. And, indeed, she had forgotten all that was not immediately connected with the situation created by her father's unexpected entrance. She crossed and unlocked the door and Barlow stepped out.

"Chief Barlow!" exclaimed the astonished Larry, and all the other men gazed at the Chief of Detectives with an equal surprise.

"He is part of my frame-up," Maggie explained at large. "I wanted both the police and Larry's old friends to know the truth at first hand—and clear him before I went away."

"Wasn't that Red Hannigan who just spoke?" were Barlow's first words.

"Yes," said Larry.

Barney, and Old Jimmie as well, had picked up at the appearance of Barlow, as though an aid which had come just in time. But Barlow turned upon Barney a cold police eye.

"I heard you brag that you were my stool. That's a lie."

"Why—why, Chief!" Barney stammered. He had counted upon help here, where there had existed mutually advantageous relations for so long.

"I heard you say you had my protection. That's another lie. You've squealed on a few people, but I've never given you a thing."

BARNEY gasped at this. He knew, as everyone in the room also knew, that Barlow was lying. But Barlow held all the cards. Rough and ruthless police politician that he was, he made it his business always to hold the highest cards. As sick of soul as a man can be, Barney realized that Barlow was doing exactly what Barlow always did—was swinging to the side that had the most evidence and that would prove

most advantageous to him. And Barney realized that he was suffering the appointed lot of all stool pigeons who are found out by their fellow-criminals to be stool pigeons. Informers are of no further use, and according to the police code they must be given punishment so severe as to dissipate the unhealthy belief on the public's part that there could ever have been any alliance between the two.

"I've used this young lady, who seems to have been Jimmie Carlisle's daughter and who seems to be the daughter of this older Biff Mellis, for a little private sleuthing on my own hook," Barlow went on—it was the instinct of the man to claim conception and leadership of any idea whose development he had a part. He spoke in a brusque tone—as why should he, since he was addressing an audience lumped together as just so many crooks? Through this little stunt I pulled tonight, I got on to your curves, Barney Palmer. Yours, too, Jimmie Carlisle. And I'm going to run the pair of you in."

THIS was too much for Barney Palmer. Even though he knew that his position as a stool who was known to be a stool, was about hope whatever, he went utterly pieces.

"For God's sake, Chief," he burst out indignantly, "you're not going to treat me that! You could get me out of this jail! Think of all I've done for you! For God's sake, Chief—for God's sake—" "Shut up!" ordered Barlow, doubling a fist.

Shakingly Barney obeyed. Old Jimmie, hard though he was and lacking entirely the quality of a bravo, had accepted the situation with the twitching calm of one to whom the worst has often happened. "Shut up," repeated Barlow, "and get it out of your beans that I'm going to run the two in."

"Run them in because of this Sherwood girl?" asked Larry.

"Surest thing you know. I've got all the evidence I need."

"But—" Larry was beginning protestingly, when the door-bell rang again. Maggie opened the door, and there entered Miss Sherwood, with Hunt just behind her, Dick just behind him, and Casey and Gavegan following these three. All in the room were surprised at this invasion with the sole exception of Biff Mellis.

WHEN you spoke over the phone about coming," he said to Miss Sherwood, "asked you not to do it."

Barlow was prompt to speak, and the sudden change in his voice would have been amazing to those who do not know how the great men of the Police Department, and other little great men, can alter their voices. He had recognized Miss Sherwood at once, as would anyone else at all acquainted with influential New York.

"Miss Sherwood, I believe," he said, eschewing a slight bow.

"Yes—though I fear I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

"Deputy Barlow, head of the Detective Bureau of the Police Department," he informed her. "Entirely at your service."

"Just what is going on here?" she queried. "I know a part of what has happened," she was addressing herself particularly to Maggie and Larry—"for Dick telephoned me about seven, and I came right into town. He told me everything he knew—which threw a different light on a lot of events—and I telephoned at about nine that I was coming over. But something more seems to have happened."

"Miss Sherwood, it's like—" began Barlow.

"Just a second, Chief," Larry interrupted. "You know what a sensational story this would be as it had developed—and he knew advance just how it would be seized upon and played up by the newspapers. And Larry did not want unpleasant publicity for his friends (three in that room were trying to make a fresh start in life), nor for those who had been his friends.

CHIEF, do you want to make an arrest on a charge which will involve every person in this room in a sensational story? Of course, I know most of us here don't weigh anything with you. But why drag Miss Sherwood, who is innocent in every way, into a criminal story that will serve to heapen her and every decent person involved? Besides, it can only be a conspiracy charge, and there's more than a probability that you can't prove your case.

So why make an arrest that will drag in Miss Sherwood?"

Barlow had a mind which functioned with amazing rapidity on matters pertaining to his own interest. He realized on the instant how it might count for him in the future if he were in a position to ask a favor of a person of Miss Sherwood's standing; and he spoke without hesitation.

"I don't know anything about this Sherwood matter. If anyone ever asks me, they'll not get a word."

THERE was swift relief on the faces of Barney and Old Jimmie—to be instantly dispelled by Chief Barlow's next statement, which followed his last with only a pause for breath:

"The main thing we want is to stick these two crooks away." He turned on Barney and Old Jimmie. "I've just learned you two fellows are the birds I want for that Gregory stock business. I've got you for fair on that. It'll hold you a hundred times tighter than any conspiracy charge. Casey, Gavegan—hustle these two crooks out of here."

The next moment Casey and Gavegan had handcuffs on the prisoners and were leading them out.

"Good for you, Larry!" Casey whispered warmly as he went by with Barney. "I knew you were going to win out, though it might be an extra-inning game!"

AT THE door Barlow paused. "I hope I've done everything all right, Miss Sherwood?"

"Yes—as far as I know, Mr. Barlow."

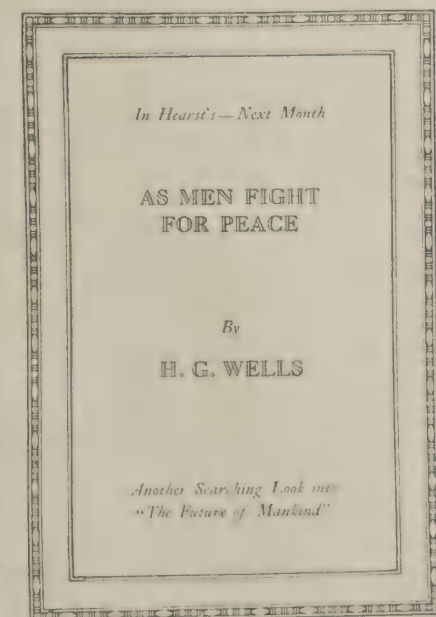
Again Barlow started out, and again turned. "And you, Brainard," he said rather grudgingly, "I guess you needn't worry any about that charge against you. It'll be dropped."

And with that Barlow followed his men and his prisoners out of the room.

THEN for a moment there was silence.

As Larry saw and felt that moment, it was a moment so large that words would only make a faltering failure in trying to express it. He himself was suddenly free of all clouds and all dangers. He had succeeded in what he had been trying to do with Maggie. A father and a daughter were meeting, with each knowing their relationship, for the first time. There was so much to be said, among all of them, that could only be said as souls relaxed and got acquainted with each other. It was so strained, so stupendous a moment that it would quickly have become awkward and anticlimactic, but for the tact of Miss Sherwood.

"Mr. Brainard," she began in her smiling direct manner, with a touch of brisk commonplaceness in it which helped relieve the tension. "I want to apologize to you for the way I treated you late this afternoon. As



I said, I've just had a talk with Dick and he's told me everything—except some things we may all have to tell each other later. I was entirely in the wrong, and you were entirely in the right. And the way you've handled things seems to have given Dick just that shock which you said he needed to awaken him to be the man it's in him to be. I'm sure we all congratulate you."

SHE gave Larry no chance to respond. She knew the danger, in such an emotional crisis as this, of any let-up. So she went

right on in her brisk tone of ingratiating authority.

"I guess we've all been through too much to talk. You are all coming right home with me. Mr. Brainard and Mr. Mellis live there; I'm their boss, and they've got to come. And you've got to come, Miss Mellis, if you don't want to offend me. I won't take 'No.' Besides, your place is near your father. Wear what you have on; in half a minute you can put enough in a bag to last until tomorrow. Tomorrow we'll send in for the rest of your things—whatever you want—and send a note to your Miss Grierson, paying her off. You and your father will have my car," she concluded. "Mr. Brainard and Dick will ride in Dick's car, and Mr. Hunt will take me."

And as she ordered, so was it.

FOR fifteen minutes—perhaps half an hour—after it rolled away from the Grantham Hotel there was absolute stillness in

Miss Sherwood's limousine, which she had assigned to Maggie and her father. Maggie was near emotional collapse from what she had been through; and now she was sitting tight in one corner, away from the dark shadow in the other corner that was her newly discovered father who had cared for her so much that he had sought to erase from her mind all knowledge of his existence. She wanted to say something—do something; she was torn with a poignant hunger. But she was so filled with pulsing desires and fears that she was impotent to express any of the million things within her.

AND so they rode on, dark shadows, almost half the width of the deeply cushioned seat between them. Thus they had ridden along Jackson Avenue, almost into Flushing, when the silence was broken by the first words of the journey. They were husky words, yearning and afraid of their own sound, and were spoken by Maggie's father.

"I—I don't know what to call you. Will—will Maggie do?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I'm—I'm not much," the husky voice ventured on, "but what you said about going away—for my sake—do you think you need to do it?"

"I've made—such a mess of myself," she choked out.

"Other people were to blame," he said. "And out of it all, I think you're going to be what—what I dreamed you were. And—and—"

There was another stifling silence. "Yes?" she prompted.

"I wanted to keep out of your life—for your sake," he went on in his strained, suppressed voice. "But—but if you're not ashamed of me now that you know all"—in the darkness his groping hand closed upon hers—"I wish you wouldn't—go away from me, Maggie."

AND then the surging, incoherent thing in her that had been struggling to say itself this last half-hour suddenly found its voice in a single word.

"Father!" she cried, and flung her arms around his neck.

"Maggie!" he sobbed, crushing her to him.

All the way to Cedar Crest they said not another word; just clung to each other in the darkness, sobbing—the first miraculous embrace of a father and daughter who had both found that which they had never expected to have.

XXXVII

IT WAS ten the next morning at Cedar Crest, and Larry Brainard sat in his study mechanically going over his figures and plans for the Sherwood housing project.

For Larry the storms of the last few weeks, and the whirlwind of last night, had cleared away. There was quiet in the house, and through the open windows he could glimpse the broad lawn almost singing in its sun-gladdened greenness, and farther on he could glimpse the Sound gleaming placidly. Once, for perhaps ten minutes, he had seen the over-alled and straw-hatted figure of Biff Mellis busy as usual among the flowers. He had strained his eyes for a glimpse of Maggie, but he had looked in vain.

Despite all that had come to pass at the Grantham the previous evening, Larry was just now feeling restless and rather forlorn. His breakfast had been brought to him in his room, and he had not seen a single member of last night's party at the Grantham since they had all divided up according to Miss Sherwood's orders and driven away; that is, he had really seen no one except Dick. Dick



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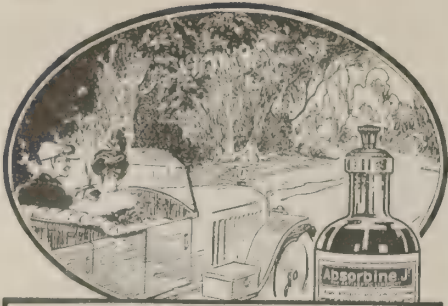
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had gripped his hand when he had slipped in beside Dick in the low seat of the roadster. "You're all right, Captain Nemo!—only I'm going to be so brash as to call you Larry after this," Dick had said. "If you'd let me, you and I are going to be buddies."

He was all right, Dick was. Dick Sherwood was a thoroughbred.

AND there was another matter which had pleased him. The Duchess had called him up that morning, had congratulated him in terms so brief that they sounded perfunctory but which Larry realized had all his grandmother's heart in them, and had said she wanted him to take over the care of all her houses—those she had put up as bail for him. When could he come in to see her about this? . . . He understood this dusty-seeming, stooped, inarticulate grandmother of his as he had not before. Considering what her life had been, she also was a brick.

But notwithstanding all this, Larry was lonely—hungrily lonely—and was very much in doubt. Miss Sherwood had spoken to him fair enough the night before—yet he really did not know just how he stood with her. And then—Maggie. That was what meant most to him just now. True, Maggie had emerged safe through perils without and within; and to get her through to some such safety as now was hers had been his chief concern these many months. He wanted to see her, to speak to her. But he did not know what her attitude towards him would now be. He did not know how to go about finding her. He was not even certain where she had spent the night. He wanted to see her, yet was apulse with fear of seeing her. She would not be hostile; he knew that much. But she might not love him; and at the best a meeting would be awkward, with so wide a gap in their lives to be bridged. . . .

HE WAS brooding thus, when there was a loud knocking at his door. Without waiting for his invitation to enter, the door was flung open, and Hunt strode in, leaving the door wide behind him. His face was just one great excited grin. He gave Larry a thump upon the back which almost knocked him over, pulled him back to equilibrium by seizing a hand in both of his own, and then almost shook it off.

"Larry, my son," exploded the big painter, "I've just done it! And I did it just as you ordered me to!"

"Forgot that Miss Sherwood and I had had a falling out, and as per your orders I walked straight up to her and asked her. And Larry, you son-of-a-gun, you were right! She said 'Yes!'"

"You're lucky, old man!" exclaimed Larry, warmly returning the painter's grip.

"And, Larry, that's not all. You told me I had the clearness of vision of a cold boiled lobster; said I was the greatest fool that ever had brains enough not to paint with the wrong end of an umbrella; paid me some little compliment like that."

"Something like that," Larry agreed.

"Well, Larry, old son, you were right again! I've been a worse fool than all you said. Been blinder than one of those varnished skulls some tough-stomached people use for paper-weights. After she'd said 'Yes' she gave me the inside story of why we had fallen out. And guess why it was?"

"You don't want me to guess. You want to tell me. So go to it."

"LARRY, we men will never know how clever women really are!" Hunt shook his head with impressive emphasis. "Nor how they understand our natures—the clever women—nor how well they know how to handle us. She confessed that our quarrel was, on her part, carefully planned from the beginning with a definite result in view. She told me she'd always believed me a great painter, if I'd only break loose from the pretty things people wanted and paid me so much for. The trouble, as she saw it, was to get me to cut loose from so much easy money and devote myself entirely to real stuff. The only way she could see was for her to tell me I couldn't paint anything worth while, and tell it so straight-out as to make me

believe that she believed it—and thus make me so mad that I'd chuck everything and go off to prove to her that I *could* paint! I certainly got sore; I ducked out of sight, swearing I'd show her, and— Oh, well, you know the rest! Tell me now, can you think of anything cleverer than the way she handled me?"

"It's just about what I would expect of Miss Sherwood," Larry commented.

"EXCUSE me," said a voice behind them. "I found the door open; may I come in?"

Both men turned quickly. Entering was Miss Sherwood.

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ARE WE ALL CLAIRVOYANTS?

By

H'AMY ADAMS

In Hearst's—Coming Soon

"Isabel!" exclaimed the happy painter. "I was just telling Larry here—you know!"

Miss Sherwood's tone tried to be severe, and she tried not to smile—and she succeeded in being just herself.

"I came to talk business with Mr. Brainard. And I'm going to stay to talk business with Mr. Brainard. But I'll give him five seconds for congratulations—provided at the end of the five seconds Mr. Hunt gets out of the room."

Larry congratulated the two; congratulated them as warmly as he felt his as yet dubious position in this company warranted. At the end of the five seconds Hunt was closing the door upon his back.

"I've always loved him—and I want to thank you, Mr. Brainard," she said with her simple directness. And before Larry could make response of any kind, she shifted the subject.

"I REALLY came in to see you on business, Mr. Brainard. I hope I made my attitude towards you clear enough last night. If I did not, let me say now that I think you have made good in every particular—and that I trust you in every particular. What I wished especially to say now," she went on briskly, giving Larry no chance to stammer out his appreciation, "is that I wish to go ahead without any delay with your proposition for developing the Sherwood properties in New York City which we discussed some time ago. A former objection you raised is now removed: You are cleared, and are free to work in the open. I want you to take charge of affairs, with Dick working beside you. I think it will be Dick's big chance. I've talked it over with him this morning, and he's eager for the arrangement. I hope you are not going to refuse the offer this time."

"I can't—not such an offer as that," Larry said huskily. "But, Miss Sherwood, I didn't expect—"

"Then it's settled," she interrupted with her brisk tone. "There'll be a lot of details, but we'll have plenty of time to talk them over later." She stood up. "There are some changes here at Cedar Crest which I want begun at once and which I want you to supervise. If you don't mind we'll look things over now."

HE WENT beside her along the curving graveled walks. She headed towards the cliff, but he had no idea where she was leading until a sharp turn brought them almost upon the low cottage which these last few weeks had been Biff Mellis's home.

"Here is where we start our changes," said the businesslike Miss Sherwood. "The door's open, so we might as well go right in."

They stepped into a tiny entry, and from thence into a little sitting-room. The room was filled with cut flowers, but Larry did not even see them. For as they entered, Maggie sprang up, startled, from a chair and, whiter

than she had been before in all her life, gazed at him as if she wanted to run away. She stood trembling and slender in a linen frock of most simple and graceful lines. It was Miss Sherwood's frock, though Larry did not know this; already it had been decided that all those showy Grantham gowns were never to be worn again.

ONCE more Miss Sherwood came to the rescue of a stupendous situation, just her tact had rescued a situation too great for words the night before. "Of course you two people now perceive that I'm a fraud—that I've got you together by base trickery. So much being admitted, let's proceed." She turned on Larry.

"Maggie—we've agreed that I am to call her that—Maggie stayed with me last night. There are two beds in my room. But we didn't sleep much; mostly we talked. If there's anything Maggie didn't tell me about herself I can't guess what there's left to tell. According to herself, she's terrible. But that's for us to judge; personally, I don't believe her. She confessed that she really loved you, but that after the way she'd treated you of course she wasn't fit for you."

"All that, of course, is just a girl's nonsense. I suppose you, Mr. Brainard, are thinking something of the sort regarding your own self. It is equally nonsense. You both love each other—you've both been through a lot—nothing of importance now stands between you—so don't waste any of your too short lives in coming together."

SHE took a deep breath and went on. "You might as well know, Mr. Brainard, that Maggie is going to live with me for the present—that of course she is going to be a very great burden to me—and it will be a great favor to me if you'll marry her soon and take her off my hands."

And then the voice that had tried to keep itself brisk and even quavered with a sudden sob. "For heaven's sake, dear children—don't be fools!"

And with that she was gone.

FOR an instant Larry continued to gaze at Maggie's slender trembling figure. But something approaching a miracle—a very human miracle—had just happened. All those doubts, fears, indecisions, unexpressed desires, agonies of self-abasement, which might have delayed their understanding and happiness for weeks and months, had been swept into nothingness by the incisive kindness of Miss Sherwood.

In the space of a single minute she had said all they might have said in months; there was nothing more to say. There was nothing left of the past to discuss. Before them was only the fact of that immediate moment, and the future.

Tremblingly, silently, Larry crossed that trembling, silent figure in white. She did not retreat. Tremblingly, he took her hands and looked down into her dark eyes. They were now flowing tears, but they met his squarely, holding back nothing. The look in her eyes answered all he desired to know just then, for he gathered her tight into his arms. Wordlessly, but with a sharp convulsive sob, she threw her arms about his neck—and thus embracing, shaken with sharp sobs, they stood while the minutes passed, without a single word having been spoken.

And, so it was that these two, both children of the storm, at last came together. . . .

PRESENTLY Biff Mellis chanced to step unsuspectingly into the room. Seeing what he did, he silently tiptoed out. There was a garden chair just outside his door. Into this he sank and let his thin face fall into his hands. His figure shook and hot tears burned through his fingers. For his heart told him that his great dream was at last come true.

WITH a few cents, an ingratiating smile, and his amazing nerve for capital, young Calvin Gray does business on a large scale. See "Wells of Mammon," by Rex Beach—in May.

Heading Ahead with Harding

(Concluded from page 30)

their places and arrayed around their feet, the grapple with these tremendous problems is now in full swing. There are outstanding and upstanding questions at the beginning of the wisdom and statesmanship of the new 7,000,000-majority administration:

First, the question of disarmament among greater nations.

Second, the question of cancellation or reduction of the Allied debt to the United States.

Third, the old-new question of free tolls for our American ships through an American Panama Canal.

THE whole present foreign problem will revolve about these three. The Congress of the nation have been waiting upon the coming of the Harding Cabinet and the Harding Congress to take hold. The promises so far have been preliminary. The real thing in international statesmanship is now definitely upon us.

The problems are all American. In that they are also all international. They subjugate all others, with the appropriation of safety out of the way.

THE matter of disarmament, Senator Borah's resolution calling for warship reduction by the United States, England, and Japan in conference has clarified the issue. The Trinity of Nations that holds the peace of the world in balance will decide. By this time the new President has called an International Conference on Disarmament to meet in Washington, we shall have marked progress towards the decision. If the matter still rests upon a wrangling state, we have not yet passed out of the old status quo.

Our country holds the controlling hand in the great game of nations. The trump cards are ours. We can financially better afford to build. And we can better afford to rest on our arms. No other nation can afford

to compete with us in building. No other nation is better prepared to stand upon the status quo. No other nation knows that so well as England, our only real competitor on the sea!

ENGLAND and other nations for this reason are urging the policy of disarmament upon our country. More especially are other nations pressing upon us the policy of a halt in our naval building. It is a question in which our commerce, our national safety and the world's peace are involved. All the sound judgment and discretion of the Harding Administration will be at stake in the answer. At present, there is a division in the Republican ranks.

The new President is committed to the policy of a strong navy and preparedness for every probable need. This question will be the first test of his power. If he can command as Wilson did, his ideas will coin.

UPON the astonishing proposition to wipe out the war debt which the Allied nations owe our country, one thing has been definitely made clear. The overwhelming sentiment of our Congress in both Houses, and of our people in all sections, is against it. The suggestion in either the Senate or the House arouses everywhere an actually indignant opposition. There is everywhere a feeling of amazement that the English government, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain has stated it, should have blandly or brazenly presented such a suggestion officially to the American Government, as Secretary of the Treasury Houston has declared to have been done. France has preserved a greater dignity and pride in the discussion of the suggestion. Blandly as England in behalf of herself and the Allies may argue what France and England have suffered and spent for the halting of Germany's assault on civilization, it may be as

blandly and truthfully recalled that what America gave, beyond its bulk and volume of life and treasure, was absolutely conclusive of the magnificent result.

Upon this vital issue the exact attitude of the Harding Administration is not at this time entirely clear. But the Harding Administration is on record as ultra-American, and a just collection of the Allied debt is undoubtedly the American idea.

ONCE before, the great question of the free passage of American ships through our Panama Canal was before the American Congress, and the affirmative of this great international policy was ably and insistently argued by Hearst's Magazine and its kindred periodicals. The sentiment of the Congress and of the American people was clearly in favor of the American policy.

But in spite of all this the Democratic Congress, leaning largely upon the argument and judgment of Mr. Elihu Root, Anglophile, and upon the diplomatic plea of the British Government, yielded to the insistence of President Wilson, and surrendered to England the right to give our American shipping passage without tolls through the great waterway that our American money and enterprise had builded. It was a great and galling defeat for the American idea and for the vital hopes of our American merchant marine.

IT IS given out among the Administration Senators that the word and the will of President Harding will strongly favor the opening of the American waterway to American ships and that the present Congress will pass the measure, and thereby invigorate American commerce and our merchant marine.

Upon the prompt and effective handling of these three great questions, the American people will be likely to weigh the real Americanism of the Harding Administration.



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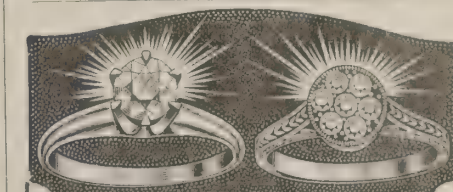
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A Tangent Into Gilead

(Continued from page 48)

a trump or a hard-minded young woman with a brain like a cash-register. Now, you're it perfect."

Dolf rested her chin on her hands, and red unblushingly at Mrs. Dawlish out of lective blue eyes.

"I wonder what you want," she murmured. "Do you love him? If you do, you may have him if you can get him. I'm not a competitor, even supposing I could compete with you. I only want to earn my living and be let alone. Unfortunately men never let a girl alone unless she's impossibly vain."

MRS. DAWLISH, who sought truth even if she did not ensue it, and had found what she wanted, went off on a tangent into lead, so to speak, and came back loaded with balm.

"My dear, you can count me out," she said with the most limpid sincerity of manner. "Geoffrey's a pal of mine, and useful, and I'd like to know you because you're a way a sidelight on his character. And it's obvious why I said he was clever to find out, and fortunate, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"Of course it is."

She stretched out a slender hand molded of virgin white kid and played with the handle of a seven-guinea parasol.

"There are so many women in a man's life; some he loves, others he endures, one may even marry. If he isn't clever enough to get them may get in the way of his work, which is more than women if he's a person of gifts. But if he can get the right kind of pretty girl connected with that work to keep him always interested, just a shade above himself, it's more satisfactory as a stimulus than any drug or cocktail ever invented, and far more permanent. Probably it helps with the men who come to see him, too. Either way, she's priceless. And that's what you mean to Geoffrey Sanway, and that's why I call him clever. I rather envy you. If you play your hand correctly you may haven't any limits; you can be what you like to him."

She got up to go.

"Good-by," she said, and stood there still smiling, a graceful woman of forty with a storied past and a complicated future. "I think we'll be friends, don't you? It's simpler and less trouble, and there's no reason why we shouldn't. If I can help you at any time do let me."

AN HOUR later Sanway returned. There was a weariness in his expression, a touch of disillusion in his manner. He looked at Dolf with half apologetic, half pitiful eyes. An unerring sixth sense told her as plainly as if she had seen them together that some girl had occupied his afternoon and that in man's dumb, illogical way he was apologizing to her. But he only said:

"I met a man named Ferguson Clyde today. He's the manager of the Summerhouse Theater and he knew you when you were there. He told me you were awfully popular in those days. Am I so very unpleasant or so obviously immoral that you won't lunch with me, Dolf?"

A languid, ironic voice seemed to be whispering in Dolf's ear. "There are so many women in a man's life," it murmured. "But if he can get the right kind of pretty girl to keep him always interested. . . . Somehow he scarce ly looked as if it had been the right kind of pretty girl that afternoon. He was very kind, and one ought to play fair. After all, did lunch mean so very much? And one could always go away if circumstances became intolerable."

She shook her fair head very faintly and the soft red mouth took on a pathetic droop.

SANWAY stood before her, his brain a wild tangle of desires and inhibitions, folding invisible arms round the slight, poignant curves of her figure, cursing himself for an incontinent brute, and exulting in her nearness and dearness all in the same breath.

"All right, I will. Thanks very much," she said at last. "But not tomorrow, please. Make it the day after."

She felt she could not endure it till the invisible taint of the other girl had evaporated in the lapse of a little time.

THEIR table stood in the most fortunate corner of the great cream-and-gold room where, because the prices were high, tables did not jostle one another as in lesser restaurants. Dolf could look out on a little terrace gay with flowers and see the green of the park stretching beyond. There were Sanway's violets at her breast, a whole adoring, encompassing atmosphere of Sanway about her, and his voice lilting the love call through every conversational commonplace. And while she laughed she shivered because it would go on and on, doggedly and unweariedly until—what? One got so tired of resisting and saw inevitably the day when from sheer emotional fatigue it became impossible to resist any longer.

"Dolf, are you happy?"

She smiled at man's eternal boyishness looking out of his admiring eyes. He was by far the finest-looking man in the room. They had everything money could buy or art produce. And still he asked if she were happy. In his own eyes he seemed not to have given her enough.

"Course I'm happy. What girl wouldn't be? Are you? If you are, tell me why. I'm interested."

SHE studied him thoughtfully. And he quoted, with the lilt singing through every tone:

*"What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is
And half of the world a bride."*

"As usual the bliss is conditional, Dolf dear. You have to ask aright for it. And God knows I'm trying."

He stretched a hand across the table and laid it on hers.



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"And what is your idea of bliss?" she queried, knowing all the time.

"You," he said simply. "You're perfect. I want you so, and I'm going to have you! How I could work if I had you!" He threw back his shoulders like a giant facing titanic difficulties. She only smiled. She had heard it all before. She was waiting for seven little words, "I want you to be my wife," and they did not come. And she knew they never would come, from him.

"Don't, Geoffrey! You only spoil it all. I warned you when you asked me to lunch with you, and you wouldn't listen. You don't love me a little bit and you can't even pretend to. It's only your man's destructive instinct. You're all just the same with every girl you meet. Am I right?"

But he only said: "Come and see if I don't love you. We're going to take a half-holiday and motor out to my place up the river. You'll simply go crazy over it and I'm dying to show it to you. Go and powder your small nose. The car's waiting outside now."

OF COURSE he left the chauffeur behind and swung the two-seated Rolls-Royce in and out of the traffic like a mechanical angel. At the first opportunity he stretched her out and they ate up the ribbon of road unconsciously because of the silence and springing of a perfect car.

An hour and a half brought them to an old Georgian house with lawns sloping to the river-bank. He led her with gentle impatience through the house, by terrace and pergola to the landing-stage, and paddled slowly upstream with Dolf lying on the silken cushions of the punt, too restless to fret over life's problems or care what became of her. He made tea under overhanging trees and let her play blissfully with the silver spirit kettle and cunningly arranged basket. It was enough to see her, unbelievably slender and beautiful to his eyes, lying on his cushions in his punt, rejoicing no one but him.

THEY dined alone in a little room giving on the terrace. Afterward the inevitable happened; his hand found hers, his arms went round her, he drew her head against his shoulder and kissed the soft mouth, the blue eyes, the creamy throat, and the wavy gold hair with innumerable and diverse kisses.

At last Dolf disengaged herself and faced him with something in her glance he could not gainsay, that made the little room a palace of truth.

"You don't want to marry me, do you?" she said in a curious, level voice.

A shadow came over his clean-cut, strong face. Then he met her gaze frankly.

"I'm not a marrying man, Dolf. My life's too full, and anyway I could never be faithful to one woman. You want these little methodical, calculating natures for that. I don't think any girl is big enough to fill my life. It may sound like conceit; of course, the most ordinary girl in some respects is away up above any man. I don't want children—at any rate not at the price of sticking to one girl forever. But I do want you, and I love you, and I'll be so good to you you'll never regret it. While you're with me I'll give you the most wonderful life—a life you wouldn't get out of half a dozen ordinary marriages. Oh, my dear! Isn't it worth it to distill the gold out of a wonderful love affair and end it directly it begins to pall? What's the faithfulness of a man who's tired of you worth?"

"As much as one's children, one's home, one's self-respect, I suppose. You take rather a lot for granted, Geoffrey. In a moment you'll call me conventional, as if it wasn't the conventions men have made for them that tie women down. Women aren't really more what's called moral than men. And men always have two standards—one for wives and one for not-wives. But both are women."

SHE got up and smoothed her ruffled hair. Her face was pale and very tired.

"Please take me back," she said. "And oh, Geoffrey! Don't begin this all over again, for heaven's sake. Kiss me if you like—I don't mind and you'll soon get tired of it."

But don't pretend you love me. It's too beautiful a word—for a girl—to take liberties with. Will you promise?"

He took her two hands, looked down at her, and shook his head. He was exalted, vital, and the thrill that radiated from his touch made her feel weak and light-headed.

"I'll make you love me," he told her with a sort of fierce gentleness that made her shiver, because she knew that his greater strength, ruthlessly exerted, would wear her down in the long run. And then there would be nothing to cling to, none to help.

"There are only two decent solutions for a girl like me," says the Winsome Dolf; "a face like a shovel—or marriage."

THE BETTER PART

By

F. E. BAILY

In Hearst's for Next Month

IN DESPERATION, knowing perfectly well the futility of what she did, she went to see Philip Heriot on some manufactured errand. She found him dictating letters to a dark, pretty girl of nineteen, a girl with deep, inscrutable eyes, soft curves, and definite attraction, who cast a hostile glance at Dolf as Philip murmured in dismissal: "Thank you—that's all, Miss Wayne." And, having transacted her business, Dolf sat back in her chair, looked him in the eye, and said:

"I'm going to trust you. Supposing Sanway gets fond of me, what am I to do? I don't want to leave. I must earn my living. Tell me what a man's attitude is to a girl he employs—yours to that pretty kid, for instance."

The public spirit of men, which causes them to play up to one another, cost any woman what it may, descended on Philip Heriot.

"Oh, well," he began deprecatingly, and paused. "Of course Henrietta and I are pretty good pals. One must be on more or less human terms with a secretary, because she comes so much into life. I always say it's easier to change a wife than a secretary—supposing one had a wife. A new wife could only wreck your home, whereas a new secretary can wreck your business. I shouldn't worry about Sanway. Course he can't help admiring you, if I may say so. And it helps you to be a good influence in his life, and give me a lift if he cuts up rough with me over anything."

He laughed his boyish, optimistic laugh, and Dolf left him much as she had found him.

In a more artistically veiled fashion she placed the problem before Mrs. Dawlish when that lady, who desired to obtain an advertisement contract from Sanway, asked her to tea.

DOLF sat in her hostess's tiny, perfect flat. The boudoir enshrined photographs of many men, most of them either famous or notorious in both, and not one woman. Dolf felt the flat knew as many secrets as a lovely, wicked woman. Anyhow, it made a perfect background for its tenant, who lay back in exactly the right chair for her age and delivered well-considered judgment.

"After all, you're not a child, dear young lady, and Geoffrey's an exceptional man; and exceptional men can't be treated as if they were commonplace. Even if a crisis were to arise, and you—er—let your better nature carry you away, girls have done these things before and survived. We live in a charitable age. And in any case no man will 'love' you forever, or even for very many years. Better a rich profitable episode than a poor eternity married to a man who 'loves' you and then gets tired of you, and in neither condition can afford to do you well. Perhaps I've become a little worldly, but marriage

always seems to me so much more tragic than divorce, and at the best it's generally the anticlimax of a honeymoon, isn't it? How much nicer to have the honeymoon and dodge the anticlimax!"

"Yes," murmured Dolf, "and how positively cozy to be dead and buried and away from these problems! Thanks awfully, Mrs. Dawlish. I've enjoyed myself frightfully Good-by."

And, seeing no use in running away from Fate, she promised to stay the following week-end at Sanway's riverside house.

SATURDAY they spent on the river. He flung at her feet all the charms that was his by inheritance and training; he gave her gifts that other women had suffered and smiled to endow him with; since men come out of every flirtation more fresh and women more tired, he flooded her with the vitality of other women and lavished on her the prettiness and charm they had taught him.

"What's heaven," he said, "when one can have earth in summer-time and the one perfect girl? Dolf, darling, you're adorable. You have all the dearest of a good girl and all the subtle delightful wickedness that a man longs for and never finds. Your mouth's a beautiful snare

and your arms are two lovely lures to destruction. When I think some other man might possess you I could die with misery. How perfect it'll be to teach you to love me!"

SHE lay smiling amid the boat-cushions and parried this man-madness with the skill that comes so early to the lonely girls of this world.

"Silly ass! I don't want to be taught to love you. I don't love you and you'll never make me. I want to be taken care of and not always to be on the defensive. Oh, Geoffrey! Men are so stupid. Why can't they learn to let a girl just be happy and not rag her? How would you like someone always to look as if they wanted to burn you up with their eyes—someone immensely stronger and bigger than you?"

Then in a gust of tenderness he bent and kissed her white silken instep.

"I CAN be good to you, too. I want to be good to you. But oh, Dolf! You're such a lovely thing, and you understand me, and you make such a difference to life. You've all that money can't buy, and you lie there aloof and calm as if I were the water-rate man or anyone else that doesn't matter."

"You don't matter. I just put up with all your extravagance because I can't help it. You know nothing about women, Geoffrey. You give them everything that only costs money, and for the rest you're just a greedy child that's never been refused anything. I could hate you except that you don't know what you're doing."

His blue eyes seemed to become very large so that they blotted out the sun and the sky and the world.

"Dolf, how can you be so cruel?"

And so it began all over again.

EVENING brought more calm. With his dinner clothes he seemed to become somber and stately. He waited on her with a sort of proud humility as she sat like a white flower rising from the foliage of a sleeveless, shoulderless black frock. But afterward he drew her to him and broke into a passion of kisses that left her limp and exhausted. She put her hands over her little bruised face and begged piteously for respite. And again, moved by her weakness, he was whirled away on a great wave of pity and comforted her with interminable gossamer caresses and murmured foolish endearments. And at last he let her go.

ON SUNDAY he behaved as though they were mere friends, with the sheer charm-instant in men of his kind. They motored all day in the swift, silent car. After tea he showed her, as men who love will, little intimate things in his life—school photographs, cups he had won, heads of animals he had shot, his mother's picture. Dolf looked at them with the remote interest that attaches to relics of the departed. These

Tangent Into Gilead

belonged to his other life, the sheltered side of him where no unbridled passion—the life she and her kind could share.

e pleaded to go to bed early. In the retirement of her beautiful room the slipped from her face and she knew an's solitary luxury of being weary out dissembling. She slipped out of her es and sat in the sheer restfulness of a nightgown, her fair hair about her bare lders, studying a white, tired face in the with gloomy stoicism.

ven pay for our taxi-fares and lunches money and we must pay for their amusement in flesh and blood," she murmured.

MEONE tapped at her door. Theandle turned before she could speak.

May I come in?" he asked, and entered out waiting for her reply. The door d behind him.

Dolf!" he said. "Dolf! . . . I can't—s at me, Dolf."

e was standing by her, gazing down. re was not so much passion in his face n irresistible force, a world-shaking, un- able impulse, beyond his or her volition ibition. She knew it would sweep both hem before it and the price exacted of would be a vague, illogical regret tem- d by pleasant memories, of her all she

She twisted in the chair to face him, ce and drawn-faced.

Don't, Geoffrey!" she said in a hoarse stricted voice. "You don't know what're doing. What have I done to you that want to bankrupt me of all I ever had?"

I've got money, power, good looks, the t sort of relatives, and you can't be con- I've got nothing but a girl's birthright er one gift for the man she loves. Haven't any pity, any sympathy at all?"

E locked her fingers in her lap and stared up at him with tears running down her e. He was smiling a mirthless, uncathly le, and his words seemed to be dragged up n the roots of his being, as their words t have been dragged from the testifying ils in the Gospel.

Listen, Dolf. At the bottom of every- ng in life the strong acquires the weak. e man will get you some day. You're med, as your kind always is doomed. If t you go it would be to someone else. e only one life. If I have money and ver, as you said, I've worked for them, I wrung them from the world, and held m. Why should I let you go? Even you your heart will despise me if I do. You ship force like all women; you respect a bless man while you fear him. What ument have you got now?"

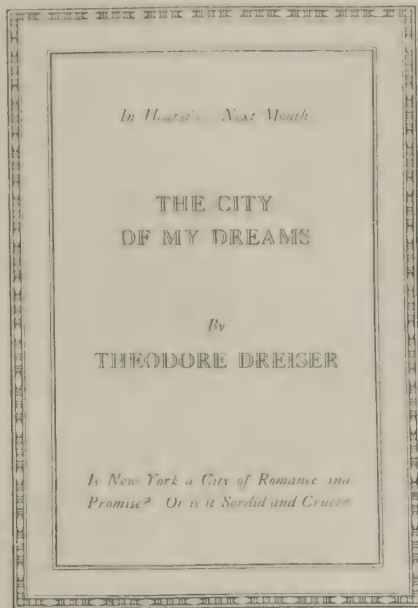
Dolf was choking back the most forlorn s she had ever known.

Do you remember that woman in the le, Geoffrey? She had only one offering make, a box of ointment that was very cious. And she gave it, and it was ac- ted although she wasn't a good woman. d I haven't been a good girl, but all that I r had I can still give somebody if"—her ce sank very low—"if anyone in the world

will ever love me enough to make me want to. Somehow, what you've said seems to a girl a—a weak, rotten argument."

He ran a vague hand through his damp hair.

"YOU make me sound an awful brute, Dolf. But what you say's all senti- mental nonsense. You won't go down during



your good times, I know. But sooner or later you'll strike a bad patch and then you may lose out. And I don't want you to be anyone's but mine."

He moved away, slack and inert from reaction.

"I'll go," he said. "But you're as good as won already, and I can afford to wait. And I swear I'll be good to you, Dolf—little Dolf."

For a long time she sat by herself, weeping. Then she crept into bed and prayed incoherent, distracted prayers, and so fell asleep.

THERE being no one else to consult, she went to see Philip Heriot. Somchow that polished, smiling young man inspired her with confidence. She thought one could hardly laugh and be wicked at the same time. But Philip Heriot was out, and Dolf only encountered the pretty, dark-haired secretary in his private office.

"Mr. Heriot won't be back today," said Henrietta Wayne with chilling politeness. Then, looking at Dolf in bitter hostility, the claws seemed to steal out from her rose-leaf, manicured hands, and for all her tender curves she took on the sharpness and venom of steel.

"I KNOW who you are. You've got I Sanway. Why can't you leave Philip alone? We were perfectly happy till you came. Now he's restless and fidgety and I don't know what to do. You're one of those girls who can't be content unless they're stealing someone else's man."

Dolf looked at her with new eyes, and the color flooded into her fair face.

"But—someone else's—I don't under- stand."

"Well, since you're so innocent I'm not at least not with Philip. I'm pretty now, but my looks won't last forever and I'm not the sort of girl to drudge for two or three pounds a week. As long as they do last I'll make the most of them, and when I'm ugly I may be rich enough to do without them. Any- way, you're doing the same as me, so you needn't look like that."

A little smile broke the curve of Dolf's mouth. She nodded thoughtfully.

"Thank you," she said. "I won't wait. Good-by and—and good luck."

IN A fortnight, Sanway asked her to visit him again.

"I've tried to be good," he pleaded, "and I'll always be very gentle with you, Dolf. For God's sake don't hate me so. It hurts; it does really."

"Yes, doesn't it!" she answered, with a little wry smile. "When do you want me to go?"

"Next week-end if you can. Why not?"

"As you say—why not?" she murmured, still smiling.

On the Friday afternoon she borrowed the car and the chauffeur to make a few final purchases.

"It's no use," she whispered to herself while the Rolls-Royce purred silkily along sunlit Piccadilly. "No girl can resist for- ever. Men wear you down with sheer per- sistence. You get to a point when you realize that there's no escape from Fate. They're too strong, too ruthless, too inflex- ible. If one's nerves didn't give out they wouldn't win, but nerves don't last forever. And, after all, it's quite a small matter really, I suppose. I dare say I'm a little fool and make a great fuss."

THEN with a sickening rush, panic seized her. Her heart beat, her pulses raced, till she could have screamed. Reason fled on swift wings of terror and there remained only a blind instinct of flight.

Trembling, she lifted the speaking-tube and checked the car at a shop on the corner of a side-street. She slipped into it by one door and out at another and fled unseen into the depths of an underground station. In three-quarters of an hour she was steaming out of Paddington, with a ticket bearing the name of a remote village in Cornwall. To her aching eyes the flying landscape seemed the sweetest sight in the world.

The dining-car attendant broke in on her dreams with his banal query about tea. After any crisis nothing seems so dear as the commonplaces of every day.

She thanked him gratefully, and he looked down at her with a friendly smile. He had a daughter at home almost exactly her age.

MISFORTUNE—then a flash of good luck, and Dolf goes jauntily forth in fine raiment to meet her husband-to-be! Watch for "The B Her Parl." Coming soon—in Hearst's.

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MISFORTUNE—then a flash of good luck, and Dolf goes jauntily forth in fine raiment to meet her husband-to-be! Watch for "The B Her Parl." Coming soon—in Hearst's.

Three Tales of Siete-Fuentes

(Concluded from page 20)

HE seigneur was too powerful for the law to inquire into his affairs; he was a tant cousin of His Highness the King. He d probably disposed of his unfaithful wife best suited him, and he had performed his rk well.

The villagers of Siete-Fuentes noticed only at the old lord had gone into mourning, d that for many months he scarcely ever t his château. He summoned to him un- own men, with whom he held long con- ences, and who may have been doctors, r they carried strange bags with them. ithout doubt, the villagers thought, the cient lord had suffered after-effects from s emotions.

HIS thoughts turned towards God, and his own salvation. He made numerous ts to the churches. To one he offered lls; to another, a sacred vase; to a third, e statue of a saint. It was thus that he ade the present of the Black Virgin to the chapel of Siete-Fuentes. No one was aston- ed, when one considered the somber emory that filled his mind, that he should eate this figure in a funeral color. Per- ps here and there one was found who was little scandalized that the old seigneur ould have chosen an effigy that so closely

resembled his guilty wife, who had so mysteriously disappeared. But no one disputed either the generosity of such a seigneur nor the wealth of his love for one who deserved it not.

THAT is what the natives will tell you, the ancient dwellers of Siete-Fuentes. But down in the village now they tell quite another story.

ONCE there lived at Blancapena, a certain muleteer named Estebán—a gambler, tippler, and wrangler—who jeered at God and made a jest of the devil. This good-for-naught swore to five or six fellows of his kind that some night he would enter the church of the monks of Siete-Fuentes, and would kiss the statue of the Black Virgin there with no more fear than she were Inez or Conchita.

With some of his ribald companions, he broke one of the chapel windows at the farther end, where the somber figure lies, and bound and gagged the good Brother who was on guard.

Estebán then advanced to the altar, climbed up the steps, and stooped over the

statue. Then he pressed forward with pro- fane lips.

HE JUMPED back, as though he had touched fire, and like one damned he ran crying through the church. Then he fell.

His comrades carried him home, where he tossed, delirious, for three days. When at last he returned to his senses, they tried to question him, but to no avail. But some time later he said to one of his fellows, with- out adding any other explanation:

"What I embraced the other night was neither wood, nor plaster, nor stone: I em- braced the dead!"

WAS the statue really the body of the Doña Isabel, wonderfully embalmed? Had her husband poisoned her and plunged the seven mystic blades into her unfaithful heart, and glorified the beautiful body to perpetuate at once his vengeance and his relentless love? Only the ancient villagers of Siete-Fuentes ever knew. And they have long since passed away.

TWO resourceful hold-up men succeed in trap- ping the sheriff himself into being their partner. "The Secret Service Agent"—the next step in "My Career of Crime"—coming in Hearst's.



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The Broad-Minded Marquis

(Continued from page 11)

sagacity in business affairs. I understand that you are one of those fortunate people who have amassed a large fortune in a very short space of time."

"I can not take any of the credit to myself," Jacob replied. "I invested a little money with my brother, who was prospecting for oil in the Western States of America, and he met with the most amazing success."

The Marquis himself filled Jacob's glass. "I hope you like my port," he said. "It was laid down by my father when he was a young man. My cellar is one of the last of the family treasures remaining to us."

"I have never tasted anything like it," Jacob admitted truthfully.

"RETURNING to the subject of commercial life," his host went on, "I have always hoped that I might have introduced my son, Felixstowe, into some remunerative post. Automobiles, they tell me, may be made a profitable source of income. Do you happen to have any investments in that direction, Mr. Pratt?"

"Not at present," Jacob answered. "The industry is, I believe, a sound one."

"Ah!" the Marquis regretted. "At some future time, perhaps. I myself am much interested in City affairs. Our friend Mr. Dane Montague has kindly placed me upon the board of one of his City companies, and if another company in which he is interested is floated, I am also to join that. The fees so far have not been munificent, but it is encouraging to have made a start."

Jacob muttered something noncommittal. Mr. Dane Montague leaned across the table. He had been listening to every word of the conversation between the two.

"You are a person of imagination, Mr. Pratt," he said. "I gathered that from our brief business connection."

"Did you?" Jacob replied. "I had an idea—"

"Don't say a word," the other interrupted. "We had a little tussle, I admit. Brain against brain, and you won. I have never borne you any malice—in fact I should be proud to be associated in another business venture with you."

THE Marquis cleared his throat.

"I asked Mr. Pratt to meet you this evening, Mr. Montague," he said, "not knowing that you were previously acquainted but thinking that you might like to put your latest scheme before him."

"I shall be proud to do so," was the prompt declaration. "My latest scheme, Mr. Pratt, is simple enough. I propose to appeal to the credulity of the British middle-classes. I propose to form a sort of home university for the study of foreign languages, and dispense instruction by means of pamphlets."

"I don't mean that one," the Marquis interposed. "I mean the little scheme the—er—one where a certain amount of remuneration in the shape of commission was to be forthcoming for the introduction of further capital. You follow me, I am sure?"

MR. MONTAGUE'S face was furrowed with thought. He sipped his wine and looked across at Jacob furtively. A certain uneasiness was mingled with his natural optimism.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that Mr. Pratt is too big a man for us. What about your brother-in-law, Lord William Thorndyke?"

The Marquis coughed.

"I think," he pronounced, "that I have already been too benevolent to the members of my immediate family circle. Besides, it would be quite impossible to insure from my brother-in-law that measure of secrecy which the circumstances demand."

Mr. Montague took another glass of wine and appeared to gain courage.

"It's quite a small affair, this, Pratt," he warned him.

"As a matter of fact," Jacob declared, "I am really not looking for investments at all at the moment."

"No one is ever looking for investments," his *vis-à-vis* rejoined. "On the other hand,

dozen people as soon as the office is open in the city tomorrow morning, but I promised the Marquis here to give him a chance of placing this amount also with one of his friends."

"I MUST confess," Mr. Montague went on candidly, "that I took that to mean one of his—er—personal friends—perhaps one of the family. I have been trying to keep

The third paper contained a list of the contributors. Mr. Montague headed the list with twenty-five thousand pounds. The Marquis was down for five thousand. The other names, ranging from three thousand to five hundred, were all people of the many of them relatives of the Marquis.

JACOB was frankly puzzled. "I don't understand, Mr. Montague, how you got that undertaking," he confessed. "I saw an

interview with Mr. Peter in the papers the other day, in which he denied having sold the 'Empress' or even proposing to do so."

"That's the commonest bluff going," the other pointed out. "Always done."

"I see no reason," Jacob decided, after a few moments' consideration, "why I should not join in this enterprise. If you will allow me, I will telephone for my check-book."

"Certainly," the Marquis agreed, "and in the meantime we can make our peace with the ladies."

ON HIS return from the telephone, Jacob, to his surprise, found a familiar figure seated at the music stool in the long drawing-room, more picturesque now in the shaded lamplight, with its faded yellow satin furniture, its amber hangings, and its quaint perfume of bygone days. Lady Mary came to meet him.

"You see what I have done for you?" she whispered. "You have to be careful, though. I can see that the course of true love hasn't been running exactly as it should."

"I told you that," Jacob answered dismally. "I am beginning to believe that she hates me."

"Not she," was the cheerful reply. "Look here! My mother has gone into the housekeeper's room for a moment. Dad and Mr. Montague are adding up how much they have made out of you. You slip out onto the terrace there while she's not looking, and I'll bring her out directly."

JACOB did as he was directed, and with the echoes of Sybil's song still in his ears, stood looking out over the tops of the lime tree towards Buckingham Palace. Presently there was a rustle of skirts and the two girls appeared. Sybil stopped short when she saw Jacob, but Lady Mary stood in the way of her retreat.

"You know Mr. Pratt, don't you?" she asked carelessly. "Miss Bultwell's a perfect dear. She comes across the Square and sings to me sometimes after dinner."

"I understood that you were to be alone this evening," Sybil remarked.

"But we are alone—practically," Lady Mary declared. "I am sure you wouldn't count Mr. Montague, and Mr. Pratt is an old friend. One moment—there's my mother calling. Don't move, either of you, or we shall have to sit in that stuffy drawing-room all the evening."

THEY were alone, and Jacob found it exceedingly difficult to think of anything to say.

"I had no idea that you were *persona grata* in this household," Sybil remarked coldly.

"I'm not—if it means what it sounds as though it did," Jacob replied. "I am asked here because I am very rich and because the Marquis is interested in money-making schemes. . . . Do you like being a nursery governess?"

"I hate it!"

"Worse than giving dancing lessons?" "You needn't rub it in. That was just an unfortunate episode."

"Unfortunately, you call it?"

"Unfortunately," she repeated, "for if those two men had been half as clever as I thought they were, they wouldn't have bungled the matter and I should have been able to make a real start in life."

"With my money?"



"I must be taken for a walk . . . on the lawn . . ."

the thing out of the City as much as possible."

"My acquaintance with Mr. Pratt," the Marquis confessed, "is not of long date, but my son has enjoyed his friendship for some time, and he seems likely or become, if I may say so, a—er—a friend of the family."

Jacob accepted the documents and studied them. The undertaking to sell the place of amusement known as the Empress Music Hall was simply but clearly worded, and signed by "W. Peter," also by two witnesses.

"That seems to be in order," Jacob admitted, "except that I always thought Peter spelled his name 'Petre.'"

"Swank," Montague scoffed. "As a matter of fact, though, I thought so myself until I saw the signature."

JACOB examined the letter from the solicitors. It was brief and conclusive:

Dear Sir:

Re the Empress Music Hall. We have examined the undertaking for the disposal of the above, signed by the owner and addressed to you, and we find the same duly in order and a legal document.

Faithfully,

Danesworthy & Bryan.

no man with large means sees a gold mine opening at his feet and doesn't want to have his whack. I am in possession," he announced solemnly, "of an undertaking from the owner of the Empress Music Hall to sell me the property."

"For how much?" Jacob asked.

"For fifty thousand pounds, including the freehold. 'You mustn't ask too many questions about this, Pratt,' he enjoined. 'The undertaking was given to me in a fit of temper after a family row, and with the sole view of spiting others. The date fixed for the completion of the sale is tomorrow. I have contributed half the purchase money myself. The remainder has been distributed among my own friends, and it has been my privilege to allow the Marquis and some of his relatives to acquire an interest. To make up the full amount, a sum of seven thousand pounds is required. This I can get from a

"Yes, but not given by you. Taken from me!"

MISS BULTIWELL," Jacob asked wistfully, "are you never going to get rid of this ridiculous prejudice against me?"

"Never!"

"You know—that I admire you more than anyone else in the world?"

"I am glad to hear it, if it makes you uncomfortable."

"It makes me unhappy."

"Then I'm glad you find me attractive," he declared. "I only wish I had really beautiful clothes and were far better-looking than you might suffer more."

"Some day," he said, drawing nearer to "you will try me too high."

She laughed scornfully.

"Are you trying to threaten me?"

He came nearer still. His hand rested against the wall, within a few inches of her lips were a little parted, but her eyes shed.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "How dare you come so near to me?"

His eyes met hers steadily.

"I am going to propose," he told her. "I can't from the other side of the balcony."

"Propose!" she repeated contemptuously.

"Will you marry me, please, Sybil?" he asked.

"Will I—"

"I think you will some day," he went on. "It would make things much simpler if you'd say 'Yes' now."

HE was speechless. For the first time Jacob felt that he had scored. Perhaps it was not altogether to his disadvantage at that moment a footman stepped out into the balcony with a small package for him. Sybil slipped away and Jacob followed her into the room. Lady Mary looked up from the piano.

"One more song, Miss Bultiwell?" she suggested.

"If you will excuse me," Sybil replied, "I must go home now."

"Must you?" Lady Mary murmured. "Mr. Pratt will see you across the Square."

"Quite unnecessary, thank you," was the art rejoinder.

"Besides, we rather want Mr. Pratt," the Marquis, who had just made his appearance, intervened. "James can step across with Miss Bultiwell."

Sybil moved quickly towards the door. "Please don't let anyone stir," she begged. "It is barely a hundred yards and I prefer being alone."

LADY MARY got up from the piano and detained Jacob as he turned to follow the other two men.

"Mr. Pratt," she asked, "how did you contrive to offend Miss Bultiwell?"

"I refused to put some money into her other's business," he explained. "Her other was hopelessly bankrupt, and tried to palm off a false balance sheet on me. He afterwards shot himself. It was unfortunate, but I can not see that I was to blame."

JACOB was somewhat staggered. He looked across at Montague.

"You're on top again, Pratt," that gentleman conceded gloomily. "The music hall in question is the Shoreditch 'Empress.'"

"And do you mean to say," Jacob demanded, incredulously, "that you have induced the people whose names are on that list to part with their money, believing that they are going to acquire an interest in the Empress Music Hall in Leicester Square?"

"That's all right," Montague assented.

Lady Mary sighed.

"Of course," she said. "I feel I am being very generous in trying to help you, because I am beginning to rather like you myself."

"There doesn't seem to be anything against your encouraging the feeling," Jacob replied, with a rather sad twinkle in his eyes. "I don't think Sybil will ever have me."

She made a little grimace.

"I don't like being a second choice," she confessed. "Couldn't you get to like me best?"

"What about the other fellow?"

"He's coming in with Jack in a few minutes," she said. "I must ask him about it. I think I shall tell him that my affections are wavering."

"As soon as the coast is clear—" Jacob began.

"Humbug!" she interrupted. "Go down and be fleeced."

THE scene was laid when Jacob reached the library. He slipped into the vacant chair and accepted the pen which the Marquis handed to him.

"Leave the check open, please," Mr. Dane Montague begged. "We have to hand the money over in cash tomorrow morning."

"Certainly," Jacob assented. "By the bye, may I have one more glance at the undertaking to sell?"

"You can read it through as many times as you like," the other replied, producing it. "It's as tight a contract as can be drawn. The lawyer's letter proves that."

Jacob nodded, and, spreading the document out, tapped it with the end of his penholder.

"There is just one thing omitted which I think should be in," he said.

"What's that?" Mr. Montague demanded.

"Well, I think you ought to add 'Leicester Square' after the 'Empress Music Hall.'"

Jacob pointed out. "Curiously enough, there happens to be another Empress Music Hall in Shoreditch, the proprietor of which spells his name P-e-t-e-r. I looked it up in the telephone directory just now."

There was a cold and ominous silence. Mr. Montague breathed heavily. The Marquis sighed.

"Most unfortunate!" he murmured.

"Most what?" Jacob asked, turning towards him.

"Most unfortunate," the Marquis repeated. "You are the first person, Mr. Pratt, to whom this—er—enterprise has been suggested, who has seen through our little financial effort."

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"It was dead easy. You see, they were mostly the Marquis's friends, toffs, without any head for business, and we swore them to absolute secrecy—told them if they breathed a word of it, the whole thing would be spoiled."

"But you aren't giving fifty thousand pounds for the Shoreditch Empress?"

The financier laughed scornfully.

"Not likely! That's where the Marquis and I make a bit. We have another agreement with Peter, who's a pal and a white man, to buy the place for fifteen thousand. Then we've an arrangement—"

"You needn't go on," Jacob interrupted. "I can quite see that there are plenty of ways of working the swindle."

"Swindle?" his host repeated, with a pained expression. "My dear Mr. Pratt!"

"Why, what else can you call it!" Jacob protested.

The Marquis coughed.

"It is only lately," he said, "that, with the assistance of Mr. Dane Montague, I have endeavored to supplement my income in this fashion. I do not understand the harshness of your term, Mr. Pratt, as applied to this transaction. I have little experience of City life, but I have always understood that money was made there, in financial and Stock Exchange circles, by buying from a man something which you knew was worth more money, selling it to another and—er—pocketing the difference. Surely this involves a certain amount of what a purist would call deceit?"

"On the contrary," Jacob pointed out, "that is a fair bargain, because the two men have different ideas of the value of a thing and each backs his own opinion."

"But there are surely many cases," the Marquis argued, "in which the seller knows and the buyer does not know. Is it incumbent on the seller to impart to the buyer his superior knowledge? I think not. Without a doubt, business in the City is conducted on the general lines of the man knowing the most making the most. I look upon our little transaction as being exactly on parallel lines. We knew that the Shoreditch Music Hall was meant. The people who advanced the money thought that the Leicester Square Music Hall was meant. Therefore, we make the money."

Jacob rose to his feet. He was feeling a little dazed.

"Your ideas of commercial ethics, Marquis," he acknowledged, "are excellent in their way, but do you imagine that they will be shared by the members of your family who have parted with their money?"

"I trust, sir," the Marquis replied stiffly, "that they will behave like sportsmen and see the humor of the transaction."

"I hope they will!" Jacob murmured fervently, as he took his leave.

"In any case," the Marquis concluded complacently, "we have the money."

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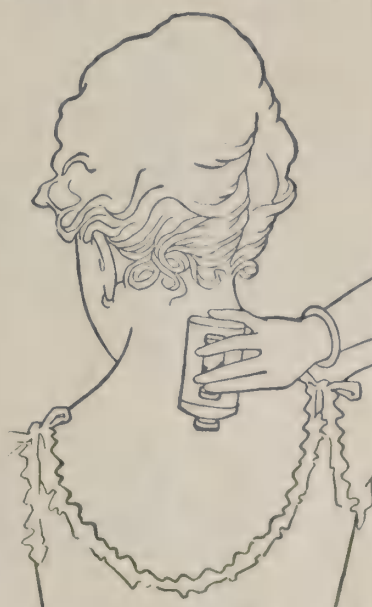
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The Little Red Foot

(Continued from page 40)

each, saw the Johnson arms emblazoned on the panels as I rose from the roadside reeds.

"Colas!" I said quietly.

The negro pulled in his horses and sat staring at me, astounded.

WALKED leisurely past the horses to the window of the coach. And there, seated, saw Polly Johnson and Claudia Swift.

There ensued a terrible silence as they gazed upon me as though they were looking upon a dead man.

"Jack Drogue!" whispered Claudia. "How—how came you here?"

I bowed, my cap in my hand, but could not utter a word.

"Jack! Jack, are—are you alone?" faltered Lady Johnson. "Good heavens! What does this mean, I beg of you!"

"Where are your people, Polly?" I asked in a dead voice.

"My—my people? Do you mean my husband?"

"I mean him—and his troops. Where are they at this moment?"

"Do you not know that the army is before Stanwix?"

"I know it now," said I gravely.

"Mercy on us, Jack!" cried Claudia, find-

ing her voice shrilly. "Will you not tell us how it is that we meet you here on the Oneida road and close to our own army?"

I shook my head. "No, Claudia, I shall not tell you. But I must ask you how you came here and whither you are now bound. And you must answer."

THEY gazed at my somber face with an intentness and anxiety that made me sadder than ever I was in all my life.

Then, without a word, Lady Johnson laid aside the silken flap of her red foot-mantel. And there my shocked eyes beheld a newborn baby nursing at her breast.

"We accompanied my husband from Buck Island to Oswego," she said tremulously.

"And, as the way was deemed so utterly secure, we took boat at Oneida Lake and brought out horses. . . . And now are returning—never dreaming of danger from—your people—Jack."

I stared at the child; I stared at her.

"In God's name," I said, "get forward then and hail your horsemen escort. Say to them that the road is dangerous! Take to your bateau and get you to Oswego as soon as may be. And I strictly enjoin you, come

not this way again, for there is now no safety in Tryon for man or woman or child, nor like to be while redecoat or green remains within this newborn nation!

"Take your child and go, Lady Johnson. And you, Claudia, say to Sir Frederick Haldimand that he has lighted in Tryon a flame that shall utterly consume him though he hide behind the ramparts of Quebec itself! Say that to him!"

THEN I stepped back and bade Colas drive on as fast as he dare. And when he cracked his long whip I stood uncovered and looked upon the woman I once had loved, and upon the other woman who had been my childhood playmate; and saw her child at her breast, and her pale face bowed above it.

And so out of my life passed these two women forever, without any word or sign save for the white faces of them and the deadly fear in their eyes.

And I stood there in the Oneida road, watching their coach rolling and swaying until it was out of view, and even the noise of it had utterly died away.

Then I walked slowly back to the wood's edge; in silence my Oneidas rose from the weeds and stood around me where I halted,

the sleeve of my buckskin shirt across my eyes.

Then, when I was ready, I turned and went forward, swiftly, in a southeasterly direction; and heard their padded footsteps falling lightly at my heels as I hastened towards the Mohawk, a miserable, sad, yet angry man.

ALL that long, hot day we traveled; and in the afternoon black clouds hid the sun, and presently a most furious thunderstorm burst on us in the woods, so that we were obliged to shelter us under the hemlocks and lie there while rain roared and lightning blinded, and deafening thunder shook the ground we lay on.

It was over in an hour. The forest dripped and steamed as we unwrapped our rifles and started on.

Twice, it seemed to me, far to the east I heard a duller, vaguer noise of thunder; and my Indians also noticed it.

Later, with the sky all blue above, it came again—dull, distant shocks with no rolling echo trailing after.

Tahioni came to me, and I saw in his uneasy eyes what I also now divined. For to the bravest Indian the sound of cannon is a terror and an abomination. And I now had become very sure that it was cannon we heard; for Stanwix lay far across the wilderness in that direction, and the heavy, lifeless, and superheated air might carry the solemn sound from a great distance.

But I said nothing, not choosing to share my conclusions with these young warriors who, though they had taken scalps at Big Eddy, were yet scarcely tried in war.

THAT night we lay near an old trail which I knew ran to Otsego and passed by Colonel Croghan's new house.

And on this trail, early the following morning, we encountered two men whom my Indians, instead of taking as they should have done, instantly shot down. Which betrayed their inexperience in war; and I rated them roundly.

The two dead men were *blue-eyed* Indians in all the horror of their shameful paint and forest dress.

I knew one of them, for when Tahioni washed their lifeless visages and laid them on their backs, there, to my hot indignation, I beheld young Thomas Hare, brother to Lieutenant Henry Hare and to Captain James Hare, of the Indian Service.

HORROR-STRICKEN, bitterly mortified, I gazed down at the dead features of these two renegades who had betrayed their own race and color; and my Indians, watching me, understood when I turned and spat upon the ground; and so they scalped both—which otherwise they had not dared in my presence.

We found on them every evidence that they were serving as a scout for McDonald. Probably when we encountered them they had been on their way to Sir John at Stanwix with verbal intelligence. But now it was idle to surmise what they might have been able and forced to tell us.

We found upon their bodies no papers to show where McDonald might be lurking; and so, as I would not trouble to bury the carrion, my Oneidas despoiled them, hid their weapons, pouched their money and ammunition, and left them lying on the trail for their more respectable relatives, the wolves, to devour.

NOW on the Otsego trail, which was but a vile one and high impassable with undergrowth, we beat towards the Mohawk like circling hounds cast out and at fault to find a scent.

And at evening of that day, the seventh of August, I saw a man in the woods, and, watching, ordered my Indians to surround him and bring him in alive.

Judge, then, of my chagrin when presently comes walking up, arm in arm with my Oneidas, one Daniel Wemple in his militia regimentals, a Torloch farmer whom I knew.

"Great God, John!" says he. "What are you doing here with your tame panthers and a pair o' raw scalps that smell white in my nostrils?"

I told him, and asked in turn for news.

"You know nothing?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Dan, only that we heard cannon to the eastward yesterday."

"Well," says he, "there has been a bloody fight at Oriska, John; and Tryon must mourn her sons."

"For our fine regiments marched into an ambush on our way to drive Sir John from Stanwix, which he had invested. Colonel Cox is dead, and Major Eisinlord and Klep-

sattle and Van Slyck. Colonel Paris is taken, and our brigade surgeon, Younglove, and Captain Martin of the bateaux service. John Frey, Major of brigade, is missing, and so is Colonel Bellinger. Scarce an inferior officer but is slain or taken; our dead soldiers are carted off by wagon-loads; our wounded lie in their alder-litters. And among them our general—old Honikol Herkimer!—and I myself saw that brave Oneida die—our interpreter, Spencer—"

A CRY escaped me, instantly checked as I looked at Thiohero. The girl came and rested her arm on my left shoulder and gazed steadily at the militiaman.

He passed his hand wearily through his hair. "Only one regiment ran," he said dully.



Something about the abrupt bend in the empty road below attracted my attention . . . puzzled me.

"I shall not name it to you because it was not entirely their fault; and afterward they lost heavily and fought bravely. But this is a dreadful blow to Tryon, John Drogue."

"We were routed, then?"

"No. We drove them from the field pell-mell! We cut Brant's savages to pieces. We went at Sir John's Greens with our bayonets and tore the guts out of them! We put the fear o' God into Butler's greencoats, too, and there'll be caterwauling in Canada when the news is carried, for I saw young Stephen Watts dead* in his blood, and Hare running off with a broken arm a-flapping and he a-screaming like a singed wildcat—"

"Steve Watts! Dead!"

"I saw him. I saw one of our soldiers take his watch from his body. God! What a shambles was there at Oriska!"

BUT I was thinking of young Stevie Watts, Polly Johnson's brother, and my one-time friend, lying dead in his blood. And I thought of his boyish passion for Penelope, and her kindness for him, and remembered how last I had seen him. . . . And now he lay dead; and I had seen his sister but a few hours ago—seen her for the last time I should ever behold her.

I drew a breath like a deep and painful sigh.

"And the Fort?" I asked in a low voice.

"Stanwix holds fast, John Drogue. Willet is there, and Gansvoort with the Third New York of the Line."

"Have you news of McDonald, Dan?"

"None."

*Captain Watts was left for dead but ultimately recovered.

"Whither do you travel express?"

"To Johnstown with the news if I can get there."

I WARNED him concerning conditions in Schoharie.

We shook hands, and I watched the brave militiaman stride away through the forest all alone.

When we camped that night, Thiohero touched her brow and breasts with ashes from our fire. That was her formal symbol of mourning for Spencer. Later we all should mourn him in due ceremony.

Then she came and lay down close against me and rested her child's face on my hollowed arm, and so slept all night long, trembling in her dreams.

curving sharply to the eastward. But nobody moved down there; there was not a sound to be heard, not a movement in the forest. All around us was still as death.

SOMETHING about the abrupt bend in the empty road below me attracted my attention. I examined it intently for a while, then, cautioning my Indians, I ventured to move forward and around the south slope of the hillock, wading waist-deep in juniper order to get a look at what might lie beyond the bend in this road of mystery.

The road appeared to end abruptly just around the curve, as though it had been opened only so far and then abandoned. This first amazed me and then alarmed me, because I knew it could not be so as I had seen on the roadbed evidences of recent and heavy travel.

I stood peering down at it where it seemed to stop short against the green and tangled barrier of the woods which blocked it like a living abattis—

God! It was an abattis!—a mask!

AS I realized this I saw a man in a strange, outlandish uniform run out from the green and living barrier, look up at me where I stood in the juniper, shout out something in German, and stand pointing up at me while a score of soldiers, all in this same outlandish uniform, swarmed out upon the road and started running towards where I was standing.

Then I came to my senses, clapped my rifle to my cheek and fired, stopping one of these strange soldiers and curing him of his running habits forever.

To me arrived swiftly my Oneidas, and dropped in the juniper, kneeling and firing upon the soldiers below. Two among them fell down flat on the road, and then the others turned and fled straight into their green barrier of branches. From there they fired at us wildly, keeping up a strange, hoarse shouting.

"Hessian chasseurs!" I exclaimed. "These troops can be no other than the filthy Germans hired by King George to come here and cut our throats!"

"Those men wear the uniform I saw in my vision of this place!" whispered Thiohero, quietly reloading her rifle. "I think that this is truly your battle, my Captain."

Then, as her prophecy of cannon came into my mind, there was a blinding flash from that green barrier below; a vast cloud blotted it from view; the pine beside which I stood shivered as though thunder-smitten; and the entire top of it crashed down upon us, burying us all in lashing, writhing branches.

SO STUNNED and stupefied was I that I lay for an instant without motion, my ears still deafened by that clap of thunder.

But now I floundered to my feet amid the pine-top's debris; around me rose my terrified Oneidas, nearly paralyzed with fright.

"Come," said I, "we should pull foot ere they blow us into pieces with their damned artillery. Thiohero, where are you?"

"I come, Royaneh!"

"Tahioni! Kwiyeh! Hanatoh!" I called anxiously.

Then I saw them all creeping like weasels from under the green debris.

"Hasten!" I muttered. "For we shall have all the Iroquois in North America on our backs in another moment."

As we started to retreat, the Germans emptied their muskets after us; but I did not think anybody had been hit.

WE NOW were running in single file, our rifles a-trail, Tahioni leading, and I some distance in the rear, turning my head over my shoulder from moment to moment to see if we were followed.

And now, as I ran on, I understood that this accursed road had been made expressly to transport their siege artillery; that their guns were still in transit; that they had masked a cannon and manned it with Hessian chasseurs to keep their gun-road safe against surprise from any party scouting out of Criska.

Lord, what an ambushade! And what an escape for us!

As I jogged on at the heels of my Indians, still dazed and shaken by the deadly surprise of it all, I saw Thiohero, who was some little distance in front of me, reel sideways as though out o' breath, and stand still near a beech tree, holding her scarlet blanket against her body.

WHEN I came up to her she was leaning against the tree, clutching her blanket to her face and breast with both hands. But

heard me and lifted her head from the colored folds. "Hahyion—Royanch!" she panted. "This your battle. . . . And now—it is over. And you shall live! . . ."

Y Oneidas had halted and were looking at us. And now they returned rapidly clustered around us.

Are you exhausted, little sister?" I asked, drawing nearer. "Are you?"

Listen—my brother and—my Captain!" burst out breathlessly. "This was the le of my vision!—the strange uniforms—cannon-cloud—the white shape! . . . w it near you where—where you stood e cannon smoke!—the shape like mist at ise. . . . Haihee! It was the face and of the Caughnawaga girl! . . . It was ow Hair who floated there beside you in cannon smoke! . . . covered to her eyes hite and flowers—"

IE Little Maid of Askalege clutched her gay blanket closer to her breast and in to sway gently on her feet as though thumping of a distant partridge were a h-drum.

Haihya Hahyion!" she whispered. "Thio- Oyanch salutes—her Captain. . . . I k—as one dying. . . . Haice! Haice—e! ow Hair is—is quite—a witch!"

er voice failed; down on her knees she . And, as I snatched her from the nd and lifted her, she looked up into my and smiled. Then, in a long-drawn sigh soul escaped between my arms that d not stay its flight to Tharon.

er face became as wax; her head fell ard on my breast; her eyes rolled upward. . as I pressed her in my arms, all my y grew warm and wet with bright blood ring from her softly parted lips.

WAS the twelfth day of August when we ame again to the Wood of Brakabeen four young warriors of the clan of the le Red Foot.

le were ragged and bruised and weary, starving; but the fierce rage burning in breasts gave to each a strength and pose that nerved our brier-torn and ured bodies to effort inexhaustible.

nder scattered and furtive shots from man muskets we had retreated through forest with our dead prophethess, until it ended pursuit by the chasseurs, and we selves had lost our direction.

ll the next day we traveled southwest our dead. On the tenth day we came on Otsego Lake, near to Croghan's new se.

Where he had cleared the bush and where ian grass was growing as tall as a man's d, we made a deep grave. And here we e clansmen buried the Little Maid of alege, and sodded the mound with wild eses where strawberry vines grew, and blue rs and plumes of goldenrod.

CANADA whitethroat called sweetly, sadly, from the forest in the sunset glow. made for the grave a white cross of silver h. We placed parched corn and a cup of or at the foot of the cross; and her bow scarlet arrows against her needs where r, God willing, should be plenty. And r these we set her little moccasins lest in t unknown land her tender feet should er on the trail.

n the morning we made a fire of osier, et-birch, cherry-wood, and samphire. When the aromatic smoke blew over us I e and spoke. After I had finished, the ers in turn rose and spoke their mind ing very simply what was in their hearts cerning their little prophethess, who had d wearing a little red foot painted on her ly.

o we left her at rest under the wild- vers and Indian grass, near to Croghan's pty house, with a vast wilderness around guard the sanctuary, and the sad white- oats to mourn her.

ND now, fierce and starved and ragged, we came once more to the Wood of akabeen, and heard McDonald's guns in e valley and his pibroch on the hills.

Now, while it was none of my business to ag on McDonald's flanks for prisoners and ups, it was my business to observe him and at he might be about in Schoharie, and to ry this news to Saratoga by way of anstown, along with my budget concerning unxw and St. Leger.

Besides, Stone House lay on my way. So I naled my Indians and started west. And was not very long before we came upon two hoharie militiamen whom I knew, Jacob

Enders and George Warner, who took to a tree when they discovered my Oneidas in their paint, but came out when I called them by name, and gave an account that they were hunting a notorious Tory—a renegade and late officer in the Schoharie regiment—a certain George Mann, a captain, who would have carried his entire company to McDonald, but was surprised in his villainy and had fled to the woods near Fox Creek.

WARNER said that McDonald was up the valley, murdering and burning his way westward; that cavalry from Albany had just arrived, had raided Brick House and taken prisoner a lot of red-patch militia, forced them to tear up their Royal Protections, tied up the most obnoxious, and kicked out the remainder with a warning.

He said, further, that Adam Crysler and Joseph Brown, of Clyberg, were great villains and had joined McDonald with Billy Zimmer and others; and that McDonald had a motly army, full of kilted Highlanders, chasseurs, red-patches, Indians, and painted Tories; and that the cavalry from Albany were marching to meet them, reinforced by Schoharie mounted militia under Colonel Harper.

AND now, even as Warner was still speaking, we heard the trumpet of the cavalry on the river road below; and, running out of the forest's edge, we saw the Albany Riders marching up the river—two hundred horsemen in bright new helmets and uniforms, finely horsed, their naked sabers all glittering in the sun, and their trumpeter trotting ahead on a handsome white charger.

The horses, four abreast, were at a fast walk; flankers galloped ahead on either wing. And, as we hurried down to the road, an officer, I knew, Lieutenant Wirt, came spurring forward to meet and question us, followed by two troopers—one named Rose and the other was Jack Van Dyck, whom I also recognized.

"Jack Drogue, by all the gods of war!" cried the handsome lieutenant, as I saluted and spoke to him by name.

"David Wirt!" I exclaimed, offering my hand, which he grasped, leaning wide from his saddle.

He turned his mount towards the road again, and I and my Oneidas walked along beside him.

"Are those your tame panthers?" he demanded, pointing towards my Oneidas with his sword. "If they are, then we should have agreeable work for them and for you, Jack Drogue. For Vrooman and his men are in Stone House and the red-patches fire on them whenever they show a head; and our cavalry are like to strike McDonald at any moment now. We caught two of his damned spies—"

AT THAT instant, far down the road, I saw a woman; and even at that distance I recognized her.

"Yonder walks a bad citizen," said I sharply. "That is Madame Staats!"

We had now arrived beside the moving column of riders; and, as I spoke, a dozen cavalymen shouted: "There comes Rya's Pup!"

A captain of cavalry who spoke English with a French accent shouted to the Pup and beckened her; but she turned and ran the other way.

Immediately two troopers spurred after her and caught her as she was fording the river; and each seized her by a hand, turned their horses, and trotted back to us with their prisoner, amid shouts of laughter.

Rya's Pup, breathless from her enforced run, fairly spat at us in her fury, cursing and threatening and holding her panting flanks in turn.

"You dirty rebel dogs!" she screamed. "Wait till McDonald catches you! Ah—there'll be blood now for you all to wade in as I waded in the river yonder, when your filthy cavalry headed me!"

WIRT tried to question her, but she mocked us all, boasted that McDonald had a huge army at the Flocky, and that he was now on his way to the Stone House, to destroy us all.

"Turn that slut loose!" said the Captain sharply.

So we let go the Pup, and she turned and legged it, yelling her scorn and fury as she ran; and we saw her go floundering and splashing across the river, doubtless to carry news of us to McDonald.



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And it contented us that she so do, because now we came upon Stone House, where the small garrison under a Lieutenant Wallace had ventured out and were a-digging of a ditch and piling fence rails across the road to stop McDonald's riders in a charge.

Here, also, were Harper's mounted militia, sitting their saddles, poorly armed with militia firelocks.

But we had a respectable force and were ashamed to await the outlaws behind ditch and rail; so we marched on through the gathering dusk to a house about two miles further where a dozen strangely painted horsemen galloped away as we approached.

A YELL of rage at sight of these blue-eyed Indians arose from our riders. Our trumpet sounded; the cavalry broke into a gallop.

It was now twilight.

I begged some mounted militiamen to take me and my Oneidas up behind them; and they were obliging enough to do so; and we jogged away into the rosy dusk of an August evening.

Almost immediately I saw the Flocky ahead, and Adam Crysler's house on the bank; and on the lawn in front of it I saw McDonald's grotesque legion drawn up in line of battle.

As I came up our cavalry was forming to charge; Lieutenant Wirt had just turned in his saddle to speak to me, when one of the outlaws ran out to the edge of the lawn and called across the road to Wirt that he should never live to marry Angelica Vrooman,* but would die a dog's death as he deserved.

As the cavalry charged, Wirt rode directly at this man, who coolly shot him out of his saddle.

I saw and recognized the outlaw, who was a Tory named Shafer.

AS WIRT fell to the grass, stone-dead, his horse knocked down Shafer. The Tory got up, streaming with blood but not hurt, and, clubbing his piece, attempted to dash out Wirt's dead brains; but Trooper Rose swung his horse violently against Shafer, sabered him, and, in turn, fell from his own saddle, fatally wounded.

Another trooper dismounted to pick up poor Rose, who was in a bad way, but one of McDonald's painted Tories fired on them and both fell.

I fired at this man and wounded him, and Tabioni chased him, caught him and slew him by the fence.

Then, above the turmoil of horses and gun-shots, his terrific scalp-yell rang out in the deepening dusk; and at that dread panther-cry a panic seemed to seize McDonald's men, for their grotesque riders suddenly whirled their horses and stampeded *ventre-à-terre*, riding westward like damned men; and I saw their Highlanders and chasseurs and renegade Greens break and scatter into the forest on every side, melting away into the night before our eyes.

Into the brush leaped my Oneidas; their war-yells awoke the shuddering echoes of Brakabeen Wood. I saw a chasseur leap a rail fence, stumble, and fall with the Screech-owl on top of him. Again the awful Oneida scalp-yell rang out under the first dim stars.

THE cavalry returned and camped at Stone House that night. They brought in their dead by torch-light; and I saw Wirt's body borne on a stretcher, and the corpse of Trooper Rose, and others.

One by one my Oneidas returned like blood-slaked and weary hounds. All had taken scalps, and sat late at our fire to hoop and stretch them, and neatly plait the miserable dead hair that hung all dragged from the pitiful shreds of skin.

At a cavalry watch-fire near to ours were also some people I knew—Mayfield men of a scout of six, just come in; and I went over to their fire and greeted them and questioned them concerning news from home.

Truman Christie was their lieutenant; Sol and Seely Woodworth, the two Reynoldses, and Billy Dunham composed the scout and all were in rifle-dress and keen to try their rifles on McDonald, but were arrived too late, and feared now that the outlaws were on their way to Canada.

CHRISTIE told me that the alarm in Johnstown and at Mayfield was great; that hostile Indians had been seen near Tribes Hill, and had killed a farmer there; that some people were leaving Caughnawaga

*Angelica Vrooman sewed the winding sheet for Lieutenant Wirt's body.

and moving their household goods down the river to Schenectady.

"And," says he, "I don't blame 'em, John Drogue! No! For a Mohawk war party is like to strike Caughnawaga at any hour; and why foolish folk, like old Douw Fonda, remain there is beyond my comprehension."

"Douw Fonda!" said I, astonished.

"Why, he is gone to Albany."

"He came back a week ago," says Christie. "They tell me that the young Patroon tried to dissuade the old gentleman from going, but could do nothing with him—Mr. Fonda being childish and obstinate—and so he had his way and summoned his coach and his three niggers and drove in state up the river to

strike Caughnawaga before snow flies. And, sir, under God, it is my honest belief that he will do exactly that very thing. And it will be a sorry business for the Valley when he does so!"

IT WAS a dreadful thing for me to hear this veteran affirm what I myself already feared.

But I had never dreamed that the aged Douw Fonda would return to Caughnawaga, or that his sons would permit the obstinate, helpless, and childish old gentleman to so have his say and way in times like these.

Nor did I dream that Penelope would go to him again. I knew, of course, that she would surely go if he asked for her; but I



I begged Penelope to marry me now and travel southward to safety . . . but she refused.

Caughnawaga. We passed that way on scout, and I saw the old gentleman two days ago sitting on his porch with his gold-headed walking-stick and his book, and dozing there in the sun; and the yellow-haired girl knitting at his feet——

"What!"

HE LOOKED at me, startled by my vehemence.

"Sir," said he, "did I say aught to offend you?"

"Good God, no! You say that the—yellow-haired girl, Penelope Grant, is at Caughnawaga with Douw Fonda!"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see her?"

"I did; and spoke with her."

"What did she say?" I asked unsteadily.

"She said that Mr. Fonda had sent a negro servant to Johnstown to fetch her, because, having returned to Caughnawaga, he needed her."

"I think Mr. Fonda's three sons and their families must all be mad to permit the old gentleman to come to Caughnawaga in such perilous times as these!" I said sharply.

"And so do I think likewise," rejoined Christie. "Let them think and say what they like, but, Mr. Drogue, I am an old Indian fighter and have served under Colonel Clauss and Sir William Johnson. I know the Iroquois; I know their ways and wiles and craft and subtle designs; and I know how they think, and what they are most likely to do."

"And I say to you very solemnly, Mr. Drogue, that were I Joseph Brant I would

thought he had too completely forgotten her—as the Patroon wrote—and that his childishness and feeble memory no longer retained any remembrance of the girl he had loved and had offered to adopt and to make his legatee.

The news that Captain Christie brought was truly dismal news for me and most alarming.

THAT night my dreams were horrible: I seemed to see Dries Bowman's body spinning in the sunshine, whilst he darted his swollen tongue at me like a snake. And always I seemed all wet with blood and could not dry myself or escape the convulsed embrace of the Little Maid of Askalege.

Moaning, waking with a cry on my lips to gaze on the red embers of our fire and see my Indians stir under their blankets and open slitted eyes at me—or to lie exhausted in body and all trembling in my thoughts, while the slow, dark hours dragged to the dead march beating in my heart—thus passed the night at Stone House, full of visions of the dead.

Long ere the cavalry trumpet pealed and the tired troopers awakened after near fifty miles of riding the day before, I had dragged my weary Indians from their sleep; and almost immediately we were on our way, eating a pinch of salted corn from the palms of our hands as we moved forward. For, after a brief ceremony in the Wood of Brakabeen, I meant to make Johnstown without a halt. My mind was full of anxiety for Caughnawaga, and for her who had

promised herself to me when again I should come to seek her.

But first we must halt amid the ferns in the firefly glades of the Wood of Brakabeen to fulfill in ceremony that office due to the memory of a brave and faithful Oneida warrior—our little Maid of Askalege.

ON THE evening of the 15th of August the Commandant of Johnstown stood aghast to see a forest-running, a-muffin and three scarecrow Indians stagger into headquarters at the jail.

"God a-mercy!" says he as I offered the salute. "Is it you, Mr. Drogue!"

I was past all speech; for we had well jogged all the way up from the river, but from my rags I fished out my filthy paper and thrust them at him. He was kind enough to ask me to sit; I nodded a like permission to my Oneidas and dropped into a settle; a sergeant fetched new-baked bread, meat, buttermilk, and pipes for my Indians; and for me a draught of summer cider, which presently I swallowed to the dregs when I found strength to do it.

This refreshed me. I asked permission to lodge my Oneidas in some convenient barn and to draw for them food, pay, tobacco and clothing, and very soon a corporal of Continentals arrived with a lantern and led the Oneidas out into the night.

Then, at the Commandant's request, I gave a verbal account of my scout, and reminded him of my instructions, which were to report at Saratoga.

BUT he merely shuffled my papers together and smiled, saying that he would attend to that matter, and that there were new orders lately arrived for me, and a sheaf of letters among which two had been sent in with a flag, and seals broken.

"Sir," he said, still smiling in kindly fashion, "I have every reason to believe that patriotic service faithfully performed is not to remain too long unrecognized at Albany. And this business of yours amounts to that, Mr. Drogue."

He laughed and rubbed his powerful hands together, peering good-humoredly at me out of a pair of small and piercing eyes.

"However," he added, "all this is for you to learn from others in higher places than I occupy. Here are your letters, Mr. Drogue."

HE LAID his hand on a sheaf which lay near his elbow on the table and handed them to me. They were tied together with tape which had been sealed.

"Sir," said he, "you are in a woeful plight for lack of sleep; and I should not detain you. You lodge, I think, at Burke's Tavern. Pray, sir, retire to your quarters at your convenience, and dispose of well-earned leisure as best suits you."

He rose, and I got stiffly to my feet.

"Your Indians shall have every consideration," said he. "And I dare guess, sir, that you are destined to discover at the Tavern news that should please you."

We saluted; I thanked him for his kindness, and took my leave, so weary that I scarce knew what I was about.

HOW I arrived at the Tavern without falling asleep on my two legs as I walked, I do not know. Jimmy Burke, who had come out with a light to greet me, lifted his hands to heaven at sight of me.

"John Drogue! Is it yourself, avic? Ochone, the poor lad! Wirra the day!" says he. "And luk at him in his rags and thin as a clapperrail!" And, "Magdal Betty!" he shouts. "For the sake o' the saints, run fetch a washtub above, an' bilin' wather in a can, and soft soap, too, an' a-bite-an'-a-sup, or himself will die on me two hands——"

I heard maids running as I climbed the stairway, gripping at the rail to steady me. I was asleep in my chair when someone shook me.

Blindly I pulled the dirty rags from my body and let them fall anywhere; and I near died o' drowning in the great steaming tub, for twice I fell asleep in the bath. I know not who pulled me out. I do not remember eating. They say I did eat. Nor can I recollect how, at last, I got me into bed.

I WAS still deeply asleep when Burke awoke me. He had a great bowl of smoking soup and a pitcher of sweet milk; and I ate and drank, still half asleep. But now the breeze from the open window and the

shine in my room slowly cleared my bat-
d senses. I began to remember where I
and to look about at the room.

line was the only bed; and there was
body lying in it save only myself, yet it
evident that another gentleman shared
room with me; for yonder, on a ladder
k chair, lay somebody's clothing neatly
led—a Continental officer's uniform,
which I perceived the insignia of a staff-
tain.

spurred boots also stood there, and a
partly cocked hat.

and now, on a peg in the wall I discovered
a unknown officer's watch-cot, and his
ard dangling by it, and a brace o'
ols.

ut where the devil the owner of these
lements might be, I could not guess.

nd now my eyes fell upon the sheaf of
ers lying on the table beside me. I broke
sealed tape that bound them; they fell
on the bedclothes; and I picked up the
t at hazard, which was a packet, and
ke the seal of it—and sat there in my
ht-shift, utterly astounded at what I
eld.

or within the packet were two papers.
e was a captain's commission in the
ntinental Line; and my own name was
t upon it.

HE other paper was a letter, sent
express from the Forest of Dean, five
s since, and it was from Major General
d Stirling to me, acquainting me that he
I taken the liberty to request a captain's
mission in the Line for me; that His
cellency had concurred in the request;
at a commission had been duly granted
I issued; and that—His Excellency still
sciously concurring and General Schuyler
orsing the request—I had been trans-
red from the State Rangers to the Line,
I from the Line to the military family of
heral Lord Stirling. And should report to
n at the Forest of Dean.

To this elegant and formal and amazing
ter, writ by a secretary and signed by my
rd Stirling, was appended in his own
iliar hand this postscript:

"Jack Drogue will not refuse his old
nd, Billy Alexander. So for God's sake
ve your rifle-shirt and moccasins in
hnstown and put on the clothing which I
ve bespoken of the same Johnstown
loress who made your forest dress and
ne when in happier days we hunted and
ed with Sir William in the pleasant
ests of Fonda's Bush."

SAT there quite overcome, gazing now
upon my commission, now upon my
end's kind letter, now at my beautiful new
form which his consideration had procured
me while I was wandering leagues away in
e northern bush, never dreaming that a
ebrated major general had time to waste
any thought concerning me.

There was a bell-rope near my bed, and
w I pulled it; and said to the buxom
nch who came that I desired a barber to
m me instantly; and that the pot-boy
ould run to fetch him, and bid him bring his
ns and powder, and an assortment of
eue ribbons for a club.

The barber arrived as I, having bathed me,
s dressing in fresh underwear which I
d rolled snug in the pack I had left here
en I went away.

Lord, but my beard and hair were like
son's! And I gave myself to the razor
th great content, and later to the shears,
lding young Master Snips shape my poll
a club and powder in the most fashionable
d military mode then acceptable to the
vice.

Which he swore he knew how to accomplish
I took my letters from the bed and
sposed myself in a chair to peruse them
ile Snips should remain busy with his
ears.

HE first letter I unsealed was from Nick
Stoner, and written from Saratoga:

Friend Jack:
I take quick and ink to acquaint you how
it goes with us here in the regiment.

I am fier, and when in action am stationed
near to the colors for duty. Damn them, they
should give me a gun, also, as I can shoot
better than any of 'em, as you know.

My brother John is a drummer in our
regiment, and has learned all his flams and
how to beat all things lively save the devil.
My father is a private in our regiment, which
is pleasant for all, and he is a dead shot and
afraid of nothing save hell.

I have got into mischief and been punished
on several occasions. I like not being triced
up between two halibards.

I long to see Betsy Browne. She hath a
pretty way of kissing. And sometimes I long
to see Anne Mason, who has her own way, too.

You are not acquainted with that saucy baggage,
I think. But she lives only two mile from where
my Betsy abides. And I warrant you I was
put to it, sparking both, lest they discover I
drove double harness. And there was Zuyler's
pretty daughter, too—but enough of tender
memories!

Anna has raven hair and jet-black eyes and is
snowy otherwise. I don't mean cold. Angelica
Zuyler is fair of hair but brown for the rest—

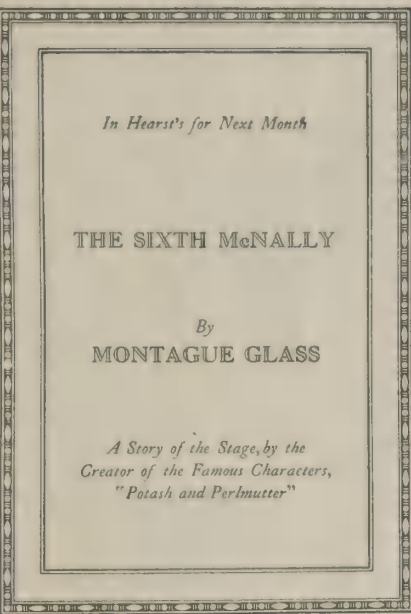
Well, Jack, I think on you every day and
hope you do well with your Oneidas, who, we
hear, are out with you on the Schoharie.

Our headquarters' runner is your old
Saguenay, and he is much trusted by our
General, they say. Sometimes the fierce
fellow comes to visit me, but asks only for
news of you, and when I say I have none he
sits in silence. And always, when he leaves
he says very solemnly: "Tell my Captain that
I am a real man, but did not know it until my
Captain told me so."

Now the news is that Burgoyne finds himself
in a pickle since the bloody battle at Oriskany.
I think he flounders like a big chain-pike
stranded belly-deep in a shallow pool which is
slowly drying up around him.

We are no longer afraid of his Germans, his
General Baum-Boom, his famous artillery, or
his Indians.

What the Tryon County lads did to St.
Leger we shall surely do to that big braggart,



John Burgoyne. And we mean to do it pres-
ently.

I send this letter to you by Adam Helmer,
who goes this day to Schenectady, riding express.
I give you my hand and heart. I hope
Penelope is well.

And beg permission to remain, sir, your
most humble and obliged and obedient servant.
Nicholas Stoner.

I LAID aside Nick's letter, half smiling,
half sad, at the thoughts it evoked within
me.

Young Master Snips was now a-drying of
my hair. I opened another letter, which bore
the inscription, "By flag." It had been
unsealed—which, of course, was the rule—
and so approved and delivered to me.

Dear Jack:
I am fearfully unhappy. This day news is
brought of the action at Oriska, and that my
dear brother is dead.

I pray you, if it be within your power, to
give my poor Stephen decent burial. He was
your boyhood friend. Ah, God, what an
unnatural strife is this that sets friend against
friend, brother against brother, father
against son!

Can you not picture my wretchedness and
distress to know that my darling brother is
slain, that my husband is at this moment facing
the terrible rifle-fire of your infuriated soldiery;
that many of my intimate friends are dead or
wounded at this terrible Oriskany where they
say your maddened soldiers flung aside their
muskets and leaped upon our Greens and
Rangers with knife and hatchet, and tore their
souls out with naked hands?

I pray that you were not involved in that
horrible affair. I pray that you may live
through these fearful times to the end, whatever
that end shall be. God alone knows.

I thank you for your generous forbearance
and chivalry to us on the Oneida road. I saw
your painted Oneida Indians crouching in the
roadside weeds, although I did not tell you that
I had discovered them. But I was terrified
for my baby. You have heard how Iroquois
Indians sometimes conduct.

Dear Jack, I can not find in my heart any
unkind thought of you. I trust you think of
me as kindly.

And so I ask you, if it be within your power,
to give my poor brother decent burial. And
mark the grave so that one day, please God, we
may remove his mangled remains to a friendlier
place than Tryon has proven for me and mine.
I am, dear Jack, with unalterable affection,
Your unhappy,

POLLY.

My eyes were misty as I laid the letter
aside, resolving to do all I could to carry
out Lady Johnson's desires. For not until
long afterwards did I hear that Steve Watts
had survived his terrible wounds and was

finally safe from the vengeance of outraged
Tryon.

A NOTHER letter, also with broken seal. I
laid open and read while Snips heated his
irons and gazed out of the breezy window,
where, with life and drum, I could hear the
garrison marching out for exercise and
practice.

And to the lively marching music of
"The Huron," I read my letter from
Claudia Swift:

Oneida, Aug. 7th, 1777

My dearest Jack:

I am informed that I may venture to send this
epistle under a flag that goes out today. No
doubt but some Yankee Paul Pry in blue-an-
buff will crack the seal and read it before
you receive it.

But I snap my fingers at him. I care not. I
am bold to say that I do love you. And dear-
ly! So much for Master Pry!

But, alas, my friend, now indeed I am put to
it; for I must confess to you a sadder and a
deeper anxiety. For if I love you, sir, I am
otherwise in love. And with another! I shall
not dare to confess his name. But you saw and
recognized him at Summer House when Steve
was there a year ago last spring.

Now you know. Yes, I am madly in love,
Jack, and am racked with terrors and nigh out
o' my wits with this awful news of the Oriska
battle.

We hear that Captain Walter Butler is taken
out o' uniform within your lines; and so,
lacking the protection of his regimentals, he
is like to suffer as a spy. My God! Was he
alone when apprehended by Arnold's troops?
And will General Arnold hang him?

This is the urgent news I ask of you. I am
horribly afraid. In mercy send me some
account; for there are terrible rumors afloat in
this fortress—rumors of other spies taken by
our soldiery, and of brutal executions—I can
not bring myself to write of what I fear. Pity
me, Jack, and write me what you hear.

Could you not beg this one mercy of Billy
Alexander, that he send a flag or contrive to
have one sent from your Northern Department,
explaining to us poor women what truly has
been—and is like to be—the fate of such unfor-
tunate prisoners in your hands?

And remember who it is appeals to you, dear
Jack; for even if I have not merited your
consideration—if I, perhaps, have even
forfeited the regard of Billy Alexander—I
pray you both to remember that you once
were a little in love with me.

And so, deal with me gently, Jack. For I
am frightened and sick at heart, and know
very little about love, which, for the first time
ever in my life, has now undone me.

Will you not aid and forgive your unhappy
CLAUDIA.

Good Lord! Claudia enamored! And
enamored of that great villain, Henry
Hare! Why, he hath a wife and children,
too, or I am most grossly in error!

I had not heard that Walter Butler was
taken. I knew not whether Lieutenant Hare
had been caught in Butler's evil company or
if, indeed, he had fought at all with old
John Butler at Oriska.

FROWNING, disgusted, yet sad also to
learn that Claudia could so rashly and so
ignobly lavish her affections, nevertheless I
resolved to ask Lord Stirling if a flag could
not be sent with news to Claudia and such
other anxious ladies as might be eating their
hearts out at Oneida, or Oswego, or Buck
Island.

And so I laid aside her painful letter and
unfolded the last missive—and discovered it
was writ me by Penelope:

You should not think harshly of me, Jack
Drogue, if you return and discover that I am
gone away from Johnstown.

Douw Fonda is returned to Cayadutta Lodge.
He has now sent a carriage for to fetch me.
It is waiting while I write. I can not refuse
him.

If, when we meet again, you desire, to know
my mind concerning you, then, if you choose
to look into it, you shall discover that my
mind contains only a single thought. And
the thought is for you.

But if you desire no longer to know my mind
when again—if ever—we two meet together,
then you shall not feel it your duty to concern
yourself about my mind, or what thought
may be within it.

I would not write coldly to you, John
Drogue. Nor would I importune with passion.
I have no claim upon your further kindness.
You have every claim upon my lifelong
gratitude.

But I offer more than gratitude if you should
still desire it; and I would offer less—if it
should better please you.

Feel not offended; feel free. Come to me if it
pleaseth you; and, if you come not, there is in
me that which shall pardon all you do, or leave
undone, as long as ever I shall live on earth.
PENELOPE GRANT.

WHEN Snips had powdered me and had
tied my club with a queue-ribbon of his
proper selection, he patched my cheek-bone
where a thorn had torn me, and stood a-
twirling his iron as though lost in admiration
of his handiwork.

When I paid him I bade him tell Burke to
bring around my horse and fetch my saddle-
bags; and then I dressed me in my regi-
mentals.

When Burke came with the saddle-bags,
we packed them together. He promised to
care for my rifle and pack, took my new light



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blanket over his arm, and led the way downstairs, where I presently perceived Kaya all saddled, and pricking ears to hear my voice.

Whilst I caressed her and whispered in her pretty ear the idle tenderness that a man confides to a beloved horse, Burke placed my pistols, strapped saddle-bags and blanket, and held my stirrup as I gathered bridle and set my spurred boot firmly on the steel.

And so swung to my saddle, and sat there, dividing bridles, deep-fixed in troubled thought and anxiously concerned for the safety of the unselfish but very stubborn girl I loved.

I HAD said my adieux to Jimmy Burke; I had taken leave of the Commandant at the palisaded jail. I now galloped Kaya through the town, riding by way of Butlers-bury;* and I saw the steep roof of the Butler house through the grove, and shuddered as I thought of the unhappy young man who had lived there and who, at that very moment, might be hanging by his neck while the drums rolled from the hollow square.

Down the steep hill I rode, careful of loose stones, and so came to the river and to Caughnawaga.†

All was peaceful and still in the noonday sunshine; the river wore a glassy surface; farm wagons creaked slowly through golden dust along the Fort Johnson highway; fat cattle lay in the shade; and from the brick chimneys of Caughnawaga blue smoke drifted where, in her cellar kitchen, the good wife was a-cooking of the noontide dinner.

WHEN presently I espied Douw Fonda's house, I saw nobody on the porch, and no smoke rising from the chimneys, yet the front door stood open.

But when I rode up to the porch, a black wench came from the house, who said that Mr. Fonda dined at his son's that day, and would remain until evening.

However, when I made inquiry for Penelope, I found that she was within—had already been served with dinner—and was now gone to the library to read and knit as usual when alone.

The black wench took my mare and whistled shrilly for a slave to come and hold the horse.

But I had already mounted the stoop and entered the silent house; and now I perceived Penelope, who had risen from a chair and was laying aside her book and knitting.

SHE seemed very white when I went to her and drew her into my embrace; and she rested her cheek against my shoulder and took close hold of my two arms, but uttered not a word.

Under her lace cap her hair glimmered like sun-warmed gold; and her hands, which had become very fine and white again, began to move upward to my shoulders, till they encircled my neck and rested there, tight-linked.

For a space she wept, but presently stanchd her tears with her laced apron's edge, like a child at school. And when I made her look upon me she smiled though she still breathed sobbingly, and her lips still quivered as I kissed her.

WE SAT close together in the golden gloom of the curtained room, here only a bar of dusty sunlight fell across a row of gilded books.

I had told her everything—had given an account of all that had befallen my little scout, and how I had returned to Johnstown, and how so suddenly my fortunes had been completely changed.

I told her what I knew of the battle at Oriskany, of the present situation at Stanwix and at Saratoga, and of what I saw of the fight at the Flocky, where McDonald ran.

I begged her to persuade Mr. Fonda to go to Albany; and she promised to do so. And when I pointed out in detail how perilous was his situation here, and how desperate her own, she said she knew it, and had been horribly afraid, but that Caughnawaga folk seemed strangely indifferent to the danger—could not bring themselves to believe in it, perhaps—and were loath to leave their homes unprotected and their fields untilled.

BUT when I touched on her leaving these foolish people and, as my wife, traveling southward with me to the great fortress on the Hudson, she only wept, saying, in tears,

that she was needed by an old and feeble man who had protected her when she was poor and friendless; and that, though she loved me, her duty still lay first at Douw Fonda's side.

Quit him she utterly refused to do; and it was in vain I pointed out his three stalwart sons and their numerous families, retainers, tenants, servants, and slaves, who ought to care for the obstinate old gentleman and provide a security for him whether he would or no.

But argument was useless; I knew it. And all I obtained of her was that, whether matters north of us mended or grew worse, she would persuade Mr. Fonda to return to Albany until such time as Tryon County became once more safe to live in.

This she promised, and even assured me that she had already spoken of the matter to Mr. Fonda, and that the old gentleman appeared to be quite willing to return to Albany as soon as his grain could be reaped and threshed.

SO WITH this I had to content my heavy heart. And now, by the tall clock, I perceived that my time was up; for Schenectady lay far away, and Albany farther still; and it was like to be a long and dreary journey to West Point, if, needed, I should find Lord Stirling still there.

For at Johnstown fort that morning I was warned that my General Lord Stirling had already rejoined his division in the Jerseys; and that the news was brought by riflemen of Morgan's corps, which was now swiftly marching to join our Northern forces near Saratoga.

Well, God's will must obtain on earth; none can thwart it; none foretell—

At the thought I looked down at Penelope, where I held her clasped; and I told her of the vision of Thiohero.

SHE remained very still when she learned what the Little Maid of Askalege had seen there beside me in the cannon-cloud, where the German foresters of Hainau, in their outlandish dress, were shouting and shooting.

For Penelope had seen the same white shape, and had been, she said, afraid that it was my own weird she saw—so white seemed to her, she said—so still and shrouded in its misty veil.

"Was it I?" she whispered in an awed voice. "Was it truly I that the Oneida virgin saw? And did she know my features in the shroud?"

"She saw you all in white and flowers, floating there near me like mist at sunrise."

"She told you it was I?"

"Dying, she so told me. And, 'Yellow Hair,' she gasped, 'is quite a witch!' And then she died between my arms."

"I am no witch," she whispered.

"Nor was the Little Maid of Askalege. Both of you, I think, saw at times things that we others can not perceive until they happen—the shadow of events to come."

"Yes."

AFTER a silence: "Have you, perhaps, discovered other shadows since we last met, Penelope?"

"Yes—shadows."

"What coming event had cast them?"

After a long pause: "Will it make his mind more tranquil if I tell him?" she murmured to herself. And I saw her dark young eyes fixed absently on the dusty ray of sunlight slanting athwart the room.

Then she looked up at me, blushed to her hair. "I saw children—with yellow hair—and your eyes—"

"With your hair!"

"And your eyes—John Drogue—John Drogue—"

THE stillness of Paradise grew all around us, filling my soul with a great and heavenly silence.

We could not die—we two who stood here so closely clasped—until this vision had been fulfilled.

And so, presently, her hands fell into mine, and our lips joined slowly, and rested.

We said no word. I left her standing there in the golden twilight of the curtains, and got to my saddle—God knows how—and rode away beside the quiet river to the certain destiny that no man can ever hope to hinder or escape.

BUT neither Jack Drogue nor Penelope had a vision of the events that were to separate them nor of the tragedy that would bring them triumphantly together.—See Hearst's for May.

*A letter written by Colonel Butler so designates the place where the ancient Butler house is still standing. The letter mentioned is in the possession of the author.

†Now the town of Fonda.

OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

"All day in the green sunny orchard,
When May was a marvel of bloom,
I followed the busy bee-lovers
Down paths that were sweet with perfume."

SO SANG Margaret Sangster. Unquestionably she had in her mind's eye the Stanlaws cover on this number of Hearst's. But we can't understand why anybody would waste any time following bee-lovers—we personally would gladly put in the entire day following May!

STILL speaking of flowers, consider these lines:

"Yet there upon that upland height
The darlings of the early spring—
Blue violets—were blossoming."

For some Darlings of the Early Spring, watch for the cover on Hearst's for June—one of the most charming yet.

ONE for the Little Donkey—Taking the Head Away from the Ache—Air Mail—A 492-Year-Old Tree. See page 26.

"THE time has come," writes a fair reader in California, "when I feel as if I must express my appreciation of your most wonderful magazine. Please publish more stories like 'The Wild Goose' and 'This Light Must Live.'"

WE WILL and we are, L. J.—watch for the new Ibáñez novel that starts next month and the new Kummer novel in Hearst's for July.

DO YOU really enjoy Blasco Ibáñez? Many intelligent people have found his novels far too long and excursive for easy reading. In Hearst's for June starts "The Torrent," which we believe represents the famous Spaniard's very best work—short, simple, strong, direct.

PUTTING IT MILDLY!

"FROM any sane viewpoint of literary merit, interest, human appeal or what not," writes a newspaper critic, "there is nothing in the March Hearst's that is not best, if not more so."

THANKS, G. B. W., but where are you going to put the June number, with novels by Ibáñez, Rex Beach, and Hall Caine?

"HEARST'S is so much worth while," writes a well-known poet, "that I feel I have accomplished something more than usual when I win its favor."

"NEVER Begin with Lions," a story of the movies by Montague Glass, of Potash-Perlmutter fame. As funny a story as we ever read.

"I LIKE Hearst's," writes a subscriber from Ketchikan, Alaska. "It is one of the best, if not the very best magazine published. Must congratulate you on February cover. It's the most beautiful I ever saw on any magazine."

HURRAH for Alaska! But, R. B., keep an eye out, will you, for June Among Violets, on Hearst's for June. Some people who have seen it say it is Penrhyn Stanlaws's very best.

HEARST'S is built for people who think for themselves and know what they like. If you don't care for Hearst's, tell us—maybe we can better it.

IF ON the other hand, you do like Hearst's, why not make a point of showing this copy to some friend?

ART is long and time is fleeting! The indisposition of Mr. Ballinger, who is so attractively illustrating the series, made it impossible to carry out our intention of making "Paul and the Purple Pig" a feature of this May number. However, we hope to have all three of them in Hearst's for June.



F. E. BAILY, veteran of the World War and Editor of a British magazine, specializes in Girls. No man on earth can analyze a young girl with keener insight or write about her with more charming sympathy. If you have been reading "Dolf," you won't forget that "The Too-Perfect Barbara" starts a new Baily series in Hearst's for July.

IN THIS NUMBER READ:

Flowing Gold
A New Novel of the Oil Fields

REX BEACH

Starts on page 6

A Marriage Has Been Arranged
DONN BYRNE

Page 10

As Men Fight for Peace
H. G. WELLS

Page 35

I Dig Up Old Bones
WALT MASON

Page 55

The Master of Man
HALL CAINE

Page 31

The Sixth McNally
MONTAGUE GLASS

Page 13

Slaying Souls With a Corkscrew
BERNARD SHAW

Page 16

HEARST'S for MAY, 1921

Vol. XXXIX, No. 5

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IN YOUR hand is the first number of "Hearst's International." Except that it is a bit better, you will find practically no difference between it and the old "Hearst's." And that is about the only really vital difference you will ever find—each new number, we hope, will be distinctly better than the last.

"WHAT do you mean—'International'?" writes a friendly competitor. "I thought you Hearst fellows were shouting for America First and that kind of rot!"

YES, R. L. M., we are exactly that! We are also for Breakfast first—although we enjoy mightily our other meals; we are for Ladies first—although we have other maxims of politeness; we are even for Safety first—when that admirable commodity is not too dangerous for all concerned.

"BUT," continues our editorial friend, sipping suavely the sour grape, "why don't you stick to the ordinary magazine like the rest—with American writers and everything?"

THAT, dear R. L. M., is just what we intend doing. Hearst's will have, as always, the best work of the best American writers; but its "everything," as you so succinctly put it, will comprehend the great writers and great thinkers of the entire world.

IN THIS number, for example, Rex Beach, Montague Glass, Donn Byrne, Robert W. Chambers, for America; Hall Caine, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, John Drinkwater for England; Bojer for Norway, Maurice Level for France, and a lot of others from both sides of the Atlantic.

SO—in the lyric words of our bright young advertisement writer—"if you want the words of the world's great writers, if you want the thoughts of the world's great thinkers, make sure each month of getting your new number of Hearst's International."

A FIRE Alarm on Wings—Keeping Typhus Out of Texas—We Eat More Grapes—Science of the Month. Page 26.

"I FOR one will always vote for Hearst's," writes a Detroit business woman. "The many serious articles stir one to greater endeavor and the fiction is just the thing for our relaxation time. Keep up the good work!"

VICTOR HUGO at his best did nothing better than Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's descriptive passages in "The Torrent," which starts in Hearst's for June.

IS IT RED-HEADITARY?

"IT WOULD be ignoring the claims of true art," says a pleasant newspaper notice, "not to mention Hearst's cover design for March, which represents a beautiful young mother offering to the eye the top of her baby's head, which is red to match her own."

DO DREAMS come true? Ours don't. For two months we have been trying to find a place to put "The City of My Dreams," by Mr. Dreiser, and "What do Dreams Signify," by Mr. Jordan. But—

EVERY advertisement in Hearst's is guaranteed by the publishers of the magazine itself, not only as to the reliability of the advertiser, but as to the entire accuracy of his statements. Your money will be refunded, with a bonus for your trouble, if you will be so good as to report to our Advertising Manager any case where promise and delivery are not found to be absolutely four-square.

"HERE'S to Hearst's International!" writes a spirited Schenectadyan. "A discriminating magazine for discriminating readers. Writers from every walk in life; every phase of existence; every race on earth; every country on the globe."

OMAR

CIGARETTES

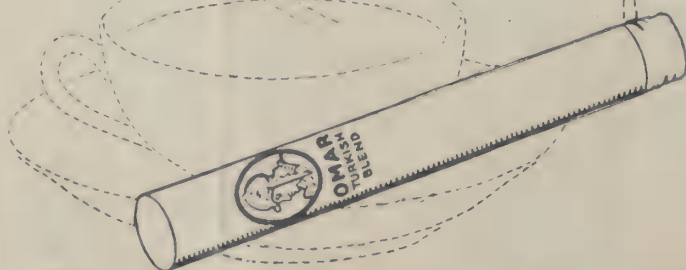
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Good Wages for Good Work

By William Randolph Hearst

IN INDUSTRY good wages and good work are equally important. Good work makes a good product. Good wages make a good market.

A high standard of wages means a high purchasing power, and it should be one of the business objects of employers to maintain a general high standard of wages in order to maintain a general market for their products.

ON THE other hand, it should be the intelligent purpose of the labor unions to meet any depressed situation in business by increasing productivity, and removing hampering union rules which interfere with productivity and profits.

THE first requisite for the payment of good wages is that the employers make enough money to be able to pay good wages.

Wealth can not be distributed until it is created, and whatever interferes with the creation of wealth interferes with the distribution of wealth in wages as well as in profits.

WHEN union rules interfere with the creation of wealth they interfere with the welfare of labor as much as they interfere with the welfare of capital.

As a matter of mathematical fact, they interfere with the welfare of labor a great deal more

than they interfere with the welfare of capital, because about ninety per cent of the wealth created is distributed in wages, and capital is well content with anything like ten per cent of the wealth created.

WEALTH is production. There may be prospective wealth, putative wealth, potential wealth, in the soil, in the ore veins, in various latent forms—but actual wealth is only that which has been produced into the things that men require.

THE more there is of production, therefore, the more there is of wealth.

And everything from human skill to labor-saving machinery which increases production, increases wealth, and increases the welfare of the entire human race.

THE greater comforts, luxuries, conveniences, and advantages that modern man possesses over the men of former ages are due directly to increased productivity, which puts many of these comforts and advantages within the reach of all.

STILL greater skill, still greater mechanical ingenuity and productive machinery will provide still greater comforts, conveniences, and advantages, and place them at the disposal of absolutely all.

Whenever labor by restrictive rules, or capital by curtailing production, interferes with the creation of wealth, it interferes with the material development of the race and with the common possession of the advantages of modern productivity as far as each restrictive act is operative.

THERE are two fundamental facts to be recognized: first, that productivity is necessary for permanently high wages; and second, that high wages are essential to general prosperity.

The less the productivity, the less there is to be distributed in profits and wages.

That is reasonably obvious.

AND since the vast majority of the people of this or any other country are wage-earners, and general prosperity depends upon the prosperity of the mass, it is equally obvious that only liberal wages will create general prosperity and the general purchasing power, which, in turn, means the prosperity of every individual and of every individual business.

LET us, therefore, pay good wages for good work and give good work for good wages.

For only by such coöperative effort can we create the fullest productivity, the greatest purchasing power, and the greatest prosperity



Flowing By Rex Beach

The loungers at the crossing stared. . . . No girl half so fetching had ever come to Wichita Falls before.

ROOM service at the Ajax is of a quality befitting the newest, the largest, and the most expensive hotel in Dallas. While the standard of excellence is uniformly high, nevertheless some extra care usually attaches to a breakfast ordered from the Governor's suite—most elegant and most expensive of all the suites; hence the waiter checked over his card and made a final, fluttering examination to be sure that the chilled fruit was chilled and that the hot plates were hot before he rapped on the door. A voice, loud and cheery, bade him enter.

Would the gentleman wish his breakfast served in the parlor or— No, the gentleman would have it right in his bedroom, but first, where were his cigarettes? He hoped above all things that the waiter had not forgotten his cigarettes. Some people began their days with cold showers—nothing less than a cruel shock to a languid nervous system. An atrocious practice, the speaker called it—a relic of barbarism, a fetish of ignorance. Much preferable was a hygienic, stimulating cigarette which served the same purpose and left no deleterious after-effects.

THE pajama-clad guest struck a light, inhaled with abundant satisfaction, and then cast a hungry eye over the contents of the rubber-tired breakfast table. He, too, tested the temperature of the melon and felt the cover of the toast plate.

"Splendid!" he cried. "Nice rooms, prompt service, a pleasant-faced waiter. Why, I couldn't fare better in my best club! Thanks to you, my first impression of Dallas is wholly delightful." He seated himself in a padded boudoir chair, unfolded a snowy serviette and attacked his breakfast with the enthusiasms of a perfectly healthy animal.

"Is this your first visit here, sir?"

"Absolutely. Dallas is as foreign to me as Lhasa. It is the Bagdad of my dreams and its streets are strange. Perhaps they are full of adventure for me. I hope so. Anything exciting can happen in a town where one has neither friends nor acquaintances, eh? You are a well-read man, I take it."

"I? Why—"

"At any rate, you have heard it said that this is a small world."

"Yes, sir."

"Good! I merely wish to deny authorship of the saying, for it is false. This is a large world. What is more, it is a world full of cities like Dallas where men like you and me, Heaven be praised, have neither friends, acquaintances nor relatives. In that respect it is a fine world and we should devoutly give thanks for its Dallahses and its—Dalsatians. Jove! This ham is delicious!"

THE waiter was accustomed to "morning-talkers," but this gentleman was different. He had an air of consequence, and his voice, so deep, so well modulated, so pleasant, invested him with unusual distinction. Probably he was an actor! But no! Not in the Governor's suite. More likely he was one of the big men of the Standard or the Gulf or the Texas. To make sure, the waiter inquired:

"May I ask if you are in oil, sir?"

"In oil? Bless me, what a nauseating question at this hour of the day!"

"Most everybody here is in oil. We turn dozens away every day, we're that full. It's the boom. I'm in oil myself—in a small way, of course. It's like this: Sometimes gentlemen like—well, like you, sir—give me tips. They drop a hint, like, about their stocks, and I've done well—in a small way, of course. It doesn't cost them anything and—some of them are very kind. You'd really be surprised."

"Oh, not at all!" The occupant of the Governor's

suite leaned back in his chair and smiled widely. "As a matter of fact, I am flattered, for it is evident that you are endowed with the money-making instinct and that you unerringly recognize it in others. Very well, I shall see what I can do for you. But while we are on the subject of tips, would you mind helping yourself to a dollar out of my trousers pocket?"

THE waiter proceeded to do as directed, but a moment later announced apologetically. "Here's all I find, sir. It's mostly pennies." He exposed a handful of small coins.

"Look in my coat, if you will."

But the second search resulted as had the first. "Strange!" murmured the guest, without rising. "I must have been robbed. I remember now, a fellow crowded me as I left my train. Um-m! Robbed—at the very gates of Bagdad! Dallas is a City of Adventure. Please add your tip to the check, and—make it two dollars. I'd like to have you serve me every morning, for I can not abide an acid face at breakfast. It sours my whole day."

CALVIN GRAY finished his breakfast, smoked a second cigarette as he scanned the morning paper; then he dressed himself with meticulous care. He had a tall, erect, athletic form; his perfectly fitting clothes had that touch of individuality affected by a certain few of New York's exclusive tailors; and, when he finally surveyed himself in the glass, there was no denying the fact that he presented an appearance of unusual distinction. As he turned away, his eyes fell upon the scanty handful of small coins which the waiter had removed from his pocket; for a moment he stared at them reflectively; then he scooped them into his palm and, with a smile, announced to his image:

"It would seem that it is time for us to introduce ourselves to the management."

He was humming a tune as he strode out of his richly furnished quarters.

Gold

Illustrated by
Armand Both

THE Governor's suite at the Ajax is on the mezzanine floor, at the head of the grand staircase. As Gray descended the spacious marble steps, he saw that the hotel was indeed doing a big business, for already the lobby was thickly peopled and at the desk a group of new arrivals was plaintively arguing with a bored and supercilious room-clerk.

Some men have an effortless knack of commanding attention and inspiring courtesy. Calvin Gray was one of these. Before many moments, he was in the manager's office, explaining suavely, "Now that I have introduced myself, I wish to thank you for taking care of me upon such short notice."

"It was the only space we had. If you wish, I'll have your rooms changed as soon as——"

"Have you something better?"

Haviland, the manager, laughed and shook his head. "Scarcely! That suite is our pet and our pride. There's nothing to beat it in the whole Southwest."

"It is very nice. May I inquire the rate?"

"Twenty-five dollars a day."

"Quite reasonable." Mr. Gray beamed his satisfaction.

"It is the only suite we have left. We've put beds in the parlors of the others, and frequently we have to double up our guests. This oil excitement is a blessing to us poor innkeepers. I presume it's oil that brings you here?"

GRAY met the speaker's interrogatory gaze with a negative shake of the head and a smile peculiarly noncommittal. "No," he declared. "I'm not in the oil business and I have no money to invest in it. I don't even represent a syndicate of Eastern capitalists. On the contrary, I am a penniless adventurer whom chance alone has cast upon your hospitable grand staircase." These words were spoken with a suggestion of mock-modesty that had precisely the effect of a deliberate wink, and Mr. Haviland smiled and nodded his complete comprehension.

"I get you," said he. "And you're right. The lease-hounds would devil you to death if you gave them a chance. Now then, if there's any way in which I can be of service——"

"There is." Gray's tone was at once businesslike. "Please give me the names of your leading bankers. I mean the strongest and the most—well, discreet."

During the next few minutes, Gray received and swiftly tabulated in his mind a deal of inside information usually denied to the average stranger; the impression his swift, searching questions made upon the hotel manager was evident when the latter told him as he rose to go:

"Don't feel that you have to identify yourself at the banks today. If we can accommodate you—cash a check or the like——"

"Thank you." The caller shook his head and smiled his appreciation of the offer. "Your manner of conducting a hotel impresses me deeply, and I shall speak of it to some of my Eastern friends. Live executives are hard to find."

IT IS impossible to analyze or to describe that quality of magnetic charm which we commonly term personality; nevertheless, it is the most potent influence in our social and our business lives. It is a gift of the gods, and most conspicuous successes, in whatever line, are due to it. Now and then comes an

At sight of Tom the girl uttered a strangled little cry and ran straight into his arms!

individual who is cold, even repellent, and yet who rises to full accomplishment by reason of pure intellectual force or strength of character. But nine times out of ten the man who gets ahead, be he merchant, banker, promoter, or crook, does so by reason of this abstract asset, this intangible birthright.

Gray possessed that happy quality. It had made itself felt by the waiter who brought his breakfast and by the manager of the hotel; its effect was equally noticeable upon the girl behind the cigar counter where he next went. An intimate word or two and she was in a flutter. She sidetracked her chewing-gum, completely ignored her other customers and helped him select a handful of her choicest sixty-cent Havanas. When he finally decided to have her send the rest of the box of fifty up to his room, and signed for them, she considered the transaction a tribute to her beauty rather than to her ability as a saleswoman. Her admiring eyes followed him clear across the lobby.



ARMAND BOTH

Even the blasé bell-captain, by virtue of his calling a person of few enthusiasms and no illusions, edged up to the desk and inquired the name of the distinguished stranger "from the No'th."

GRAY appeared to know exactly what he wanted to do, for he stopped at the telephone booths, inquired the number of the leading afternoon newspaper, and put in a call for it. When it came through, he asked for the city editor. He closed the soundproof door before voicing his message; then he began rapidly: "City editor? . . . Well, I'm from the Ajax Hotel, and I have a tip for you. I'm one of the room-clerks. Listen! Calvin Gray is registered here—got in last night, on gum-shoes. . . . Gray! Calvin Gray! Better shoot a reporter around and get a story. . . . You don't? Well, other people know him. He's a character—globe-trotter, soldier of fortune, financier. He's been everywhere and done everything, and you can get a great story if you've got a man clever enough to make him talk. But he won't loosen easily. . . . Oil, I suppose, but . . . Sure! Under cover. Mystery stuff! Another big syndicate, probably. . . . Oh, that's all right. I'm an old newspaper man myself. Don't mention it."

ALL American cities, these days, are much the same. Character, atmosphere, distinctiveness, have been squeezed out in the general mold. For all Calvin Gray could see, as he made his first acquaintance with Dallas, he might have been treading the streets of Los Angeles, of Indianapolis, of Portland, Maine, or of Portland, Oregon. A California brightness and a Florida warmth to the air, a New England alertness to the pedestrians, a Manhattan majesty to some of the newer office buildings—these were the most outstanding of his first impressions.

Into the largest and the newest of these buildings, Gray went, a white tile and stone skyscraper, the entire lower floor of which was devoted to an impressive banking-room. He sent his card in to the president

and spent perhaps ten minutes with that gentleman. He had called merely to get acquainted, so he explained; he wished to meet only the heads of the strongest financial institutions; he had no favors to ask—as yet—and he might have no business whatever with them. On the other hand—well, he was a slow and careful investigator, but when he moved, it was with promptitude and vigor and in such an event he wished them to know who he was. Meanwhile, he desired no publicity and he hoped his presence in Dallas would not become generally known—it might seriously interfere with his plans.

BEFORE he left the bank, Gray had met the other officers, and from their manner he saw that he had created a decided impression upon them. The bank president himself walked with him to the marble railing, then said:

"I'd like to have you wait and meet my son, Lieutenant Roswell. He's just back from overseas and—the boy served with some distinction. A father's pride, you understand?"

"Was Lieutenant Roswell in France?" Gray inquired quickly.

"Oh, yes! He'll be in at any minute."

A shadow of regret crossed the caller's face. "I'm sorry, but I've arranged to call on the mayor, and I've no time to lose. What unit was your son with?"

"The Ninety-eighth Field Artillery."

The shadow fled. Mr. Gray was vexed at the necessity for haste, but he would look forward to meeting the young hero later.

"And meanwhile," Roswell, Senior, said warmly, "if we can be of service to you, please feel free to call upon us. I dare say we'd be safe in honoring a small check." He laughed pleasantly and clapped his caller on the back.

A FINE man, Gray decided as he paused outside the bank. And here was another offer to cash a check—the second this morning. Good address and an expensive tailor certainly did count: with them as

capital, a man could take a profit at any time. Gray's fingers strayed to the small change in his trousers pocket and he turned longing eyes back towards the bank interior. Without doubt it was a temptation, especially inasmuch as at that moment his well-manicured right hand held in its grasp every cent that he possessed.

THIS was not the first time he had been broke. On the contrary, during his younger days he had more than once found himself in that condition and had looked upon it as an exciting experience, as a not unpleasant form of adventure. To be strapped in a mining camp, for instance, was no more than a mild embarrassment. But to find one's self forty years old—or more—friendless, and without funds in a city the size of Dallas! Well, that was more than an adventure and it afforded a sort of excitement that he believed he could very well do without. Dallas was no open-handed frontier town: it was a small New York, where life is settled, where men are suspicious, and where fortunes are slow in the making. He wondered now if hard, fast living had robbed him of the punch to make a new beginning; he wondered, too, if the vague plans at the back of his mind had anything to them or if they were entirely impracticable. Here was Opportunity, definite, concrete, and spelled with a capital O; here was a deliberate invitation to avail himself of a short cut out of his embarrassment. A mere scratch of a pen and he would have money enough to move on to some other Dallas and there gain the start he needed—enough at least to tip his waiter and pay cash for his Coronas. Business men are too gullible, anyhow: it would be a good lesson to Roswell and Haviland. Why not?

CALVIN GRAY started; he recoiled slightly; the abstracted stare was wiped from his face, for an officer in uniform had brushed past him and entered the bank. That damned khaki again! Those service stripes! They were forever obtruding themselves, it seemed. Was there no place where one could escape



ARMAND BUTI

"You—didn't even forget that I love blue-bonnets, did you, D-d?"



Calvin Gray stared. "You've cinched the matter with me," he declared, to Coverly. "Get out your diamonds tomorrow."

the hateful sight of them? His chain of thought had been snapped and he realized that there could be no short cut for him. He had climbed through the ropes, taken his corner and the gong had rung: it was now a fight to a finish with no quarter given.

He squared his shoulders and set out for the hotel where he felt sure a reporter would be awaiting him.

THE representative of the Dallas *Post* had anticipated some difficulty in interviewing the elusive Calvin Gray—whoever he might be—but luck appeared to be with him, for shortly after his arrival at the hotel the object of his quest appeared. Mr. Gray was annoyed at being discovered; he was, in fact, loath to acknowledge his identity. Having just returned from an important conference with some of the leading financiers of the city, his mind was burdened with affairs of weight, and then, too, the mayor was expecting him—luncheon, probably. Hence he was in no mood to be interviewed. Usually Mr. Gray's secretary saw interviewers. However, now that his identity was known, he had not the heart to be discourteous to a fellow-journalist. Yes! He had once owned a newspaper—in Alaska. Incidentally, it was the farthest-north publication in the world.

ALASKA! The reporter pricked up his ears. He managed to elicit the fact that Mr. Gray had operated mines and built railroads there; that he had been forced into the newspaper game merely to protect his interests from the depredations of a gang of political grafters; and that it had been a sensational fight while it lasted. This item was duly jotted down in the reportorial memory.

Alaska was a hard country—quite so—but nothing like Mexico during the revolution. Mexican sugar and mahogany, it transpired, had occupied Mr. Gray's attention for a time, as had Argentine cattle, Yucatan henequen and an engineering enterprise in Bolivia, besides other investments closer to home.

Once the speaker had become reconciled to the dis-

tasteful necessity of talking about himself, he suggested an adjournment to his rooms, where he would perhaps suffer less embarrassment by reason of his unavoidable use of the personal pronoun.

Gray noted the effect upon his visitor of the Governor's suite and soon had the young man at ease, with a Corona between his teeth. Then for a full three-quarters of an hour the distinguished visitor to Dallas discoursed in his very best style and his caller sat spellbound, making occasional hieroglyphic hen-tracks upon his note-paper and congratulating himself upon his good luck in striking a man like this in one of his rare, talkative moods. Gray had set himself deliberately to the task of selling himself to this gentleman of the press, and, having succeeded, he was enough of a salesman to avoid the fatal error of overselling.

ALONE at last, a sardonic grin crept over his features. So far, so good. Now for the rest of those bankers, and the mayor. Gray was working rapidly, but he knew no other way of working and speed was essential. It seemed to him not unlikely that delay of the slightest might force him to turn in desperation to a length of lead pipe and a mask, for—a man must live. As yet, he had no very definite plans; he had merely undertaken to establish himself in a position to profit by the first opportunity, whatever it might be. And opportunity of some sort would surely come. It always did. More, it had an agreeable way of turning up when he was most in need of it.

GRAY called at several other banks that morning. He strode in swiftly, introduced himself with quick incisiveness, and tarried only long enough to fix himself indelibly in the minds of those he had come to see; then he left. There are right and wrong ways of closing a deal or of ending an interview and Gray flattered himself that he possessed "terminal facilities." He was very busy, always a bit pressed for time, always a moment late; his theory of constant forward motion never permitted an awkward pause

in conversation. On the street, his long legs covered the ground at something less than a run; his eyes were keenly alert; his face set in purposeful lines. Pedestrians turned to look after him.

AT THE mayor's office, he was denied admission to the chief executive, but insisted so peremptorily as to gain his end. Once inside, he conveyed his compliments with such a graceful flourish that his intrusion assumed the importance of a ceremony and the People's Choice was flattered. He inferred that this Calvin Gray made a practice of presenting his formal respects to the dignitaries of all the large cities he visited and deemed it a favor to them. No doubt it was, if he so considered it, for he appeared to be fully aware of his own importance. After all, it was an agreeable practice. Since no man in public life can risk offending people of importance, His Honor unbent. Gray turned a current jest upon Texas politics into a neat compliment to the city's executive; they laughed; formality vanished; personal magnetism made itself felt. The call ended by the two men lunching together at the City Club, as Gray had assumed it would, and he took pains that the bankers upon whom he had called earlier in the morning should see him in company with the mayor.

HE RETURNED to his hotel that afternoon pretty well satisfied with his efforts and hopeful that some of the seed he had sown broadcast would be ripe for the reaping ere long. But he received an electric shock as he approached the desk, for the bell-captain addressed him, saying:

"Mr. Haviland wishes to see you in his office."

"Indeed? Anything important?"

"Very, sir. I've been waiting for you to come in."

There was something ominous about this unexpected summons, or perhaps about the manner of its delivery; suspicion leaped into Gray's mind.

So! Haviland was wise! Quick work, that. Evidently he had investigated, (Continued on page 68)



"Just one more word, and back to the convent for you!" old Pat roared.

A Marriage Has Been Arranged

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by Walter Everett

ALL through the first round and the second, and halfway through the third now, the Italian challenger had watched the champion's eyes, trying to discover what was behind them—hatred or contempt or what? But he could make nothing of those glinting steel specks. He had often watched MacSherry fight from MacSherry's corner and he had always seemed to the challenger a new personality when he went into the ring, a strange reasoning motor power behind a hitting engine of whalebone and steel.

Angelo shifted to the right as the champion lunged forward. Mechanically he shot out his left hand and his right. They careened about the ring. Something struck the Italian's ribs like a battering-ram. The challenger snapped home a counter to the ear. The referee hopped about like an excited dog. He clapped his hands.

"Come on! Come! Come on, now! Break, boys! Break! Come on! Make it snappy! Come on!"

The men drew apart and returned to their swift economical sparring. The gong crashed the end of the round. Seconds poured into the ring like pirates into a captured ship.

ALL the club was clapping like rifle fire. Angelo paid no attention to it. The current from the flapping towel poured over his body in a gusty breeze. A sponge pressed against the back of his neck made him shiver. He was faintly cognizant of his manager's whisper:

"You're doing fine, kid. You're all right."

Angelo's eyes were in MacSherry's corner. All the MacSherrys were there: the middleweight champion lying easily against the ring-post; old Pat MacSherry, who had been heavyweight champion in his day, a great bulwark of a man who seemed more like a benevolent clergyman than a heavyweight fighter; Alec, who was near the top of the present big-gun ranks, a

lanky sandy-haired man with enormous hands—the "Monaghan Murderer," he was called; Tom, the lightweight who had nearly finished the Jew boy champion at Providence; and Baby Joe, who was all of sixteen, and had as pretty a left hook as ever you saw. "The fighting MacSherrys," they were named, and a magazine had printed their pictures—all of them, including Ma MacSherry, who, it was said, could box as well in her day as any man, and Kate! And Kate!

"Ge' up!" The chair was plucked from beneath him. The gong crashed. He was in the ring center again. A cautious spar, a rhythmical shuffling of feet on the resined canvas, and the referee eager as a dog. There was a smile in Jim MacSherry's eyes.

"Nice little place they got here, Angie," he observed casually. "Heh! Nice li'l club." His left hand followed that up like a stone from a catapult, and the challenger felt his whole body rock, from the cheek-bone where the blow had struck to his very heels. The right crashed over his heart. He gasped and began fighting savagely, blindly. A clinch, and the referee was forcing them apart.

"Come on, boys! Break! Break! Have a heart! Break!"

They were sparring again, with Jim smiling.

"And a nice crowd o' people they got, too!"

ANGELO beat him at his own game. The challenger's hands smashed home. One—two! Jim stood back with an appreciative grin.

"You guinea pup!" He spoke quietly. "I'm going to murder you for that!"

A plunging rush and savage in-fighting. The ropes creaked like straining cordage. There was the *pill*

pat! smack! of gloves. Red weals showed on their bodies. Swiftly Angelo brought his right hand up in a jarring uppercut. The champion held on like grim death. The sedate club had half risen from its seats, and was breathing fast with excitement. The bell . . .

"Gee, kid!" Angelo's manager had been hoarse with excitement. "I thought you had him!"

The challenger sank into his chair. Thank God he didn't have him! Thank God! Jim MacSherry didn't go under then. He would never see Kate again! Never again!

From Jim's corner old MacSherry watched the Italian middleweight with a sudden respect in his eyes.

ANGELO had been told that at the moment of drowning a man's whole life would flit before his eyes, as on a cinema screen. He could never believe that. There wasn't time enough, he said. But now before his own eyes, in his corner waiting for the seventh round, there unrolled before his brain every scene of his meeting and knowing Kate MacSherry, Jim's sister, sister and daughter of the world's champion fighters.

He had met her when he was engaged as sparring partner to Jim, when Jim was training for his bout with Dane Smith, the Australian wonder. A fine muscular girl, proud of her father and her fighting brothers, she had the calm white face of a man, and tawny eyes and tawny hair—the coloring, one thought immediately, of a leopardess, though there was nothing of the leopardess in her, except when one spoke slightly of her father or her brothers, which was very seldom. It had occurred once or twice at the expensive school to which her father sent her, when the daughter of a crooked English bucket-shop keeper and the daughter of an Oriental pawnbroker had sneered at her father, whom a President delighted to honor. They will both, I warrant, remember the day.



"So it won't be so hard for you to go," Kate murmured—and kissed him once . . . twice . . . three times.

ANGELO will never forget a detail of that morning he met her. He wandered into the MacSherrys' in their big house at Port Chester, and he discovered Kate, flushed, trying to plant some Holland bulbs, her face of a New England nun set in lines of depression, and she was swearing most delectably.

"Scusi!" Angelo took the spade. He smiled at the idea of her slender foot driving it through the earth.

"What do you know about it?"

"Know all about it," Angelo smiled. "My father gardener."

"Gosh ding it!" Kate nodded at his firm hand as he patted the trench into subjection. "This bird does."

Because he was the laughing type of Italian, always grinning, always singing, and because he was different from the majority of sparring partners—he did not have a thirst to be quenched only in saloons, nor had he a following of the lowest type of courtesans—the MacSherrys, those princes of the ring, gave him the freedom of the house, and permitted him the society of Kate. They seemed amused when Kate tried to learn Italian songs—"Torna a Sorrento," and "O sole mio." Jim would joke him about it when sparring:

"As a fighter, Angie, you're a great opera singer." And then, *bam!* would come Jim's stunning right hook to the point

There was another occasion Angelo would never forget, and that was when he drubbed Corporal Sims, the English welter, who had cajoled Tom, the MacSherry lightweight, into a match at catchweights. The Birmingham boxer entered the ring twelve pounds heavier than Kate's brother, and Tom had no show from the first bell. The MacSherrys brooded over that defeat.

"Tisn't as if it were on the square," old Pat complained: "but to jockey the lad into a match he had no chance of winning—"

"It was a damned shame!" Kate broke out.

"Where in hell do you learn language like that?" old Pat roared. "One more like that out of your little



"Come on. . . Finish him!" the crowd begged, and Angelo heard it like the roar of great surf.

trap, and back to the convent for you. I don't know where you hear it. It's not here."

"Just-a wait!" Angelo was brooding, too. "Just-a let Sims-a wait!"

He met Sims in a match in New Haven, and for twelve rounds—so they tell me; I wasn't there—he outhoxed, outgamed, outgeneraled the touted

visitor. He could have landed a knock-out in any round. That would only have ended the bout. But he ended Sims's career in America by that deadly exhibition. It was after that fight they dubbed him the sporting *nomme-de-guerre* under which the *Police Gazette* and journals of that manner love to extol him—Angelo Vetriolo, "The Calabrian Cobra."

Lanky Alec, the heavyweight champion's bugbear, was in Angelo's corner that night, and Baby Joe, and after the fight they had insisted on bringing him home with them. The news had reached the MacSherry home by telephone that Tom had been avenged. You can figure the scene yourself: Pat, the old ring wizard, reading a paper by the fire, and Ma MacSherry sitting opposite him, sedate and dignified, as a mother of four great sons and a bonny daughter should be; and Kate, tawny-headed, tawny-eyed, sitting strumming at the piano, striking the keys harder than the best pianists do.

They stand in the door of the sitting-room, Alec and Baby Joe and Angelo with them, a deprecating, shy smile on his face, his cap rumpled in his right hand.

WITH a sound that was between a whoop and a gurgle of delight, Kate had sprung from the piano. She rushed across the room. She threw both arms about Angelo, and hugged him most delectably. She placed a resonant kiss on either cheek. It was then that Angelo broke down and cried.

"He hollered like a kid," Baby Joe informs me. "He just breaks up and blubbers. What do you know about that! Italians," he is convinced, "are a queer bunch!"

Not queer. I ought to tell him; just rather human! But he is too young. Those tears decided old Pat MacSherry. Next day he had Angelo brought to him.

"I'm sending you down to New Orleans," he told the Italian middleweight, "to some old friends of mine. They'll see you get a good chance. What about it?"

"Maybe you t'ink I love him," observed Angelo cryptically.

"I don't think. I'm sure. Go on, now. You'll get over it in a month."

Every dog is entitled to one bite, says a popular legal concept, and no more. Angelo was entitled to one kiss, and old Pat was going to take good care that Angelo would get no more. This white rosebud of the MacSherry stock was not for an unknown Italian sparring partner. Angelo received some kisses, nevertheless that he kept silent about.

IT WAS on the eve of his departure for Louisiana, and he had come to say good-by. Ma MacSherry, a little more generous than Pat, sent them both into the garden. It was unfair to them both that the summer moon was shining, for the moon has a fatal effect on both Irish and Italian. It melts the Gael and fires the Latin.

Angelo burst into song:

*"Ve' che sorte m'e toccata!
Star sepollo in questa fossa!
Son ridotto pelle ed ossa;
Ne morro dal dispiacer!"*

"He sing," Angelo translated, "what a hard thing-a happen! He buried in this-a dunge; he nothing but skin and the bone; he won't get out any more. Just-a like me."

So she kissed him once, twice, and three times. "So as it won't be so hard on him to go," she said to make it right with her conscience. "So as he will come back to you, you mean," her conscience told her flatly.

FOR eighteen months he had seen nothing of her nor heard from her even. The time had been spent in a businesslike manner, as the record book will show. There we find a list of

fifteen fights, with their results tagged to them: Kid Such-and-Such, 12 rds. K.O.; Battling So-and-So, 3 rds. K.O.; Done-What's-His-Name, 1 rd. K.O.; with a few wins on points and wins on fouls thrown in for variety.

Tonight was the first time, too, he had met the MacSherry's since his trip South. He had parted with them a practically (Cont. ed. on page 83)



"Well, that can't be helped, Gerald dear," laughed Miss McNally. "My contract with him says I shouldn't get married!"

The Sixth McNally

By Montague Glass

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

YES, Mr. Leonard," Gershon Danowitz said as he sat in the office of J. J. Leonard, manager, producer, and personal director of the Comics of 1913 to 1910, both inclusive, "yes, Mr. Leonard, your poor father, *olav hasholom*, Sam Lippmann, had me down right. 'Danowitz,' he used to say, 'the trouble with you is that you are all heart,' he used to say. 'If someone is in trouble or misfortune,' he used to say, 'you are right there,' he used to say, and certainly he was right."

Mr. Leonard nodded perfunctorily. "The old man was a big jollier," he said. "And a wonderful judge from character," Danowitz added, "which when he resigned from the presidency of the Bella Hirschkind Home for Indignant Females, Mr. Leonard, he says to me, 'Danowitz,' he says to me, 'you are my successor,' he says to me, 'and I know how it is with a man like you,' he says. 'You will want to do the whole thing yourself,' he says. 'You will be giving a thousand dollars *here*, a thousand dollars *there*, and the first thing you know, you will be practically supporting that Home out of your own pocket,' he says. 'So don't be afraid to ask my son to get up an annual benefit,' he says, and I says that while it ain't in my nature to ask favors for myself, y'understand, if that was his wish and desire, I says, *auch recht*, I says, which if Sunday evening February eleventh would be convenient to you, Mr. Leonard, it would be convenient to me."

MR. LEONARD sighed heavily. "This'll be the fifth annual benefit I give for them rotten females," he declared.

"And you could depend on it, Mr. Leonard," Danowitz said piously, "that your poor father, *olav hasholom*, which when he was alive was a *tsadik* if ever there was one, knows about these here benefits you are giving for the Home, and appreciates it."

"Maybe he appreciates that it has cost me on an average \$425.20 for lights, ushers, orchestra, and advertising," Leonard retorted, "not to say nothing about cleaning the theater and a full stage crew at regular union rates. So I am giving you this straight, Mr. Danowitz; next year you've got to get someone else to get up this here benefit, because this is positively the last time I am going to get stung for it."

HE LIFTED the receiver from the telephone. "See if Al Sands of Sands & McNally is out there, and don't let nobody else in till you find out who they are first. That was what my instructions was the first day I hired you. . . . What's that? . . . Is that so! I suppose you didn't let in a party a few minutes ago what I thought was Manowitz the *costoomer*, and it turns out to be somebody else."

As he banged the receiver back on its hook, he fixed Danowitz with a venomous glare. It did not, however noticeably disturb the expression of benevolence which, as president of the Bella Hirschkind Home for Indigent Females, Danowitz habitually wore.

"Well, I guess I would be moving on," the philanthropist remarked with precisely the same inflection as though he anticipated being pressed to remain for anyhow twenty minutes; "which if there is anything you would like to ring me up about don't hesitate to trespass on my time."

HIS manner was graciousness itself as he cuddled Leonard's resisting hand in a warm clasp of farewell, and when he passed out of the room, a less adamant person than Leonard might have been left with the impression that to share in benevolent enterprises of so admirable a character, even to the

extent of \$425.20, was a privilege and an honor. Leonard, however, did not see it that way, and he was still muttering to himself when Al Sands, the male partner of the old-established team of Sands & McNally, entered the room.

"You ain't got no objections if I bring a couple of sandwiches along the next time, J. J.?" Al said, by way of giving himself what he considered to be a good speech to come on with. "I've been waiting outside since ten o'clock."

"Always clowning, ain't you, Al?" Leonard retorted. "Why don't you get some of that comedy into your performance? Because if you don't get no more laughs in this year's Comics than you did in last year's I've got to make some different arrangements, that's all. And as for McNally—"

"I know, I know," Sands interrupted. "But I ain't got that McNally no longer. The McNally I've got this year is a wonder."

"That's what you said last year," Leonard declared. "In fact this'll be the sixth McNally you've had since you and me has been doing business together, Al, and they've been going down steadily. The one you had last year was the worst of the bunch."

"Sure I know, but *that* McNally was Irish," Sands explained. "She's the only Irish McNally I ever had, and that's where I made a big mistake. The McNally I've got this year is all right, J. J. She's got a wonderful voice, good dancer, and she's right there in three dialects."

AND on your say-so, unsight unseen, without letting the cat out of the bag or nothing, you want me to give you a contract, I suppose," Leonard said. "I ain't trying to keep no cat in a bag," Al said. "When do you want me to bring her up here?"

"I don't want you to bring her up here never," Leonard replied. "I'm giving a benefit for a home for females—the one I always give the benefit for, on



"Say, I would make you a bet right now that in less than two weeks the young feller would be back on the job!" Gembitz protested.

account of my father once being the president of it, on Sunday night, February eleventh—and if they like her, I'll like her."

"You couldn't tell nothing by a benefit audience." Al Sands protested.

"Benefit or no benefit," Leonard declared, "if the people out front pays three dollars apiece for an orchestra seat, y'understand, they ain't going to laugh unless the laugh is there."

HE TURNED to a desk heaped high with manuscripts of plays whose fate had long since been sealed by the circumstance that Leonard produced nothing but his annual revue. He utilized them, nevertheless, in the reception and dismissal of visitors; and by way of informing Al Sands that his visit was at an end Leonard immediately became absorbed in the title page and *dramatis personæ* of a thick manuscript bound in blue vellum paper. To any other manager, its inordinate length would have made it impossible, because, reckoning that one page of manuscript consumes one minute in its performance, there were eight hours and twenty-five minutes of solid drama contained within its covers; but for J. J. Leonard's purposes, this was if anything an advantage.

Thus at the beginning of the season when obscure members of the Comics company would summon up sufficient courage to call on Leonard with a request for more salary, the impression they received from discovering their employer in the perusal of so weighty a manuscript was not at all dispelled by the noise with which Leonard closed it and threw it back on his desk. It frequently banged twenty dollars a week off a timid actor's salary, and was therefore Leonard's favorite manuscript.

"I SUPPOSE I get anyhow one orchestra rehearsal," Al Sands said with his hand on the door-knob.

"Saturday morning at eleven downstairs," J. J. said without looking up.

The manuscript was called "Death and Transfiguration" and suggested in its treatment Tolstoy's "Resurrection" with just a hint of "Twin Beds," but for anything Leonard had learned of its contents, it might just as well have been a combination of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Oh, Boy!" All he knew about it was that his father Sam Lippmann had brought it into the office and asked him to read it when he found the time; and although as the resolution of the Board of Trustees of the Bella Hirschkind Home for Indigent Females had so aptly put it, an all-wise Providence had gathered Sam unto his fathers some three years before, J. J. had still not found the time. Neverthe-

less, out of respect for his father he continued to believe that he was going to find the time some time or other, and he periodically instructed his secretary to notify the author that his manuscript was under consideration by Mr. Leonard and a decision would be rendered upon it in due course.

These notifications were all sent to Gerald Dane, care of The Fitgood Shirt Company, 22A Washington Place, New York City; and while it may seem a piece of pure coincidence that, half an hour after the incidents above set forth, Gershon Danowitz entered the Washington Place factory of the Fitgood Shirt Company, it may be readily explained upon the score that he was the sole proprietor of it and that Gerald Dane labored there under the shirt-business name of Gershon Danowitz, Jr.

"WELL," Gershon, Jr., demanded impatiently, before his father had time to remove his hat and coat, "did you ask him about it?"

The proprietor of the Fitgood Shirt Company and President of the Bella Hirschkind Home for Indigent Females immediately lost his benevolent manner and became livid with rage.

"What do you mean—did I ask him?" he bellowed. "It ain't enough that I am insulted about the benefit already. I should ask him about your *verfluchte Schauspiel* yet!"

He tore off his hat and coat and threw them onto a chair.

"Sam Lippmann, that was a friend!" he cried. "I should ought to of been shot before I ever met that old crook, *olav hasholom*. Throws the whole burden of them fakers of females on my shoulders and then he goes to work and encourages my only son that he should be a play-writer yet!"

"Now look here, Pop," Gershon, Jr., protested. "There isn't any need to get so excited."

"Isn't there?" Gershon, Sr., began. "Well, let me tell you something, Gershon. Once and for all I want you to get through with this nonsense. You have been fooling away your time here long enough. Either you must got to be a play-writer *oder* a shirt manufacturer, but you couldn't be both, y'understand."

HE HAD been delivering the same ultimatum at intervals of a week or so for more than three years and it had always been accepted by Gershon, Jr., as incidental to the avocation of dramatist and to be dismissed with some such rejoinder as "Hire a bal or even, in less respectful moments, 'Tell it to Sweeney.'" But on this occasion, Gershon, Jr., main-

tained what his father ought to have recognized as an ominous silence; for only the night before, while dining on West Houston Street, somebody at the next table had audibly informed a female companion that the feller with the spectacles and that leather sample case—don't look now—was the one that wrote all them shows for them now Washington Square actors. And although the female companion was extremely rustic in her appearance and said, "What! That homely-looking feller with the long hair?" the incident had fired his imagination nevertheless.

"Because when a young feller gets to be already twenty-six years old, he ain't a child no longer," Gershon, Sr., continued, his philanthropic manner beginning to reassert itself. He intended it to be a heart-to-heart conversation such as any president of any home might hold with a thoughtless son in whom there wasn't, so to speak, a button's worth of harm, and to that end settled himself comfortably in the revolving chair at his office desk; but Gershon, Jr., refused to perform in the rôle assigned to him.

"I know I ain't," he said with a firmness that ought to have warned Gershon, Sr.

"You bet your life you ain't," Gershon, Sr., went on, just as though he were not addressing a dramatist who only the night before had been mistaken for the author of the entire Washington Square Players repertoire. "And when a feller gets to be twenty-six years old in any business—particularly the shirt business—"

"To hell with the shirt business!" Gershon, Jr., exclaimed.

IF A spectator had arisen in the body of the Supreme Court at Washington and said the same thing about the Constitution of the United States the combined bench and bar there present could have been no more shocked than Gershon, Sr., was. For at least a minute he sat in his office chair unable to move, unable even to enunciate; but at last he tottered to his feet.

"Go on," he said, "out of here, before I kick you out."

"You wouldn't kick anybody out," Gershon, Jr., retorted. "For three years now I've sat and listened to you giving advice, and I ain't going to stand for it any longer."

"And for how many years did he sit and listen to you cutting teeth and having aolic?" inquired a stout, florid gentleman in a fur overcoat. He had entered the office unnoticed at the very moment of Gershon, Jr.'s sacrilegious outbreak against the shirt-

industry, and although shirts were only one department of the Gembitz-Jones Mercantile Company's jobbing business in Los Angeles, Marcus Gembitz was hardly less shocked than Gershon, Sr., himself. "Ain't you ashamed to talk that way to your father?"

He might just as well have asked Trotzky and Lenin if they weren't ashamed to speak disrespectfully about such decent, estimable people as the Russian bourgeoisie, for in the lexicon of a Greenwich Village dramatist, derived in great measure from the prefaces to the published plays of Bernard Shaw, there are no such words as respect for parents. In fact, even in that crucial moment—the turning-point of a career, as it were—when Gershon, Jr., was putting on his hat and coat preparatory to abandoning the shirt business forever, he could not help snorting contemptuously at such a hopelessly old-fashioned remark.

"HERE!" Gershon, Sr., demanded. "Where are you going?"

For answer Gershon, Jr., crushed his hat over his forehead. It was a black soft hat—essentially a dramatist's hat and not a shirt manufacturer's hat. And then looking around the office, much as the Prisoner of Chillon must have looked around his dungeon at the moment of liberation—if he ever was liberated—he opened the door, and the next moment it closed behind him with a bang. Indeed, had it closed with a clang, instead of a bang, the effect could not have been more dramatic.

"Nu, Danowitz," Marcus Gembitz said at last, "don't worry your head. He'll come back."

"I don't want him to come back," Gershon, Sr., said. "He's made his bed. Now he could rot in it for all I care."

Gembitz waved his hands in deprecation of such harshness.

"Say!" he said. "You'll get over that feeling." He patted Danowitz's shoulder consolingly. "After all," he continued, "we all have trouble with our children and it comes out all right."

"With children, maybe, but with an only child, Mr. Gembitz, that's something else again," Danowitz said. His head nodded slowly as he began to realize the bereavement he had suffered.

"MIND you," he went on, "I begged his mother she shouldn't send him to college, because if you have two sons and one of them goes to college, supposing something happens you, *Gott soll hüten*, you've anyhow one left to look after the business, but if you've got only one son and him a college gradgewate, y'understand, what is it? Am I right or wrong?"

"Couldn't a college gradgewate also run a business?" Gembitz inquired.

"In some businesses, *maybe*," Danowitz said. "But in a business where there is such competition like the shirt business, Mr. Gembitz, such a business you've got to learn it from the bottom up, whereas a college gradgewate learns a business from the top down, and while some college gradgewates reaches the bottom quicker as others, y'understand, when such a college gradgewate is also a play-writer, before he has learned even the top of the business, understand me, the bottom has dropped out of it."

"Even so," Gembitz said, "you've got to make allowances for your boy."

"I would never forgive him—never," Danowitz said emphatically.

"SAY!" Gembitz protested. "I would make you a bet right now that in less than two weeks the young feller would be back on the job and you would never think nothing had happened at all. Forgiving children is the easiest thing fathers could do. Why, you take me for instance, Danowitz, and the troubles which you got it with your boy ain't already a marker to what I got it with my daughter, which I told my

wife how it would come out if she lets her take vocal.

"Learn her first to make a decent cup of coffee," I says to my wife, 'or that she should cook *chotzig* a potato,' I says.

"But you know how it is in Los Angeles, Danowitz. Everybody figures that if their daughter ain't got no other talent, she looks like Mary Pickford; and my wife has settled in her mind that my Sadie has only got to take for twelve hundred dollars singing lessons to be a second Geraldine Patti, y'understand. Right now she is in Chicago staying with her aunt and

taking vocal from an *Italiener*, which he has got the nerve to charge more for one office call than a first-class A-number-one stomach specialist."

"Well, that's the way it goes," Gershon, Sr., declared with a tremulous sigh. "I've got a good business and nobody to leave it to but the boy, and nothing would do but that he must be a play-writer *doch*. You have got an only daughter which you are well fixed enough that she could have a good husband and a good home, and I suppose the first thing you know, you would be firing her out of (Continued on page 77)



"My Sadie has only got to take for twelve hundred dollars singing lessons—to be a second Geraldine Patti!"



Slaying Souls with a Corkscrew Was Tolstoy Tragedian or Comedian?

By G. Bernard Shaw

WAS Tolstoy tragedian or comedian? The popular definition of tragedy is heavy drama in which everyone is killed in the last act, comedy being light drama in which everyone is married in the last act. The classical definition is, of tragedy, drama that purges the soul by pity and terror, and of comedy, drama that chastens morals by ridicule.

These classical definitions, illustrated by Æschylus-Sophocles-Euripides *versus* Aristophanes in the ancient Greek theater, and Corneille-Racine *versus* Molière in the French theater, are still the best the critic can work with.

But the British school has always scandalized classic scholarship and French taste by defying them; nothing will prevent the English playwright from mixing comedy, and even tomfoolery, with tragedy. "Lear" may pass for pure tragedy; for even the fool in "Lear" is tragic; but Shakespeare could not keep the porter out of "Macbeth" nor the clown out of "Antony and Cleopatra." We are incorrigible in this respect, and may as well make a merit of it.

WE MUST therefore recognize and examine a third variety of drama. It begins as tragedy with scraps of fun in it, like "Macbeth," and ends as comedy without mirth in it, the place of mirth being taken by a more or less bitter and critical irony. We do not call the result melodrama, because that term has come to mean drama in which crude emotions are helped to expression by musical accompaniment. Besides, there is at first no true new species: the incongruous elements do not combine; there is simply frank

juxtaposition of fun with terror in tragedy and of gravity with levity in comedy. You have "Macbeth"; and you have "Le Misanthrope," "Le Festin de Pierre," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Troilus and Cressida"; all of them, from the Aristotelian and Voltairian point of view, neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring.

WHEN the censorship killed serious drama in England, and the dramatists had to express themselves in novels, the mixture became more lawless than ever: it was practiced by Fielding and culminated in Dickens, whose extravagances would have been severely curbed if he had had to submit his Micawbers and Mrs. Wilfers to the test of representation on the stage, when it would have been discovered at once that their parts are mere repetitions of the same joke, and have none of that faculty of developing and advancing matters which constitutes stage actions. Dickens would have been forced to make something better than Aunt Sallys of them.

SINCE Dickens one can think of no great writer who has produced the same salad of comedy and tragedy except Anatole France. He remains incorrigible: even in his most earnest attempts to observe the modesties of nature and the proprieties of art in his autobiographical "Le Petit Pierre" he breaks down and launches into chapters of wild harlequinade (think of the servant *Radegond* and the Chaplinesque invention of *Simon of Nantua* and the *papegai*) and

then returns ashamed and sobered to the true story of his life, knowing that he has lost every right to appear before the Judgment Seat with "Le Petit Pierre" in his hand

as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him Rousseau. On his comic side Anatole France is Dickens's French double, disguised by culture. In one of his earliest stories, "Jocaste," the heroine's father is a more perfect Dickens comic personage than Dickens himself ever succeeded in putting on paper.

AFTER Dickens, Comedy completed its development into the new species, which has been called tragic-comedy when any attempt has been made to define it.

Tragedy itself never developed: it was simply sublime, and overwhelming from the first; it either failed and was not tragedy at all or else it got there so utterly that no need was felt for going any further. The only need felt was for relief, and therefore, though tragedy remains unchanged from Æschylus to Richard Wagner (Europe's last great tragic poet), the reaction to a moment of fun which we associate with Shakespeare got the upper hand even of Æschylus, and produced his comic sentinels who, afraid to go to the rescue of *Agamemnon*, pretend that nothing is happening, just as it got the better of Victor Hugo, with his *Don Caesar de Bazan* tumbling down the chimney, and his *Rustighello* playing *Wamba* to the *Duke of Ferrara's* *Cedric the Saxon*. But in the main, Tragedy remained on its summit, simple, unmixed, and heroic, from Sophocles to Verdi.

Not so Comedy. When the *Merry Wives of Windsor* gave way to (*Continued on page 60*)



"Father's quite well off now, and I'm not obliged to marry Wainwright. So, to be quite frank, I shan't," Sheba confided.

A Bargain's A Bargain

By F.E. Baily

Illustrated by Will Greff

DOWN the glistening, deserted street Doll hurried to the limit of a decorous walk, on panic-stricken feet that dared not run. You do not run unquestioned in London at night—a wet night of autumn, sinister with chill rain and a subtle bitterness of wind.

For uncounted aeons she seemed to have twisted and doubled up side-streets, down bright-lighted thoroughfares; yet he would not be flung off. Steadily from behind came the remorseless *clip-clop* of his seeking footsteps, unhurried, pitiless; they gained on her with grim certainty. The wild terror of fatigue beat upon her like great black wings; she pictured him—tall, gaunt, with looming shoulders, and cruel covetous eyes leering above a dark tangle of beard.

She walked half-crouching from the expectation of a hand clutching her shoulder, a hideous voice in her ear, red, moist lips seeking hers.

SHE hurried along Gerrard Street, turned sharp to the left, and beat westward out of control, derelict, fright-maddened. The footsteps pursued. He was very close now. She fought desperately for words, a plan, any trick by which to fool him.

Straight ahead loomed a doorway, dimly lighted. Without a coherent thought she turned in, scrabbled wildly at the heavy hall door, and slammed it behind her in his teeth. She leaned against it, hands clutching at her panting breast, on the point of collapse.

OPPPOSITE her a very young man with very aged eyes, propped against the wall, his silk hat at a slight angle, genius in every line of his well-worn dress clothes, regarded her with the profound thoughtfulness of the slightly drunk.

"YOU always have to buy a woman's love with attention or money or sacrifice," he told Doll. "And if you were to ask for any return she'd tell you how selfish you were. You never heard of a woman going to hell for a man who had nothing to offer, as a man will for a woman. Women, whatever else they may be, are certainly the tradespeople of love!"

"Good evening!" he said gravely, raising the silk hat. "Pleasure all mine—ev'ry li'l bit."

"It was a man following me—a horrible man. I've got to stay. I daren't go out till he's gone," she gasped. "I'm sorry to have come into someone's place like this. Your nerve doesn't last forever. Mine just went."

The man folded his arms and shook his head gravely.

"You're a harpy," he announced with leisured decision. "You lured him with your wiles and he was tempted and fell. Very sad thought, indeed. And now you don't like him and you want to tempt me. Madam, I am adamant. I've given up women and the follies of my youth. I was a prodigal son and then the War came. Cast forth from the imperish'ble ranks of our glorious army, I live by the sweat of my brow, an anchorite. Get thee behind me, Satan. My head aches and I'm going to bed."

HE PASSED a hand wearily over his dank brow. The slight, fair-haired girl leaning against the door stared at him out of blank blue eyes underscored with purple fatigue smudges. Her soft, provocative mouth quivered ever so slightly.

"Well," she said, "you're lucky to have a home to go to. I haven't. I had, but I can't pay my rent, so I left my things behind and walked out. I suppose you wouldn't let me stay here in the hall for the night? It's raining cats and dogs outside."

She pulled off one damp glove listlessly and patted the erring fair hair into something like order. She wore a once costly blue suit and her slow, clear-cut voice dragged a little from utter despair, without degenerating into a whine. Slowly the color flowed back into her oval cheeks and a little smile curved the pink mouth.

"I suppose," she observed casually, "you think I'm a joy-girl? I dare say I look like one. They're generally tired and plaintive, aren't they?"

"Well, are you?" queried the returning reveler patiently. "Don't ask riddles, for heaven's sake. My head's a little fretful. I can't quite sort out my ideas. Be frank about it all; I haven't any money, so I'm quite safe. These are pre-war clothes, and I live in one room upstairs—hundreds an' hundreds an' hundreds of stairs."

NO," she answered slowly, "I'm not a joy-girl—not yet, anyhow. I'm the naughty girl of the family who left home and came to London. I should be earning my living decently if it wasn't for men. Men never leave a girl alone, do they? You've been very decent, though—you haven't kissed me yet and you could, you know. You must be awfully young."



In sheer misery Wainwright put his trust in Dolf. "Sheba Garth turned me down," he said.

Her involuntary host removed his silk hat and held out a work-stained hand.

"We are companions in misfortune!" he exclaimed with deep relish. "You refused to stand the brutal tyranny of a parent. So did I. They denied you sympathy, the love every child has a right to expect. So they did me. I was cast out into the gutter by a proud, overbearing family, to sink or swim—exactly as you were. Now I'm a toiler, living by the sweat of my brow. Lady, permit me to tell you my name—Ivo Greville Everard Ferrier, now passing as William Smith. Come upstairs and let me make you some coffee. You look nearly dead."

SHE followed him passively up the "hundreds and hundreds" of stairs. It seemed rather like a dream in which a black-garbed figure, another Pied Piper, lured her she knew not whither. She had arrived at that pitch when a certainty of shelter and a possibility of kindness are all that matter. The stairs wound up, and the air came laden with a stuffy scent of old woodwork, long-past cooking, and decay.

On the topmost landing he flung open a door and stood back for her to enter. She passed into a small room as perfectly neat and soulless as a barrack, furnished only with a camp bed, its blankets carefully folded soldier-fashion, a table, and two chairs. A couple of boxes at one end apparently contained all the tenant's possessions, apart from a few enameled table appointments on a shelf.

"Sit down," observed Ivo Greville Everard Ferrier, and began to occupy himself with a small portable gas-stove fed by india-rubber tubing. He paused and looked across at her.

"I expect you're hungry. If I cook it'll smell like blazes, but it can't be helped."

"I don't mind," she answered listlessly. All volition seemed to have left her. She watched idly, while, with deft ease, he fried bacon and eggs, made faultless toast, boiled coffee, and set the result before her.

"I COULDN'T face anything but coffee just now. Carry on," he said briefly, took his cup over to the camp bed, stretched himself on it gratefully, and seemed to forget all about her. Nevertheless, when she had eaten he was standing beside her, offering a cigarette and a match.

"We'd better light a fire in your honor, I think," he suggested, and kneeling by the grate coaxed a blaze out of damp wood and coal. Then, leaning against the mantelpiece, he savored thoughtfully the acrid smoke of the cheap cigarette and surveyed her.

"What's your name?" he said at last.

"Dolf Farmer. Why are you good to me?"

She leaned back in his one wicker armchair and the cigarette smoke streaked idly ceilingward between her fingers. Color had run into her cheeks and strength came back to her voice. New courage to face a hostile world lifted her chin almost defiantly.

AN EXPRESSION of supreme bitterness and scorn settled on his young, clean-cut features. Before, she had reckoned his years to be twenty-five; now he looked more like thirty.

"Because you were down and out, and I've been down and out too often not to know what it's like. It isn't your face: I'd have done the same thing if you were fifty and ugly. If you choose, walk right out now; if it's convenient to you, stay. I shan't bother you. You can have the camp bed and I'll sleep on the floor. I've slept on a good many in my time."

"You're different, somehow, to what you were down in the hall."

"I was a little drunk then. Occasionally I'm pleasant when I'm drunk. I'm never pleasant when I'm sober. I haven't led a pleasant life. Have you?"

"I have when men have let me."

He smiled with supreme irony.

"You mean when you could fool one into giving everything and taking nothing. That's because you're a woman. Women are the tradespeople of love, if you can call it love. You always have to buy theirs with attention or money or sacrifice, and if you were to ask for any return they'd tell you how selfish you were. You never heard of a woman going to hell for a man who had nothing to offer, as a man will for a woman."

"I THINK," she said slowly, "a woman goes to hell for every man who's more than a mere acquaintance. It depends on what you mean by hell."

"Pardon me—it depends on what you mean. Even a woman's hell is inferior to a man's. They're reserved even in hell. They carry with them the ice of common sense, the practical streak. Ah, how I despise them for it!"

"And yet you're good to them. You've been good to me."

"I'd be good to a dog. I'm a man. I haven't got



"You dear!" Ivo murmured over and over . . . and because she knew it might not last Dolf gave him love for a free gift. . . .

he saving common sense that turns me back on the very edge of a generous impulse. A man can always live without hope of reward. A woman always sells at the top of the rising market. That's the way they conserve our civilization."

"You're very bitter. You might be a girl," she murmured, staring at the fire as women and cats do.

LISTEN! I told you my real name when I was drunk. My family goes back centuries. A woman broke me when I was only a boy. Then I went to the devil and drank and my family kicked me out. Then I joined up and they'd have had me back because of certain—things. But I'd see them damned first. I don't need them now; I did once. I happened to be a pretty good amateur mechanic, so I turned four pounds ten a week as a foreman at a garage. Once in a while, like tonight, I put on decent clothes and look at the old life, and my sort of women. And now, I am so glad to get back into overalls and be covered in grease and filth, and earn what I get and feel a man again! I keep my job on the strength of what I can do, not through any poodle-licking or boudoir influence. I don't breathe scent and powder and intrigue and society gossip. I'm clean."

AND if you were a girl," said Dolf with a calm bitterness equal to his own, "men wouldn't let you. They'd rag and pester you till either you had to give way or go. At least your body's your own, at if you were a working girl there'd always be some man trying to take that away from you. I assure you, men have all the luck."

"Is there such a thing as a genuine working girl who hasn't got a face like a shovel or a figure like an ironing-board?"

"Of course there is. If there isn't, it's because we're what you make us."

SILENCE fell on the plain, scantily furnished room. Both, without looking at one another, seemed to be stretching out inquiring spiritual antennae, groping vaguely for the truth which might or might not be in the other. A cinder fell from time to time in the grate; rain splashed wickedly against the blinded, uncurtained window. Dolf, who had nowhere to go, lived with curious acuteness from second to second. It seemed to her as if she would always be sitting in a basket chair gazing into a fire, and as if she had never done anything else all her life.

At last he pitched the stump of his cigarette into the grate and met her eyes with his steady gray ones.

"YOU want to be a working girl? Well, we'll see if you're genuine. This life, Dolf, if you can only realize it, is utterly simple. It comes down to eating, sleeping, and doing such necessary things as enable us to eat and sleep—no more. All the frills and embroideries are mere eye-wash faked up by idle people with accidental money who needn't do necessary things for themselves; and they call it civilization. You and I are such infinite grains of dust whirled before the wind of creation that all our yearnings and strivings and agonizings really matter no more than the struggles of a fly with soaked wings. If I give you an opportunity to eat and sleep and clothe yourself it's all you need. Do you understand?"

It came over her that either she had stumbled upon truth at last, or he was mad. She was very tired, so she nodded.

"I'VE got another room next to this. It has its own door and its own key. I was going to use it as a workshop, but you can have it. As it is, I get home dog-tired and do my own cooking and tidying. You can have that room and a pound a week and do it for me. Understand, it's your own room and I shall never go into it even if you ask me. You can eat in there or

in here, as you please—it's smaller than this and there's no need to get another table. There won't be any love-making or fooling about—I've done with all that. You'll be absolutely on your own. If you get a job, you can either leave or share expenses. Do you care for the idea?"

She smiled up at him very sweetly.

"You're absolutely crazy; it won't work, you won't stick to your bargain, and we shall find the whole thing impossible. My dear, I haven't a figure like an ironing-board or a face like a shovel, and I know men. I know myself, too. You'll get restless and some day I shall be tired and you'll put your arm round me and all your theories will go to the devil, whether we're grains of dust or not. But you're frightfully kind, and I wouldn't refuse if I could. May I be shown my flat, please?"

SHE reached up weary arms and unpinned her hat. He said nothing but led her into an adjoining room, swept clean with a soulless, military cleanliness. He lighted the naked gas-jet and carried the camp bed from his room to hers, retaining only one blanket out of four. He made down the bed for her, added an enameled basin, water, soap, and a clean towel.

"We'll get more things tomorrow," he explained. "I'll carry on quite well in the meantime. I have breakfast at six, but don't get up. I'll leave yours ready for once, as you're done in. Good night!"

THE door closed behind him and she turned the key. Her eyes wandered about the room.

"It might be prison, and there isn't a looking-glass," she murmured. Then the picture of the boy with bitter eyes stripping life to the bare bones passed through her mind and she smiled almost maternally. What could he tell her of life who was a priestess of its greatest mysteries, as every woman must be?

She undressed, shivering a (Continued on page 80)



Her smile trembled and faded before this relic of the past. . . . "If only I had known!" she said.

One Evening in Autumn

By Maurice Level
Illustrated by J. Simont

ONE single lamp with a thick shade lighted the drawing-room where nearly every night for twenty years Monsieur de Lambret had played a rubber with Madame d'Arrens. Be-

ing very old, they did not need a bright light in which to see each other, nor was much conversation necessary between them. One little remark, sometimes uttered by both at the same moment, would evoke a whole train of silent reminiscence; a piece of furniture on which their eyes fell at the same time would suggest an old story that both knew too well to repeat; and never did either ask: "What are you thinking about?"

The present holding very little active interest, their future being measured, their thoughts turned more often than not to the past.

MONSIEUR DE LAMBRET, who had been in the navy, would talk of his long-past adventures, of weeks lived between sky and sea, of countries where

the ardor of burning suns and the violence of winter storms had made him homesick for the temperate sunshine and shallow snows of France. And his stories were filled with wonderful pagodas, gilded temples of rose marble, furniture with rainbow lights in its pearl inlays, with strange gods of bronze or gold or ivory.

Curiously enough, he had brought nothing back from his many voyages; the house in which he settled after he left the sea was that in which he had been born and his parents had died, and it remained exactly as it always had been. He hung his stick on the peg on which he used to hang his hoop; his servant walked quietly on the carpet on which he had toddled about, hanging on to his mother's skirt.

It was the same with Madame d'Arrens. Nothing

had changed in the house. She sat with Old World grace in the chair that had been her favorite when she was a graceful young girl. Around her, around them both, life seemed to have stood still, and now it was filled with the sweetness of their calm and discreet friendship.

"The lovers are there!" the people of the town would say to each other, smiling, when they saw the light in the drawing-room window.

THE old people were both aware of this kindly gossip but they never discussed it. In spite of their close friendship, a curious kind of reserve kept them from opening their hearts to each other. It had often happened that when the clock struck eleven and the cards were put away, Monsieur de Lambret had passed along the deserted street unsatisfied by the tender good-night smile and the caress of the kiss on the hand, and had been tempted to retrace his steps to say words he had never (Continued on page 82)



other, is interrupted by Lotus Robb who brings provisions hastily. "Art mad before thy time? And a place for everything!"

Rollo (concerned)—You're not drinking our tea. Isn't it right?

Goldie (sadly)—Oh, yes, I'm sure! It's delicious.

Rollo (triumphantly)—I know what's the matter with it: it needs cookies. . . . Hew—oh, order up some of those cookies—the pretty ones.

Goldie—I don't want them, truly.

Rollo (boyishly)—Wait till you see them. They look like Mt. Fuji-yama, all exploding beautiful almonds in the middle.

Goldie (rising)—Well, that's all, Mr. Webster. I can't do any more than warn you. I must go.

Rollo (hopefully)—Let me get a cab and take you home.

Goldie (uncertainly)—No—no, thank you. I'm way downtown.

Rollo (with conviction)—I was going way downtown.

Goldie (anxiously)—Oh, not as far as I go, I'm sure!

Rollo—What street is it?

Goldie—Eighth Street.

Rollo (promptly)—I was, though. I was going to Seventh Street.

Goldie—Oh, Mr. Webster, what were you going to Seventh Street for? Why, there are only funny little shops there. . . .

Rollo—I know it. I was going to one of those funny little shops to buy some of that funny old stuff—what do you call it?

Goldie (with suspicion)—What do you do with it?

Rollo (promptly)—Well, you decide that after you get it. I was really going; I can prove it. Look, here's my hat and stick. (Gets them.) Please!

Goldie—No, Mr. Webster, I can't believe that you were going down to Seventh Street for anything.

Rollo (with sudden inspiration)—Well, could you believe I was going down to Forty-second Street and Broadway?

Goldie—Yes.

Rollo—Then we'll go there.

Goldie (reassured)—And I can take the subway.

Rollo—Yes, won't that be jolly? I'll dash down and get a cab on the street. Takes the starter hours to do it. I'll be right back for you.

BUT unfortunately, during Rollo's absence his young sister Lydia takes it into her head to warble a little song in the next room—and the very cautious Goldie suspects the worst! When Rollo returns she has changed her mind and refuses to go with him.

ROLLO (joyfully)—All ready—I've got a beautiful cab all lined with royal purple. On to Forty-second Street!

Goldie (firmly)—Mr. Webster, I've changed my mind.

Rollo (hopefully)—Really? On to Eighth Street?

Goldie—No, I don't want you to go with me at all.

Rollo (puzzled and disappointed)—How can you have taken such a dislike to me just since I've been downstairs?

Goldie—I haven't taken a dislike to you; but I want to go by myself.

Rollo (hurt)—Oh, very well, then. Will you at least ride in my cab?

Goldie (hesitating)—I'd rather not.

Rollo (sadly)—I suppose I'll never see you again.

Goldie (brightly)—Oh, yes, tomorrow night—if you really want me for the part.

Rollo (joyfully)—Oh, can I really have you—if I want you?

Goldie—Oh, yes! I couldn't afford to refuse a part.

Appealingly) But I think it's better to be quite independent—I mean about going home and things like that.

Don't you?

Rollo (with conviction)—

I think it's awful—

but you won't al-

ways feel the

way you do—

(Continued

on page

74)



Lotus Robb as the captivating Goldie Macduff—Rollo's one Wild Oat.



When Bouguereau exhibited this painting, "The Combat of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ," his place in French art was assured.



NEVER has a painter been more steadfastly in love with his art than William Adolphe Bouguereau—from the time that he began to paint in the night classes in Bordeaux till he died in 1905 at the age of eighty, still working ten hours a day. Bouguereau studied in Paris with Picot and in the *École des Beaux-Arts*. In 1850 he won the *Prix de Rome* and four years later he returned from Italy. For fifty years thereafter he never failed to exhibit in the Paris Salon, and today nearly every art museum of importance the world over has a Bouguereau among its collections.

Paris Glances Back

By Gardner Teall

IT IS interesting to find Paris turning ear from the *dernier cri* in art to an echo of the past. This is what has happened in the Galerie Devambrez, where a retrospective exhibit of the art of Bouguereau has been attracting interested crowds.

Paris seems to have welcomed this gathering of the French master's works as a return, for the moment, to a fond memory of yesterday, thus evoked amid the amazing things of so much of today's art. This Mecca of the Muses has been seething in exhibitions of the ultramodern since the War, just as she found herself in the ebullition of new art even before the days of the world conflict.

Now and then some of earlier masters have reasserted their supremacy, but Cezanne, Van Gogh, Matisse, Gauguin and others have been crowding the old, and tremendous has been this impact from the new.

ART must never be at a standstill; it need not, in modern expression, be exactly one with the old masters, except in spirit, in power, in creative agility, and in technical excellence. So much that is new is worthless because it is none of these things, but is just novelty without the saving graces. But were there nothing to add to the old in art, there would be final stagnation, no advance. This is the dragon youth in art has ever sallied forth to slay, sometimes choosing the most futile of weapons, sometimes rushing down the wrong path, but as often gallantly arrayed.

TRUE art does not repeat its detail. When a monotonous family resemblance creeps into the work of different hands, we call it academic, and likewise we call it academic when its inspiration seems rather the result of a complacent following of old methods, old manners, and old models to the

exclusion of a willingness to explore beyond the beaten track of what has been, and thus seems intellectually dull to the imaginative glories of what may be, and what so often is. But in the end the truly fine in art will proclaim its own worthiness, academic or unacademic. If there have been failures in the old, so, too, there are many failures with the new. Time alone confirms the successes in both.

SO IT is that all Paris took a peep at the Bouguereau retrospective exhibition at the Galerie Devambrez and was not bored, was entertained but not "amused." I think many of the younger school who had, possibly, come to mock remained to praise much in the work with which they might not, in the main, be at all in complete sympathy. If to them all the rest was academic rubbish, they could not, if they were real artists, overlook the fineness of spirit, the correctness even when it seemed to them misapplied, of Bouguereau's work. To use the word "correctness" is, I suppose, like waving a red tablecloth before a savage bull, but Bouguereau had much and still has much to teach those who are endowed with all he should have had but hadn't, and who have not the invaluable qualities that marked this French painter.

BOUGUEREAU'S "Birth of Venus" and his "Saint Cecilia," now in the Luxembourg, were known to everyone; but were his supremely perfect drawings? Certainly there were few of the visitors to the Galerie Devambrez who ever before, had seen "Le Combat des Centaures et des Lapithes," Bouguereau's *envoi* sent from Italy after winning the *Prix de Rome*. This painting is a remarkable work. Bouguereau was only twenty-five when he won the *Prix de Rome* which gave him some years of study and travel in Italy, and it was not long after his (Continued on p

Potterism

By Rose Macaulay

COURTESY OF BONI & LIVERIGHT, PUBLISHERS

JOHNNY and Jane Potter, being twins, went through Oxford together. Johnny was at Balliol and Jane at Somerville. Both, having ambitions for literary careers, took the Honours School of English Language and Literature. They were ordinary enough young people; clever without being brilliant, nice-looking without being handsome, active without being athletic, keen without being earnest, popular without being leaders, open-handed without being generous, as revolutionary, as selfish, and as intellectually snobbish as was proper to their years, and inclined to be jealous one of the other, but linked together by common tastes and by a deep and bitter distaste for their father's newspapers, which were many, and for their mother's novels, which were more. These were, indeed, not fit for perusal at Somerville and Balliol. The danger had been that Somerville and Balliol, till they knew you well, should not know you knew it.

ON THE subject of her mother's novels, which were published under the nom de plume "Leila Yorke," and her father's many newspapers with their huge circulations, Jane expressed herself with characteristic frankness. "If you do that sort of thing at all, you might as well make a job of it, and sell a million copies. I'd rather be Mrs. Barclay or Ethel Dell or Charles Garvice or Gene Stratton Porter or Ruby Ayres than Mother. Mother's merely commonplace; she's not even a byword—quite. I admired Dad more. Dad anyhow gets there. His stuff sells."

MRS. POTTER'S novels, as a matter of fact, sold quite creditably. They were pleasant to many, readable by more, and quite unmarred by any spark of cleverness, flash of wit, or morbid taint of philosophy. Gently and unsurprisingly she wrote of life and love as she believed these two things to be, and found a home in the hearts of many fellow-believers. She bored no one who read her, because she could be relied on to give them what they hoped to find—and of how few of us, alas, can this be said! And—she used to say it was because she was a mother—her books were safe for the youngest *jeune fille*, and in these days (even in those days it was so) of loose morality and frank realism, how important this is!

"I hope I am as modern as anyone," Mrs. Potter would say, "but I see no call to be indecent."

Clare, the eldest daughter and the daughter at home, read her mother's novels and her father's papers, and saw no harm in either. She thought

matter of literature. She was also useful as a touchstone, as a foolometer, though her mother did not call her that. If a book went with Clare, it went with Leila Yorke's public beyond. Mr. Potter was a less satisfactory reader; he regarded his wife's books as goods for sale, and his comments were, "That should go all right. That's done it," which attitude, though commercially helpful, was really less satisfying to the creator than Clare's uncritical absorption in the characters and the story. Clare was, in fact, the public, while Mr. Potter was more the salesman.

And the twins were neither, but more like the less agreeable type of reviewer, when they deigned to read or comment on their mother's books at all, which was not always. Johnny's attitude towards his mother suggested that he might say politely, if she mentioned her books, "Oh, do you write?" Mrs. Potter was rather sadly aware that she made no appeal to the twins. But then, as Clare reminded her, the twins, since they had gone to Oxford, never admitted that they cared for any books that normal people cared for. They were like that; conceited and contrary.



Clare Potter was a nice, pretty girl and expected to marry.



Gideon had no decency and no manners.

AND Clare was right. There was no doubt about it; the twins were conceited and contrary—and very, very young! But though Jane took vast delight in putting her conventionally minded family at a disadvantage, she had a secret and very genuine admiration for her father. For Jane adored anything that really succeeded.

MR. POTTER was a small, birdlike person, of no presence; you had not thought he was so great a man as Potter of the Potter Press.

Both commonplace and common was Mr. Percy Potter (according to some standards), but clever, with immense patience, a saving sense of humor, and that imaginative vision without which no newspaper owner, financier, general, politician, poet, or criminal can be great. He was, in fact, greater than the twins would ever be, because he was not at odds with his material: he found such stuff as his dreams were made of ready to his hand, in the great heart of the public—the last place where the twins would have thought of looking.

IT WAS while they were at Oxford that the twins joined the Anti-Potterite League. They genuinely disliked the thing that the Anti-Potterites were attacking, but they were also not at all blind to the piquant humor of their being found in a League to combat Potterism. Nor did the twins' activity in the League escape the notice of their shrewd, good-humored father.

MR. POTTER would not, indeed, have been worthy of his reputation had he not been aware, from its inception, of the existence of this League. Journalists have to be aware of such things. He in no way resented the League; he brushed it aside as of no account. And, indeed, it was not aimed at him



Jane Potter looked with calm, weighing, critical eyes at life and its chances and said they were not bad.

personally, nor at his wife personally, but at the great mass of thought—or of incoherent, muddled emotion that passed for thought—which the Anti-Potters had agreed, for brevity's sake, to call "Potterism." Potterism had very certainly not been created by the Potters, and was indeed no better represented by the goods with which they supplied the market than by those of many others; but it was a handy name, and it had taken the public fancy that here you had two Potters linked together, two souls nobly yoked, one supplying Potterism in fictional, the other in newspaper, form. So the name caught, about the year 1912.

THE first summer after the twins finished at Oxford they devoted their holidays—in company with three other boon companions and Anti-Potterites—to an investigation of Potterism. Besides Jane and Johnny Potter there was Katherine Varick, a keen scientist and an instinctive Anti-Potterite; Juke, a young theological student, and Arthur Gideon, a Russian Jew who (like the twins) meant to go in for journalism in the fall.

THE quest of Potterism, its causes and its cure, took the party of investigation first to the Cornish coast. Partly because of bathing and boating, and partly because Gideon, the organizer of the party, wanted to find out if there was much Potterism in Cornwall, or if Celticism had withstood it. For Potterism, they had decided, was mainly an Anglo-Saxon disease. Worst of all in America, that great home of commerce, success, and the booming of the second-rate.

They would meet in the evening with the various contributions to the subject which they had gathered during the day. The Urban District Council, said Johnny, wanted to pull down the village street and build an esplanade to attract visitors; all the villagers seemed pleased. That was Potterism, the welcoming of ugliness and prosperity; the antithesis of the artist's spirit, which loved beauty for what it was, and did not want to exploit it.

THEIR landlady, said Juke, on Sunday, had looked coldly on him when he went out with his fishing-rod in the morning. This would not have been Potterism, but merely a respectable bigotry, had the lady had genuine conscientious scruples as to this use of Sunday morning by the clergy, but Juke had ascertained tactfully that she had no conscientious scruples about anything at all. So it was merely propriety and cant; in brief, Potterism. . . . The Pharisees were Potterites.

"Potterism plays a game of grab all the time—snatches at success in a hurry. . . . It's greedy," said Gideon, thinking it out, watching Jane's firm little sun-browned hand with its short square fingers rooting in the sand for shells. Thus they talked and discussed and played, and wrote their book in patches, and traveled from place to place, and thought that they found things out. (Continued on page 88)

Hobart was a beautiful young man.

the twins perverse and conceited, which came from being clever at school and college. Clare had never been clever at anything but domestic jobs and needlework. She was a nice, pretty girl, and expected to marry. She snubbed Jane, and Jane, in her irritating and nonchalant way, was rude to her.

MR. POTTER, of the Potter Press, found such stuff as his dreams were made of in the great heart of the Public.

CLARE had always been her mother's great stand-by in the



Arab cavalry played a prominent part in the defeat of the Turks.



Amid surroundings like this developed one of the best races of horses—the Arab.

A Fire Alarm on Wings

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

*One for the Little Donkey
Taking the Head Away from the Ache
A 492-Year Old Tree
Keeping Typhus Out of Texas
We Eat More Grapes*

THE AIRPLANE AS A PEACE SCOUT

Flying-machine patrols saved \$35,000,000 worth of timber last season alone

EXTENSIONS of the airplane field of which not so much has been heard are reported in connection with the U. S. Coast Guard. The Bureau of Fisheries has developed fish-spotting to such a degree that commercial aircraft companies and fishing fleets are preparing to extend coöperation in this direction. Meantime it is reported that airplane patrols guarding the national forests during the last season saved approximately thirty-five million dollars' worth of standing timber. Between 900 and 1,000 fires were reported from a few airplanes lent to the forest service by the Army air-service. Most of the fires were extinguished by ground forces directed from the air. It is stated that the timber thus saved from destruction is worth more than the total Army air-service appropriation for the fiscal year.

TAKING THE HEAD AWAY FROM THE ACHE

Did our prehistoric ancestors resort to trepanning to relieve human suffering?

PROF. ROY L. MOODY, of the University of Illinois, calls attention to the fact that headache appears to have been very prevalent among our prehistoric ancestors. The inference is based on the fact that large numbers of skulls of men of the Stone Age have been found on which the surgical operation of trepanning had been performed. Skulls showing the holes resulting from this crude surgical operation have been found not only in France, but in Peru, Mexico, and the South Sea Islands. It is said that the method of trepanning is still employed by the natives of Peru, Bolivia, and northern Africa, as a cure for headache.

In one burial mound in France yielding the bones of 120 individuals, more than forty showed the effects of the operation. Some ancient skulls show as many as five openings, testifying to a series of operations.

THE tradition ascribing to the Arab horse extraordinary endurance is sustained by abundant evidence. As a recent illustration, a three-hundred-mile test was made in 1919 from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Camp Devens, Massachusetts, and the first horse to finish was a pure-bred Arab mare named "Ramla" which made the distance in 57 hours and 26½ minutes; the animal placed second was Kingfisher, three-fourths Arab and one-fourth thoroughbred—an animal, by the way, that Colonel Tompkins rode into Mexico in the expedition in 1916, and which there covered a distance of 575 miles over heated deserts and cold mountains. The animal that finished third in the endurance test was also a pure-bred Arab mare, and the one to finish fourth was a three-fourths grade Arab, the dam of Kingfisher.

In the Army tests of 1920, the Arabs again made a remarkable showing. Of Arabs and their derivatives, ten started and five finished.

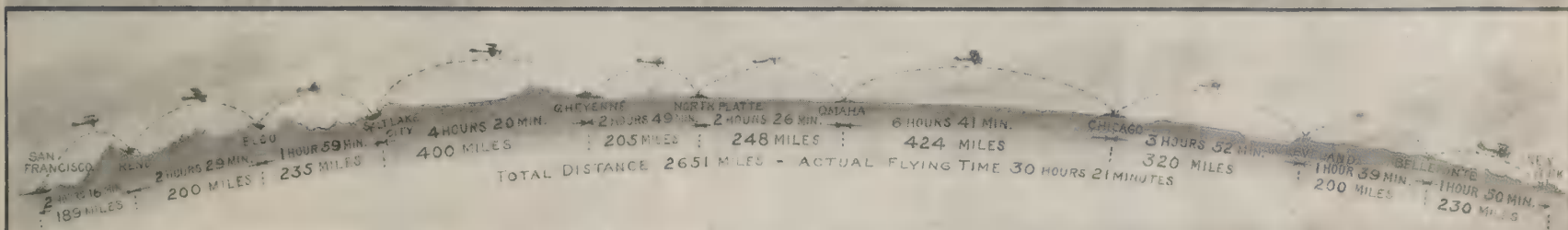
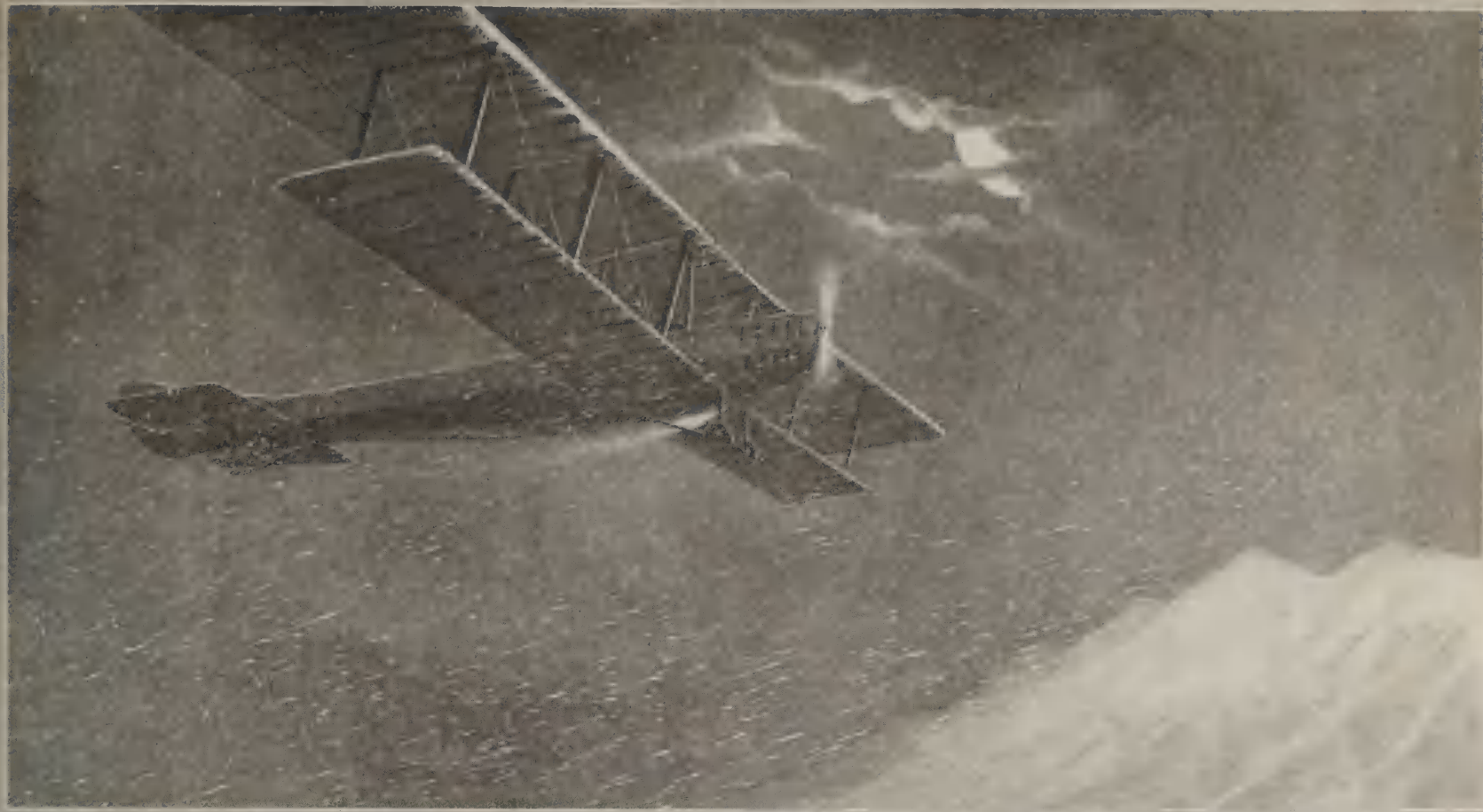
Mr. H. K. Bush-Brown, who presents the case for the Arab in the *Journal of Heredity*, offers an explanation of the extraordinary endurance of animals of this breed based in part on the fact that whereas all other



The Arab horse has but five lumbar vertebrae instead of the six that characterize all other breeds.

types of horses have twenty-four vertebrae in the back, the Arab has only twenty-three. This is due as a rule to the fact that the Arab has only five lumbar vertebrae (between the ribs and the pelvis), while all other families of horses have six. This difference in structure is believed to explain why the Arab, though small, can carry great weight. The anomaly illustrates the relation between structure and function.

Lest the shortness of back be taken as the final standard of aristocratic conformation in the equine world, however, it may be well to add that the humble donkey shares with the Arab the distinction of having only five lumbar vertebrae.



The air-mail route between San Francisco and New York now uses 35 planes daily and transports 16 000 to 40,000 letters in each machine. By actual demonstration it can operate by night as well as day, in storm as well as fair weather.

The intent of the operation, according to modern interpretation, was to permit the egress of the demon which was torturing the individual. It is conjectured that, in the case of the Peruvians, the pain of the operation may have been mitigated by the use of the pulp of cocoa leaves; but even so it is hardly to be supposed that individuals would voluntarily have submitted to the operation as the alternative to headaches of ordinary character.

A 492-YEAR-OLD TREE

Sturdy warriors that have battled with the elements since the days of Columbus

PROF. RAYMOND J. POOL, of the University of Nebraska, has made interesting studies of the conditions of vegetable life at the altitude on mountain-sides at which the final struggle takes place between arboreal life and the elements. Photographs taken at the timber line out in the Rockies give one perhaps as vivid a realization of the tangibility of the struggle for existence that is a factor in all evolution as can be gained by any other observation. Here we see whole forests bent to the ground, the heavy trunks of



The fast mail of the present: a mile-a-minute airplane.



—and (2) the steam train of our grandfathers.

the trees stretching away to the leeward "like the undulating bodies of ponderous, prehistoric saurians." The roots of these trees are firmly anchored in the solid rock of the mountain-side. The trunks may be several feet in diameter; but they have never stood erect like ordinary tree-trunks. The best they could do was to maintain existence in the prone position, with stunted branches matted against the earth and more or less buried in the debris of the ages.

It is almost impossible to estimate correctly the age of these trees. The rings of annual growth in the wood are commonly so close together or

so thin as to be indiscernible to the naked eye. The sheeted layers of wood are often so attenuated that a good hand lens or a deflecting microscope is required to count them with accuracy. In some cases it was found that a strip of wood less than one inch in thickness contained between sixty and seventy annual layers. A tree fourteen feet in height and sixteen inches in diameter has been found to be 337 years old. Another tree only seven feet tall and five feet in diameter has endured the trying life on that frontier for 492 years. Professor Pool believes that there are trees that have eked out their lingering existence by the production of a thin new layer of sapwood during each brief alpine summer since the time of Columbus.

WE EAT MORE GRAPES

Prohibition—contrary to expectations—has stimulated the cultivation of the vineyards

ONE of the minor stock arguments against Prohibition was that the grape-growing industry would go by the board—with total loss.

This theory seemed fairly plausible, but the sequel shows that prophecy is a doubtful business. For it appears that grapes are now more in demand than ever before—at least in the eastern part of the United States. An official report assures us that the demand for grapes for the use of the manufacturers of grape juice, jam, and jelly is in excess of the supply.

There are only three Eastern states in which grape-growing has assumed considerable proportions as a commercial industry: New York, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. Iowa and Ohio are next in line. Where



Fast mail service of other days: (1) the pony express—



New York health authorities supplement the typhus examination of Immigration officials.

the grapes were grown for the wine-press, the quality was inferior to that of table grapes; so the regions that specialized in the latter, notably the vineyard sections of Michigan, find themselves in a favorable position now that wine grapes are no longer in demand.

Marketing conditions are favorable in regions that have attempted to develop the industry. The table grapes are sold in wagonload lots to local dealers or in carload lots for shipment, at current market price. The local dealers have been able to dispose of practically all offerings on an F.O.B. basis by wire orders, which gives the business an element of stability and certainty not attainable when goods must be consigned as in the case with many fruits.

COLLISIONS AMONG THE STARS

Twenty-five have been recorded in thirty-four years—principally among the "dark stars"

MATHEMATICIANS have calculated that the chance that any visible star will come within striking distance of any other star in a period of, say, a million years or so, is extremely remote. The fact, then, that twenty-five collisions among dark stars have been observed to occur within the past thirty-four years (a great many more doubtless being unobserved) gives evidence as to the vast numbers of dark bodies in the universe. According to the astronomer's conception, all stars are in process of burning out, and must ultimately become dark.

Possibly Einstein's new theory, according to which energy sent out from a star may ultimately return to it, may modify this conception; but be that as it may, the evidence furnished by the new stars justifies the

conclusion that at the present stage of evolution of our universe, dark stars are vastly more abundant than bright ones. No previously visible star has ever been observed in collision.

KEEPING TYPHUS OUT OF TEXAS

Only the vigilance of the health authorities has prevented the disease from entering the Rio Grande.

THE Metropolitan press made much of the arrival at New Y



The common body louse, or "cootie." It is this insect alone which spreads the germs of typhus.

of vessels from Italy with a few immigrants suffering from typhus fever. The New York Board of Health very properly took energetic measures to prevent the spread of the malady. Steps were taken to have passengers inspected before boarding ships in Europe, and this, together with the vigilance of the local authorities, obviates all danger of anything like a typhus epidemic.

A prominent medical journal calls attention to the fact, however, that typhus in a mild form has been endemic in New York City for a good many years. About 1910 a series of somewhat less than 200 cases was recorded by a New York physician, and in the ensuing years sporadic cases were observed, and reported as identical with European typhus, although of a mild type. As it is known that typhus is conveyed by vermin, and apparently not otherwise, there has been no difficulty in restricting the spread of the malady, and not one New Yorker in a thousand ever heard of its existence.

Meantime typhus of a virulent type has prevailed in Mexico, notably from 1916 to 1918, and its spread to the United States was prevented

solely by the vigilance of the health authorities along the Mexican border. The vigilance of these authorities has been commended in the columns of this Department. The fact that the Texas health authorities have absolutely prevented typhus from coming across the Rio Grande is a striking tribute to the efficacy of modern methods of preventive medicine. The fact that few people have ever heard of these Texan activities, whereas the whole country has heard of the efforts of the New York Board of Health, illustrates the news value of the Metropolitan location.

WHEN AN IMMIGRANT IS NET

What the figures of our fluctuating population really mean

IMMIGRATION figures require a good deal of analyzing before their precise significance is evident. We are told, for example, that in 1910 the total number of arrivals was 237,021. But it appears that when allowance is made for the non-immigrant aliens (those making a temporary trip to the United States), the would-be immigrants who were



An inspector examining women to prevent the entrance of typhus into our country.



The spirograph may soon give the motion picture the same popularity as the phonograph.

debarred for one disability or another, and the compensating flood of emigrants, the net addition to our population from abroad was only 20,790.

The figures for 1920, however, are more impressive, the total arrivals numbering 621,576, and the net addition to the population reaching the respectable figure of 193,514. Last year's arrivals showed also a marked change in the predominant nationality. Whereas in 1919 the chief immigration came from Mexico and the second largest number from England, the figures for 1920 show a preponderance of arrivals from south Italy, with England in second place, Mexico in third, and France and Spain in sequence.

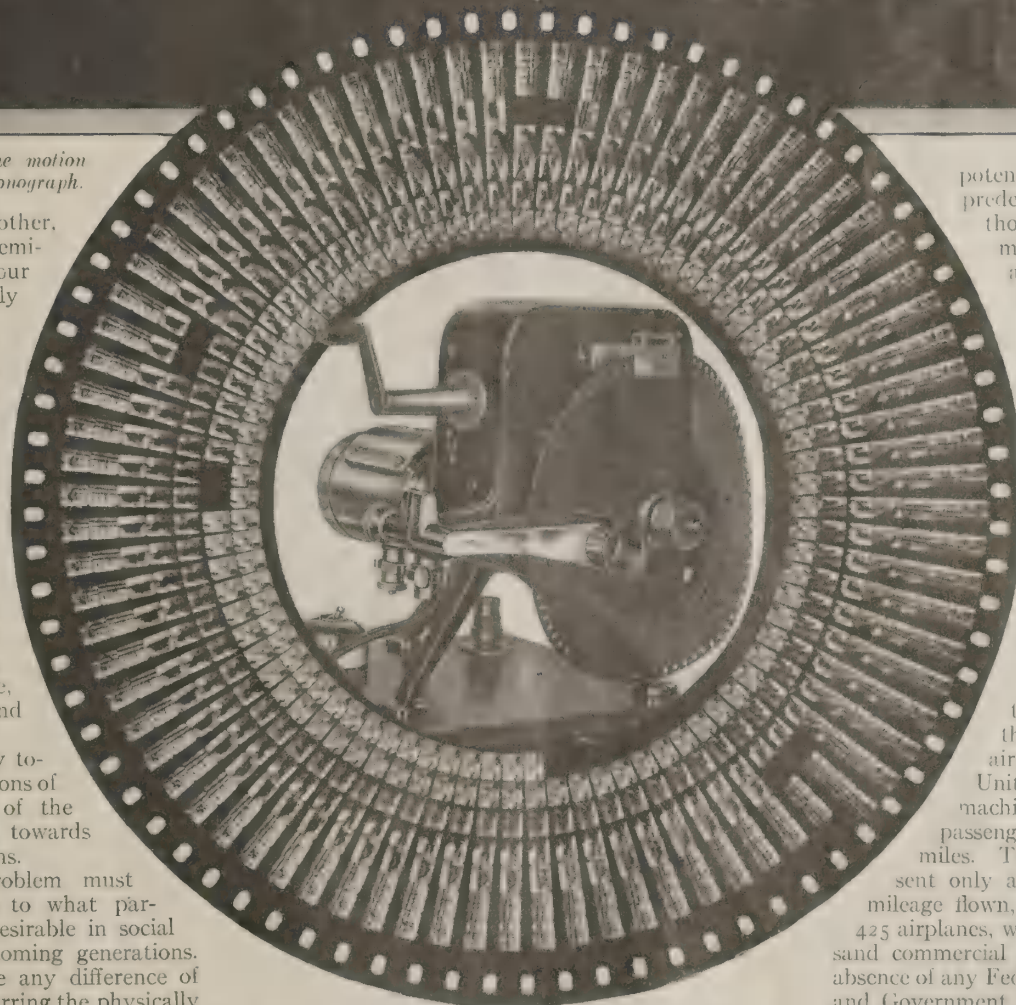
There is an obvious tendency towards a return of pre-war conditions of immigration. Everyone knows of the Congressional activities directed towards the modification of these conditions.

The attitude towards this problem must depend largely on one's idea as to what particular line of development is desirable in social and industrial America of the coming generations. But at least there can hardly be any difference of opinion as to the desirability of barring the physically and mentally unfit. In practice, however, this proves difficult, and it is reported that the inspection has apparently not been as efficient during the years of smaller immigration, the percentage of debarred and returned last year being less than one-half the average of the preceding two years. It is said that 87.6 per cent of those whose physical or mental status was challenged were admitted.

IS TALENT HEREDITARY?

Recent tests on 2,500 children indicate that at least musical talent is

PROFESSOR CARL EMIL SEASHORE, of the University of Iowa, has for many years devoted a vast deal of attention to the psychology of musical talent. He has devised unique methods of testing innate musical capacity, somewhat as the familiar Binet-Simon tests reveal general mental status. The children examined are not tested as to musical education; nor are their voices tested in the ordinary way. The question at issue concerns brain cells rather than vocal chords—capacity to appreciate differences in tone, to discriminate between harmony and discord, to estimate time, and the like.



A motion-picture film arranged in spiral form upon a circular disc offers interesting possibilities as an ultimate auxiliary of textbooks and even newspapers.

When Professor Seashore's method was applied to a group of 2,500 school-children, the test resulted in the selection of just two as having unequivocal musical talent; and it was then revealed that one of these was a recognized musical prodigy (though the examiner had been given no inkling of the fact), and that the other, though untrained, had been observed to sing with great accuracy. So much impressed were the school authorities and the parents of the community that subscriptions were at once forthcoming to give the second little girl in question a musical education.

Professor Seashore's investigations have made it clear to him that musical capacity is an inherited endowment. The fundamental qualities of ear that a musician should possess can not be acquired. Training may help a little, but can never compensate for inherent defects. And what applies to musical talent applies to a wide range of other capacities. Indeed, students of heredity are disposed to contend that the

potentialities of every individual are predetermined by heredity; and although this doctrine does not harmonize with the thesis that all men are created equal, it has the force of observed facts back of it. A recognition of its validity, fortified by such psychological tests as those suggested by Professor Seashore (generalized), would prevent a great deal of unhappiness due to the endeavor to fit square pegs into round holes.

ARE AIRPLANES SAFER THAN CANOES?

Continued practical use is eliminating the element of danger

IT APPEARS from the records of the Aircraft Year Book for 1921 that flying has become a remarkably safe means of transportation. It is reported that last year there were eighty-seven commercial airplane transport companies in the United States, using from 365 to 425 machines, and carrying a total of 115,103 passengers a total distance of 3,136,550 miles. These figures are believed to represent only about fifty per cent of the actual mileage flown, as they give the records of only 425 airplanes, whereas there are at least one thousand commercial airplanes in the country. In the absence of any Federal system of registration, air laws, and Government methods for tabulating the ownership and performance of aircraft, it has been found difficult to trace the total number.

However, the important thing is that, whereas there were accidents at forced landings, yet according to the reports from the eighty-seven companies, in the more than three million miles flown not a single life was lost. There were 222 forced landings and 88 accidents, but without fatality. It is true there have been fatal accidents, but these occurred in the course of stunt or exhibition performances, or under circumstances indicating that undue risk had been taken.

This is really an astonishing record. It may be supplemented by the reflection that the aerial mail service is assuming significant proportions. The Key West, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, route, is operated daily. The air-mail routes between New York and San Francisco, 2,650 miles, with branches from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, and St. Louis, and from Washington to New York, are important routes operating daily, utilizing from thirty to thirty-five planes, and transporting from 16,000 to 40,000 letters in each machine. This air-mail service advances delivery from twenty-four to forty-eight hours as compared with ordinary mail service.

Starting a Long Summer in Washington

By John Temple Graves

Drawings by Gluyas Williams



A TRENCHANT TARHEEL

STALWART among Democratic Senators of the last two decades and a leader from his opening day is Lee S. Overman of North Carolina. Smooth in demeanor, stern in conviction, scholar and diplomat, a partisan who does not antagonize, and a patriot who does not dissemble—the "Old North State" has come to lean upon the judgment and loyalty of her junior Senator, and the Senate to respect him.



HE REACHED THE SENATE BY DEGREES

WITH blood as blue as a rich Revolutionary lineage can make it, Joseph France of Maryland brings to the Senatorial arena a convincing eloquence that pleases the galleries and persuades the thoughtful Solons on the floor. His titles and degrees of scholarship and science consume much of the alphabet, and his claim to the admiration of his colleagues and the country is firmly established in scholarly thought and noble speech.

A CAVALIER PURITAN

GEORGE MOSES of New Hampshire brings to the Senate dashing courage, definite and well-matured convictions, and the threefold culture of the diplomat, the journalist, and the aggressive man of affairs. He carries the stern creeds of the New Englander with the gifts and graces of the Southerner, and is a foeman worthy of any Senatorial steel.

A BULLDOG IN DEBATE

FRANK B. BRANDEGEE of Connecticut has kept the Senate astir during the era of the League of Nations. A stormy petrel of four national conventions, he has studied and argued and maneuvered—fighting all the way—yet found time to scatter roses on the ensanguined field.

AN INCIDENT of far-reaching significance was the sudden and unexpected attendance of President Harding upon the first executive session of the Senate, within an hour of his taking the oath of office.

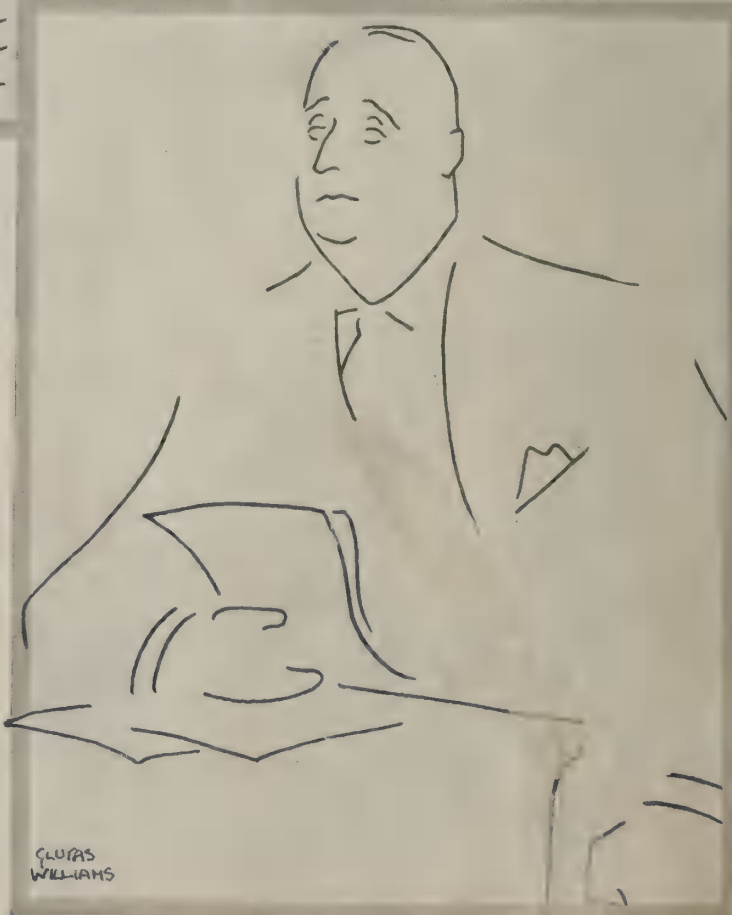
Since George Washington no President has ever exercised his constitutional privilege of attending an executive session of the Senate. Washington essayed it, with a bill in his hands by which he set great store. The Senate defeated his measure overwhelmingly right before his eyes, and Washington left in indignation, vowing he would never attend another Executive Session.

Neither Washington nor any of his successors ever did attend an executive session again until Harding came into the chamber on Friday the

4th, "out-Wilsoning Wilson" in smashing—before he had been in his office an hour—a precedent more than a hundred years old. He carried in his hands the name of every man he had nominated for his Cabinet. Within ten minutes of his entry the executive session had confirmed every man of them unanimously, including Herbert Hoover, who was scheduled for a long and bitter opposition. Reed of Missouri, understood to be primed for a great fight against Hoover, entered the chamber just as the last Cabinet officer had been unanimously voted in.

It was a masterpiece of Presidential strategy, executed with the utmost gentleness and the most irresistible suavity. It was "first red blood" for Harding in the long grapple between the legislative and executive departments of the Government.

THE incident established decisively one or two vitally important facts for the incoming administration: first, that Harding intends to have his way; second, that he intends to win not by the autocratic but by the diplomatic route. He plans to win not by coercion and absolutism but by comradeship and cooperation. He made himself one with the Senate, joining the body as a comrade and friend and good fellow on equal terms. In this attitude it was impossible to deny him anything. He carried by storm the hearts and the ballots of Senators accustomed to (Continued on page 73)



The Master of Man

By Hall Caine

Illustrated by Walter Louderback

DOES a woman always shield the man she really loves? Victor Stowell, a young Manx Judge, broke into prison to save a woman he himself had condemned to death—and shipped her off to safety in care of his best friend. But Fenella Stanley, the girl whom Victor plans to marry, is certain sooner or later to suspect the truth. If she believes Victor guilty, will she expose him—or will she protect the man she loves whatever happens?

NEARLY three hours later, Stowell was at the Point of Ayre, where the head of the island looks into the sea. Leaving his car at the end of the last paved road he walked over the bent-strewn plain to where the tall white, brown-belted lighthouse stands up against sea and sky.

The lighthouseman, who had just put out the light, seeing the Deemster approach, went down to meet him.

"May I go up to your lantern, Lighthouseman? I've always wanted to see the sun rise from there."

"With pleasure, Your Honor," said the lighthouseman; and he led the way up the circular stone stairway, through the eye of the lighthouse, with its glistening columns of beveled glass, to the iron-railed gallery that ran round it.

FOR a long half-hour Stowell walked to and fro there. He felt as though he were on the prow of some mighty ship, with the sea racing in white foam along the rocks on either side. Far below were the booming waves; the sea-fowl were calling in the midway air; the sky to the east was reddening; the day was striding over the waters and driving the trailing garments of the night before it, and the sea was singing the great song of the dawn.

At last, straining his sight to the south, Stowell saw what he had come to see—a steamer with a red and black funnel. Kept back during the dark hours by the fog on the coast she was now coming on at full speed.

There was a pang in thinking that this was the last he was to see of the two who were aboard of her, but there was a boundless joy in it also. They were united; they were happy; they were safe; he had wiped out his offense against them.

He watched the vessel as she passed. She lurched a little as she went through the cross-current of the Point. But now she was out in the Channel; now she was heading towards the Mull of Galloway; now she was fading into the northern mist and seemed to be dropping off into another planet. She was carrying his sin away with her—his sin and the consequences of his sin.

AT HALF-PAST three Stowell was back in his car. He could go home now with a cleaner heart, a surer conscience.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun had risen. It was slanting over his shoulder as he drove along the grass-grown road on the north coast, with the sea singing and dancing by his side over a stretch of yellow sand. The lambs were bleating in the fields and the larks were loud in the sky.

What relief! What joy! His car was bounding on—past the Lhen, the Nappin, the old Jurby church with its four-square tower on the edge of the cliff—going faster than he knew, faster and still faster, like a winged creature, parting the way as it went, making the road itself to fly open, and the hedges, the trees, and the sleeping farmhouses to slant away on either side, and coming round at last, as with the heart of a bride, to the big gates of Ballamoar.

Home once more!

AS HE slackened speed and slid up the drive the rooks were calling in the tall elms and the song-birds in the bushes were singing. As silently as possible he ran his car into the garage and crept into the house.

"Tell me, Mr. Vondy," said Fenella. "Did someone visit the prison last night after I left?"

The blinds were down and the rooms were dull with a yellow light. The grandfather's clock on the landing was striking four. Only four hours since he had left Castle-town! What a world of emotions in the meantime!

The servants were not yet stirring. He stepped upstairs on tiptoe, hoping to reach his room unheard, but as he passed Janet's door she called to him.

"Is that you, Victor?"

He answered, "Yes."

"How late you are, dear!"

"Don't waken me in the morning."

In his bedroom he was partly conscious that familiar things looked strange—or was it that another man had come back to them? He undressed rapidly and got into bed, drawing a deep breath. It was all over. Bessie Collister was gone. It was nearly impossible that she could ever be traced and brought back. A monstrous judicial crime had been prevented. He had been permitted to prevent it. And now for the long, long rest of a dreamless sleep.

But in the vague, intermediate half-world of consciousness before sleep comes, he was aware of another, a warmer and more secret motive. Fenella! "Tell

him to come back to me!" Ah, no, not until he had wiped out his fault. But now he could go to her! He had broken down the barrier between them. He had buried his sin in the sea.

Thank God! Thank God!

A WAKENING in the George in the early hours of a morning Fenella heard a noise outside her window that was like the running of a shallow river over a bed of small stones. She knew what it was. It was the sound of the feet of the people who were coming in crowds to stand outside the Castle walls and watch the slow-moving fingers of the clock, until the hoisting of the black flag over the tower should tell them that the invisible presence of Death had come and gone.

When, as the clock was striking six, she crossed the marketplace on her way to the Castle she found this crowd in great commotion, hurrying to and fro and calling to each other in agitated voices:



"Is it true?"
"So they're saying."
"God bless my soul!"

THE Castle gate was open and unguarded and people had penetrated as far as the Portcullis. An inspector of police, coming out hurriedly, commanded them to go back.

"Away with you! Is it play-acting you've come to look at? Smoking your pipes, too!"

But without waiting to see his orders obeyed he hastened away himself, shouting to somebody that he was going to knock up the telegraph office.

The Keep, when Fenella reached it, though less crowded, was as full of agitation. A bleary-eyed man, who looked as if he had just awakened from a fit of intoxication, was walking aimlessly to and fro. It was Shimmin, the turnkey, but when Fenella asked him what had happened, he stared vacantly and made no answer. A very tall man, wearing a cloth cap over his head and ears and a comforter coiled round his throat, and carrying a carpet-bag, was standing by the scaffold. This must be "Long Duggie Taggart," and when Fenella, shuddering at sight of the man, asked him the same question, he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. At the foot of the drawbridge the High Bailiff and the jailer were in fierce altercation.

"I know nothing about it, I tell thee, sir."
"Then you are a blockhead and a fool!"

At length two elderly men, the Chaplain and the Doctor, came down the Deemster's stairs, and then the truth, which Fenella had partly surmised, became fully known to her.

The condemned woman had escaped during the night! There would be no execution that day. Through a tumult of mixed feelings, Fenella was conscious of a sense of immense relief.

Her first thought was of Bessie's mother, and she turned back to take the news to her.

The little house in Quay Lane had its door still closed, but through the kitchen window, whereof the upper sash was partly down, came the singing of a hymn in tired and husky voices:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

It was not immediately that Fenella could get an answer to her knocking, but at length the man of the house, in his ganzie and long sea boots, opened the door, still singing.

THE little low-ceiled kitchen was full of people, and the close air of the place seemed to say that they had kept up their prayer-meeting the night through.

On a chair-bedstead against the opposite wall, Mrs. Collister in her cotton nightcap, from which long thin locks of her gray hair were escaping, was rocking her body to the tune, while fumbling with bony fingers a Methodist hymn-book which lay open before her on the patchwork counterpane.

Fenella, with a warm heart for the old mother in her trouble, pushed through to the foot of the bed, but Mrs. Collister was terrified at the sight of her, thinking she was bringing bad tidings.

"Have they deceived me?" she cried. "Seven o'clock, they said. Is it all over?"

"Be calm," said Fenella, and then she delivered her message. Bessie had gone from Castle Rushen. She was not to die that day.

A MOMENT of vacant silence fell upon the room, such as seems to fall on the world when the tide is at the bottom of the ebb. With difficulty the old woman grasped what Fenella had said. Her watery eyes looked round at her people as if asking them to help her to understand. At length one of these cried:

"Glory to God! It's the answer to our prayers."

And then the truth seemed to descend on the poor broken brain and breaking heart like a healing breath from heaven. Stretching out her matchlike arms, she seized Fenella's hands and said:

"I know who thou art. Thou art the Governor's daughter. Is it the truth thou'rt telling me?"

"Indeed, it is."

"My Bessie is out of prison?"

"Yes; nobody knows what has become of her."

A wild cry of joy burst from the old woman's throat.

"Liza! Liza Kelley, do thou hear that? Will thou believe me now? Didn't I tell thee it was the ould Dempster himself that the Lord had sent to take my child out of prison?"

A WAVE of new life seemed to come to her, and, throwing back the clothes, she struggled on (her blue-veined legs and feet showing bare under her cotton nightdress) and went down on her knees to pray. But her prayer was drowned by the voice of

The condemned woman had escaped.
There would be no execution that day.



"Didn't I tell thee that the Lord had sent the ould Dempster to take my child out of prison?"

her companions, who had by this time raised a hymn of thanksgiving.

Fenella turned to go, and the man and woman of the house followed her to the door.

"What was that she said about the Deemster?"

They told her what had happened the night before—how the old woman had escaped into the street and the Deemster had brought her back to the house.

"Are you sure it was the Deemster?"

"We thought so then, but she thrept us out it was his father who is dead and buried, and now we don't know in the world if it was or wasn't."

The singers were singing—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

FENELLA, who had begun to tremble, turned back to the hotel. The marketplace was full of people, who were pouring into it from every thoroughfare. On reaching her room she locked the door, pulled down the window-blind, sat on the bed, covered her eyes, and tried to think out what had happened.

The noise outside was like the surge of the sea, and like the surge of the sea was the tumult in her heart and brain.

Could it be possible that Victor Stowell had helped Bessie Collister to escape? She remembered what he had said to her father—that if any attempt were made to carry out the sentence he would prevent it. She remembered what she had said to him—that never could there be anything between them while that girl lay in prison. He had been in Castletown the night before, and he was the only man in the island who could have access to the Castle without an order from the Governor or the Chief Constable.

But a Judge to break prison! What could be the

end of it? What consequences? What ruin? What disgrace?

Why had he done this incredible thing, risking everything? Was it solely because he could not allow that unhappy girl, who had suffered so much for him already, to go to the gallows? Or was it, perhaps, because she herself had said . . .

SUDDENLY a great quickening of her love for Stowell came over her. If she had stumbled upon his secret she would protect it.

"But what can I do?" she asked herself.

At one moment it occurred to her to run back to Quay Lane and warn the good people there to say nothing more about the Deemster. But no, that might awaken suspicion. They thought Bessie's escape was due to supernatural agencies, that it had come as an answer to their prayers—let them continue to think so.

At seven o'clock she was on the train for Douglas and the telegraph poles were flying by. She must know what the Governor was doing. But whatever her father might do, her own course was clear.

"I must stand by Victor now, whatever happens."

IN THE cool sunshine of the early May morning Government House lay asleep. The gardener was mowing a distant part of the lawn when he saw a carriage drive rapidly up to the house. Two gentlemen got out of it, and in the time it took him to empty his grass-pan into his wheelbarrow they rang three times at the door.

Inside nobody was yet stirring except old John, the watchman, who was drawing the curtains and opening the windows. He heard the bell and thought the postman had brought a registered letter. In his cloth

shoes he was shuffling to the porch when the bell rang again and yet again.

"*Traa de looiar*" (time enough), he growled. But his voice fell to a more deferential tone when he opened the door, and saw who was there.

"Our apologies to His Excellency, and say the Attorney-General and the Chief Constable wish to see him immediately on urgent business."

The two men stepped into the smoking-room, still dark with the blinds down and rank with last night's tobacco smoke.

A few minutes later, the Governor entered in his dressing-gown over his pajamas and his bare feet in his heelless slippers. And then the Attorney told him—the young woman who was to have been executed that morning had escaped.

"Good God, no! Impossible!"

"Only too true, sir. Colonel Farrell has had an urgent telegram from his inspector at Castletown."

"When did it happen?"

"During the night. The Jailer says he locked her up at eleven and when he opened the cell at five the prisoner was gone."

"Where is the Jailer?"

"At the Castle still," said the Chief Constable, "but I've told the police to send him up immediately."

THE Governor rose from the seat into which he had dropped and walked to and fro.

"Such a blow to the authority of the law—the escape of a prisoner on the eve of her execution!" said the Attorney.

"Such a handle to the disorderly elements, too!" said the Chief Constable.

"Good Lord, don't I know? Let me think! Let me think!"



The Chief Constable and his aide broke into Alick's rooms . . . and found them empty.

The Governor drew up one of the window-blinds and his eyes fell on a steamer lying by the pier with smoke rising lazily from her black and red funnels.

"If the woman escaped only a few hours ago," he said, "she can not have left the island yet. Have you given orders that every passenger by the morning steamer shall be watched?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Do so at once then. If that fails telegraph to your police in every town and parish. Good gracious! In this pocket-handkerchief of an island it ought to be possible to recapture an escaped prisoner in a single day, even if she lies like a toad under a stone."

"We'll leave no stone unturned, sir."

"A woman! A mere girl! Unless the Jailer or his people deliberately opened the doors for her she must have had assistance."

"That is what I say, Your Excellency."

"Have you any idea who helped her?"

"No—that is to say—"

"Where's young Gell, the Advocate?"

"In his rooms in Athol Street, I presume."

"Find out for certain. Come back at four this afternoon and bring that blockhead of a Jailer with you.

And listen!" The men were leaving the room. "Try to keep this ridiculous thing quiet. If it gets into the papers across the water all England will be laughing at us."

THE Governor was again at the window, watching the Attorney-General's carriage going rapidly down the drive when he saw a hackney car, containing Fenella, coming up to the house.

That sight started a new order of ideas. He remembered Stowell's threat: "If you order that girl's execution, it shall never be carried out, because I shall prevent it." For three days he had thought this meant that the Deemster would appeal over his head to the Imperial authorities. But Stowell had not done so—he wasn't such a fool, considering the bedevilmings of his own position. So the Governor had dismissed the thought, and his anger at the son of his old friend had subsided. But now the threat came back on him with a new interpretation. Good Lord! Could it be possible? Such an unheard-of thing?

As soon as Fenella entered the house he called her into his room and shut the door behind her.

"You have just come from Castletown?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then you know what has happened?"

"Yes."

"Can you throw any light on it?"

"Light on it?"

"I mean—have you seen anything of Stowell since we spoke of him last?"

"Nothing."

"Not heard from him?"

"No."

"Do you think it likely that— But no, it is impossible. No responsible person in his sane senses could do such a thing. It must be the other one."

"What other, Father?"

"Young Gell, of course. He is the only man in the island who could wish that girl to escape—the only who would be fool enough to help her to do so."

Fenella went to her room with a heart at ease. She was sorry for Gell, but in the consuming selfishness of her love for Stowell she found a secret joy in the thought that suspicion was being diverted from the real culprit.

Victor was safe thus far. But what would he do himself? What was he now doing?

IT WAS near to noon when Stowell awoke at Ballamoar. His bedroom (formerly his father's) faced to the south and flashes of sunshine from the chinks of the window-curtains were crossing the bed on which he lay with his head on his arm.

His long sleep had washed his brain as by a spiritual bath, and with the awakening of his body his conscience had awakened also. The events of the previous night rolled back on him like a flood, and he saw what he had done. To prevent the law from committing a crime he had committed a crime against the law! He, the Judge, sworn to uphold Justice, had deliberately betrayed it! Had anything so monstrous ever been heard of before?

After a while he became aware of the dull droning of voices in the room below, and then of their sharp clack as the speakers (they were Janet and Joshua Scarff) stepped out of the house to the gravel path in front.

"No, don't waken His Honor, Miss Curphey. He

hasn't been well lately and sleep does no harm to anyone. Besides, he'll hear the bad news soon enough."

"Deed, he will, Mr. Scarff."

"It will be a terrible shock to him—especially if my suspicions about a certain person prove to be justified. But that's the way, you see—one act of wrongdoing leads to another. Pity! Great pity! Good morning, Miss Curphey."

IT WAS out! Stowell felt as if the bed under him were rocking from the first tremor of an earthquake.

Half an hour later he was at breakfast downstairs. For a long time Janet was trying to break the news to him. At last it came. The young woman who was to have been executed that morning had escaped. Joshua Scarff had had it from the Inspector at Ramsey—it was being telegraphed all over the island.

For the sake of appearances Stowell made an exclamation of surprise, despising himself for doing so and feeling as if the toast in his mouth were choking him.

"It's impossible not to be glad that the poor guilty creature has escaped the gallows, but Joshua thinks things are not likely to end there."

"And what does he say?" (Continued on page 91)



The idea of World-unity and Brotherhood
has come back almost apologetically—

—asking for kind words of Politicians and
for a gesture of patronage from Kings.

As Men Fight for Peace

IN THE three preceding essays* an attempt has been made to state the pass at which mankind has arrived, the dangers and mischiefs that threaten our race, and the need there is and the opportunities there are for a strenuous attempt to end the age-long bickerings of nations and empires and establish one community of law and effort throughout the whole world.

Stress has been laid chiefly upon the monstrous evils and disasters a continuation of our present divisions, our nationalisms and imperialisms and the like, will certainly entail. These considerations of evil, however, are only the negative argument for this creative effort; they have been thrust forward because war, disorder, insufficiency, and the ill health, the partings, deprivations, boredom and unhappiness that arise out of these things are well within our experience and entirely credible; the positive argument for a world order demands at once more faith and imagination.

GIVEN a world law and world security, a release from the net of bickering frontiers, world-wide freedom of movement, and world-wide fellowship, a thousand good things that are now beyond hope or dreaming would come into the ordinary life. The whole world would be our habitation, and the energies of men, released from their preoccupation with contention, would go more and more abundantly into the accumulation and application of scientific knowledge; that is to say, into the increase of mental and bodily health, of human power, of interest and happiness.

EVEN today the most delightful possibilities stand waiting, inaccessible to nearly all of us because of the general insecurity, distrust, and anger. Flying, in a world safely united in peace, could take us now to the ends of the earth smoothly, securely through the sweet upper air, in five or six days. In two or three years there could again be abundance of food and pleasant clothing for everyone throughout the whole world. Men could be destroying their slums and pestilential habitations and rebuilding spacious and beautiful cities.

Given only peace and confidence and union, we could double our yearly production of all that makes
*See Hearst's for December, 1920, January, 1921, and February, 1921.

The Future of Mankind-IV By H.G. Wells

"A BELLIGERENT government as such, men and women will refuse to obey, and they will refuse to help any military preparations that are not directed wholly and plainly to preserving the peace of the world. This, then, becomes the plain duty of every honest man today—to judge his magistrate before he obeys him!"

life desirable and still double our leisure for thought and growth. We could live in a universal palace and make the whole globe our garden and playground.

BUT these are not considerations that sway people to effort. Fear and hate, not hope and desire, have been hitherto the effective spurs for men. The most popular religions are those which hold out the widest hopes of damnation. Our lives are lives of use and wont. We distrust the promise of delightful experiences and achievements beyond our accustomed ways; it offends our self-satisfaction even to regard them as possibilities; we do not like the implied cheapening of familiar things.

WE ARE all ready to sneer at "Utopias," as elderly invalids sneer at the buoyant hopes of youth, and do their best to think them sure of frustration. The aged and disillusioned profess a keen appreciation of the bath chair and the homely spoonful of medicine, and pity a crudity that misses the fine quality of those ripe, established things.

The majority of the people are quite ready to dismiss the promise of a full, free life for all mankind with a sneer. That would rob the world of its romance, they say—the romance of passport offices, custom houses, shortages of food, endless petty deprivations, slums, pestilence, undereducated, stunted children, youths dying in heaps in muddy trenches, an almost universal lack of vitality, and all the picturesque

eventfulness of contemporary conditions. Therefore, we have not dwelt here upon the life-giving aspects of a possible world-state but only on its life-saving aspects.

WE HAVE not argued that our present life of use and wont could be replaced by an infinitely better way of living. We have rather pointed out that if things continue to drift as they are doing, the present life of use and wont will become intolerably insecure.

It is the thought of the large bombing airplane and not the hope of swift traveling across the sky that will move the generality of men, if they are to be moved at all, towards a world-peace.

But whether the lever that moves them is desire or fear the majority of men, unless the species is to perish, must be brought within a measurable time to an understanding of, and a will for, a single world-government. And since at first existing institutions, established traditions, educational organizations and the like will all be passively if not actively resistant to the spread of this saving idea, and much more so to any attempts to realize this saving idea, there remains nothing for us to look to, at the present time, for the first organization of this immense effort of mental reversal, but the zeal and devotion and self-sacrifice of convinced individuals.

THE world-state must begin—it can only begin—as a propagandist cult, or as a group of propagandist cults, to which men and women must give themselves and their energies, regardless of the consequences to themselves.

Laying the foundations of a world-state upon a site already occupied by a muddle of buildings is an undertaking which will almost necessarily bring its votaries into conflict with established authority and current sentiment; they will have to face the possibility of lives of conflict, misunderstanding, much thankless exertion; they must count on little honor and considerable active dislike; and they will have to find what consolation they can in the interest of the conflict itself and in the thought of a world made at last, by such efforts as theirs, peaceful and secure and vigorous, a world they can never hope to see.

So stated, it seems a bad bargain that the worker for the world-state is invited (Continued on page 50)



"But you love me, Paul! And I am a woman. . . . You can't mean to leave me to a death like this. You can't—"

The Unfit Survivor

By Katherine Harrington

Illustrated by James H. Crank

THE woman sat up, and pressed her palms against her throbbing head. Her wet garments steamed in the hot sunshine.

Hopelessly bewildered, she looked out on an empty world of sea and sky. But her face cleared when she caught sight of her companion.

"Paul, I can't remember. How did I get here?" she asked.

The man made no answer, but looked at her swiftly, almost furtively, then turned to the sea again.

TO THE east lay a barren island, apparently of volcanic origin, separated from him by scarcely a mile of quiet water, while north and south stretched a line of surf punctuated by black dots and eloquent of the reef which girdled the island. But it was the uninterrupted sky-line to the west that held his strained attention.

It was only after tremendous concentration that she began to piece together the events which had preceded her period of unconsciousness.

"You saved me, Paul?" she inquired.

"You were dashed against a rock and stunned," he answered. "I managed to catch hold of you."

HAD the man looked around instead of flinging this information over his shoulder, he would have seen the warm color flood her face at the thought that it was he—he who had saved her. When she spoke again, her voice was tremulous with joy at this knowledge.

"But—the others, Paul?"

"Dead!" he answered laconically.

ONE of the two could escape death; which should it be? "The one who is best equipped to survive in the struggle for existence," the man decided, "the one who is worth the most as a human being, as a perpetuator of the race."

A dawning horror was swallowed up by thankfulness that they two of all in the boat—they two who meant so much to each other—had been saved. God was very good.

"Thank God!" she said fervently.

HE LOOKED round at that and a maddeningly ironical smile played about his lips.

"So you have reverted?" he mocked.

"I can't help it," she said deprecatingly. "On the steamer it was different, somehow. When we walked up and down the deck and talked, words seemed to prove things and I was carried away by what you said. But now it isn't words, Paul—it's facts. Can't you see that it is by no chance we have been saved?"

"A miracle, then?" he scoffed.

"It was no chance. Think! Just you and I, Paul, of all in the boat—you and I—love each other."

The man gave a little, mirthless laugh.

"I'm afraid I can't flatter myself by creating a

Providence whose sole duty it is to preserve me and mine," he said. "And, by the way, it doesn't strike you, I suppose, that each of those others may have thought like you, may have loved and been loved."

He paused here as if he expected her to dispute this, but the woman covered her face with her hands and was silent.

YOU said just now that it was facts, not words, that counted," he continued. "Well, here are the facts of your 'miracle' as I see them:

"First of all, I am a strong man and keep myself always in a state of physical fitness; therefore, when danger comes, I have nerves and muscles at command. That explains my presence here. Add that, while saving myself today, I saw you in difficulties and, glorying in my own strength, must needs show that I had enough for two. There you have it—stripped of glamour. It's very simple."

She raised her head and he saw that the light had died out of her eyes.

"Do you mean to say that you saved me practically from motives of vanity?" she asked.

"It was rather like that, I own," he said, groping for words to express the exact truth, "but you must make allowances, also, for the sexual instinct, which would naturally prompt the male animal to preserve his mate."

I HATE to hear you speak of love in that way!" the woman exclaimed passionately.

"That's because you're a hopeless sentimentalist, Christine. But this is a lot of talk about nothing."

for we aren't by any means saved yet. I'd like you to help me solve the problem of how we are to get away from here."

"Why, we can swim to the island! It's only a little way."

"I'm afraid there are reasons which make swimming impossible."

"Reasons which — Oh-h!"

IN A flash she had remembered the boat's grisly following of sharks.

"Look!" he said.

She followed the direction of his gaze and saw a cruel, evil shape cruising round their haven of refuge. It disappeared and, fascinated, she watched for its reappearance.

"**Y**ES," said the man meditatively, "I saw one poor devil starting to sprawl onto this rock ahead of me. Suddenly he threw his arms above his head and went under, leaving a track of red froth behind him. At that I began kicking up the water with my feet and managed to keep them off, but it was no easy job to hold you and swim and splash all at once. There wasn't much time for awaiting miracles, I can tell you. By the time I got you here the place was alive with the brutes. It wasn't a pretty sight."

He paused for a moment and then continued:

"Some of the men crossed the reef and made for the island, only to be picked off, one by one, in the still water of the lagoon. One man—that jolly, red-headed chap you used to like so much—got about halfway, but I suppose his strength gave out with the constant splashing necessary to frighten the brutes and at last I heard a faint scream and knew that it was all up with him."

"Look!" she panted.

He obeyed and, at a little distance, saw first one and then another dorsal fin cleave the water, apparently in attendance on some objects which were drifting towards them out of the white turmoil of the reef surf. He realized the meaning of the thing before she did and, at the thought that these mangled fragments were all that remained of men who had been their comrades, his face became distorted into the semblance of a Japanese mask, the mouth opening squarely in a snarl of horror.

A FLASH of white belly as a shark turned over was followed by the disappearance of something that had been floating on the water. After a while this happened again, quite close, and the woman at his side shrieked. He turned, to find her convulsed by a paroxysm of vomiting and sobbing which, in its violence, threatened to part soul from body.

The paroxysm terminated in a shivering fit and then, at last, the man became human, interposing his body between her and the horror. She became conscious that he was pressing her to his breast, while huskily and brokenly murmuring terms of endearment.

"Hold me, hold me tightly," she whispered, and his grasp tightened until presently she ceased to tremble and felt some return of strength.

"We shall have to wait here until we are picked up by some ship or one of the other boats, then?" she asked faintly.

"I'm afraid that can't happen in time, little one."

Womanlike, she roused herself at that and endeavored to instill fresh hope into him.

"Why, Paul! The chances were all against our being alive now," she said. "You mustn't lose heart yet. How long do you think we can hold out without food or water?"

"That isn't the point, Christine. This rock is covered at high tide."

HE HAD resisted an impulse to keep her in ignorance as long as possible, deciding that truth alone was admirable. With that decision, his humanity dropped from him and he became once more the thinking machine.

"So, you see, the chance is so remote that we might as well dismiss it from our minds."

He paused for a second that she might realize the awful import of his words, and then continued:

"It will be some hours yet. The tide is going out now."

"And presently we shall be watching it creep up, inch by inch, slowly, inevitably, and then— Oh, God! God! Don't let it be—don't let it be!"

She slipped to her knees, uttering vehement repetitions of the same prayer, until the thought that she was behaving like a coward and that he must scorn her for it, helped her to control herself. She rose to her feet and spoke his name timidly.

"Paul!"

His back was turned to her and he made no answer.

"How you must despise me for rushing back to futilities at the first show of danger! Do you despise me?"

"Paul, speak to me! I've come to my senses now. Don't let us waste this time, this little, precious scrap of time that's left to us. Let's live every moment of it. There are things I want to say to you and things I must hear you say to me before—before—" She faltered for a second and then went on bravely.

"**A**FTER all, death is no more real than it has always been, only a little nearer, and we won't think about it till the very end, will we? We're alive now—we two—you and I, and remember, three nights ago you told me that you loved me."

He disengaged her arms from about his neck and pointed, without speaking, to something that was drifting towards them and which she recognized for an

unopened biscuit-barrel which had been with them in the boat.

Thereafter they watched it with breathless interest and a few minutes later managed to land it. She waited hungrily while Paul staved in the top and then, having seized on a biscuit, she paused with it halfway to her mouth to wonder why he was emptying out the barrel. As she was about to remonstrate, with stunning suddenness came the realization of all that this barrel meant. It was a chance of escape for one of them.

AT THAT, the biscuit dropped unheeded from her hand and all of nobility that was in her died. Flinging herself at his feet in a passion of tears, she besought him frantically to let her have the chance, in her state of panic not caring who should die if only she might live. He broke in on her entreaties with apparent harshness.

"Listen, and stop crying. This is no time for hysteria."

His roughness had the (Continued on page 84)



Paul managed to get hold of her . . . for instinct to preserve

naturally prompts the male animal his mate.

The Little Lawyer of India

By Frazier Hunt



TWO years ago I came back to New York from Petrograd and Moscow with the name Lenin ringing in my ears. People asked me then, "Who is this man Lenin?" Today no one asks who Lenin is.

I have just now returned from Calcutta and Bombay with the name Gandhi on my lips. Two years from now no one will ask, "Who is this man Gandhi?"

THIS is the plain story of Gandhi—the hero and saint of India's struggling 300,000,000, today unknown to the outside world but tomorrow to be recognized as the insurgent figure leading the great coming revolt of the East against the white man's domination.

To ninety-nine per cent of the people of America and Europe the idea of a violent repudiation of white mastery by the brown, black, and yellow men of the East is still a wild fantasy. But it is no longer a fantasy to me—for I have seen Gandhi

and have myself felt the rising temper of Asia.

To tell about Gandhi is to tell about India. Gandhi is India, and India—restless, determined, and race-conscious—is the real spirit of the awakening East.

For hours I sat with this strange, shrunken, little man whom 300,000,000 worship, and talked with him as freely as I would with an old friend. There was no fencing or parrying. He had nothing to conceal. He had hit upon a way of breaking the British power in India and cracking the greatest Empire history has ever seen, and all without bombs or bloodshed. It was no secret and he wanted to tell me about it.

THIS was down in Cawnpore. Early that morning I had gone to the station to see him come in. The Indian city was still sleeping in the filth of its mud doorways. The heat of the night was dead and this was the cooling hour before a blazing sun jumped like a jack-in-the-box high into the sky.

We jogged through a semi-European street. In another part of the city—a clean part with wide streets and great lawns—the white *sahibs* from England lived.

"You go Delhi?" my driver asked.

"No. I'm going to see Gandhi arrive at the station."

He turned in his seat.

"Saint Gandhi?" he questioned, like one pronouncing a sacred name.

"He is very wonderful. . . . He is poor like I am. His wife weaves his clothes. . . . The English are afraid of him. They would like to put him in prison and kill him but they don't dare. He is wonderful. . . ."

He had to pull his horse up sharp to keep from hitting a lazy, old sacred cow ambling across the road. Hitting a cow in India is no laughing matter; it might be someone's grandmother or great-great-grandfather. It was the superstition of 5,000 years' standing.

WE PASSED two men, wearing dirty cotton around their loins, straining at a cart. They were thin men with their ribs showing.

"Do they know who Gandhi is?" I asked my driver. I was anxious to find out what different types of Indians thought of this leader.

"Shall I ask them, *sahib*?"

I nodded yes.

He stopped them and spoke to the taller of the two, in a native dialect. The man was eager to talk.

"He says Gandhi will give them freedom from the white men and—"

The smaller fellow stepped forward and broke into the conversation.

"They have worked all their lives like beasts," the driver reported, "and all they got is half enough food and a pigpen to sleep in. Gandhi will change everything for them."

WE DROVE on. An old man stretched on a rope-bed in front of a doorway in the street was dying; my driver explained that old ones were always brought outdoors to die.

We turned into a narrow, crooked street smelling of the rotted East. Early though it was, it was noisy with unwashed children, so filthy that one stopped idly to wonder whether the street got its dirt from the children or the children from the street. Most of them were naked; there was not even a rag to tie around them. They ran after me, screaming for coppers. I told my driver to whip up his lazy horse.

"Do they know about Gandhi?" I asked him.

"They get him now from their mother's breasts," he answered.

He was a talkative man, but it took all his attention now in order not to run over some naked baby playing in the dust, or brush into some woman, toothless and barren at forty—or crash into some blind beggar picking his way through the eternal night with his staff.

IN ANOTHER five minutes we drew up at the station. Only a few local leaders were supposed to be there to welcome Gandhi, or the committee in charge of the great mass meeting to be held in the evening

Mahatma Gandhi

Saint and Hero

of 300,000,000 Souls

had given out the word that there was to be no demonstration when Gandhi arrived. But that did not keep them away. They had come by hundreds on foot and donkey-back and in Western motorcars.

There must have been 8,000 there—and I was the only white man among them. It gave me a creepy sensation of half-fear. I felt like some thoughtless tourist peering into a strange temple during the hour of worship. For Gandhi was their priest and this was as holy to them as a sacrament.

The station agent, a pleasant Indian in European uniform, came out of his office and addressed me in English. I imagine he, too, thought I was an English official.

"I'm an American writer," I explained immediately. "I've been hearing a lot about your man Gandhi, so I've made a special trip here from Calcutta to see him."

"Gandhi is the man who is going to free India from the British," he whispered. "He has 300,000,000 Indians back of him. He's the only thing in the world the British are afraid of. They don't dare touch him. If they'd put him in jail or try to stop him there'd be a revolution here within twenty-four hours. Just look at this crowd—there's every type of man in India here."

It was a wonderful group of worshipers. Here and there, scattered through the crowd, you could see a man in Western dress; but the great majority wore very plain white cotton garments with gay-colored headgear. They were mostly poor clerks or laborers.

Gandhi was a dream and a hope for them. They were tired of it all—the ignorance, and poverty, and caste, crowned now with white supremacy. They were blaming the white man for everything. It was unfair but very human.

FOR more than one hundred and fifty years the British have been running things in India. Unquestionably they have accomplished much good for India—but they have only gone halfway. They have painted a veneer of Western civilization on the soiled and outworn East when what was needed was real renovation. The common man hasn't been touched.

So these laborers and petty clerks were ready for their chance in the world. They were gaining it, too, through their own fighting. Everywhere over India an epidemic of strikes had broken out. There was hardly a city of any importance that did not face serious labor troubles. These very nights Bombay was dark on account of a strike of the men of the gas works, while the postal and telegraph men had been striking for weeks and 1,200 street-car men were out. In another part of India a great walk-out of thousands of railroad men had just taken place and word had been received of a dangerous labor situation on a number of tea plantations.

I recalled the filth of Calcutta's streets. The scavengers had been striking for days, for a four-cent raise. Only recently 100,000 laborers employed in the great cotton mills of Bombay had struck for a thirty-percent increase in wages and a ten-hour day. They were now earning around thirty cents per day.

THE birth of the labor movement in India has been even more spectacular than the political awakening. Two and a half years ago there wasn't an effective labor organization in the whole country. Today there is a great central organization known as the All Indian Trades Union Congress with several hundred thousand members enrolled in scores of trade unions. In the city of Madras alone there are twenty-seven distinct unions with a membership of more than 60,000—and the work is just started.

The organizers of the national body plan to enroll more than 2,000,000 workmen this year. While it is all basically economic, this powerful young organization is to be swung as a political club, in the battle for home rule. It is, with the Mohammedan organizations, the most powerful of the fighting bodies supporting Gandhi and his non-coöperation. Its leaders plan to use all the methods of direct action, go-slow strikes and simple non-coöperation in order to gain their political ends.

It is all tremendously picturesque as well. One leader outlined to me his plan for enrolling the cooks of Bombay. He explained there were 15,000 of them, mostly employed in foreign homes, who already had a working organization. Any organized effort on their part to boycott British homes would simply demoralize the whole foreign life. Modest households that in America would have one maid at the most, must have from six to ten servants in India.

BESIDES growing race-conscious, these millions were becoming class-conscious as well. Today they were blaming the white man for their condition. But tomorrow they will find that their newly born unions are not checked by British power alone. They will discover that Calcutta's jute mills, Bombay's cotton factories, the steaming tea plantations and the scorching fields are not all owned by Englishmen.

They will discover that the caste system that chains them to the mud-holes they were born in was thought out and working long before—thousands of years before—the British Empire was ever dreamed of. Some day the 57,000,000 "untouchables"—the pitiful human animals of the lowest depths and the bottom caste, living worse than swine, will lift up their heads and tear to pieces the system that has cheated them for so long. Today in some parts of India, if they walk within sixty-four feet of a Brahmin, of the sacred highest caste, they may be beaten to death. Tomorrow they will wield the clubs themselves. (Continued on page 87).





"I am going into Holy Orders," he said. The girl sat upright and snatched away her hand.

The Respectable Girl

By Roland Pertwee

Illustrated by M.L. Bower

THE very inexperienced young man halted breathless in the blaze and turmoil of Piccadilly Circus. It was after eleven, and the pleasure-seeking and pleasure-sated crowds flooded the arena on their homeward way. The air pulsed with the sound of a thousand engines and the rough of changing gears. To the young man the unfamiliar spectacle was almost staggering. It stirred romance from the depths of his unfledged soul. "How amazing!" he said. "How perfectly amazing it all is!"

Smiling couples arm in arm drifted by. In a

passing taxi he saw a pretty girl raise her chin and a man beside her leaned forward to kiss the scarlet lips. To the right and left strange meetings between men and women were taking place—meetings preluded by doubt and hesitation, a sudden convergence, a few spoken words, and the hailing of a taxi. It struck him as odd that men and women who knew each other so sketchily that they scanned each other's features a second or third time before

speaking should choose so crowded a spot for their meeting-place. The loveliness of the women too was a miracle—their cheeks had the tint of ripened peaches and their hair was a glory in red or gold.

IN THE crowds at Truro on market days or at go-fair there was none to compare with these. The perfume in the air was intoxicating; it was like the scent of a hedgerow, but subtler—more confused and exciting.

A sense of loneliness and abandonment swept over him—the awful isolation of (Continued on page 25)



"I've lost my taste for men," she said . . . and bent to caress the flowers.

After Midnight By Marjorie Prentiss Campbell

Illustrations from poses by Miss Jetta Goudal

By Baron Gayne de Meyer

Nicholas noticed that she had a creamy skin, with unhappy eyes and a petulant little mouth.

"You look nice. Don't you want to come in and have a smoke?" Glancing back over her shoulder, she went on up the stairs,

"She has earrings on," thought Nicholas cautiously, remembering remarks of his sisters about such pagan

jewelry. He followed her slowly and in the dimly lighted hall he stopped. It was quite unconventional, he argued, forgetting the good magazine up in his room.

"Well?" she asked, not even a smile on her pale face. Unconsciously Nicholas must have glanced towards the staircase. From below came the hilarious mirth.

"I have never cared much for this sort of thing," Nicholas said stiffly.

THOUGH it was only the first night of the house party, the big hall clock chimed midnight before Nicholas left the gay group that had gathered around the log fire in the hotel lobby. He did not take the elevator but sauntered slowly up the broad flight of stairs that led from the living-room to the floor above.

The rest called up to him with laughing taunts as he looked down at them over the banisters, and he sighed with relief as he reached the first turn of the wide staircase. A good cigar and the magazine he had up in his room; then he would turn in, to be fresh for the morning's golf.

As he lifted his eyes he saw ahead of him a black-

gowned woman who was slowly going up the few remaining steps. He was approving of her slender, V-necked back when, at the sound of Nicholas's feet on the thick carpet, she turned and stared down at him.

He in turn stared up at her, finding her young and pleasing. Her glance was so steady that he started to pass her with a perfunctory little bow, when she spoke.



"But no woman can respect a man she supports," Nicholas insisted. "It's all wrong."

"This isn't 'this sort of thing'!" she retorted, her full, sulky mouth tightening. "I'm terribly lonely. I'd talk to anyone who looked nice. All right then. Don't come!"

SHE turned away from him, sweeping down to the end of the corridor.

Nicholas looked miserably around to see if anyone were looking, then hurried after her.

"Just for a minute," he said recklessly.

Though for a sober-going man his decision was tremendous, she showed no signs of pleasure or displeasure, unlocking the door and going in without further invitation.

Nicholas, to whom this nocturnal visit was a cataclysmic event, felt hurt that she was not more impressed with his yielding to the swaying of the long earrings. But with a nervous look down the corridor he shot into the room.

She was turning up a great many little pink lamps that revealed a sitting-room so luxurious that he was

quite dazed—which he showed by sinking into a low armchair to rise again very suddenly, followed by an angry, spitting ball of fur.

"Oh!" murmured Nicholas. "I'm afraid I sat on the cat!"

There was only a faint smile on her face and Nicholas felt as though it would have to be something extraordinarily funny to make her really laugh. He himself thought there was humor in the situation—his going into a strange woman's room at midnight and then sitting on the cat!

"Cigarettes? Cigar?" She thrust a well-supplied tray in front of him.

NICHOLAS had been kept so thoroughly guarded by a thoughtful family that he had never before been with a woman who smoked.

This one sank into a chair opposite him, took the indignant Angora up into her arms, smoothed it into purring and blew skillful little smoke rings across the room.

Nicholas had always thought—secretly—it a cozy thing to smoke with a pretty woman; but at this, his initial experience, he felt a little uneasy and tried to remember whether any of his house-party had rooms on the second floor. The problem of the manner in which he was to get out without being seen was already taking away his pleasure in his own daring.

Then she turned on him her serious dark eyes that never smiled.

"Who are you? What are you doing down here?" Perfunctorily Nicholas felt in his pocket for a card, but she interrupted him.

"No, I don't mean that. I don't care anything about your name. I just mean, why are you here?"

Nicholas looked at her earnestly. This was not the flirtation he had braced himself against. "I'm here," he answered literally, "because that with working at the office—"

"Oh, I see! The tired business man!" The cat tucked its paws beneath itself, curled up in her lap, and went to sleep.

"Yes," admitted Nicholas, wondering if she were making a joke. "I like golf when I get a chance, and these people asked me to come along. Then Sunday and the holiday came together, so it seemed a good chance——"

"Um," she said thoughtfully, considering his words.

THERE was a pause in which Nicholas fought between the desire to lean back in that comfortable chair and the discreet inclination to get out of this peculiar atmosphere. Her next remark startled him.

"I suppose you'd like to know who I am—not that that matters in the least, but you'd like to know what I do?"

There was a half-frozen smile on Nicholas's face.

"I'm companion for a very rich old lady." She made the statement challengingly as though he might contradict it. "She likes hotel life, goes from one to another all over the country. I—I'm the poor relation. I have to follow on!"

Nicholas noticed that her black evening gown was very plain and that the only ornaments she wore were the dangling earrings he had been trained to avoid.

"I'd say that was all right!" he observed.

"You must see a lot of the country!"

"Oh, yes!" she said indifferently. "Only I never see it as I like to—it's always been from an automobile. I'm never alone except evenings like this."

Nicholas relaxed ever so slightly. "How is it you have your evenings?" he asked.

"She gambles then," she said contemptuously. "I hate cards. Wherever we are, she picks up a crowd to play with. I amuse myself. And she plays late."

"Doing it now?"

She nodded. "In the card room. If she wins, she'll be nice. If she loses——" She shrugged her shoulders.

"But you ought to be dancing, or talking—or with someone——"

"Or flirting?" She pushed the cat out of her lap and began to pace up and down the room. "I don't like it."

NICHOLAS felt uncomfortable. He didn't like to have people walk up and down the room as they talked. No one he knew at home did that. Besides, it annoyed him to have her announce in this cold-blooded way that she didn't like flirting. Why else had she asked him in?

She paused before a jar filled with arbutus. "Isn't this a wonderful perfume?" Bending caressingly over it, she went on: "You see I've lost my taste for men as men. Since I've been—in this position—I've learned too much about them."

"How?"

"She's married." She pointed downstairs with a hand that Nicholas noticed was very small. "She did it about five years ago."

"I thought you said she was 'old,'" said Nicholas the definite.

She shrugged her shoulders again. "It seems old to me, though she's only about fifty-five." She paused. "She's supported him ever since," she said slowly.

"Is he well and healthy?" Nicholas held back his scorn until he heard her answer.

She began her pacing again. "Perfectly well and healthy."

Nicholas snorted. "He must be a dirty cad!"

"I've come to think it wasn't all his fault; it's the way he was brought up."

"But no woman can respect a man she supports!" commented Nicholas heatedly. "It's all wrong!"

SHE flicked off some cigarette ash as, still pacing up and down, she passed him. "Are you married?" she asked, staring at him, though in a way that, queerly enough, caused him no resentment.

"No." Nicholas wondered why he did not resent her curiosity.

"Live alone?"

"No. With my mother and two sisters."

"Support them?"



"You are not to recognize me when you see me again . . . because I don't want you to. Isn't that enough?"

Nicholas colored up. "Yes and no. My mother has a small income. I—kind of help out a little."

She waved her hand. "I know. I have you sized up exactly."

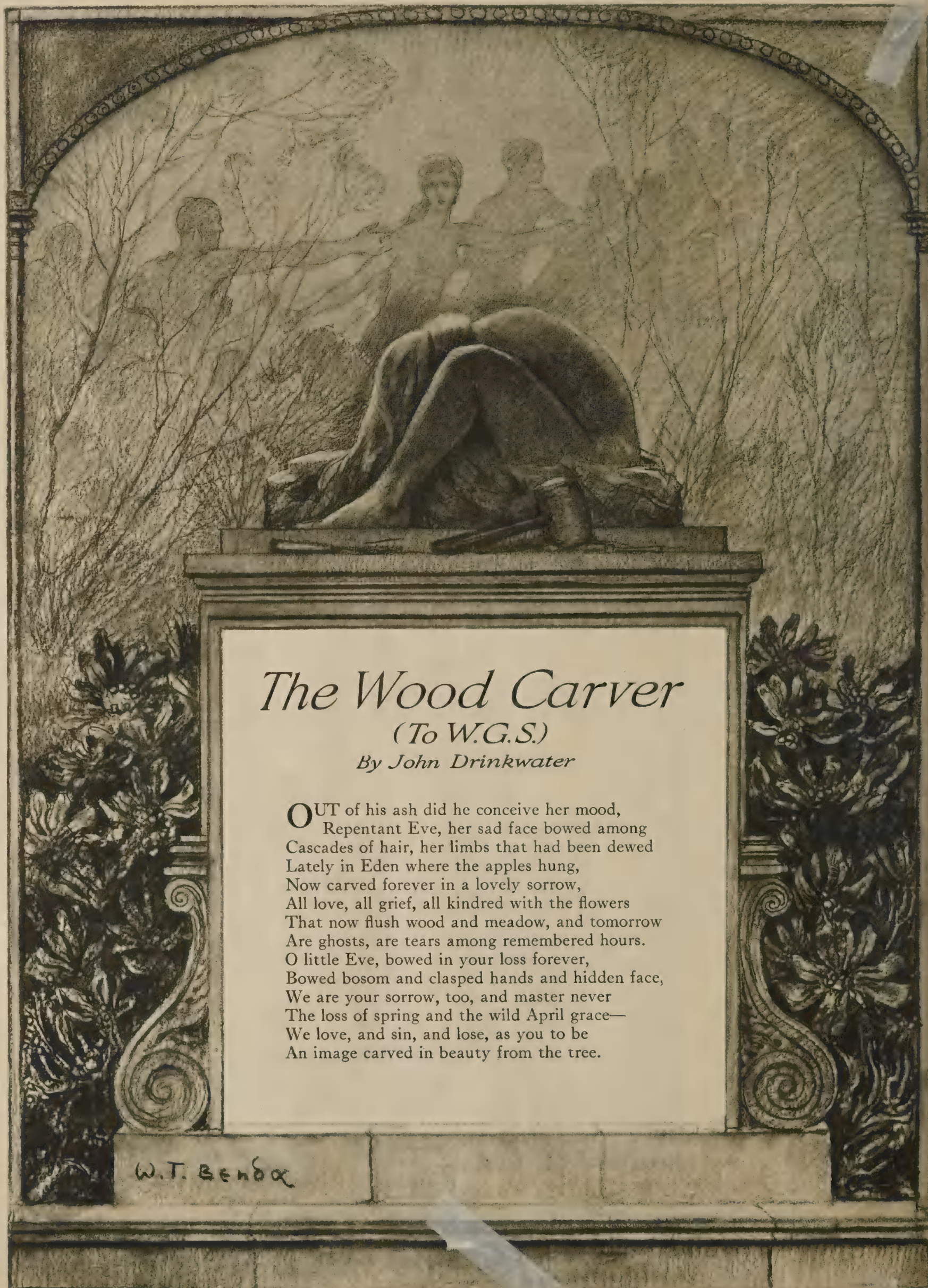
Nicholas stiffened. "I don't see how."

"It's all money," she declared, standing over him.

"It's terrible to admit it, but it's a gauge of character. You support your mother and sisters and you can't help but be a good sort. You let your wife support you and you're a rotter!"

Nicholas fumbled to refute her.

"Oh I know!" She nodded (Continued on page 86)



The Wood Carver

(To W.G.S.)

By John Drinkwater

OUT of his ash did he conceive her mood,
Repentant Eve, her sad face bowed among
Cascades of hair, her limbs that had been dewed
Lately in Eden where the apples hung,
Now carved forever in a lovely sorrow,
All love, all grief, all kindred with the flowers
That now flush wood and meadow, and tomorrow
Are ghosts, are tears among remembered hours.
O little Eve, bowed in your loss forever,
Bowed bosom and clasped hands and hidden face,
We are your sorrow, too, and master never
The loss of spring and the wild April grace—
We love, and sin, and lose, as you to be
An image carved in beauty from the tree.

W.T. Benda



George had a sensation of air passing across the back of his neck . . . and felt the room becoming circular.

Light is Coming

By W.B. Maxwell

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

IT WAS Saturday afternoon, and on the branch railway that connected the smoky manufacturing town with its scarcely less smoky suburbs, all the trains were crowded with people going to the great football match. Trains in the other direction were comparatively empty.

George Taylor, who had turned his back on the football match, and every other newly restored joy of Saturday afternoon safe at home, shared his compartment with only two other men. He was going on an errand of mercy or kindness; he was going to see a soldier's wife who had been less fortunate than his own.

The train ran along a viaduct above the roofs of close-packed houses, then upon an embankment between vast slag heaps, and presently one had a view of houses with miniature gardens, long straight roads, a canal; and the edge of the moor, dark and solemn in the faint wintry sunlight.

ONE of the men at the other end of the carriage, a doctor in uniform, nodded toward the moor. "We are busier than ever up there," he said rather querulously to his companion; and George Taylor knew that he was speaking of the big military hospital over the hill beyond Black Down Pit. George thought of his own good luck, and of the pain and grief of others, while he listened.

"They'll keep the place open for some time yet, I suppose?"

"Oh, good gracious, yes!" said the doctor. "Forever, I should think, from the look of it. Even now, we can hardly maintain a sufficient staff to do justice to the sort of cases we receive."

HEWENT on to speak of the truly astounding cases that were still drifting into his hospital. "Mad people, full of delusions; people lost in the war—memory gone, identity gone—just wreckage of the war." "You say identity gone. But you don't mean that the authorities can't identify each man?"

"Indeed I do." And he spoke of a case that had come in the day before. "Prisoner from Germany, who doesn't know who he is, or where he was wounded,

THEY spoke of the wave of Spiritualism that was passing over the whole country. In Everybody's heart is the longing to see those who are gone—to believe the Dead not irrevocably lost. The promises of Religion are too pale, too cold! And, shaken by War from old Habits of Thought, people are all too ready to accept Miracles without demanding any Proof

or what regiment he belonged to—but swears, if you please, that he has been here before, recognizes the landscape, and thinks he knows my face."

"Shell-shock?"

"Oh, worse than that. He has been badly knocked about."

"No chance of recovery?"

"Oh, yes, he may get all right—will, very likely. It's a delusion, of course, that he recognizes me, but it's a good sign. It shows that at any rate he has not lost the faculty of *thinking*. He is trying to put things together. Some day light may come to him. After all, who can fathom the mysteries of the human mind?"

"No, indeed."

AND then, by a natural transition, they spoke of the belief in spiritualism that was passing like a wave over the whole country. People had been so shaken by the war from their old habits of thought, said the doctor, that they were ready to accept miracles without demanding any proof. Moreover, what had so encouraged the spiritualists and so increased the credulity of their followers was the longing in people's hearts to see again those who were

gone, the craving to believe that their dead ones were not irrevocably lost to them.

Then George Taylor joined in the conversation. He could not keep out of it any longer.

"It's utter nonsense, of course; but what I say is, it may do a lot of harm, and I'm literally astonished at the important, responsible people who are supporting the movement."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I am inclined to think that it may have very mischievous effects."

"I say what we all said out in France. If there are ghosts, why didn't we see them there? I've crossed battlefields at night with the dead lying all round me in hundreds. Did I see a single ghost? No. And if it's possible for the dead to send one messages and give one warnings, why didn't they come and warn some of us when we were going to be attacked or shelled or gassed?"

"You seem to feel quite warm about it," said the doctor; and he and his friend both smiled.

"Well, I do, in a sense, and I'll tell you why. There's a medium doing a tremendous trade all through this neighborhood—with lectures, and private séances, and the rest of it. Madame Madeleine, she calls herself. But you didn't by chance happen to see a letter I wrote about it all in the *Chronicle*?"

"No. Did you denounce the lady?"

"YES, I did, and I wish I could expose her. But, as I said just now, the people they get to support them! She has hoodwinked old Sir John Hallett—you know, Hallett's Steel-plate Works. Mr. Burrage, who used to be editor of the *Evening Sun*! He's a regular crank, of course. But my own boss—the manager at the bank—he is in it, too. Told me my letter was foolish and injudicious, and I shouldn't have published it without showing it to him first. I almost laughed in his face."

"Ah! As no doubt you learned in the army, it doesn't do to laugh at one's superior officer."

"Just so. Besides, I don't mind his making an ass of himself. But what I do mind is a poor little woman I know being tricked and humbugged and kept up and down in excitement. Her husband was



"Tom!" she cried. "My loved husband, I want to see your face. If it is possible, come to me!"

a brother-officer of mine, and—— But I beg pardon, I get out here."

PRESENTLY he was standing outside the door of his friend's house, one of a row of similar little villas, with just enough space for a large flower bed in the front garden and a narrow brick side-path pretentiously labeled "Tradesmen's Entrance." The lady of the house came herself to open the door—a sad little figure in her black dress—looking at him with eyes that had lost all their sparkle and brightness, and seemed while they faded to have grown larger.

"Oh, how good of you to waste so much time on me, Mr. Taylor! Have you brought the map?"

"Yes, Mrs. Horley, I have brought the map, and we'll have a nice, long, quiet talk."

She led him from the exiguous hall into the drawing-room or front parlor, and then through a door of communication into the dining-room or back parlor. Both rooms were cheaply but prettily furnished; at a glance one could see that many of the ornaments had been wedding presents; the house had been prepared for the happy young married couple.

THEY stood by the window in the back room, looking out on the patch of garden behind the house. And Mrs. Horley told how during his last leave Tom had pruned the apple tree and nailed up the clematis; how they had walked side by side over there by the canal, or climbed that path toward the moor; and how during his last leave they had been perfectly happy, so wrapped round with mutual love that they could believe the horrible war was nothing but an ugly dream. "He had no fear. He left me full of confidence. He felt that he would come

back." She brought out her handkerchief and began to cry.

"Now, now," said George, "you mustn't give way, Mrs. Horley. This won't do, you know."

But his voice was husky; a lump had come into his throat, too; and it required a strong effort to appear cheery and composed of manner.

THEY sat down at the table, and he produced the maps that he had promised to show her.

"But, Mrs. Horley, after all, is it wise? Don't you think——"

"No. It will be a comfort to me."

"Very good." He spread a map upon the table. "This is the road from Bapaume to Achiet-le-Grand. This is the railway line—you see, it runs fairly close to the road." He was speaking simply and calmly now, as a soldier speaks. "We held the road as long as we could; then we fell back and tried to hold the railway. But we couldn't. They were filtering across the railway, several hundred yards away on each side of us, purposely leaving the gap, you know. Then they began to shell the gap."

"Yes. Go on."

"As I told you, there were our ammunition dumps all along the railway. Soon one of these was hit by a shell—and went up. Everyone near must have been blown out of existence. I knew Tom was there, wounded—I saw him drop—and, disregarding my own orders, I had worked my way back toward——"

"Stop. Don't tell me any more."

"Very well." He began to fold the map. "Believe me," he said simply, "I did as much as I could for him."

"I know, I know," she sobbed.

"I shouldn't like you to think that he was in any way abandoned. We never did that—apart from the fact that I loved him, that he was my pal. I went back. I did all I could."

And indeed this was strictly true. Had it been necessary, George Taylor could have produced witnesses to prove that he had not only risked life, but invited almost certain death in the effort to succor his fallen friend.

JUST as he rose to go, the maid-servant brought in tea-things, and George was obliged to renounce the hope of getting home to drink tea by his own fireside. Mrs. Horley waited upon him with pathetic attentiveness, forcing him to eat cake and biscuits, although she ate nothing herself.

"Have you seen Madame Madeleine lately?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said. "I have been to see her at her lodgings, and I went to a séance at Mr. Burrage's house."

"Did anything happen?"

"Nothing that you could call conclusive."

"No, nor ever likely to, either," said George, with intentional firmness. "Is Madame Madeleine very much huffed with me?"

"Oh, no! Both she and her father are persuaded that you will come round to our way of thinking some day or other."

"Thank them for nothing," said George. "That day is a mighty long journey off. Now, my dear Mrs. Horley, I know you won't be offended with anything that I say." He went on to advise her, to urge her to drop spiritualism and all its servants. "It can't do you any good, and on the other hand it may do you harm."

"What harm can it do me? How can *anything* harm me? Mr. Taylor, you don't understand the immense comfort of it—the thought and feeling that I am being brought nearer to him every day, that I may one day know that *he* knows, that he is watching and waiting for me. What else could give me such comfort?"

"Well, religion? I should have thought——"

"No, the promises of religion are too pale, too cold. I want the certitude." For a moment her lips trembled so that she stopped speaking. Her face had become flushed; her eyes, widely opened, seemed abnormally large; she had the rapt expression that is common to mystical enthusiasts. When she spoke again it was in a low voice, as if to herself, and she looked not at George but into invisible distances. "I want a message from him. I want to hear the sound of his voice—and perhaps see the luminous shadow of his face."

"And does this woman promise you such things?"

"No, but she gives me hope."

"And you give her money?"

"Well, she must live, of course—while she continues in the materialistic state." Mrs. Horley had roused herself as if from a dream, and she escorted her visitor into the narrow hall. "Don't be angry, Mr. Taylor," she said piteously, "and don't rob me of my poor little hopes. I wish you could believe, too."

"Not in this precious pair, anyhow."

"Oh, don't! She has promised to come here some evening, but she is so full of engagements. If she does give me an evening, will you come?"

GEORGE TAYLOR promised and went away, feeling at once sad and angry. And by a curious chance it happened that before he reached home he came face to face with the two people who chiefly aroused his anger.

"Good evening, Mr. Taylor," said the medium's father suavely. "Or should I still call you Lieutenant Taylor?"

"Call me what you like," said George curtly, "if you will be good enough to let me have a word or two with you."

"Oh, surely!" said the old gentleman, in the kindest possible tone. He seemed to be the sort of kindly, innocent old fellow who cannot bring himself to think that anybody means to be offensive and therefore never takes offense.

George told him shortly that he would act wisely in his own interests if he dropped all relations with Mrs. Horley and never had any further dealings with her.

"Why should you continually interfere with us, Lieutenant?" said the old man benignly. "We

thing but a benevolent expression on his face, and he spoke petulantly.

"I'd like to be even with that fine gentleman."

"You shall be," said Madame. "I mean to give him a lesson."

"Ha, ha!" There was no constraint in the old fellow's chuckle now. "But have you sufficient materials?"

"She has told me all about him—and I can pump her again before Wednesday. Yes, he shall hear things on Wednesday evening."

"He deserves all he gets," said the old boy, chuckling.

AFTER a wet day it was a fine night, with the moon swinging clear in a wind-swept sky; but the rain had made the roads of North End very muddy, and George Taylor brushed his boots with care before allowing the maid-servant to usher him into Mrs. Horley's drawing-room. Two or three pairs of muddied goloshes told him that the other guests had already arrived; and when he went to join them he could see that the stage was set for action.

The door between the two rooms stood open; in the back room the dining-table had been pushed into a corner; and some high-backed chairs were placed under the gas chandelier; in the front room a big armchair occupied a central position. Madame Madeleine was seated in the armchair, her hands folded on her lap, her eyelids drooping wearily.

"I am so glad you have come," said poor little Mrs. Horley. She was nervous and agitated, and George, shaking hands with her, felt that her fingers were cold and tremulous.

MR. BURRAGE, a silly-looking man with eyeglasses and a receding chin, stood by the fireless hearth talking to the medium's father, who beamed benevolently at George and at everybody else.

"Yes," he said to Mr. Burrage, "I consider the conditions very favorable. My daughter is in a high state of receptivity. Her controls have given her little rest for the last twenty-four hours."

"It will be delightful," said Mr. Burrage, "if we obtain something evidential."

"Why no fires?" asked George politely.

"Because of the light," said Mrs. Horley. "But I only had them drawn half an hour ago. I hope you don't feel cold."

"Oh, no! That's all right."

"Well—ah—shall we get to work?" said Mr. Burrage eagerly.

"If our hostess is ready," said the

medium's father, beaming. "Now, Lieutenant, it is my daughter's wish that you should make any arrangements that suggest themselves for testing our *bona-fides*. That is so, isn't it, Madeleine?"

"Yes," said Madeleine.

"One moment," said Mrs. Horley, who had rung for the maid-servant. "Nellie, you can go to bed now."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And don't be afraid, Nellie," continued her mistress, "if you hear noises, of the furniture being moved, or anything like that. We are—we are only——"

"We are only going to have a little game," said George.

"Yes, sir. Good night, ma'am." And the maid withdrew.

"PERHAPS," said the medium's father courteously, "Mr.—I should say Lieutenant—Taylor would like to go upstairs and lock the girl in her room?"

"Rubbish!" said George.

"Except ourselves," said the old gentleman, "there is no one else in the house. Mrs. Horley?"

"No one."

"Do you take Mrs. Horley's word for that, Lieutenant?"

"Of course I do."

"But perhaps it would be (Continued on page 64)



profess nothing. We claim nothing. You and I and all of us are only little children, really, groping our way through the dark; and if we can lead each other by the hand——"

"Or by the nose?"

"Ha, ha! You are facetious. Excellent! I am ready to laugh with you. Laughter is like the rainbow, showing that the storm has passed. You have had your joke, and your mood is brighter."

"Yes, if you accept my warning. I ask you to write this particular dupe off your list. In any case, remember I am here watching over her—taking care of her—and I am not the sort of man that puts up with nonsense."

"What is the day of the week?" interrupted Madame Madeleine abruptly. "I do not count the days."

"It is Saturday."

"Then on Wednesday you will please go to Mrs. Horley's house at nine o'clock in the evening. I will be there waiting for you."

"You'll do nothing of the sort."

MADAME MADELEINE looked at him with half-closed eyes. "You will come there, as I have said. You know very well that you will come. Then you can test me as you please. You can watch and take care. And you may perhaps hear things that will surprise you. Come, Father."

They walked away, arm in arm. From a little distance the old gentleman looked back with any-

"Don't! Don't! Don't!" she screamed. "Have mercy! You are tearing me to pieces!"



So deep was Skobelef now in that treacherous bog that even the coaxing of Peter Lo did not bring him to his feet.

Skobelef was a Horse

By Johan Bojer

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

SKOBELEF was a horse. He lived at the time when on Sunday morning the church bells rang, not in vain across deserted roads and sleeping farms, but across a valley that woke up to life under the deep boom of their sonorous call.

*Come, come,
Old and young,
Old and young,
Rich and poor,
Fisherman, dalesman,
Huntsmen from moor,
From forest and sea,
Come, come to me.*

*Peter and Paul and Ole, from Vang,
Vang, Vang,
And Mari and Cari from Renstali,
-li, -li;
From mountains and valley
From islands at sea,
Come, come to me.*

All roads would be darkened with people going churchwards, walking or driving. There were old men, with a big stick in one hand and a hat in the other, coat over arm, and gray homespun trousers turned up high over strong boots shiny with grease. The women walked sedately, covered with shawls and

prayer-books in hand, smelling of the scent on the ends of their handkerchiefs. The lake would swarm with boats that darted out from farmsteads on the other side, and white sails would dot the fiord. Even in the mountains the cowbells seemed to stop tinkling and the boy would lift his long *tur* (a birch-bark trumpet) to his lips and send a long sounding greeting down towards the valley. Thus Sunday was kept then. Sunday was a real holy day.

NOW, at so great a distance, it seems as if all Sundays were sunny and the forest was ever green in those days. The old tar-brown church among the huge trees did not seem to be a building any longer; it became a supernatural being. It bore the aspect of something all-knowing. It was hundreds and hundreds of years old. It had seen the dead when they were alive going to church like ourselves. The churchyard around it was a tiny town of wooden crosses and flat stones, and grass grew high among the sunken mounds. We knew that the sexton cut it for his cows, and drinking a cup of milk in his house was like communing with the spirits of the dead. His milk was to us a kind of angel's drink which made us feel good after tasting it.

We boys used to wait outside the church and act like the grown-ups. We reviewed those coming after us. We judged them by their looks; and they felt it.

The cripple would shrink and try to hide among the crowd; the important men calmly met the glances of friends and foes alike; the pretty girls looked down, smiling. We boys were always seeking somebody in the crowd, a hero for worship, a man for a model. We too should be grown-ups one day.

There was the new schoolmaster now. He walked upright, dressed in homespun with all his buttons buttoned, a white starched collar, a hard felt hat and an umbrella. He was a step up from a plain farmer's lad. Evidently we should all have to go to a training college. Later, however, a butcher arrived from town, in blue broadcloth, with a gold chain across a white waistcoat, with white cuffs, a snowy white shirt and collar, and a white straw hat. He was a vision crushing the new teacher to dust beneath his feet. Evidently we should all have to learn the butcher's trade when we grew up.

THE great men who influenced our daydreams were numerous. It was a moment of emotion when for the first time we beheld a solicitor from town. He was a right royal man; he even wore an ornament on his nose, a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. From that day our ambition was unbridled. We were not at all sure of the feasibility of a liberal education, but everyone was resolved to read (Continued on page 72)



Penelope waited where the Greencoat had flung her, deathly white and calm, for what should happen next.

The Little Red Foot

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

ON THE 24th of June, 1777, Major-General Lord Stirling had disobeyed the orders of His Excellency; and, in consequence, his flank was turned, he lost two guns and 150 men.*

It is the only military mistake that my Lord Stirling ever made; the only lesson he ever had to learn in military judgment and obedience.

I was in his family for three years, serving as one of his secretaries and aides-de-camp.

I was present at the battle of Brandywine; I served under him at Germantown in the fog, and at Monmouth; and I never doubted that my Lord Stirling

*The British account makes it three guns and 200 men.

WILL Penelope's faith conquer? Jack Drogue, a young officer in the Continental line, feels strangely reassured in the face of danger. For before they parted Penelope told him of her vision of their future together and yellow-haired children—and these sweethearts are confident that neither can die till this vision is fulfilled.

was a fine and capable and knightly soldier, if not possibly a great one.

Yet perhaps there was only one great soldier in that long and bloody war of the American Revolution. I need

not name His Excellency.

For nearly three years, as I say, I served as a member of Lord Stirling's military family. The lights and shadows of those days of fire and ice, of plenty and starvation, of joy and despair, of monstrous and incredible effort, and of paralyzing inaction, are known now to all.

And the end is not yet—nor, I fear, very near to a finish. But we all await our nation's destiny with confidence, I think; and our own fate with composure.

No man can pass through such years and remain what he was born. No man can regret them, none can dare wish to live through such days again; none would shun them. And how many months, or years, maybe, of fighting still remain before us, no man can foretell. But the grim men in ragged regimentals who today, in the present year of 1780, are closing their mangled ranks to prepare for future battles, even in the bitter aftermath of defeat, seem to know, somehow, that this nation is destined to survive.

FROM the month of August in 1777 to May, 1780, I had not seen Penelope; I had asked for no leave to travel, knowing, by reason of my confidential office and better than many others, how desperate was our army's plight and how utterly every able-bodied man was needed.

In consequence, I had not seen my own Northland in all those months; I had not seen Penelope. Letters I wrote and sent to her when opportunity offered; letters came from her, and always written from Caughnawaga.

For it appeared that Douw Fonda had never consented to return to Albany; but, by some miracle of God, the Valley so far had suffered no serious harm. Yet the terrible business at Wyoming renewed my every cruellest fear for the safety of Caughnawaga; and when, in the same year, a Continental regiment of the Pennsylvania Line marched out from Schoharie to destroy Unadilla, I, who knew the Iroquois, knew that their revenge was certain to follow.

IT FOLLOWED in that very year; and Cherry Valley became a blood-soaked heap of cinders; and there, under Iroquois knife and hatchet, and under the merciless clubbed muskets of the *blue-eyed* Indians, many of my old friends died—all of the Wells family save only one—old and young and babies. What a crime was done by young Walter Butler on that fearful day! And I sometimes wonder, now, what our generous but sentimental young Marquis thinks of his deed of mercy when he saw and pitied Walter Butler in an Albany prison, sick and under sentence of death, and procured medical treatment for him and more comfortable quarters in a private residence.

And Butler drugged his sentry and slipped our fingers like a rat and was off in a trice and gone to his bloody destiny in the West! Lord—Lord!—the things men do to men!

WHEN Brant burned Minisink I trembled anew for Caughnawaga; and I breathed freely only when our General Sullivan marched on Tioga with six thousand men.

Yet, though he cleaned out the foul and hidden nests of the Iroquois Confederacy, I, knowing these same Iroquois, knew in my dreading heart that Iroquois vengeance would surely strike again, and this time at the Valley.

Because out of the Mohawk Valley came all their chiefest woes; Oriskany, which set the whole Six Nations howling their dead; Stillwater; Unadilla; Tioga; the Chemung—these battles tore the Iroquois to fragments.

The Long House, in ruins, rang with the frantic wailing of four fierce nations. The Senecas screamed in their pain from the Western Gate; the Cayugas and Onondagas were signing the death song of their nations; the proud Keepers of the Eastern Gate, driven headlong into exile, gathered like bleeding panthers on the frontier, their glowing gaze intent and patient, watching the usurpers and marking them for vengeance and destruction.

To me, personally, the conflict in my Northland had become unutterably horrible.

OUR battles in the Jerseys, in Pennsylvania, in Delaware, and farther south, held for me no such horror and repugnance; for if the panoply of war be dreadful, its pomp and circumstance make it endurable and to be understood by human beings.

But to me there was something terrifying in secret ambush and ghastly massacre amid the eternal twilight of the Northern wilderness, where painted men stole through still places, intent on murder; where death was swift and silent; where all must watch and none dared rest; where children wept in their sleep, and mothers lay listening all night long, and hollow-eyed men cut their corn with sickle in one hand and rifle in the other.

We in the Jerseys, watching Redcoat and Hessian,



When I heard the savages swarming about I rushed out . . . and old Mr. Fonda was saying:

heard of scalps taken in the North from babies lying in their cradles—aye, the very watch-dog at the gate was scalped; and painted Tories threw their victims over rail fences to hang there, disemboweled, like dead game.

We heard terrible and inhuman tales of Simon Girty, of Bengy Beacraft, of Billy Newbury—all old neighbors of mine, and now turned child-killers and murderers of helpless women; all painted men now, ferocious and without mercy.

BUT these men had never been more than ignorant peasants and dull tillers of the soil for thriftier masters. Yet they were no crueller than others of birth and education. And what was I to think of Walter Butler and other gentlemen of like condition—officers who had delivered Tom Boyd of Derry to the Senecas, Colonel Paris to the Mohawks!

The day we heard that Sergeant Newbury and Henry Hare were taken, I thanked God on my knees. And when our General Clinton hung them both for human monsters as well as spies, then I thanked God again. . . . And I wrote tenderly to Claudia—poor

misguided girl!—condoling with her, not for her grief and the death of Henry Hare,* but that the black disgrace of it should so nearly touch and soil her.

I have received, so far, no letter from Claudia in reply. But Lord Stirling tells me that she reigns a belle in New York; and that she hath wrought havoc among the Queen's Rangers, and particularly De Lancey's Horse and the gay cavalry of Colonel Tarleton.

I pray her pretty, restless wings may not be singed or broken, or flutter, dying, in the web of Fate.

NICK STONER'S father Henry, that grim old giant with his two ear-bags in his leathery ears, and with all his brawn and mighty strength and the lurking scowl deep-bitten between his tiger eyes—old Henry Stoner is dead and scalped.

*In the writer's possession is a letter written by the widow of Lieutenant Hare, retelling the circumstances of his execution, and praying for financial relief from poverty. General Sir Frederick Haldimand indorses the petition in his own handwriting and recommends a pension. The widow mentions her six little children.



"Stand fast, Penelope! I will defend your life and honor!" And he would not budge.

Nick, who is now fife-major, has writ me this in a letter full of oaths and curses for the Iroquois who have done this shame to him and his.

For every hair on old Henry's mangled head, said he, an Iroquois should spit out his death-yell. He tells me that he means to quit the army and enter the business of tanning Iroquois hides to make boots and moccasins, and says that Tim Murphy has knee moccasins as fine as ever he saw, and made out o' leather skinned off an Indian's legs!

Faugh! Grief and shame have made Nick blood-mad. . . . Yet, I know not what I should do, or how conduct, if she who is nearest to my heart should ever suffer from an Indian.

This sweet April day, taking the air near Lord Stirling's marquee, I see the first white butterflies a-fluttering like wind-blown bits o' paper across the new grass. . . . In the North the woodlands should be soft with snow; and, in warm places, perhaps the butterfly we call the Beauty of Camberwell may sit sipping the first drops o' maple sap. . . . And there should be a scent of pink arbutus in the breeze, if winds be soft. . . . Lord—Lord! I am become sick

for home. . . . And I would see my glebe again in Fonda's Bush; and hear the spring roaring of the Kenyetto between melting banks; and listen to the fairy thunder of the cock partridge drumming on his log.

MY NEIGHBORS are all dead or gone away, they say. My house is a heap of wind-stirred ashes,—as are all houses in Fonda's Bush save only Stoner's. My cleared land sprouts young forests; my fences are gone; wolves travel my paths; deer pasture my hill; and my new orchard stands dead and girdled by wood-mouse and rabbit. . . . And still I be sick for a sight of it and that was once my home—and ever shall be while I possess a handful of Mother Earth to call my own.

IT IS near the end of April and I seem sick, but I would not have Billy Alexander think I mope.

I have a letter from Penelope. She lately saw a small scout on the Mohawk, it being a part of McKean's corps; and she recognized and conversed with several men who were members of my first war party—Johnny Silver, Benjamin De Luysnes, Joe

De Golyer of Frenchman's Creek, and Godfrey Shew of Fish House.

They were on their way to Canada by way of Sacandaga, to learn what Sir John might be about. . . . God knows I also desire very earnestly to know what the sinister Baronet may be planning.

PENELOPE writes me that Tahioni the Wolf is dead in his glory; and that Hiakato took his scalp and heart. . . . I suppose that is glory enough for any dead young warrior, but the intelligence fills me with foreboding. And Kwiych the Screech-owl is dead at Lake Desolation, and so is Hana-toh the Water-snake, where some Praying Indians caught them in a canoe and made a dreadful example of my two young comrades. . . . But at least they were permitted to sing their death-songs, and so died happy if that indeed be happiness. . . .

The Cadys, who were gone off to Canada, and John and Phil Helmer have been seen in green uniforms and red; and Adam Helmer has sworn an oath to seek them, follow them, and slay them for the bloody turn-coat dogs they are. Lord, Lord, how hast Thou changed Thy children into creatures of the wild to prey one upon another till all the Northland becomes once more a desert and empty of human life!

IT IS May. I sicken for Penelope and for my home. I am given furlough! I asked it not. Lord Stirling dismisses me—with a grin. Pretense of inspection covering the Johnstown district, and to count the bateaux between Schenectady and the Creek of Askalge! Which is but sheerest nonsense; and I had as well spend the time a-telling of my thumbs—which, Lord Stirling knows as well as I, is the pastime of an idiot. . . . God bless him!

I am given a month to arrange my personal affairs. I have asked for nothing, and am given a month! . . . And I stand here at the tent door all a-tremble while my mare is saddled, not trusting my voice lest it break and shame me before all. . . .

I close my *carnet* and strap it tight with a buckle.

I AM on my way! Shad-bushes drop a million snowy petals in the soft May breeze; dogwood is in bloom; orchards are become great nosegays of pink and silver. Everywhere birds are singing.

And through this sweet paradise I ride in my dingy regimentals; but my pistols are clean and my leathers; and my sword and spurs are bright, and chime gaily as I ride beside the great gray river, ever northward to my sweetheart and my home.

I bated at Tarrytown. The next night I was at Poughkeepsie, where the landlord was a Low-Dutchman and a skinflint, too.

I passed opposite to where Kingston lay in ashes, burned wantonly by a brute. And after that I advanced but slowly, for roads were bad and folk dour and suspicious—which state of mind I also shared and had no traffic with those I encountered and chose to camp in the woods, too, rather than risk a night under the dubious roofs I saw, even though invited.

(Continued on page 61)

The Greatest Man in Kenashee

OR-Howda Be Happy

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Everett Shinn



The vampire lady made several ineffectual attempts to induce Axel to change his habits and methods of life.

TO ATTEMPT to give a general recipe for happiness is rather a large-sized undertaking. It is difficult to obtain accurate data on happiness because happy people never pause to study the philosophy of their happiness; that is a specialty of the unhappy ones. "All men," said a Russian philosopher, "are happy alike; each is unhappy in his own particular way."

Let us, therefore, select a person whose life is brimful of happiness and by narrating the story of his career and laying bare the mainsprings of his acts and impulses, present a philosophy which we may all adopt according to our needs and in our own way. In case this philosophy should be distasteful to anyone it need not be adopted; there is no law compelling you to be happy.

THE story shall be that of Axel Sundstrom, the cobbler of Kenashee, Illinois. It would probably interest you to hear that Axel was the legitimate heir to the Swedish throne but, fortunately for Axel, such was not the case. He was merely a happy cobbler who worked when he felt like working and played upon the accordion when the spirit of music stirred within him.

He was neither popular nor unpopular among his neighbors. The inhabitants of Kenashee, Illinois, were, for the most part, of sturdy American stock. They went to the movies, read the newspapers, worked and slept and had nothing whatever to do with happiness. Axel made happiness his business.

Where he came from, nobody knew, nor, for that matter, did anybody care. The owner of a tumble-down shanty was confronted, one day, by a tall, good-looking young Swede who asked him if he

wanted to sell his ramshackle abode. Being a sturdy American, the owner was not only willing but eager to sell. The meager purchase money took every cent that Axel possessed and he immediately began to patch shoes for a living.

EZRA PEABODY, the owner of the Peabody Novelty Works, was a shining light in the church and was the Cræsus of Kenashee, Illinois. In his Novelty Works were produced Jack-in-the-boxes, kites, rocking-horses, bob-sleds and innumerable other toys. His religion made him unhappy—he was constantly worrying about degrees Fahrenheit in the life hereafter; his fortune, if liquidated, would probably have amounted to \$50,000. He took life very seriously; he was inspired by

the ambition to become a millionaire and he took it for granted that when he had realized his ambition he would be happy.

IT CHANCED that, upon a Sunday afternoon, Ezra Peabody was walking slowly down a side-street of Kenashee, Illinois, heading for the open country, his mind filled with gloomy thoughts. He had a feeling that God would disapprove of a deal he had just made—if he knew all the details—but as long as he wasn't sure of it there was no use in calling the deal off. Still, it might mean fire and brimstone and—just then he stepped upon a small stone which forced one of the nails of his shoe into his heel. By rare, good luck—he thought—he beheld, across the street, a sign that he had never seen before:

AXEL SUNDSTROM
Shuse Souled and Healed

Some village wag had kindly lettered the sign for the Swede and Axel never knew that the sturdy Americans of Kenashee, Illinois, looked upon it as a standing joke. And, even if he had known, he would not have cared.

EZRA PEABODY crossed the street, wondering if the cobbler could be at home. And then, to his horror, he heard the sounds of an accordion from within the shanty jerking out spasmodically the strains of "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea." He rapped upon the door and a cheerful voice cried, "Come in!" When Peabody entered he beheld the Swede sitting on a low stool behind his last, squeezing the last breath out of a battered accordion in a long, despairing moan.

"Hello!" cried Axel. "You don't need to knock. The door is always open."

PEABODY stood frowning at him. The cheerful smile and the engaging expression of the frank, healthy face had no appeal for him.

"Do you know this is Sunday?" he asked.

The Swede looked at a calendar which hung behind him, for corroboration.

"That's so," he said.

"I thought about it this morning, but one day is pretty much like another. Ain't it?"

"Can't you think of anything better to do on the Lord's Day than

play profane music?"

"I think," said Axel, scratching his head, "I go to a movie but it's too early. Maybe I go tonight. Won't you sit down?"

PEABODY, his lips pressed tightly together, removed his shoe and handed it to the cobbler. Axel felt the point of the nail.

"Whew! You couldn't walk much on that nail, hey? Well, I'll have it fixed in a second."

As he hammered away at the point of the nail he whistled merrily and the frown on Peabody's face deepened.

"Don't you ever go to church?" he asked.

Axel shrugged his shoulders. "Sometimes," he said. "I always like to have a good time."

Peabody was aghast. The idea of going to church for a good time shocked him.

"What d'ye suppose will happen to you when you die?"

Axel laughed, good-naturedly. "Ish kabibble!" he exclaimed. "You know what that mean? Izzy, the peddler down the street, he told me it's Yiddish for 'I should worry!' Why I should worry about when I die? I never do anybody dirt; I never steal and I don't do wrong. I like to have good time and don't worry."

He began to whistle "Down Went McGinty" and Peabody felt himself choking.

WHEN Ezra Peabody's shoe was mended he laid a half-dollar upon a chair and turned towards the door.

"It's positively disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Hey! Wait!" cried the Swede, springing to his feet. "I only take ten cents for the job. I never do anybody dirt."

And as Peabody walked out of the shack he heard the cobbler whistling "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea."

WHO may grasp the mental processes of his fellow-man? All that day and the day after and the day after that Peabody found himself thinking of the Swedish cobbler. He really had not the slightest interest in the man; they had nothing in common and Peabody had sufficient food for thought in his own business affairs. Perhaps, deep down in his heart, there lurked a yearning for happiness which he had never been able to gratify and the cheerfulness of Axel Sundstrom had aroused his envy. Who may tell? The fact remained, however, that he could not get the happy Swede out of his mind, and the memory of him irritated Peabody.

A few days later he saw him again. Axel was standing in front of a barber's shop, leaning idly against the striped pole, gently rubbing a mongrel's back with his foot.

"The shoe all right now?" asked Axel, with a grin.

Peabody stared at him over the rim of his glasses. "Haven't you anything better to do than loaf on the street?" he asked.

The Swede laughed merrily. "What could be better?" he asked. "I patch four pair of shoes today and I make enough money, so I take a rest. Besides, I had engagement with Booms, the barber's dog. He always like me to rub his back in the afternoon. I bet he got fleas."

SHORTLY after that the sturdy residents of Kenashee became aware that Axel Sundstrom was among them and suddenly showed a deep interest in him. A paragraph in the *Kenashee Leader* announced that Axel's uncle had died in Sweden, leaving his nephew an unexpected legacy of five thousand dollars. The attitude of every inhabitant of Kenashee (excepting Booms, the barber's dog) underwent a change. Even Peabody became interested.

Weston, the lawyer, called upon Axel and suggested that he invest his legacy in the Peabody Novelty Works.

"Mr. Peabody," he explained, "will pay you better interest than you can get in a savings bank and, besides, you'll be identified with one of the town's leading business houses."

"That sound pretty good to me," replied Axel. "I guess I better wait till I get the money. Everybody say Mr. Peabody is very smart business man. Is he hard up?"

"Oh, my, no! Oh, dear, no!" cried the lawyer. "But you know how it is with a capitalist; he keeps all his money working and can always use more to good advantage. When you receive your legacy I would certainly advise you to see him. I will be glad to arrange a meeting."

"Sure," said Axel. "I like to meet everybody. We just wait till the money come."

IT HAPPENED, shortly afterward, that Peabody was temporarily pressed for ready funds and while the banks were willing to lend liberally he nevertheless felt pleased at the prospect of enlisting Axel's money for indefinite service and upon profitable terms. Consequently, when he met him upon the street, from time to time, he greeted him pleasantly and forbore to find fault with him for his lazy, easy-going ways. But this attitude suddenly changed.

RUMOR spreads quickly in Kenashee, Illinois. Within twenty-four hours after Lucy Watson had decided to annex Axel and his legacy, the town was talking of it.

Lucy, whose age was an unknown quantity, had been an actress and had been left behind by a stranded theatrical company. Each month she received a small check from New York—according to the sturdy cashier of the Kenashee Bank—and the generally accepted theory was that it represented alimony. She was popularly known as the village vampire, probably because she was of the flashy type; yet no one really knew anything to her discredit. The sturdy Americans of Kenashee were afraid to be seen in public with her—they always went to Chicago.

AXEL was easily landed. He remembered one morning that he had asked the lady, the night before, to marry him. When he saw his engagement

announced in the *Kenashee Leader* he was sure of it. Vaguely, he wondered why he had done it—probably something that she said had prompted his proposal. He was not elated but, on the other hand, he was not depressed. He shrugged his shoulders and whistled cheerfully. Then he went down the street and scratched Booms's back.

"Look here, Axel," said Peabody, one day. "What's this people are saying about your getting married?"

The Swede scratched his head. "I guess it's all right," he said, slowly. "Don't you?"

Peabody shook a warning finger. "Many a man has been made unhappy by marriage," he said.

"I don't be afraid," said Axel, smiling. "I never be unhappy. If I don't like it I go to China."

"That's easier said than done."

"Oh, my, no!" declared Axel. "I just take a boat."

THE vampire lady made several ineffectual attempts to induce Axel to change his habits and methods of life, to find regular employment, and to wear stiff collars but, in the end, abandoned the task. Axel had a way of his own of doing all things and could see no advantage in changing it. One afternoon, as they strolled along the countryside, he shook his head sadly.

"It take that money a long time to come from Sweden," he remarked.

"Don't be impatient," said she. "It'll come soon enough and then we can go away on a long honeymoon."

"That ain't the trouble," said Axel. "That Mrs. Morris—she's a Swedish widow lives down the road—she got a mortgage on her house and if she don't pay that lawyer Weston eight hundred dollars next week she lose her home. That's too bad."

"What business is that of yours?" demanded the lady, fiercely. "Has she been trying to lay her hands on your money?"

"Oh, my, no!" declared Axel. "Only if I had it I like to give it to her."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Why, the idea! If you're going to give money to everybody that

needs it how much do you expect to have left for yourself?"

"I guess you're right," said Axel. "Only I don't need any for myself and I feel so much better if I can help the poor lady keep her home."

"You'd better let me handle your money for you," said the vampire.

"I guess maybe you're right," said Axel.

NEVERTHELESS, the next day he went to the Kenashee Bank, showed the cashier the letters, legal documents, and cablegrams which he had received from Sweden and borrowed eight hundred dollars on a demand note. Within an hour after he had received the money the widow's mortgage had been paid. Within ten hours all the sturdy citizens of Kenashee, Illinois, were informed of the transaction.

The lady vampire did some quick thinking. She carefully went over the only letter which Axel had written to her—at her request—and slowly nodded her head. Then she went to him with the deliberate intention of picking a quarrel. It was difficult work. When she blamed him he accepted the blame. He made not the slightest attempt to justify himself. He remained imperturbably cheerful. And she became irritated.

"You don't want to marry me at all," she cried.

"Sure!" said Axel. "Just as you say."

"You've broken my heart. I can never face my friends again. My life is ruined."

"Maybe we take supper down in Tony's restaurant tonight, hey?" said Axel, pleasantly.

"Don't you ever speak to me again," cried the lady vampire.

THE next morning Weston, the lawyer, called upon Axel.

"I've got a suit against you," he announced. "Miss Watson has retained me to sue you for four thousand dollars for breach of promise of marriage."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Axel. "But I don't have so much money."

"She told me something (Continued on page 67)



A terrific force suddenly seemed to clutch all his consciousness and—Peabody found himself at the widow's side, behind the cortège.



Foolish Letters to Sensible Men - XVII

Why Waste a Single Balloon ?

By K.C.B.



MR. EDWIN DENBY
SECRETARY OF the Navy.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR EDWIN.

NOW THAT Mr. Daniels.

HAS GIVEN the Navy.

INTO YOUR hands.

AND YOU'VE counted the ships.

AND THEY'RE all there.

AND NONE are missing.

AND YOU'VE settled down

IN YOUR swivel-chair.

IN YOUR new job.

I'M WRITING to you.

TO LET you know.

THAT THE other day.

THE CIGAR-STORE man.

ON OUR corner.

AND THE superintendent.

OF THE apartments.

IN WHICH I live.

AND MY humble self.

WERE HOLDING a session.

ON THE state of the Union.

AND GRABBING around.

FOR AN easy topic.

THAT WOULD permit us.

TO PAN somebody.

AND WE hit on balloons.

AND THE fateful trip.

OF THE three balloonists.

OR WHATEVER they were.

WHO SAILED away.

ON A winter day.

WITHOUT ANY idea.

AS TO where they were going

AND ALL they had.

WAS A thermos bottle.

FILLED WITH coffee.

AND A couple of sandwiches.

AND A box of matches.

AND THE clothes they had on

AND OUR balloon.

AND FINALLY.

THEY HAD to walk back.

TWO HUNDRED miles.

AND THEY left our balloon.

IN THE top of a tree.

NEAR THE Arctic Circle.

AND THE thermos bottle.

THAT COST \$3

THEY THREW away.

AND BESIDES all that.

FOR THREE or four weeks.

THEY HAD us worried.

AND SPENDING money.

TRYING TO find them.

AND WE agreed.

THE CIGAR man did.

AND THE superintendent.

AND MYSELF.

THAT WE'D never been told

WHY THEY went away.

OR WHAT they were after.

OR IF they got it.

AND IF they did.

WHAT GOOD did it do?

OR IF the thermos bottle.

EVER WAS found.

OR IF they're going back.

TO GET our balloon.

AND I made a promise.

I'D WRITE to you.

AND SAY to you.

THAT JUST so long.

AS YOU'RE running the Navy.

WE'D LIKE you to know.

SO FAR as we're concerned.

WE'RE PERFECTLY willing.

TO PAY our taxes.

FOR HIRING balloonists.

AND BUILDING balloons.

IN SPITE of the fact.

WE HAVEN'T an idea.

WHAT GOOD they do.

AND ANYWAY.

THEY WENT so far.

WE WANT you to know.

WHENEVER IT happens.

THEY'RE GETTING nervous.

AND HAVE to go up.

WE'D LIKE to know.

THAT SOMEBODY knows.

WHAT THEY'RE going up for.

AND WHERE they're going.

OR THINK they're going.

AND IF the thermos bottles.

ARE THEIR own thermos bottles.

OR BELONG to us.

AND WHERE they throw 'em.

WHEN THEY drink the coffee.

AND I think that's all.

THAT I promised to write.

EXCEPT, MR. Secretary.

WHILE YOU'RE in office.

IF YOU ever feel.

THAT IT'S really necessary.

TO SEND up a balloon.

WITHOUT ANY knowledge.

AS TO where it's going.

WE'D LIKE to suggest.

THE CIGAR man would.

AND THE superintendent.

AND MY humble self.

A LIST of names.

FROM WHICH you could choose

THE NECESSARY number.

AND MAN the balloon.

AND CUT the ropes.

AND LET the darn thing go.

BECAUSE, MR. Secretary.

WE ALL three feel.

IF WE'VE got to lose balloons.

AND THE men that sail them.

WE SHOULDN'T select men.

WITHOUT ANY thought.

WE OUGHT to pick 'em.

WITH A lot of care.

AND LET 'em go.





We spent the pennies we should have sent to the heathen; we must have killed trillions of flies, yet there are more flies now than there were then.

I Dig Up Old Bones

By Walt Mason

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

WHEN I am feeling quite well, as I do most of the time, I consider this world a most desirable place. I am satisfied with things just as they are. I place the seal of my approval on all my surroundings, and feel in the inmost recesses of my being that God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.

But I am well stricken in years, and now and then something goes wrong with my works. I have rheumatism, stringhalt or blind staggers, and have to cover myself with poultices; then, as one who sees through a glass darkly, I behold many things which are grievously wrong. I am filled with a bitter desire to reform something and send somebody to jail. I have to hold myself down with an iron hand, to keep from breaking into print demanding a lot of drastic laws forbidding everything the man next door enjoys.

I HAVE observed that most old men are reformers. They are convinced that the world has deteriorated a hundred per cent since they were young, and the boys and girls are going to the bow-wows, and the Government is a hollow mockery, and the weather prophet is a shyster, and something ought to be done to teach everybody a lesson.

AS I sit beneath my vine and fig tree and survey the past, I can recall many reforms, and I can't see that the world is better for any of them. Many of these reforms were so small in scope as to find no place in vital statistics. Yet a million little things have been reformed since we quit going to school. As an instance, the old-fashioned carpet tack has been abolished. It was a beautiful steel tack, and had a leather head, in which it resembled some modern baseball players.

IN MY youth the best homes had their carpets tacked down all around the edges. "Safety first" was the motto of our ancestors. Nowadays, except in a few farmhouses, the old-fashioned carpet is unknown. People polish their floors, and wax them, and then strew Oriental rugs over them, thus preparing man-traps which claim their victims every day. I well remember when Al G. fler built the finest home in Emporia, and I went over to gaze upon its splendors. I stepped into the living-room with the free, bold step of a conqueror, and then, before I had time to apply the emergency brake, I was skidding around the beautiful apartment on my shoulder-blades, knocking holes through priceless furniture with my feet, finally bringing up with my head through the glass door of the grandfather's clock in the hall. Al was

AS I sit beneath my vine and fig-tree I can recall many reforms and I can't see we are much better for them. Providence knows a lot about running this old world after all, and somehow she maintains the right balance.

a good sport, and pretended he was used to seeing guests behave that way, but I never have recovered from the humiliation, and my back still hurts where I slammed it against the edge of the fireplace.

If somebody would compile statistics touching the accidents caused by rugs on slippery floors, the result would make the automobile casualty list seem trifling by comparison.

LONG ago the American newspaper man had certain powers and privileges which made his job more attractive than it is now, or ever will be again. All the railway companies were glad to furnish him free transportation, for they realized that he was in a position to do them equal favors. It was a genial and harmless system of reciprocity. In those days I used to travel a great deal, finding that it was cheaper to cross the continent than to pay the landlady at the boarding-house.

BUT some reformer suddenly discovered that the free-pass system was the true cause of all our national evils. It was undermining the Constitution, imperiling our bulwarks and palladiums, and causing the American eagle to screech a sickly treble when it should be singing bass.

All the reformers with bad livers and rheumatic legs took part in the carnival of crime, and in due season the pass system was abolished, and now, when the able editor wants to go to the state capital to apply for a position as sergeant-at-arms in the senate, he has to walk, unless he owns a flivver. There is nothing more painful than to see a great and gifted journalist—a man like Horace Greeley, for instance—toiling along the railway track, falling into cattle guards and being pelted with clods by foreign section hands.

ID LIKE to do my Christmas shopping in New York now and then, but it is too far to walk. And once I rode in pomp and state wherever I pleased, and the railways were glad to carry me. Is our

civilization advanced so much as one notch because I have to walk? Is our government any better or purer? Is there less sculduggery in high places? Is legislation, state or national, the least shade better because editors hit the high places on foot?

SO MANY reforms are going to accomplish wonders! And then, when they are given the chance, they prove to be "duds."

Our modern sanitary laws and health rules are considered good warm stuff, and maybe they are. I am not disputing anything. I am just wondering, as I sit here under my fig-tree, reviewing the past. I am wondering if people are more healthy than they used to be, if they live longer than they used to. One naturally thinks of Methuselah in such a connection. This grand old man lived in a period when sanitary rules, as moderns understand them, hadn't even been suspected. His residence was just across the alley from the Checkered Front livery barns, where most of the town camels and goats were kept, and the flies were so thick he had to fight them with a shovel.

THERE were no screens on his windows and fly-traps were not on sale at the hardware store, and Methuselah just had to defend himself the best way he could. There was no plumbing, and he had to throw the slops out of the back door, and often when he went to the well for a refreshing drink he found a dead cat in it. The air around that unfortunate man must have been crowded with germs and microbes, and the wonder is that he lived long enough to cast his first vote. Yet in the free-for-all longevity contest Methuselah won the silver loving-cup and gold-headed cane, and his record makes also-rans of all who came after him. Even the president of the board of health can't hope to equal it.

A FEW years ago we all got busy, at the bidding of the reformers, swatting flies. The movement was national, and flies should have been abrogated by this time, but I can't see that any are missing. I counted eight millions on the front porch one day last fall, after I had been swatting all summer.

The health-board people gave us no rest; they pointed out that flies are the greatest menace in this world. They poison our victuals, and carry the germs of deadly diseases from one guy to another, and slay our babies, and annihilate our grandmothers. We are such easy marks we fell for it, and spent for fly-swatters the pennies which should have gone to buy hymn-books for the heathen. Everybody was killing

flies. The babe in arms reached for them, and the dotard grandsire pursued the deadly fly into the attic, and then into the basement, and finally overpowered it in the back yard. We must have killed trillions and trillions of flies; and there are more flies now than there were when the campaign started.

AND nobody has better health or worse health because of our efforts. At least, that's the way it looks to me. Flies have been with us since the beginning. They made Adam get up and yell when he was trying to have a snooze after the midday meal. Noah had two of them in the ark.

PROVIDENCE knows a lot about running this old world, after all, and she maintains the right balance. I think we are taking great chances when we try to exterminate any form of animal life. There once was an island so infested with snakes that the natives grew desperate and imported the mongoose, which soon killed off the serpents, but became so great a nuisance itself that the natives wished they had the snakes again. They couldn't step outdoors without treading on a mongoose or mongander. The early settlers in Australia thought that all the country needed was a few rabbits to give it a homelike appearance, and they sent to England for some, and then for years and years they were so busy killing off the surplus rabbits they hadn't time to swat the flies. Now and then it is a good plan to give Nature a run for her money, and let well enough alone.

There is not much danger that we'll ever kill all the flies; but think of the wasted effort of the last few years!

I GREW up in a lonesome hamlet, remote from boards of health and the higher civilization. The rude forefathers of the hamlet had never heard of a sanitary law, yet the way they kept on living was a shame. A man of three-score and ten was considered a stripling when he mingled with the really venerable patriarchs. I well remember how discouraged my Uncle Joshua was, when he celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and reflected that he still was the main support of his grandparents.

There was no doctor in the neighborhood. The people relied upon the old-time remedies. The old women were all skilled in "yarbs and simples." They collected the leaves of weeds and shrubs and made tea of them when anybody was sick. There were boneset and dock and senna and horehound and many other "teas." I consumed countless gallons of them in my youth, and every spring I was required to take great quantities of a horrible compound of syrup and sulphur, which could be tasted for six weeks after a dose.

Perhaps such remedies are ridiculous when they are considered through the spectacles of modern science, but the fact remains that there was little sickness among us, and people kept on living until the village undertaker cried as though his heart would break.

WE SLEPT in rooms with the windows tightly closed. The idea of letting in some fresh air never occurred to anybody. Sleeping in a "draught" was considered an invitation to disease and death. It is surprising that any of us grew up to wear whiskers or topknots, yet, as I have repeatedly said, people just lived, and lived, and lived, until the grave-digger accused them of taking the bread out of the mouths of his children.

I am not insinuating that this old way of living was better than the new way. I am just wondering. I sit under my figtree as the shadows grow long, and see the learned physicians and the health-board inspectors chasing by in great haste, and I wonder if they really are doing any good.

A YOUNG daughter of our proud and princely house goes to the public school, and it is a source of great amusement to me to watch her progress. When I went to school, back in the Middle Ages, a kid learned the alphabet the first thing, and then began to spell such words as "ox" and "cat" and so made his triumphal progress into literature. But the young damsel referred to hasn't learned the alphabet yet, although she is sufficiently advanced to read "Ivanhoe." She is learning little smatterings of a hundred

things, and not enough of any one thing to keep her out of the poorhouse when she grows older. She paints cute little pictures in water colors, and sews cute little rags together, and once a week has a lesson in cookery, in which science she has made such progress that she can boil water without burning it. And inspectors are always visiting the school to see that she is hitting on all six cylinders. They inspect



WITH OUR BACKS AGAINST THE WALL

WE OLD dotards get together, when the evening shadows fall, with our faces to the weather and our backs against the wall, and we spend an hour deploring all that bears a modern brand, and we do much useless roaring, seeing ills on every hand. Oh, the present time's a terror, and there's more impending woe, and the world was brighter, fairer, in the misty long ago. Virtue harvests little glory, sin incarnate goes unhung, but the world was hunkydory in the days when we were young. Up and down the language ranging, we choose words that scorch and flame—but we graybeards do the changing; this old world is just the same. When the Pharaohs did their ruling, men were as men are today; they were working, striving, fooling, pitching quoits and baling hay. Then as now the graybeards chattered, modern things they used to mock, till the frowsy dubs were scattered by the peeler on their block.

Clare Mason



her teeth, and they inspect her ears, and they use stethoscopes to see that her heart is firing properly. Other inspectors drift in to see that the ventilation is all right, and to make sure that the janitor hasn't been drinking anything stronger than buttermilk, and there is so much inspection I often wonder how the children find time to learn anything.

THIS essay is for the old boys, the graybeards. I am digging up old bones of the past, and contrasting them with things of the present just for the fun of it, and without any intention of hurting the feelings of the present. The old order has changed with a vengeance, and nothing remains as it was when you and I were young, Maggie.

LONG years ago I went forth, one bright April morning, to hunt a job as a farm hand. This was in Kansas, and Kansas then was young.

I went from farmhouse to farmhouse, presenting my credentials and passports, and the farther I went the more discouraging seemed the outlook. The farmers were very haughty and independent, and not much inclined to listen to my passionate appeals. So many men were applying for jobs they had actually become a nuisance.

Finally I found a husbandman who needed help and he hired me at \$10 a month and board. It might be well to pause and consider that princely wage, in these times when so much is said of the laborer and his hire. I was young and strong and ambitious to make a hit as a farm hand, and I drew \$10 a month and was rejoiced to get the portfolio. I was widely congratulated upon my good luck. My employer was generally known as a liberal feeder; he provided an opulent table.

I WORKED for him three months and worked about fourteen hours every day during that time. We were all up with the dicky-birds in the morning, doing a day's work before breakfast and after breakfast we went to the fields and did our devoir all day; and after supper we went forth and did another day's work before bedtime. It never occurred to me at any

time that I was being imposed upon. I was thankful to have such an excellent job under a man who dished up an abundance of fried pork and potatoes at every meal.

AND young men were always coming along, applying for a job. Had I resigned there would have been half a dozen applicants for the place within twenty-four hours. In those days the employer was monarch of all he surveyed, and it was the policy of the employed to bear a humble and a contrite heart.

At the end of three months of arduous toil I received my thirty dollars and went to town to invest it wisely. I bought a pony for \$25 and the same night the pony died and I was left lamenting, like Lord Ullin, when the waters wild swept o'er his child.

And now, in these later years, one of the pathetic sights in the Midwestern town is that of farmers thronging the marketplace, offering to give a half of their kingdom and their daughters in marriage to any young men who will go to the farm with them, and help them to save their crops. And their pleadings usually are in vain. And if, peradventure, a young man does consent to go forth and tool a span of mules around a cornfield, he lays down the law as to the working hours, and the use of the parlor and automobile, and the farmers will agree to any old thing, if they can get the help.

WHILE I was working on that farm a curious thing occurred, so curious that nobody will believe it; you will say it is borrowed from Grimm's fairy tales, but it is true.

One day the wife of the farmer fell sick. She had been cooking and washing and slaving around for a big household, and the wonder is she didn't think of being sick earlier. When the farmer realized that she couldn't do the work for a while he told me to get on a horse and ride over to Heffelfinger's, and get one of the Heffelfinger girls. He would pay her \$2.50 a week for as long as she was required.

There were four of the Heffelfinger girls, and they were all big, healthy, competent damsels. When I announced my errand they all wanted the job! They argued and fussed and

were approaching a hair-pulling demonstration when their mother, a woman loaded to the guards with wisdom, suggested that they draw lots. So she held four straws of varying lengths, and Mabel drew the short one and got the job, and she seemed to think it the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year.

IMAGINE yourself engaging a first-class domestic in that manner, and at that wage, in these modern days! If such a thing happened now there would be an inspector, emerging from behind a haystack, to arrest the girls and their mother for running a lottery or conducting a gambling resort.

And all I have said is just gossip, conveying no moral. All things seem changing around us as we advance into life's winter and shadow. But the world is a very old affair, and our little reforms and upheavals don't amount to a great deal, after all. Our civilization, such as it is, has been growing or solidifying for thousands of years and the process will continue in spite of us. The generation now on earth isn't the only one that ever held possession.

WE REFORM something, and send a few fellows to jail, and think we have made a great impression upon that civilization, but the next generation won't be able to find the dent without the aid of a magnifying glass.

We abolish something, and send a few more neighbors to jail and think we have made the world a better place to live in; but in all stages of the world's history things were being abolished, and people were being sent to jail, and the progress of civilization wasn't either hastened or retarded.

I give this world no partial indorsement. It has features I don't like, but I'm taking it by and large, and pro and con, and to and fro, it is right side up with care.

"THEN my wife prodded me harshly in the ribs and I know that once more I'm eating my soup with a pickle fork and that all the guests are slyly laughing at me! See 'Am I a Rabbit?'—in *Hearst's* for June.



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DRIVE deep into the career of any man who has managed to make money, and you will find two fundamental reasons for his achievement: he knew how to save money, and he invested wisely what he saved. There are other rules for making money. But without these two all the others count for nothing.

Some fortunes seem to have grown by magic. The fact is that no fortune ever grew that way. There is nothing mysterious or magical or even secret about accumulating wealth. The principles are so simple that any boy of sixteen can understand them as readily as any man of sixty. The only way to start a fortune is to save. The only way to increase it is to save more, or to invest the money saved in a way to conserve it and to provide an income from which fresh savings and further investments may be drawn. Indeed, it is not uncommon to see the original amount doubled or tripled, or even increased, in the course of time, a hundredfold.

IN THE career of Mr. W. F. Burrows, head of one of the great packing companies in Chicago, scrupulous saving and sound investment have gone hand in hand. It was, in fact, a fortunate investment that really gave the first strong impetus to his fortune.

In 1888, when Mr. Burrows was working in a subordinate position for Libby, McNeill and Libby, one of the partners wanted to sell out. He offered his stock to Mr. Burrows at par. Although the young man did not have anything like the sum required for the purchase, he accepted the offer.

"It was the best investment I ever made, from every point of view," Mr. Burrows says. "Perhaps it did not actually make me more money than some others, but it did teach me most important lessons. It showed me how to save money. And it gave me a powerful incentive to study the business and

to try to improve it, which rapidly brought about my advancement, and increased the value of my investment."

THIS opportunity came when Mr. A. A. Libby, then president of the company, was away and Mr. Burrows was acting as his personal representative. The question arose of moving the plant.

"It is plain," said Mr. McNeill, one of the partners, "that we'll either have to buy the warehouse we are in, and occupy all the space, or move to the Union Stock Yards."

Burrows considered it the better part of wisdom to move. Mr. McNeill, it developed, did not want to move. And he then astonished Burrows by offering to sell the young man his stock in the company.

"Where do you think I'd get the money to pay for it?" Burrows asked, smiling.

ALTHOUGH Burrows had gone ahead steadily in business, and his salary had increased, he was still young and he had not found it possible up to then to save any such sum as the purchase of the stock involved. But he recognized the importance of the opportunity. He hurried downtown to consult a banker friend, having first secured an option on Mr. McNeill's stock. When he disclosed the offer, he was surprised to find that men who had observed his industry and ability were willing to back him in the purchase and help him to finance it.

Thus it came about that Burrows found himself a stockholder in the company. But in order to complete the purchase, he was forced to assume obligations that involved heavy payments.

"That," he asserts, "was the best thing in the world for me. It compelled me to save money. It showed me a method of saving that I have never seen improved upon. If a young man wants to save, let him assume an obligation calling for payments that he has



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to meet. He will be surprised, as I was, to see how simple it becomes to save the money to meet them, and so presently to have a competence."

THIS investment, as so often happens, was a turning-point for Mr. Burrows. He bought the stock in 1888. In the next few years he served in one department of the business after another. He had an entirely new incentive. He did some buying, sold all the various products of the concern, and for years figured the costs of products. In this way he acquired a fundamental knowledge of the whole business.

Since 1893 he has been the acting head of the company. During this time it has grown from a \$500,000 corporation to a \$27,000,000 corporation, and it has reached new markets and increased its sales many times. Mr. Burrows modestly disclaims credit for this growth and insists that the success of the corporation is due to the fact that Mr. Libby's fundamental ideas about quality have always prevailed.

SO FIRMLY has Mr. Burrows grown convinced of the importance of thrift and proper investment, that a short time ago he arranged to make \$1,400,000 of his company's stock available for purchase by employees on easy terms.

"If we ever ran out of the stock set aside for this purpose," he says, "and more employees wanted to buy it, I should favor going into the open market and buying the stock above par if necessary, in order to sell it to employees at par. The man who saves and invests is the man we want associated with our business."

IT IS because Mr. Burrows rose to his position of responsibility and gained his competence by his own efforts, through saving and careful investment, that he insists on the importance of saving in others. It was not a rich family that moved over the Alleghenies from Boston to Chicago about fifty years ago. And Mr. Burrows, who was one of the boys in that family, worked and earned from the start.

His father was a dealer in livestock. He bought cattle and hogs on the hoof and shipped them to Boston to be slaughtered. That was before the days of refrigerator cars, which later revolutionized the packing industry.

Young Burrows was too small then to help his father much in the business. But his brothers laughingly assigned him the job of chasing the hogs that were particularly slow and obstinate. They discovered that the boy had patience and perseverance—and both qualities were needed with the hogs. The same qualities later helped him about saving money, even when the saving came hard.

BURROWS got his first regular job, when he was fifteen years old, with a packing-house. He ran errands and did odd jobs. He was observing enough to pick up a lot of information about the way business was done on the Board of Trade, and presently he secured another position with a firm of brokers who were members of the Board. Later, his observations stood him in good stead.

By the time he was twenty-five Burrows

had advanced steadily and was earning \$1,800 a year. At that salary he married. His father-in-law was A. A. Libby. Mr. Libby immediately wanted to hire his son-in-law. He recognized the young man's ability and energy. For several months his efforts were without result, but finally he made an offer that was too good to turn down. It consisted of a salary of \$2,500 a year, and the promise of an increase of \$1,000 each year.

ON THE evening this arrangement was concluded, Mr. Libby said to Mr. Burrows:

"You have been going to work downtown at nine o'clock and you may come to work at the plant at the same time. I leave each morning at seven, and if you wish to drive over with me you are welcome."

Needless to say, Mr. Burrows rode to work with his father-in-law the next morning, and year after year, summer and winter. These drives, and the insistence upon prompt arrival at work each morning, emphasized repeatedly to the young man the value of thrift in time, which is closely allied with thrift in money matters.

THE new work brought Burrows close to the management of the packing business, especially as Mr. Libby's health declined and the young man was entrusted with delicate and confidential matters. His selection later to head the business was, therefore, the natural growth and outcome of that early investment opportunity of which he took advantage.

Mr. Burrows has made many investments, including some exceedingly profitable ones, since his early purchase of Mr. McNeill's stock; but he fails to find in the others an equal amount of genuine satisfaction and help on the road that he has traveled.

Just how do his experiences sum up, in his eyes?

"EVERYBODY," he insists, "ought to save money. A person who is to assume responsibility in business must save, or his associates do not regard him favorably. The ability to save is on a par even with the ability to earn, because earnings are of no permanent service unless some portion is put aside so it can work in one way or another to make more money. Saving is easiest when a person assumes an obligation that he has to meet."

"INVESTMENT follows saving. My own experience has naturally inclined me favorably to the purchase of at least some stock in the business with which one is associated. It furnishes an incentive to help the business to succeed that I do not know how else to acquire. Those who feel the spur of such an incentive are bound to advance fastest. When such an investment is not possible or feasible, or when it does not seem best to use all of one's surplus funds in that way, there are any number of other good ways to invest: ways which investment houses make available to all, and which today are safeguarded so that every person who goes to reputable sources for assistance is assured of competent guidance."

Men Fight for Peace

(Continued from page 35)

to make; yet the world has never lacked people prepared to make such a bargain, and they will not fail to now. There are worse things than conflict without manifest victory and effort without apparent reward.

TO THE finer kind of mind it is infinitely more tragic and distressing to find that existence bears a foolish, aimless face. Many people, tormented by the discontent of conscience and wanting, more than they can ever want any satisfaction, some satisfying rule of life, some criterion of conduct, will find in this cult of the world-state just that sustaining reality they need. And their number will grow, because it is a practical and reasonable shape for a life, arising naturally out of a proper understanding of history and physical science, and embodying in a unifying plan the teaching of all the great religions of the world. It comes to us not to destroy but to fulfill.

THE activities of a cult which set itself to bring about the world-state would at first be propagandist; they would be intellec-

tual and educational, and only as a sufficient mass of opinion and will had accumulated would they become to a predominant extent politically constructive.

Such a cult must direct itself particularly to the teaching of the young.

So far, the propaganda for a world-law—the League of Nations propaganda—since it has sought immediate political results, has been addressed almost entirely to adults and, as a consequence, it has had to adapt itself as far as possible to their preconceptions about the history and outlook of their own nationality and to the general absence as yet in the world of any vision of the welfare of mankind as one whole.

It is because of this acceptance of current adult ideas about patriotism and nationality that the movement has adopted the unsatisfactory phrase, a League of Nations, when what is contemplated is much more than a league, and a very considerable subordination of national sovereignty. And a large share in the current ineffectiveness of the League of Nations is very evidently due to the fact that men interpret the phrase and

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the proposition of the League of Nations differently in accordance with the different fundamental historical ideas they possess, ideas the propaganda has hitherto left unassailed. The worker for the world-state will look further and plow deeper.

IT IS these fundamental ideas which are the vitally important objective of a world-unifying movement, and they can only be brought into that world-wide uniformity which is essential to the enduring peace of mankind by teaching children through all the earth the common history of their kind, and so directing their attention to the common future of their descendants.

The driving force that makes either war or peace is engendered where the young are taught. The teacher, whether mother, priest, or schoolmaster, is the real maker of history; rulers, statesmen, and soldiers do but work out the possibilities of cooperation or conflict the teacher creates. This is no rhetorical flourish; it is a sober fact. The politicians and masses of our time dance on the wires of their early education.

TEACHING, then, is the initial and decisive factor in the future of mankind, and the first duty of everyone who has the ability and opportunity is to teach, or to subserve the teaching of, the true history of mankind and of the possibilities of this vision of a single world-state that history opens out to us.

Men and women can help the spread of the saving doctrine in a thousand various ways; for it is not only in homes and schools that minds are shaped. They can print and publish books, endow schools and teaching, organize the distribution of literature, insist upon the proper instruction of children in world-wide charity and fellowship, fight against every sort of suppression or restrictive control of right education, bring pressure through political and social channels upon every teaching organization to teach history aright, sustain missions and a new sort of missionary, the missionaries to all mankind of knowledge and the idea of one world-civilization and one world-community; they can conduct and help the progress of historical and ethnological and political science; they can set their faces against every campaign of hate, racial suspicion, and patriotic falsehood; they can refuse, they are bound to refuse, obedience to any public authority which oppresses and embitters class against class, race against race, and people against people.

A belligerent government as such, they will refuse to obey; and they will refuse to help or suffer any military preparations that are not directed wholly and plainly to preserving the peace of the world.

Slaying Souls

(Continued from page 16)

"Marriage à la Mode," *Romeo to Hamlet*, *Punch to Don Juan*, *Petruchio to Almazan*, and, generally, horseplay and fun for fun's sake to serious chastening of morals less and less by ridicule and more and more by irony, the comic poet becoming less and less a fellow of infinite jest and more and more a satirical rogue and a discloser of essentially tragic ironies, the road was open to a sort of comedy as much more tragic than a catastrophic tragedy as an unhappy marriage, or even a happy one, is more tragic than a railway accident.

Shakespeare's bitter play with a bitter title, "All's Well That Ends Well," anticipates Ibsen; the happy ending at which the title sneers is less comforting than the end of "Romeo and Juliet." And Ibsen was the dramatic poet who firmly established tragedy-comedy as a much deeper and grimmer entertainment than tragedy. His heroes dying without hope or honor, his dead, forgotten, superseded men walking and talking with the ghosts of the past, are all heroes of comedy; their existence and their downfall are not soul-purifying convulsions of pity and horror, but reproaches, challenges, criticisms addressed to society and to the spectator as a voting constituent of society. They are miserable and yet not hopeless; for they are mostly criticisms of false intellectual positions which, being intellectual, are remediable by better thinking.

THUS Comedy has become the higher form. The element of accident in Tragedy has always been its weak spot; for though an accident may be sensational, nothing can make it interesting or save it

THIS is the plain duty of every honest man today, to judge his magistrate before he obeys him, and to render unto Caesar nothing that he owes to God and mankind.

And those who are awakened to the full significance of the vast creative effort now before mankind will set themselves particularly to revise the common moral judgment upon many acts and methods of living that obstruct the way of the world-state.

Blatant, aggressive patriotism and the incitements against foreign peoples that usually go with it, are just as criminal as, and far more injurious to our race than, for example, indecent provocations and open incitements to sexual vice, and they deserve at least an equal condemnation. Yet you will find even priests and clergymen today rousing the war passions of their flocks and preaching conflict from the very steps of the altar.

SO FAR, the movement towards a world-state has lacked any driving power of passion. We have been passing through a phase of intellectual revision. The idea of a world-unity and brotherhood has come back again into the world almost apologetically, deferentially, asking for the kind words of successful politicians and for a gesture of patronage from kings.

Yet this demand for one world-empire of righteousness was inherent in the teachings of Buddha; it flashed for a little while behind the sword of Islam; it is the embodiment in earthly affairs of the spirit of Christ. It is a call to men for service as of right; it is not an appeal to them that they may refuse, not a voice that they may disregard. It is too great a thing to hover for long thus deferentially on the outskirts of the active world it has come to save.

TODAY the world-state says: "Please listen; make way for me." Tomorrow it will say: "Make way for me."

The day is not remote when disregardful men hectoring in the crowd will have to be twisted round perforce to the light they refuse to see. First comes the idea and then slowly, with full comprehension of the idea, comes realization; and with that realization will come a kindling anger at the vulgarity, the meanness, the greed and baseness and utter stupidity that refuses to attend to this clear voice, this definite demand of our racial necessity.

SHE used her psychic gift to read King Edward's palm, and was asked by Lord Kitchener to lift the curse that hung over him. See "Are We All Clairvoyant?" Coming soon—in Hearst's.

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mine and scarlet making him and all ages unspeakably ridiculous. Dickens makes us laugh by describing how he handle of the *Orfling's* corkscrew comes and hits her on the chin. We applaud the wanton humorist; but the *Orfling* is none worse five minutes later. Tolstoy could slay a soul with a corkscrew without letting you know either that he was a humorist or that you are laughing.

HIS terrible but essentially comedic method is the method of all Tolstoy's days except the first, "The Powers of Darkness," which is, on the whole, a true tragedy.

His "Fruits of Culture," coming long before Granville Barker's "Marrying of Anne" or the plays of Tchekov, is the first of the Heartbreak Houses, and the most fighting. He touches with his pen the drawing-room, the kitchen, the door-mat in the entrance-hall, and the toilet-table upstairs. They wither like the garden of *King Lear* at the sign of *Parafal*.

The *Living Corpse* is as alive as most fine gentlemen are. But gentry as an institution is dead at his casual remark that less a gentleman gets a berth under Government as soldier or diplomatist, there is nothing left for him to do but to kill himself with wine and women. It is a case of God damn you, merry gentlemen: let all things you dismay."

BUT Tolstoy's masterpiece is his "Light Shining Through Darkness." In it he turns his deadly touch suicidally on himself. The blight falls on him ruthlessly. That the role of Sebastopol becomes a second-rate gag-out is nothing. That the *Levine* of *Anna Karenina* becomes a common domestic quarrel is hardly noticed. It is the transfiguration of the great prophet into a clumsy, mischievous, cruel fool that makes the tragedy.

Mr. Aylmer Maude, in his biography of Tolstoy, holds the scales very fairly between husband and wife, and gives no quarter to the notion that a great man can do no wrong; but where he is respectfully critical Tolstoy himself is derisively merciless. He does not even pay himself the compliment of finishing a play. He left the last act unwritten, but with precise instructions as to how he was to be shot in it like a mad dog by the mother of the young man he had ruined by his teach-

ing as he ruined everyone else who listened to him.

NEVERTHELESS, Tolstoy does not really give the verdict against himself; he only shows that he was quite aware of the disastrousness of his negative anarchistic doctrine, and was prepared to face that disastrousness sooner than accept and support robbery and violence merely because the robbers and militarists had acquired political power enough to legalize them. It must be assumed that if everyone refused compliance, the necessities of the case would compel social reconstruction on honest and peaceful lines.

Tolstoy's own notions of such reconstruction did not go apparently beyond an uncritical acceptance of Henry George's demonstration of the need for land nationalization; and he does not seem to have foreseen that any reconstruction whatever must evolve more State compulsion of the individual than the present system, which relies for its unofficial but omnipresent compulsion on the pressure of circumstances that have been brought about by the destitution of the proletariat.

TOLSTOY, like the rather spoiled aristocrat, natural and artificial, that he was, could not stand compulsion, and instinctively refused to give his mind to the practical problem of social reconstruction on his principles: that is, how to organize the equitable sharing among us of the burden of that irreducible minimum of exertion without which we must perish—a matter involving, as Lenin has discovered, a considerable shooting up of the recalcitrant. Like many other prophets, he preached the will without finding the way.

Therefore, his influence was extremely dangerous to individual fools (he included himself among the number in "Light Shining Through Darkness"); but he is a great Social Solvent, revealing to us, as a master of tragicomic drama, the misery and absurdity of the idle proud life for which we sacrifice our own honor and the happiness of our neighbors.

"WHEN the horns of the cow belong to one man and her hind leg to another—that's Practical Politics!" "More About Cows and Steam Engines," by G. K. C.—coming soon.

Light is Coming

(Continued from page 47)

well for you to look round, if Mrs. Horley permits, and search the house for implements of traphernalia, and so forth." Madeleine's mother chuckled amiably. "I give you my word of honor that we have no wires, oruffed kid gloves, or other mechanical devices. Nevertheless—" "All right," said George shortly. "I'll only venture to ask for a box of matches. I stupidly left mine at home. And I assume you can to plunge us into darkness."

MATCHES were given him, and the séance began. Madeleine remained in her armchair in the front room; the others retired to the back room and seated themselves on the high-backed chairs. Under the instructions of the medium's courteous parent they formed a circle, but he called a close circle, not necessarily holding hands, but each person somehow in contact with his two neighbors. The door between the rooms stood wide open. The doors into the hall were closed.

"That will do nicely," said the father. Then he left his seat, turned out the gas, and returned to the circle. "How is that, dear?" he asked.

Madeleine was not satisfied. "Too dark," she said. "I want a little more light. There is a blind behind me. Pull that up."

HER father obeyed her, groping to the window of the front room, and pulling up the blind. In front of the house there was a street lamp, and its light immediately showed the outline of the open doorway between the rooms.

"How is that, dear?" "Not enough. Open those shutters in front of me—only a little way."

There were internal shutters to the window of the back room, and her father made his way to these and opened them as directed. A narrow shaft of moonlight shot downward

into the room and made a luminous patch on the floor.

"Is that better?" asked the father, resuming his seat, and reconstituting the circle.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Madeleine, in a low, rapid voice. "Please don't interrupt me."

"Ah!" whispered the father. "She feels the tension increasing."

"Excuse me," said George, "but before we start, will you tell me the exact program? What is it we are trying to do?"

"Don't, don't, don't!" gasped Madeleine, as if in pain. "Give me peace."

"All right, my darling." And her father whispered to George, "Spirit voices."

"What voices?"

"If they come, you will hear them. Interruptions are incredibly painful to her. The fatigue is enormous."

THEY sat in silence, and waited.

As one's eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, one could distinguish more and more of the surrounding objects. The open doorway showed quite clearly, but the medium and her armchair were invisible. One imagined her sitting there in her fixed attitude, hands on lap, eyes half closed, waiting.

If one turned one's head the moonlight seemed vividly strong; one could see the carpet and the floor boards beneath the windows, and through the gap in the shutters branches of the apple tree and the windy sky; but no one could see anybody else's face.

THEY sat waiting for a long time, and one began to feel strangely enervated by the delay. Nothing happened; George had not thought that anything would happen; and yet he felt at once excited and disappointed.

To sit in the dark doing absolutely nothing



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is a new experience to most people, and with new experiences there are always new sensations. George had a sensation that air was passing rapidly across the back of his neck, that a queer rhythmic vibration could be detected in the woodwork of his chair; that the whole room had changed its shape and was becoming circular, in harmony with the small circle of these chairs. He was conscious, too, of the excitement in the living organisms on each side of him. He could feel them throbbing and thrilling. Their nervous currents seemed to flow out of them into him, right through him, round the circle. He softly pushed back his chair.

"Don't, don't, don't!" gasped Madeleine. "Oh, please don't break!"

George drew his chair forward again, and the heavy, anxious silence continued, seeming to grow deeper every minute. He thought of dark nights when he had been out patrolling with his men, creeping about No Man's Land, laboriously working up to the enemy's wire. If a German flare suddenly lighted the desolate scene, they lay flat upon their faces, motionless, never stirring a muscle, waiting until the darkness should fall once more. But what was he waiting for now? Nothing.

HE THOUGHT of the hideous sights and sounds of war. One so soon became used to them; one grew callous to external impressions. And then a queer fancy invaded his mind. To a skeptic, to anybody who absolutely refused to believe in the supernatural, far worse than the worst thing seen in the war would be the mental shock caused by an indisputable presence of a visitant from the world beyond the tomb. Then he started in his chair.

Madeleine began to moan. She moaned and muttered like a person sleeping.

"Widen the circle. You are suffocating me. Give me space."

"Yes, yes, dear," whispered her father. And he told the others to move their chairs each as far away from his neighbors as possible. "There is no need of contact now. She is under control. As wide a circle as we can make."

QUIETLY they moved their chairs toward the four corners of the room, and sat silently waiting. In the silence George could hear the ticking of a clock in the hall, raindrops falling from the roof upon the brick paths at the side of the house, the sound of the others breathing. And he thought, "Suppose one were to see a ghost, what really would be one's feeling?"

THE answer came to him not from the mind, but from deep inward parts of his body—diaphragm, viscera, spinal nerves, all sent the answer. One would feel fear. "Yes," he thought, "that is logical. The unknown, the monstrous, the impossible must cause instinctive fear." And he purposely evoked that deep-seated commotion again, reasoning about it calmly and sedately. It was just as when one says to oneself: "Suppose I was standing on the very edge of a precipice, or on the parapet of a church tower." One's whole body seems to shrink away from the imaginary danger.

Then he sprang to his feet. A burst of hysterical laughter had come from the other room.

"Oh, don't!" moaned Madeleine. "Leave me alone." And she laughed hysterically, gasped, and sobbed.

"FIRST control," whispered her father. "It is a little girl called Peggy." Then, raising his voice, he addressed the open doorway mildly and soothingly. "Is that you, Peggy? Please go away, Peggy, like a nice kind child. We don't want you to-night, Peggy."

"Ah!" Madeleine gave a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"She has gone," whispered the old gentleman; and George sat down again. And there was silence.

Then for a second time Madeleine began to sob. "Don't! Don't! Don't!" she wailed. "Have mercy! You are tearing me to pieces."

IT WAS uncanny—nonsense, of course, but disturbing, and *wrong*. The last trick, that laughter, made one wince and set one's teeth on edge. This new trick made one quite hot. As surely as if one could see her, one knew that the woman was writhing and twisting in the armchair, contorting herself in the darkness like an epileptic or a person possessed by demons.

"Second and third controls," whispered

her father. "We shan't have long to wait now."

GEORGE sat wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "I think," he said aloud, "that this has gone far enough."

"Hush!" said somebody else.

"Mrs. Horley!" he said. "Are you all right over there?"

"Yes. For heaven's sake don't interrupt."

"Now," said the old gentleman, after a minute or two, "can we speak to those who have passed over?"

THEY are trying. They are all trying," said Madeleine sleepily. "To whom do you wish to speak? . . . Be quick. I am tired."



"I don't know what it is. I—I can't stop it," said the medium in a shaky voice.

"Now," said her father.

Mr. Burrage cleared his throat. George stirred on his chair. And Mrs. Horley whispered faintly:

"Can I speak to my husband?"

"Yes, he is trying," said the medium, in the same drowsy tone; and there was a long pause.

"Ask again," whispered her father.

"My dear husband!"

Nothing happened. They sat waiting.

"There is a hostile presence here."

FROM the darkness of the other room, a strange voice, a new voice sounded. It was the medium, of course, but the disguise of vocal tone was so complete that it produced a startling effect. This trick really made one jump.

"Yes?" said the medium's father. "Hostile to our belief, or to you yourself?"

"Hostile to me. He is trying to keep me away. He dreads me and fears me."

"Who are you?"

"He knows very well."

"But may not we also know?"

"Her husband."

THAT," said George, "is not Tom Horley's voice, anyway." He had meant to speak loudly, but his words came low. "Why should I want to keep you away from here, Tom?" "That's right," whispered the old gentleman. "Question him. Prove him."

"Why should I dread you, Tom?"

"Have you forgotten the railway by the Bapaume road?"

"No. What about it?"

"The place where you betrayed me."

"Dead or alive, Tom Horley never would say that," cried George loudly and indignantly.

"I called to you, but you wouldn't come back. You left me to those devils."

GEORGE had moved from his chair. "Mrs. Horley," he said, as he crossed the room, "it's a damnable lie. You don't believe it? Say you know it's their infernal trickery."

"Hush!" she said. She too had risen; and they saw her drop upon her knees in the moonlight by the window. She knelt

FAINT but distinct, there was a sound as of tapping on woodwork in the passage at the side of the house.

"He is trying to get into the house." She struggled madly in George's arms. "Don't you hear?" And she screamed. "I can't bear it! This is killing me. Keep him away!" And she screamed again.

Her fear spread from her, passed into all of them, filled the darkened rooms.

"Stop it!" they shouted to the medium. "Wake! Break the circles. Stop it."

"I can't," said Madeleine in a shaky voice. She had come out of the other room; she was among them, clutching at her father. "I don't know what it is. I—I can't stop it."

"Light the gas," said her father.

"I'm trying to get at my matches," said George, "but she won't let me."

"Here's a box," said somebody. But the box fell upon the floor, and once more Mrs. Horley screamed.

WHEN they had picked up the box, they only scattered the matches. An eternity seemed to pass before Madeleine struck a light. It was panic fear; contagious, unreasoning, overwhelming fear. They could not resist it. The screaming woman who had seen filled them with terror that they in turn would see. The thought of what was seeking to reach them froze their blood.

When at last the flame leaped out from the three gas jets of the chandelier and the room was dazzlingly bright, their own white faces and staring eyes frightened them more.

"Is the front door bolted?" said Madeleine.

"No," shrieked Mrs. Horley.

"Then I—I'll bolt it." And Madeleine opened the door into the hall and crept out.

THE next moment she came running back, and they all knew that she had been too late.

They stood crouched against the wall as far from the open door as possible, waiting, paralyzed by terror. They could hear a slow, dragging footstep. Mrs. Horley sank down upon the floor, gripped her hands round George's legs, and hid her face against his knees.

And slowly, with vague movements, the intruder entered the room. It was the dead man risen, the ghastly simulacrum of her husband; seeming to be swollen, gigantic, but no one else; most horrible to look upon. He was earth-stained; there was mud and ooze on his dead, expressionless face; his lusterless, pallid eyes were open, seeming to stare blindly.

"WHERE am I?" He had spoken. "I have been here before." His dull, toneless voice sounded again as he limped to the sideboard and stretched a blackened hand to the brackets where the sword hung. "Whose is this?" And he lifted the sword from the wall.

Then George came to his senses.

"It is yours, Tom. But let me have it now." He had disengaged himself from the clinging arms and gone to his friend. "Dear old fellow," he said huskily, "sit down and rest. You are in your own house." And he took the sword and laid it on the sideboard. "Come to him, Mrs. Horley. Don't be afraid."

SHE came forward from the wall with a wonderful look on her face. The fear had gone from it in a moment, and only love showed there now.

"Who is this lady? Yes, you and I have met before—a long while ago."

George turned away, blew his nose, and furtively wiped his eyes. Then, husky but joyous, he chattered volubly.

"Don't hurry him, Mrs. Horley. Give him time. I see it all now. The man the doctor spoke of! He had dodged them up there, and found his way straight home across the moor. Splendid! But I must take you back presently, Tom. You fell, getting over the garden fence, didn't you? And a fine mess you've made of your hospital togs. Never mind. It's all right, Mrs. Horley. He is going to get quite well and remember everything soon. The doctor said so. Light is coming to him. Light is coming fast."

GRANT'S father had once been in the same situation and he knew exactly what his son ought to do! Watch for "If She Really Loved Him," by W. B. Maxwell—coming soon in Hearst's.

there, stretching out her hands toward the open doorway.

"Tom!" she cried. "My loved husband, I want to see your face. If it is possible, come to me."

It was a most pitiful cry, piercing one's heart with its sadness, seeming to be the prayer of thousands of other bereaved wives as well as her own prayer. "Oh, if it be possible, let him come back to me again."

"Hark! What was that?"

"What?"

"Out there. I heard something out there in the garden."

SHE had scrambled up from her knees, and was by the window pulling at the shutter. Then she gave another cry, staggered back from the window, and would have fallen to the floor if George had not caught her in his arms.

"Oh, God! I saw it, close to the window. My husband! Not himself, his corpse."

And she clung to George, shivering and shaking in an agony of fear. The other two men went to the window, and they said they could see nothing.

"No," she gasped, "it moved round the wall. There! It is going round the house."

She waved an arm, and then clung still closer to George.

"There! Can't you hear?"



"If I didn't know Chadwick so well I'd say he was lying about the mileage he gets from his tires."
 "Well, you must remember he uses Kelly-Springfields."

ONLY near the military posts in the Highlands did I feel truly secure until, one day at sunrise, I beheld the shining spires of Albany, and hundreds of gilded weathercocks all shining me a welcome.

But in Albany streets I encountered silent people who looked upon me with no welcome in their haunted gaze; and everywhere I saw the same strange look—pinched faces, brooding visages, a strained, intent gaze, yet vacant too, as though their eyes, which looked at me, saw nothing save some hidden vision within their secret minds.

I bated at the Half-Moon; and now for the first time I learned what anxieties harassed these good burghers of the old Dutch city. For rumor had come the night before on the heels of a galloping light-horseman, that Sir John was expected to enter the Valley by the Sacandaga route, and that already strange Indians had been seen near Askalege.

How these same rumors originated, nobody seemed to know. The light-horseman had them from bateaux-men at Schenectady. But who carried such alarming news to the Queen's Fort nobody seemed to know, only that the garrison had become feverishly active, and three small scouts were preparing to start for Schoharie and Caughnawaga.

All this from the landlord, a gross, fat, speckled man who trembled like a dish of jelly as he told it.

BUT as I went out to climb into my saddle, leaving my samp and morning draught untasted, comes a-riding a gay company of light-horse, careless and debonair. Their officer saluted my uniform and, as I spurred up beside him and questioned him, he smilingly assured me that the rumors had no foundation; that if Sir John came at all he would surely arrive by the Susquehanna; and that our scouts would give warning to the Valley in ample time.

God knows that what he said comforted me somewhat, yet I did not choose to lose any time at breakfast, either; so I bought me a loaf at a bake-shop and ate as I rode forward.

At noon I rode into the Queen's Fort and there fed Kaya. I saw no unusual activity there; none in the town, none on the river.

Officers of whom I made inquiry had heard nothing concerning Sir John, did not expect a raid from him before autumn anyway, and vowed that General Sullivan had scotched the Iroquois snake in its den and driven the fear of God into Sir John and the two Butlers with the cannon at Chemung.

AS I rode westward again, I saw all around me men at work in the fields, plowing here, seeding there, clearing brush-fields yonder. There seemed to be no dread among these people; all was calm as the fat Dutch cattle that stood belly-deep in meadows, watching me out of gentle, stupid eyes as I rode on towards Caughnawaga.

A woman whom I encountered, and who was driving geese, stopped to answer my inquiries. From her I learned that Colonel Fisher, at Caughnawaga, had received a letter from Colonel Jacob Klock six days ago, which stated that Sir John Johnson was marching on the Valley. But she assured me that this news was now entirely discredited by everybody, because on Sunday a week ago Captain Walter Vrooman, of Guelderland, had marched his company to Caughnawaga, but on arriving was told he was not needed, and so continued on to Johnstown.

I do not know why all these assurances from the honest people of the Valley did not ease my mind.

Around me as I rode all was sunny, still, and peaceful, yet deep in my heart always I seemed to feel the faint pulse of fear as I looked around me upon a smiling region once familiar and which I had not laid eyes upon for nearly three whole years.

And my nearness to Penelope, too, so filled me with happy impatience that the last mile seemed a hundred leagues on the dusty Schenectady road.

I HAD just come into view of the first chimneys of Caughnawaga, and was riding by an empty wagon driven by an old man, when, very far away, I heard a gunshot.

I drew bridle sharply and asked the man in the wagon if he also had heard it; but his wagon rattled and he had not. However, he pulled up, and we stood still, listening.

Then, softened by distance, came another gunshot.

The old man thought it might be some farmer emptying his piece to clean it.

As he spoke, still far away along the river we heard several shots fired in rapid succession.

With that, the old man fetched a yell. "Durn-ding it!" he screeched. "If Sir John's

The Little Red Foot

Continued from page 51



Sun-dazzled, Penelope drew one hand swiftly across her eyes as I rode up.

in the Valley it ain't no place for my old woman and me!" And he lashed his horses with the reins, and drove at a crazy gallop toward the distant firing.

AT THE same moment I spurred Kaya, who bounded forward over the rise of land; and instantly I saw smoke in the sky beyond the Johnstown road, and caught a glimpse of other fires in another direction, very near to where should stand the dwellings of Jim Davis and Sampson Sammons.

And now, seated by the roadside just ahead, I saw a young man whom I knew by sight, named Abe Veeder; and I pulled in my horse and called to him.

He would not move or notice me, and seemed distracted; so I spurred up to him and caught him by the shirt collar. At that he jumps up in a fright, and:

"Oh, Jesus!" he bawls. "Sir John's red devils are murdering everybody from Johnstown to the River!"

"Where are they?" I cried. "Answer me and compose yourself!"

"Where are they?" he shrieked. "Why, they're everywhere! Lodowick Putman's house is afire and they've murdered him and Aaron. Amasa Stevens's house is burning, and he hangs naked and scalped on his garden fence!"

"They killed Billy Gault and that other man from the old country, and they murdered Captain Hansen in his bed, and his house is

all afire! Everything in the Valley is afire!" he screamed, wringing his scorched hands. "Tribes Hill is burning, Fisher's is on fire, and the Colonel and John and Harmon all murdered—all scalped and lying dead in the barn!"

"Listen to me!" I cried, shaking the wretched fellow. "When did this happen? Are Sir John's people still here? Where are they?"

"It happened last night and lasted after sunrise this morning," he blubbered. "Everything is burning from Schoharie to the Nose. And they'll come back and kill the rest of us!"

I FLUNG him aside, struck spurs, and galloped for Cayadutta Lodge.

Everywhere I looked I saw smoke; barns were but heaps of live coals, houses marked only by charred cellars out of which flames leaped.

Yet I saw the church still standing, and Dr. Remeyn's parsonage still intact, though all doors and windows stood wide open and bedding and broken furniture lay scattered over the grass.

But Adam Fonda's house was burning and the dwelling of Major Jelles was on fire; and now I caught sight of Douw Fonda's great stone house, with its two wings and tall chimneys of hewn stone.

It was not burning, but shutters hung from their hinges, window glass was shattered,

doors smashed in, and all over the trampled garden and lawn lay a debris of broken furniture, tattered books, bedding, fragments of fine china and torn garments.

And there, face downward on the bloody grass, lay old Douw Fonda, his aged skull split to the backbone, his scalp gone.

Such a sick horror seized me that I reeled in my saddle and the world grew dark before my eyes for a moment.

BUT my mind cleared again and my eyes, also; and I sat my horse, pistol in hand, searching the desolation about me for a sign of aught that remained alive in this awful spot.

I heard no more gunshots up the river. The silence was terrible.

At length, ill with fear, I got out of my saddle and led Kaya to the shattered gate and there tied her.

Then I entered that ruined mansion to search it for what I feared most horrible to discover, searched every room, every closet, every corner from attic to cellar; and then came out and took my horse by the bridle.

For there was nobody within the house, living or dead—no sign of death anywhere save there on the grass, where that poor corpse lay, a grotesque thing sprawling indecently in its blood.

THEN, as I stood there, a man appeared, slinking up the road. He was in his shirt-sleeves, wore no hat, and his face and hair were streaked red from a wet wound over his left ear. He carried a firelock; and when he discovered me in my Continental uniform he swerved and shuffled towards me, making a hopeless gesture as he came on.

"They've all gone off," he called out to me, "—Greencoats, Redcoats and savages. I saw them an hour since crossing the river some three miles above. God! What a harm they have done us here on this accursed day!"

He crept nearer and stood close beside me and looked down at the body of Douw Fonda. But in my overwhelming grief I no longer noticed him.

"Why, sir," said he, "a devil out o' hell would have spared yonder good man. Put Sir John's people slew him. I saw him die. I saw the murder done with my own eyes."

STARTLED from my agonized reflections, I turned and gazed at him, still stunned by the calamity which had crushed me.

"I say I saw that old man die!" he repeated shrilly. "I saw them scalp him, too!"

I summoned all my courage: "Did—did you know Penelope Grant?"

"Aye."

"Is—she dead?" I whispered.

"I think she is, sir. Listen, sir: I am Jan Myndert, bouw-meester to Douw Fonda. I saw Mistress Grant this morning. It was after sunrise and our servants and black slaves had been long a-stirring, and soupaan a-cooking, and none dreamed of any trouble. No, sir! Why, God help us all! The black wenches were at their Monday washing, and the farm bell was ringing, and I was at the new barrack a-sorting out seed."

"And the old gentleman, he was up and dressed and supped his porridge along with me, sir; for he rose always with the sun, sir, feeble though he seemed. I—"

He passed a cinder-blackened hand across his hair; drew it away red and sticky; stood gazing at the stain with a stupid air until I could not endure his silence, and burst out:

"Where did you last see Mistress Grant?"

BUT my violence confused him, and it seemed difficult for him to speak when finally he found voice at all.

"Sir—as I have told you, I had been sorting seeds for early planting, in the barracks," he said tremulously; "and I was walking, as I remember, towards the house, when, of a sudden, I heard musket-firing towards Johnstown, and not very far distant."

"With that comes a sound of galloping and rattle o' wheels, and I see Barent Wemple standing up in his red-painted farm wagon, and whipping his fine colts, and a keg o' rum bouncing behind him in the wagon-box which rolled off as the horses reached the river—and galloped into it—them two colts sir—breast-deep in the river!"

"Then I shouts down to him: 'Barent! Barent! Is it them red devils of Sir John? Or why be you in such a God-a-mighty hurry?'"

"But Barent, he is too busy cutting his traces to notice me; and up onto one o' the colts he jumps and seizes t'other by the head, and away across the shoals, leaving his new red wagon there in the water, hub-deep."

THEN I run to the house and I fall to shouting: 'Look out! Look out! Sir John is in the Valley!' And then I run to the house, where my gun stands, and where the black boys and wenches are all a-screaming and a-praying.

"Somebody calls out that Captain Fisher's house is on fire; and then, of a sudden, I see a flock o' naked, whooping devils come leaping down the road.

"Then, sir, I saw Mistress Grant in her shift come out in the dew and stand yonder in her bare feet, a-looking across at them red devils, bounding and leaping about the Fisher place.

"Then out o' the house toddles Douw Fonda with his gold-headed cane and his favorite book. Sir, though the poor old gentleman was childish, he still knew an Indian when he saw one.

"Fetch me a gun!" he cries. "I take command here!" And then he sees Mistress Grant, and he pipes out in his cracked voice: "Stand your ground, Penelope! Have no fear, my child. I command this post! I will protect you!"

THE Greencoats and savages were now swarming around the house of Major Jelles, whooping and yelling and capering and firing off their guns. Bang-bang-bang! Jesus! The noise of their musketry stopped your ears.

"Then Mistress Grant, she took the old gentleman by the arm and was begging him to go with her through the orchard, where we now could see Mrs. Romeyn running up the hill and carrying her two little children in her arms.

"I also went to Mr. Fonda and took him by the other arm, but he walked with us only to the porch and there seized my gun that I had left there.

"Stand fast, Penelope!" he pipes up. "I will defend your life and honor!" And farther he would not budge, but turns mulish, yet too feeble to lift the gun he clung to with a grip I could not loosen lest I break his bones.

"We got him, with his gun a-dragging, into the house, but could force him no farther, for he resisted and reproached me, demanding that I stand and face the enemy.

AT THAT, through the window of the library wing I see a body of Greencoats—some three hundred or better—marching down the Schenectady road. And some score of these, and as many Indians, were leaving the Major's house, which they had fired; and now all began to run towards us, firing off their muskets at our house as they came on.

"I was grazed, as you see, sir, and the blow dashed out my senses for a moment. But when I came alive I found I had fallen beside the wainscot of the east hall, where is a secret spring panel made for Mr. Fonda's best books. My fall jarred it open; and into this closet I crawled; and the next moment the library was filled with the trample of yelling men.

"I heard Mistress Grant give a kind of choking cry, and, through the crack of the wainscot door, I saw a Greencoat put one hand over her mouth and hold her, cursing her for a rebel slut and telling her to hush her damned head or he'd do the proper business for her.

AN INDIAN I knew, called Quider, and having only one arm, took hold of Mr. Fonda and led him from the library and out to the lawn, where I could see them both through the west window. The Indian acted kind to the old gentleman, gave him his hat and his book and cane, and conducted him south across the lawn. I could see it all plainly through the wainscot crack.

"Then, of a sudden, the one-armed Indian swung his hatchet and clove that helpless and bewildered old man clean down to his neck-cloth. And there, before all assembled, he took the old man's few white hairs for a scalp.

"Then a Greencoat called out to ask why he had slain such an old and feeble man, who had often befriended him; and the one-armed Indian, Quider, replied that if he hadn't killed Douw Fonda somebody else might have done so, and so he, Quider, thought he'd do it and get the scalp-bounty for himself.

ALL this time the Indians and Greencoats were running like wild wolves all over the house, stealing, destroying, yelling, flinging out books from the library shelves, ripping off curtains and bed-covers, flinging linen from chests, throwing crockery about, and keeping up a continual screeching.

"Sir, I do not know why they did not set fire to the house. I do not know how my hiding-place remained unnoticed.

"From where I knecled on the closet floor, and my face all over blood, I could see Mistress Grant across the room, sitting on a sofa, whither the cursing Greencoat had flung her. She was deathly white but calm, and did not seem afraid; and she answered the filthy beasts coolly enough when they addressed her.

"Then a big chair, which they had ripped up to look for money, was pushed against my closet, and the back of it closed the wainscot crack, so that I could no longer see Mistress Grant.

"And that is all I know, sir. For the firing began again outside; they all ran out, and when I dared creep forth Mistress Grant was gone. . . . And I lay still for a time, and then found a jug o' rum. When I could stand up I followed the destructives at a distance. And, an hour since, I saw the last stragglers crossing the river rifts some three miles above us. . . . And that is all, I think, sir."

AND that was all—the end of all things. . . . Or so it seemed to me.

For now I cared no longer for life. The world had become horrible; the bright sun shine seemed a monstrous sacrilege where it blazed down, unveiling every detail of this ghastly Goleotha—this valley in ashes now made sacred by my dear love's martyrdom.

Slowly I looked around me, still stupefied, helpless, now knowing where to seek my dead, which way to turn.

And now my dulled gaze became fixed upon the glittering river, where something was moving. . . . And presently I realized it was a bateau, poled slowly shoreward by two tall riflemen in their fringe.

"Holloa! You captain-mon out vander!" bawled one o' them, his great voice coming to me through his hollowed hand.

LEADING my horse, I walked towards them as in a fiery nightmare, and the sun but a vast dancing blaze in my burning eyes. One of the riflemen leaped ashore.

"Is annwan alive in this place?" he began loudly; then: "Iasus! It's Captain Drogue. F'r the love o' God, asthore! Are they all dead entirely in Caughnawaga, savin' yourself, sorr, an' the Dominie's wife an' childer, an' the yellow-haired lass o' Douw Fonda?"

I caught him by the rifle-cape. My clutch shook him; and I was shaking, too, so I could not pronounce clearly.

"Where is Penelope Grant?" I stammered. "Where did you see her, Tim Murphy?"

"Who's that?" he demanded, striving to loosen my grip. "Ah, the poor lad, he's crazy! Lave me loose, avic! Is it the yellow-haired lass ye ask for?"

"Yes—where is she?"

"God be good to you, Jack Drogue, she's on the hill yonder with Mrs. Romeyn an' the two childer!" He took my arm, turned me partly around, and pointed.

"D'ye mind the pine? The big wan, I mean, betchune the two ellums? 'Twas an hour since that we seen her foreinst the pine-tree yonder, an' the Romeyn childer hidin' their faces in her skirt—"

I swung my horse and flung myself across the saddle.

"She's safe, I warrant," cried Murphy, as I rode off; "Sir John's divils was gone off two hours whin we seen her safe and sound on the long hill!"

I GALLOPED over the shattered fence which was still afire, where the charred rails lay in the grass.

As I spurred up the bank opposite, I caught sight of a mounted officer on the stony Johnstown road, advancing at a trot, and behind him a mass of sweating militia jogging doggedly downhill in a rattle of pebbles and dust.

When the mounted officer saw me he shouted through the dust-cloud that Sir John had been at the Hall, seized his plate and papers, and a lot of prisoners, and had murdered innocent people in Johnstown streets.

Tim Murphy and his comrade, Elerson, also came up, calling out to the Johnstown men that they had come from Schoharie and that both militia and Continental were marching to the Valley.

There was some cheering. I pushed my horse impatiently through the crowd and up the hill. But a little way farther on the road was choked with troops arriving at a run; and they had brought cohorts and their ammunition wagon, and God knows what!—



and this house will be for You and Your Children, my dear

—that Homes may pass down through many generations

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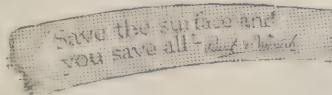
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alas!—too late to oppose or punish the blood-drenched demons who had turned the Caughnawaga Valley to a smoking hell.

NOW my horse was involved with all these excited people, and I, exasperated, thought I never should get clear of the soldiery and cohorts; but at length I pushed a way through to the woods on my right, and spurred my mare into them and among the larger elms and pines where sheep had pastured, and there was less brush.

I could not discover the great pine now, but thought I had marked it down; and so bore again to the right, where through the woods I could see a glimmer of sun along cleared land.

It was rocky; my horse slipped and I was obliged to walk him upward among stony places, where moss grew green and deep.

And now, through a fringe of saplings, I caught a glimpse of the two elms and the tall pine between.

"Penelope!" I cried. Then I saw her.

SHE was standing as once she stood the first time ever I laid eyes on her. The sun shone in her face and made of her yellow hair a glory. And I saw her naked feet shining snow-white, ankle-deep in the wet grass.

As though sun-dazzled she drew one hand swiftly across her eyes as I rode up, leaned over, and swung her up into my arms. And earth and sky and air became one vast and thrilling void through which no sound stirred save the wild beating of her heart and mine.

Then, as from an infinite distance, came a thin cry, piercing our still paradise.

Her arms loosened on my neck; we looked down as in a dream; and there were the little Romeyn children in the grass, naked in their shifts, and holding tightly to my stirrup.

And now we saw light-horsemen leading their mounts this way, and the poor Dominic's lady carried on a trooper's saddle, her bare foot clinging to the shortened stirrup.

OTHER troopers lifted the children to their saddles; a great hubbub began below us along the Schenectady highway, where I now heard the beating of drums and the shrill marching music of an arriving regiment.

I reached behind me, unstrapped my military mantle, clasped it around Penelope, swathed her body warmly, and linked up the chain. Then I touched Kaya with my left knee—she guiding left at such slight pressure—and we rode slowly over the sheep pasture and then along the sheep-walk, westward until we arrived at the bars. The bars were down and lay scattered over the grass. And so we came quietly out into the Johnstown road.

So still lay Penelope in my arms that I thought, at times, that she was asleep; but ever, as I bent over her, her dark eyes would uncloze, gazing up at me in tragic silence.

Thus we advanced along the Johnstown road, Kaya cantering where the way was easy.

We passed ruined houses, still smoking, but she did not see them. And once I saw a dead man lying near a blackened cellar; and a dead hound near him.

LONG before we came in sight of Johnstown I could hear the distant quaver of the tocsin, where, on the fort, the iron bell rang ceaselessly in its melancholy warning.

And after a while I saw a spire above distant woods, and the late sunlight red on gilt weathervanes.

I bent over Penelope. "We arrive," I whispered.

One little hand stole out and drew aside the collar of the cloak; and she turned her head and saw the roofs and chimneys shining crimson in the setting sun.

"Jack!" she said faintly.

"I listen, beloved."

"Douw Fonda is dead."

"Hush! I know it, love."

"Douw Fonda is with God since sunrise," she whispered.

starven!" . . . A Greencoat clubbed his musket to slay me, but the Indian officer caught the gun and called out to me: "Run! Run, you yellow-haired slut!"

"But I dared not stir to pass by where Clement stood with his gun. I caught up a heavy silver candlestick, broke the window with two blows, and leaped out into the orchard. . . . Clement ran around the house and I saw him enter the orchard, carrying a gun and looking for me, but I lay very still under the lilac hedge; and he

the last privilege has been accorded the last and noble drone; the last slave's tax has long been paid.

Yet—and it sounds strange—England still seems *home* to us. . . . We think of it as home. . . . It is in our blood; and I am not ashamed to say it. And I think a hundred years may pass, and, in our hearts, shall still remain deep, deep, a tenderness for that far-ocean-severed home our grandsires knew as England.

I say it spite o' the German King, spite o' his mad ministers, spite o' British wrath and scorn and gibes and cruelty. For, by God! I believe that we ourselves who stand in battle here are the true mind and heart and loins of England, fighting to slay her baser self!

WELL, we are here in the Highlands, my sweetheart-wife and I—I who now wear the regimentals of a Continental Colonel and have a regiment as pretty as ever I see, though it be not over-strong in numbers. But, oh, the powder-toughened line o' them in their patched blue-and-buff! And their bright bayonets! Sir, I would not boast, and ask pardon if it seems so. . . .

Below us His Excellency, calm, imperturbable, holds in his hand our destinies, juggling now with Sir Henry Clinton, now with my Lord Cornwallis, as suits his temper and his purpose.

The traitor, Arnold, ravages where he may; the traitor, Lee, sulks in retreat; and Conway is confessed his shame; and the unhappy braggart, Gates, now mourns his laurels, wears his willows, and sits alone, a broken and preposterous man.

I think no day passes but I thank God for my Lord Stirling, for our wise Generals Green and Knox and Wayne, for the gallant young Marquis, so loved and trusted by His Excellency.

BUT war is long—oh, long and wearying!—and a dismal and vexing business for the most.

I, being in garrison at this fortress, which is the keystone of our very liberties, find that, in barracks as in the field, every hour brings its anxieties and its harassing duties.

Yet, thank God, I have some hours of leisure. . . . And we have leased a pretty cottage within our works—and our two children seem wondrous healthy and content. . . . Both have yellow hair. I wish they had their mother's lovely eyes! . . . But, for the rest, they have her beauty and her health.

And shall, no doubt, inherit all the beauty of her mind and heart.

COMES a soldier servant where I sit writing:

"Sir: Colonel Forbes's lady; her compliments to Colonel Forbes, and desires to be informed how soon my Colonel will be free to drink a dish of tea with my lady?"

"Pray offer my compliments and profound respect to my lady, Billy, and say that I shall have the honor of drinking a dish of tea with my lady within no more than five amazing minutes!"

And so he salutes and off he goes; and I gather up the sheaf of memoirs I have writ and lock them in my desk against another day.

And so take leave of you, with every kindness, because Penelope should not sit waiting.

HIS father and his grandfather before him had sown that Rafael might reap. Yet he risks all this for the allurements of a stranger! The start of the big new Ibáñez novel—Hearst's for June.



"I'm not so bad off the stage—you see I'm not," says Goldie (Lotus Robb) appealingly to Rollo (Roland Young). (See the Play of the Month, on page 21.)

"Yes, I know. . . . And many others, too, Penelope."

SHE shook her head vaguely, looking up at me all the while.

"It came so swiftly. . . . I was still abed. . . . The guns awoke me—and the blacks screaming. I ran to the window of my chamber.

"A Continental soldier was driving an army cart towards the Johnstown road. And I saw him jump out of his cart,* cut his traces, mount, turn his horse, and gallop down the valley. . . . That was the first real fear that assailed me, when I saw that soldier flee. . . . I went below immediately and saw Indians near the Fisher place. . . . But I could not persuade Mr. Fonda to escape with me through the orchard. . . . He would not go, Jack; he would not listen to me or to the bouw-meester, who also had hold of him.

"And when we went into the library somebody fired through the window and hit the bouw-meester. . . . I don't know what happened to him or where he fell. . . . For the next moment the house was full of Greencoats and savages. . . . They led Mr. Fonda out of the house. . . . An Indian killed him with a hatchet. A Greencoat took hold of me and said he meant to cut my throat for a damned rebel slut! But an Indian pushed him away. . . . They disputed. An officer of the Indian Department came into the library and told me to go out to the orchard and escape if I was able.

"THEN a Tory neighbor of ours, Joseph Clement, came in and shouted out in low Dutch: 'Laat de vervluchten rabble

*The gossipy, industrious, but diverting historian, Simms, whose account of this incident would seem to imply that Penelope Grant herself related it to him, gives a different version of her testimony. The statement he offers is signed: "Mrs. Penelope Forbes. Her maiden name was Grant." So Simms may have had it first hand. Also, it is evident that Penelope Drogue-Forbes dropped the Drogue and hyphen at her husband's request.

must have thought I had run down to the river, for he went off that way.

"Then I got to my feet and crept up the hill. . . . And presently I saw Mrs. Romeyn and the children toiling up the hill, and helped her carry them. . . . All the morning we hid there and looked down at the burning houses. . . . And after a long while the firing grew more distant.

"And then—and then—you came! My dear lord! My lover. . . . My own lover who has come to me at last!"

AFTERMATH

I KNOW not how it shall be with me and mine! In this year of our Lord, 1782, in which I write, here in the casemate of West Point, the war rages throughout the land, and there seems no end to it, nor none likely that I can see.

That horrid treason which, through God's mercy, did not utterly confound us and deliver this fortress to our enemy, still seems to brood over this calm river and the frowning hills that buttress it, like a low, dark cloud.

But I believe, under God, that our cause is now clean-purged of all villainy, and all that is sordid, base, and contemptible.

I believe, under God, that we shall accomplish our freedom and recover our ancient and English liberties in the end.

THAT dull and German King who sits yonder across the water, can never again stir in any American the faintest echo of that allegiance which once all offered simply and without question.

Nor can his fat jester, my Lord North, contrive any new pleasantry to seduce us or any new and bloody deviltry to make us fear the wrath of God's anointed or the monkey chatter of his clown.

For us, the last king has sat upon a throne;

*In Valley Dutch: "Let the accursed rebel die!"

The Greatest Man

(Concluded from page 53)

about a legacy that she heard is coming to you."

"Oh!" said Axel. "That Swedish money. That's all right. If she wants to wait till it comes she can have it. Only I got to pay the bank first."

The lawyer stared at him in amazement. "Don't you intend to make any defense?"

"Who? Me?" asked Axel, in surprise. Then he laughed. "If the lady wants four thousand dollars she can have it. I never like to bother."

"You'll never get very far like that," said the lawyer, shaking his head.

"Oh, I don't know," said Axel. "I never do anybody dirt."

AND so it was that the lady vampire won her case, to her own great surprise, the amazement of the sturdy citizens of Kenashee, and the everlasting disgust and fury of Ezra Peabody. The entire transaction left Axel in possession of two hundred dollars. Within a week a few of his sturdy acquaintances had borrowed this amount from him, leaving Axel where he was before, a cheerful cobbler with an accordion. It all made not the slightest difference in his disposition. He was always happy. Some thought he was unbalanced mentally. Others looked on him as merely a shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing Swede. Peabody knew him to be hopelessly damned. Booms, alone, knew that Axel Sundstrom was the greatest man in Kenashee.

Business prospered with Peabody and he grew richer and richer. He never missed a service or a meeting of the church board of which he was chairman. Sometimes, when he had made an unusually large sum of money by raising his prices, not because his wares cost him more to produce but because he knew his customers were compelled to pay whatever he asked, he felt that God might have done differently had He been in the toy business. Thereupon he always donated a small sum to the church fund and felt relieved. But, somehow or other, he never felt exactly happy.

CHRISTY MORRI, the five-year-old son of the Swedish widow—her husband had been an Englishman—was recovering from diphtheria and Axel Sundstrom, as soon as he had patched enough shoes to pay for his expenses, hurried to the child's bedside each day to amuse him.

This happened to be the busiest season of the year for the Peabody Novelty Works and there was a scarcity of workmen.

"I've got to have somebody in the packing-room," said the superintendent, "and I can't find a soul in the whole town."

"Look up that Swede cobbler," said Peabody. "Ask him to help out. He's a bad egg but you can use him for packing."

The superintendent found Axel sitting at Christy's bedside.

"I don't need a job," the Swede said good-naturedly. "I make plenty money."

"Ye'd be doing Mr. Peabody a great favor," began the superintendent when, to his surprise, Axel sprang to his feet.

"That's different," said Axel, laughing. "I never refuse to do favor."

All that afternoon Axel packed toys into big crates. The mechanical engines that could run in a circle all around the room after you had wound them up interested him. Several times the foreman told him to stop playing with them and go on with his work.

"How much do they cost?" asked Axel.

"I don't know what they sell for," replied the foreman, "but they don't cost more than half a dollar to turn out."

WHEN Axel finished work late that afternoon all the other employees had left and only the watchman hovered about to lock up the packing-room. Several of the toy engines were left over from the packed crates. Axel tucked one under his arm and laid a half-dollar on the packing table. He returned to Christy's bedside and showed the delighted child how the toy worked.

The foreman missed the toy the next morning, as he counted his stock, and reported it to the superintendent. The watchman told that he had seen the Swede carry it out. The matter was reported to Peabody, who, with a sudden thrill of delight, ordered the superintendent to have Axel arrested.

The Swede, bewildered, was brought before the police magistrate for petty larceny.

"But I paid for it!" he exclaimed. "I left the money on the table—a half-dollar."

"We didn't find any money," the superintendent told the magistrate. "and, besides, we aren't selling toys retail and he had no business to take it."

THERE was nothing for the magistrate to do but hold Axel for trial, and as no one came forward to give bail for him he was put in a cell. And Peabody came as near to being happy as he ever was in his life.

"That is the outcome of a shiftless, irreligious life," he thought. "The prison will put an end to that diabolical cheerfulness of his. He is not laughing now."

But Peabody was entirely wrong. Axel never gave a thought to the cruelty or the injustice of his plight. For perhaps an hour he had puzzled over what could have become of the money he had left on the table. And then, shrugging his shoulders, he asked the jailer to send someone to his shack for his accordion.

For two days Axel played, sang, and whistled in jail, joked with the keepers, and won everybody's liking by his cheerfulness. Then the watchman at the Peabody Novelty Works, with a sheepish expression on a rather wicked face, unexpectedly found the half-dollar which, he explained, must have rolled on the floor of its own accord. Axel was released and hurried to the widow Morris's cottage to play with Christy.

The foreman called upon him that evening and expressed his profound regret at what had happened.

"Oh, that's all right," said Axel. "Everybody makes mistakes sometimes."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to help us out for the rest of the week," the foreman went on. "I'm up against it. Can't get labor. It'd be a tremendous favor—"

"Sure," said Axel. "I don't want a job but I glad do anybody favor."

THE Board of Health of Kenashee afterward found that it was the water from the well on the grounds of the Novelty Works. Four of the men were stricken with typhoid at the same time and among them was Axel. His strong physique and his cheerful spirit were of no avail against the virulence of the disease. During his illness he had but two visitors. One was Mrs. Morris, who wept when she beheld him. The other was Booms, brought to the hospital, at Axel's urgent request. The dog had to be forcibly restrained from licking his face.

"Next time maybe I scratch you," said Axel, smiling. And those unheroic words were his last. They sent word to Mrs. Morris the next day that he had passed away, unconscious.

The cemetery of Kenashee, Illinois, lies directly outside the town's limits. Through a light, drizzling rain the hearse moved slowly, the driver holding an umbrella over his head and smoking a pipe. Behind the hearse walked Mrs. Morris, her bonnet bedraggled by the moisture. A decent burial for her friend was all that she could afford. A carriage for herself was out of the question.

"That must be the Swede," remarked a sturdy resident as the meager cortège moved down the street.

"Ye-eh! I guess so. He was a queer Dick."

PEABODY, too, saw the funeral procession. He had just come from the bank, where he had obtained a loan upon collateral that no intelligent bank examiner would ever have accepted. He was walking in the same direction as the hearse and some instinct told him whose funeral it was. For nearly a block he walked along the sidewalk, glancing furtively, ever and anon, at the pathetic figure that followed in the black vehicle's wake. Then an overpowering impulse, a terrific force which suddenly seemed to clutch all his consciousness in its clasp, a power which he did not understand, seized him, controlled all his being, and—as if he were mesmerized—he found himself walking out into the road, taking his place at the widow's side and, holding his umbrella over her head, trudging beside her, escorting the Swedish cobbler to his last resting-place.

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through those mysterious sources of information available to great hotels. Or perhaps someone had seen and recognized him. Well, that was the way his luck had run, lately: every break against him. Now—Gray's shoulders lifted in a shrug of resignation—there was nothing to do except wave aside the blindfold and face the firing squad like an officer and a gentleman. But it was a pity that the crash had come so soon; Fortune might have given him at least a short interval of grace. Haviland was probably in a cold rage at the discovery of the fraud, and Gray could only hope that he wouldn't get noisy over it, for scenes were always annoying and sometimes they ran to unfortunate lengths.

There was a curious brightness to the impostor's eyes, a reckless, mocking smile upon his lips, when he stepped into the manager's office and stood beside the desk. He declined Haviland's invitation to be seated—it seemed more fitting that a man should take sentence on his feet.

"Have you seen the *Post*?" the manager inquired.

"No."

Haviland handed him a copy of the leading afternoon paper and Gray's eyes flashed to the headlines of an article reading:

CALVIN GRAY, HERO OF SENSATIONAL EXPLOITS, IN DALLAS

Adventures Read Like Page of Romance

Famous Financier Admits Large Oil Interests Behind Him

From the opening paragraph, Gray judged that he had impressed the reporter even more deeply than he had supposed; but he took no satisfaction therefrom, for Haviland was saying:

"I've read the whole story, but I want you to tell me something more about yourself."

"What do you wish to know?"

"Were you in France?"

OVER the visitor's face there came a subtle change. Whereas, upon entering, he had worn an expression of careless defiance, now he appeared to harden in every fiber and to go on guard.

"I have been many times in France."

"I mean during the war. Did you serve?"

There was a pause. "I did," Gray's eyes remained fixed upon his interrogator, but they had begun to smolder.

"Then you're Colonel Gray—Colonel Calvin Gray?"

"Quite so." The speaker's voice was harsh and it came with an effort. "But you didn't read that in the *Post*. Come! What's the idea? Out with it!" The interview had taken an unexpectedly disagreeable turn. Gray had anticipated an unpleasant moment or two, but this!

Well, it was indeed the crash. Calamity had overtaken him from the very quarter he had least expected and most dreaded, and his mind raced off at a tangent: a dozen unwelcome queries presented themselves.

"STRANGE what circles we move in,"

Haviland was saying. "Do you know who owns the controlling interest in this hotel? Surely you must know, or can guess. Think a moment. It's somebody you met over there and have reason to remember."

A sound escaped from the throat of Colonel Gray—not a cry, but rather a gasp of amazement, or of rage.

"Aha!" Haviland grinned in triumph. "I thought—"

His guest leaned forward over the desk, with face twitching. Passion had driven the blood from it, and his whole expression was one of such hatred, such fury, the metamorphosis was so startling that the hotel man stiffened in his chair and stared upward in sudden amazement.

"Nelson!" Gray ejaculated. "Nelson, by God! So! He's here!"

During the moment that Haviland sat petrified, Gray turned his head slowly; his blazing eyes searched the office as if expecting to discover a presence concealed somewhere; they returned to the hotel man's face and he inquired, "Well, where is he?"

HAVILAND stirred. "I don't know what you're talking about. Who's Nelson?" After a second, he exclaimed: "Good Lord! I thought I had a pleasant surprise for you, and I was gracefully leading up to it, but—I must have jazzed it all up. I was going to tell you that the hotel and everything in it is yours."

"Eh?"

Flowing Gold

(Continued from page 9)

"Why, the Ajax is one of the Dietz chain! Herman Dietz, of Cincinnati, owns it. He left for the North not an hour ago. At the last minute he heard you were here—read this story in the paper—and had bellboys scouring the place for you. You must know why he wanted to see you and what he said when he found that he'd have to leave before you came in."

Colonel Gray uttered another exclamation, this time an expletive of deep relief. He fought with himself a moment, then murmured an apology: "Sorry! You gave me a start—decidedly. Herman Dietz, eh? Well, well! You made me think for a moment that I was a guest in the house of some other—friend."

"Friend?"

"Exactly!" Gray was himself again now. He ran a loosening finger between his collar and throat. "Quite a start, I'll admit, but—some of my friends are great practical jokers. They have a way of jumping out at me and crying, 'Boo!' when I least expect it."

"Um-m! I see. Mr. Dietz told me that he was under lifelong obligation to a certain Colonel Calvin Gray. Something to do with passports—"

"I once rendered him a slight favor."

"He doesn't regard the favor as 'slight.' He was about to be imprisoned for the duration of the war and you managed to get him back home."

"Merely a matter of official routine. I felt sure he was a loyal American citizen."

"Exactly. But he makes more of the incident than you do, and he gave me my instructions. So—what can I do for you, on his behalf? You have only to ask."

GRAY pondered the unexpected offer. He was still a bit shaken, for a moment ago he had been more deeply stirred even than Haviland suspected and the emotional reaction had left him weak. After all the hollow pretense of this day a genuine proffer of aid was welcome, and the temptation to accept was strong. Herman Dietz was indeed indebted to him and he believed the old German-American would do anything, lend him any amount of money for instance, that he might ask for. Gray wondered why he had not thought of Dietz before he came to Texas; it would have made things much easier. But the offer had come too late, it seemed to him: at this moment he could see no means of profiting by it without wrecking the flimsy house of cards he had that very day erected and exposing himself to ridicule, to obloquy as a rank four-flusher. The scarcely dry headlines of that afternoon paper ran before his eyes: "*Famous Finan-*

cier Admits Large Oil Interests Behind Him."

Probably there were other things in the body of the article that would not harmonize with an appeal to Haviland for funds, nor sound well to Mr. Dietz once he learned the truth. The more Gray pondered the matter, the more regretfully he realized that he had overplayed his hand, as it were.

HERE was a situation, indeed! To be occupying the most expensive suite in the hotel of a man who wished to lend him money, to be unable to pay one day's rent therefor, and yet to be estopped from accepting aid. There was a grim irony about it, for a fact! Then, too, the seed he had sown in banking circles, and his luncheon with the mayor! Haviland had a sense of humor; it would make a story too good to keep—the new oil operator, the magnificence and mysterious New York financier, a "deadhead" at the Ajax. Oh, murder!

"Well, name your poison! Isn't there something, anything we can do for you?" Haviland repeated.

"There is, decidedly." Gray smiled his warm appreciation of the tender. "If it is not too great a drain upon the Dietz millions, you may keep a supply of cut flowers in my room. I'm passionately fond of roses and I should like to have my vases filled every morning."

"You shall dwell in a perfumed bridal bower."

Gray paused at the door to light one of those sixty-cent cigars and between puffs observed:



Never in all his life had old Tom the gunman worked so hard . . .

"Please assure Mr. Dietz that—his obligation is squared, and that I am—deeply touched. I shall revel in the scent of those flowers."

THAT evening, when Calvin Gray, formally and faultlessly attired, strolled into the Ajax dining-room he was conscious of attracting no little attention. For one thing, few of the other guests were in evening dress, and also that article in the *Post*, which he had read with a curiously detached amusement, had been of a nature to excite general notice. The interview had jarred upon him only in one respect; viz., in describing him as a "typical soldier of fortune." No doubt the reporter had intended that phrase in the kindest spirit; nevertheless, it implied a certain recklessness and instability of character that did not completely harmonize

with Gray's inchoate, undeveloped banking projects.

Bankers are wary of anything that sounds adventurous—or they pretend to be. As a matter of fact, Gray had learned enough that very day about Texas bankers to convince him that most of them were good, game gamblers and that a large part of the dividends paid by most of the local institutions of finance were derived from oil profits. However, the newspaper story, as a whole, was such as to give him the publicity he desired, and he was well content with it.

TS first results were prompt in coming.

Even while the head waiter was seating him, another diner arose and approached him with a smile. Gray recognized the fellow instantly—one of that vast army of usuals that march through every active man's life and disappear down the avenues of forgetfulness.

After customary greetings had been exchanged, the newcomer—Coverly by name—explained that he had read the *Post* article of five minutes before, and was delighted to learn how well the world had used Gray. He was dining alone; with alacrity he accepted an invitation to join his old friend, and straightway he launched himself upon the current of reminiscence. In answer to Gray's inquiry, he confessed modestly enough: "Oh, I'm not in your class, old man. I'm no modern *Gil Blas*, as the paper calls you. No Wall Street money barons are coming out of my hand, and I have no international interests reaching from the Yukon to the Plate, but—I stand all right in little old Dallas. I'm the V. P. of our biggest jewelry house, and business is great."

After their order had been given, he recited in greater detail the nature of his success.

GRAY was interested. "Texas is booming," he said, at the conclusion of the story. "I'm told the new oil towns are something like our old mining camps."

"Except that they are more so. The same excitement, the same quick fortunes, only bigger and larger. Believe me, it's fine for the jewelry business. Look here." Coverly drew from his pocket a letter written in a painfully cramped hand upon cheap notepaper, and this he spread out for his companion to read. "There's an example in point."

The letter, which bore the Ranger postmark, ran as follows:

Dere sir
Your store has bin rekoment to me for dimons and I want some for my wife and dauter send me prises on rings of large sizes,
Yours truly
GUS BRISKOW

"Um-m! Who is Mr. Briskow?"

Coverly shrugged. "Probably some nest—who never saw a hundred dollars all in one place until recently. When they strike, they buy diamonds—nice large yellow ones, as a rule; then, as the money continues to flow in, they pay off the mortgage and open a bank—or an interest in one."

"In Heaven's name, introduce me to the client Gus Briskow."

"I wish I might. But I don't expect to make his acquaintance. The head of our firm is away and I haven't a man I'd dare send out into the field. Usually, I handle these inquiries myself, when the victim can't tear himself away from contemplating the miraculous flow of liquid gold enough to come here. I take an assortment of gems with me and heard the *nouveau riche* right on his derrick floor. Why, he carried as much as a hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise on some of my trips." Coverly sighed regretfully. "Tough luck! Too bad you're not a good jewelry salesman."

"I am," Gray declared. "I can sell anything. As for diamonds—I've bought enough in my time to know their value."

COVERLY laughed in ready agreement with this statement. "Gad! I'm sore at missing this sale."

"You needn't miss it. I'll go."

"Don't kid an unfortunate—"

"I'm not joking. If it's worth while, pick up your saffron solitaires—all that you're trust me with—and I'll be your gentlemanly representative."

"Worth while? Good Lord! I'd probably get a ten-thousand-dollar order."

"Very well. It's settled."

Gray's decision had been quickly made. Opportunity had knocked—he was not one to deny her admission, no matter how queer her

garb. A hundred thousand dollars' worth of gems! The very figures intrigued him and diamonds are readily negotiable. There would be a natural risk attached to the handling of so large an amount—a thousand things might happen to a treasure chest of that size. Gray began to believe that his luck had changed. "Where does Mr. Briskow live?" he inquired.

"Out beyond Ranger, somewhere. But—"

"I want to visit that field, anyhow. This will give me an excuse."

"NONSENSE!" The jeweler did not like to have fun poked at him. For some time he refused to take the offer seriously, and even when his host insisted that he would enjoy the lark, he expostulated:

"Why, the idea is ridiculous! You—Calvin Gray, the financier, peddling jewelry! Ha! Outside of the fact that you wouldn't, couldn't do it, it's not the safest thing in the world to carry a small fortune in stones through the oil fields."

"Of course you insure it against theft?"

"That's the point. We can't. Have you ever heard of 'high-jackers'? That's the Texas term for hold-up men, robbers. Well, the country is full of them."

"Excellent! There no longer is any question about my going," Gray announced firmly. "I am bored, I am stale; a thrill, of whatever sort, would stir my blood. Animated by purely selfish motives, I now insist upon a serious consideration of my offer. First, you say I 'wouldn't, couldn't.' I assure you that I would, could—and shall, provided I can qualify as a salesman."

COVERLY admitted without much argument that anybody could probably effect a sale in this instance, if the diamonds were plainly marked with their prices: it would be a mere question of displaying the goods. That was not the point. Gray was a rich, a busy man—the idea was fantastic. "Why, you're offering to do this as an accommodation to an old friend and your time is probably worth more than our whole profit on the sale would amount to."

"My time is worth nothing. If you hesitate to entrust this king's ransom to me, I'll go personally responsible for its value. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Don't be silly. How could I pay you if you did go?"

"Um-m!" This idea, it seemed, had not occurred to Mr. Gray. It was plain that money meant nothing to him.

"You see? We couldn't permit—"

"I have it. We'll divorce friendship and sentiment entirely from the discussion and reduce it to a strictly business basis. You shall ease your conscience by paying my traveling expenses. The emotional suspense that I undergo shall be my reward. I'll take my commission in thrills."

THIS offer evoked a light laugh from Gray's guest. "You'd get enough of 'em," he asserted. "I'll advance a mild one, on account, at this moment. Notice the couple dining at the third table to your left." Gray lifted his eyes. "What do you see?"

"A rather well-dressed, hard-faced man and a decidedly attractive woman—brunette. There's a suggestion of repressed widowhood about her. It's the gown, probably. I am not yet in my dotage and I had seen her before I saw you."

"She's living here. I don't know much about her, but the man goes by the name of Mallow."

"No thrill yet."

"He's been hanging about our store for the past month, making a few purchases and getting acquainted with some of the clerks. Wherever I go, lately, there he is. I'll wager if I took tonight's train for Ranger, he'd be on it."

"And still my pulses do not leap."

"Wait! I got a report on him, and it's bad. I believe, and so does the chief of police, that Mr. Mallow has something to do with the gang of crooks that infests this country. One thing is certain; they're not the native product and our hold-ups aren't staged by rope-chokers out of work."

Calvin Gray turned now and openly stared at the object of Coverly's suspicions. There was an alert interest in his eyes.

"You've cinched the matter with me," he declared after a moment. "Get out your diamonds tomorrow; I'm going to take the night train to Ranger."

LATER that evening, after his guest had gone, Gray took occasion deliberately to put himself in Mallow's way and to get



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into conversation with him. This was not a difficult maneuver for it was nearly midnight and the lobby was well-nigh deserted; moreover, it almost appeared as if the restless Mr. Mallow was seeking an acquaintance.

For the better part of an hour the two men smoked and talked, and had Coverly overheard their conversation his blood would have chilled and he would have prematurely aged, for his distinguished host, Calvin Gray, the worldly-wise, suave man of affairs, actually permitted himself to be pumped like a farmer's son. It would have been a ghastly surprise to the jeweler to learn how careless and how confiding his friend could be in an off moment; he would have swooned when Gray told about his coming trip to Ranger and actually produced the misspelled Briskow letter for the edification of his chance acquaintance. Any lingering doubt as to his friend's honesty of purpose would have vanished utterly had he heard Mallow announce that he, too, was going to Ranger, the very next night—a curious coincidence, truly—and Gray's expression of pleasure at the prospect of such a congenial traveling companion. The agitated Coverly no doubt would have telephoned a frantic call for the police, then and there.

ONCE Gray was in his rooms, however, his manner changed and into his eyes there came a triumphant glitter. Hastily he rummaged through one of his bags and, from a collection of trinkets, souvenirs and the like, he selected an object which he examined carefully, then took into the bathroom for further experiment. His step was springy, his lips were puckered, he was whistling blithely when he emerged, for at last those vaguely outlined plans that had been at the back of his mind had assumed form and pattern. His luck had turned; he had made a new start. Mallow was indeed a crook and Gray blessed the prompt good fortune that had thrown both him and Coverly in his way.

It had been a busy day; he was well content with its fruitage.

OLD Tom Parker was a "type." He was one of a small class of men at one time common to the West, but now rapidly disappearing. A turbulent lifetime spent in administering the law in a lawless region had stamped him with the characteristics of a frontier officer; viz., vigilance, caution, self-restraint, sang-froid. For more than thirty years he had worn a badge of some sort and, in the serving of warrants and other processes of law, he had covered, first in the saddle or on buckboard, later in Pullman car or automobile, most of that vast region lying between the Arkansas and the Pecos, the Cimarron and the Sabine—virtually all of what is now Texas and Oklahoma. He still spoke of the latter state, by the way, as "the Territory," and there were few corners of it that he had not explored long before it ceased to be a haven of hunted men.

THAT is what Tom Parker had been—a hunter of men—and time was when his name had been famous. But he had played his part. The times had caught up with and passed him and no longer in the administration of justice was there need of abilities like his; hence the shield of his calling had been taken away.

Now, Tom did not reckon himself obsolete. He was badger-gray, to be sure, and stiff in one knee—a rheumatic legacy of office inherited by reason of wet nights in the open and a too diligent devotion to duty—but in no other respect did he believe his age to be

apparent. His blue eyes were as bright as ever, his hand as quick; realization that he had been shunted upon a side-track filled him with surprise and bewilderment. It was characteristic of the man that he still considered himself a bulwark of law and order, a guardian of the peace, and of habit he still sat facing a window, never passed between a

used to cloak the impulsive generosity of moneyed men, he availed himself of the discovery and was duly grateful.

TOM carried on a nominal fire-insurance business, but as a matter of fact the tiny two-roomed frame structure that bore his painted sign was nothing more nor less than a loafing place for him and his rheumatic friends, and a place in which the

owner could spend the heat of the day in a position of comfort to his stiff leg—that is to say, asleep in a high-backed office chair, his feet propped upon his desk. It was here that Tom could usually be found, and when one of those hateful statements arrived from the East, he merely roused himself, put on his wide gray hat, limped around to the bank and pledged more of his oil royalties or signed another mortgage. What insurance policies he wrote were brought to him by his old pals; the money derived therefrom he sent on to "Bob" with love and an admonition to be a good girl and study hard and hurry home because he was dying to see her.

This office, by the way, no longer suited Tom; it was becoming too noisy and he would have sold it and sought another farther out, had it not been mortgaged for more than it was worth. So, too, was the house where he lived amid the dirt and disorder of all bachelor establishments.

NOW, old Tom would have resented an accusation of indolence: the bare implication of such a charge would have aroused his instant indignation, and Tom Parker, indignant, was a man to shun. As a matter of fact, he believed himself sadly overworked, and was forever complaining about it.

The time came, however, when he was forced to shed his habit of slothfulness as completely as a snake sheds its skin, and that was during the week before "Bob's" home-coming. Then, indeed, he swept and he dusted, he mopped and he polished, he rubbed and he scrubbed, trying his best to put his house in order. Never in all his life had he labored as he did then, for four years of "batching" will make a bear's nest out of the most orderly establishment; but he was jealous of his task and he refused to share it with other hands.

Pots and pans, rusty from disuse or bearing the accumulated evidence of many hastily prepared meals, he took out in the back yard and scrubbed with sand, leaving his bony knuckles skinned and bleeding from the process; he put down a new carpet in Bob's room, no easy task for a man with an ossified knee-joint—incidentally, the "damn thing" kept him awake for two nights thereafter. He nailed up fresh curtains—or they looked fresh to him—at her windows, and smashed a perfectly good thumb-nail in doing so. This and many other abominable duties he performed.

But love means suffering, and every pang gave old Tom a thrill of fierce delight for—Bob was coming. The lonely, hungry, aching wait was over.

CONSTANT familiarity with the house had mercifully dulled the occupant's appreciation of its natural deterioration, the effects of his neglect; so, when he finally straightened his aching back and regarded the results of his heroic efforts, it seemed to him that everything shone like new and that the place was as neat and as clean as on the day Bob went away. Probably Hercules thought the Augean stables were spotless and fragrant when he had finished with them. And perhaps they were; but Tom

Parker was no demigod. He was just a clumsy old man, unaccustomed to indoor "doings," and his eyes at times during the last few days had been unaccountably dim—as, for instance, while he was at work in Barbara's chamber.

HE DID not sleep much on the night before the girl's arrival. He sat up late with the framed photograph of Barbara's mother on his knee and tried to tell the dead and gone original that he had done his best for the girl so far, and if he had failed it was because he knew nothing about raising girls and—Nature hadn't cut him out to be a father, anyhow.

He had been considerably older than Barbara's mother when he married her, and he had never ceased to wonder what there had been in him to win the love of a woman like her, or to regret that Fate had not taken him instead of her. Heaven knows his calling had been risky enough. But—that was how things went sometimes: the wheat was taken, and the chaff remained.

AND in the morning! Tom was up before daylight, and had his dishes washed and his things in order long ere the town was awake. Then he went down to the office and waited—with the jumps. Repeatedly, he consulted his heavy gold watch, engraved "With the admiration and gratitude of the citizens of Burlingame. November fifth, 1802."

It was still two hours before train-time when he locked up and limped off towards the station, but—it was well to be there early.

Of course, he met Judge Halloran on the street—he always did—and of course the Judge asked when Bob was coming home. The Judge always did that, too. Old Tom had lied diligently to the Judge every day for a month now, for he had no intention of sharing this day of days with a tiresome old pest, and now he again made an evasive answer.

"Mendacity is at once the lowest and the commonest form of deceit," the Judge indignantly announced. "You know perfectly well when she's coming."

"Honest, I don't—not exactly." But the Judge was unconvinced. "You've been as mysterious as a bootlegger for the last week, but I could always read you like a book, Tom Parker. You know, all right. Mrs. Halloran wants to come over and fix things up for her. She said so this—"

"Oh, I got everything fixed," Tom hastily declared.

"Ha! What did I tell you?" The Judge glared; Tom could have bitten his tongue for that slip. "Your pitiful attempts to mislead Barbara's admirers expose you to ridicule, and offend those of us who tolerate you out of regard for her." (The Judge had a nice Texas drawl, and he pronounced it "reegya'd.") "You're on your way to the train at this moment and—I propose to accompany you."

"WHAT would I be going to the train for, now?" Tom inquired in a deceitfully mild tone. Inwardly he was raging, and he cursed the Judge for a meddlesome old fool.

"H'm-m! Thought you'd sneak down there unobserved, probably." There was a pause, then the speaker went on in an altered tone.

"D'you suppose she has forgotten all her native accomplishments, Tom? I wonder if she can still ride and rope and shoot, or if those thin-blooded Eastern school-ma'ams have taught her that such things are unladylike and coarse."

"Pshaw! You never forget how to do those things."

"She could handle a horse or a rope or a gun as well as you at your best."

"Better!" Tom declared with swelling pride.

Halloran wagged his white head in agreement—an unusual procedure, inasmuch as he never agreed with Tom on any subject which offered possible ground for disagreement. "A wonderful girl! And I'll wager they haven't spoiled her. Even you couldn't spoil Bob." He raised his red, belligerent eyes and fixed them upon his old friend, but there was now a kindly light in them. "You made a real son of her, didn't you, Tom?"

"Almost. I was mighty disappointed because she was a girl, but—I don't know as a boy could of turned out much better. Well, Judge, I got to be moving."

"You are neither grammatical nor precise," snapped Judge Halloran. "You mean we must be moving."

He linked arms with Tom and fell into



THE "CONSERVATIVE SPIRIT" OF REPUBLICANISM

FROM the day of his entrance into the Upper House, Senator Warren G. Harding has been projected by his party colleagues as a possible candidate for the White House. He is a newspaper editor and owner. Unless the Radical and Roosevelt sentiment rules the Republican roost, and unless General Wood runs away with the nomination on the first ballot, the majestic Ohioan is likely to loom large in the Convention. He is against the League of Nations, and has said so—in a ringing speech.

ADD to Hearst's increasing fame the rôle of political prophet. This announcement of Mr. Harding appeared in Hearst's for March, 1920—three months before the Republican convention reached the same wise conclusion.

AMONG the late-comers to Wichita Falls, where he lived, Tom was known as a quiet-spoken, emotionless old fellow, with an honorable past, but with a gift for tiresome reminiscence quite out of place in the new and impatient order of things; and only old-timers and his particular cronies were aware of the fact that there was another side to his character. It was not generally known, for instance, that he was a kind and indulgent father, and had a daughter whom he worshiped with blind adulation. This ignorance was not strange, for Miss Barbara Parker had been away at college for four years now, and during that time she had not once returned home.

There was a perfectly good reason for this protracted separation of father and daughter; since old Tom was no longer on pay, it took all he could rake and scrape to meet her bills, and railroad fares are high. That Hudson River institution was indeed a finishing school; not only had it polished off Barbara, but also it had about administered the *coup de grâce* to her father. There had been a ranch over near Electra with some "shallow production," from which Tom had derived a small royalty—this was when Barbara Parker went East and before the Burk Burnett wells hit deep sand—but income from that source had been used up faster than it came in, and "Bob," as Tom insisted upon calling her, would have had to come home had it not been for an interesting discovery on her father's part—the discovery of a quaint device of the law entitled a "mortgage." Mortgages had to do with a department of the law unfamiliar to Tom, his wit, his intelligence, and his dexterity of hand having been exercised solely in upholding the dignity of the criminal branch; but once he had realized that a mortgage, so called, was no more than a meaningless banking term

up with him; he clung to that rigid arm, moreover, despite Tom's surly displeasure. Not until a friend stopped them for a word or so was the distracted parent enabled to escape from that spidery embrace; then, indeed, he slipped it as a filibustering schooner slips its moorings, and made off as rapidly and as unobtrusively as possible.

JUDGE HALLORAN stared after the retreating figure; then he showed his decayed teeth in a smile.

"Bob is coming home today, and the old mountain lion is on edge," he explained. "I must warn the boys to stay away from the station and give him his hour. Poor Tom! He has held his breath for four years."

TOM PARKER had heard of children spoiled by schooling, of daughters educated away from their commonplace parents and rendered disdainful of them, but never for one instant did he fear that his girl was at sort. He just knew better. He could no more have doubted Bob's love for him than for her, or—God's love for both of them. His love is perfect, absolute. He took no thought, therefore, of the changes time and adversity had wrought in his appearance: Bob wouldn't notice. He bet she wouldn't care if he was plumb ragged. They were one and indivisible; she was his, just like his right arm; she was his girl and his boy: his son-daughter.

The old gunman choked and his tonsils showed abominably. He hoped he wasn't in for another attack of quinsy-sore-throat—why lie to himself? The truth was, he wanted to cry and he wanted to laugh at the same time, and the impulses were crossed in his windpipe. He shook his watch like a child's rattle, to be sure it was still running.

BARBARA did not disappoint her father.

On the contrary, she was perhaps more deeply moved than he at their meeting. At sight of him she uttered a strangled little cry; then she ran into his arms and clung there tightly, her cheek pressed against his breast. It was only upon occasions like this that Bob kissed her father, for she had been reared as a boy and taught to shun emotional display. Boys kiss their mothers. He snuggled close and Tom could feel her whole body shaking, but she kept her head averted to conceal a distressingly unmasculine weakness. It was a useless precaution, however, for Tom was blind; his eyes were as dead as hers and tears were trickling down the lines in his wrinkled face.

"Oh, Daddy! It has been a long time!" These were the first words either of them had spoken.

TOM opened his lips, then he closed them.

He patted Barbara clumsily, and finally cleared his aching throat with a loud "arrumph!" He dashed the tears from his eyes with the heel of the harsh palm, then he leaped a defiant glare at her head, directed anyone who might be looking on at his awkwardness. It was a angry glare, however, and not nearly so malicious as he intended it to be.

After several efforts, he managed to regain control of his vocal powers.

"Well, son!" he said huskily. Then "arrumph!"

Barbara's clutch tightened appreciably. "Such a long, long time!" "Still with your cheek pressed close against him, she ran a gloved hand into the pocket of his coat and brought forth a handkerchief which she thrust into his palm, saying: "It's a good thing I'm home, for you've caught another cold, haven't you? Now, blow your nose."

BARBARA was anything but boyish to look at; quite the opposite, in fact. She was slightly feminine, from the crown of her tart little traveling hat to her dainty French heels, and although her suit was not expensive, it was worn with an air and was perhaps as fetching as any that had ever come from Wichita Falls. It gave the impression of

perfectly setting off a figure and a personality that required no setting off. She had the Parker eyes of quenchless blue.

"WELL, son, there's a boom on and the town has grown some, but I guess things here are about the same as when you left 'em." Tom spoke with pride and satisfaction, as he paid the driver, took Barbara's suitcase, and opened the gate for her.

The girl turned from her first long appraising gaze at the modest home. No change, indeed! The paint on the house was peeling, gutters had rusted out, some of the porch flooring had rotted through, the yard was an unkempt tangle of matted grass and weeds and neglected shrubbery. The sight of it was like a stab to her, for she remembered the place as it had been, and the shock was akin to that of seeing a loved one in the garb of a tramp. But she smiled up at the gray face above her—Tom, too, was as seedy as the premises—and she nodded.

"It hasn't changed a mite," she said bravely.

A MOMENT later she paused upon the threshold, tense, thrilled, apparently speechless—Tom was reminded of a trim little wren poised upon the edge of its nest. This time it was more difficult to counterfeit an exclamation of joy, but the catch in Bob's voice, the moisture in her eyes, was attributed by the father to gladness at the sight of old familiar things. This was pay for the thought and the love and the labor expended, truly.

"Why, everything is right where it belongs! How wonderfully you've kept house! You must have a perfect jewel of a girl, Dad."

"I let Aunt Lizzie go 'bout three years back," Tom explained. "She got—shiftless, and I been sort of batching it since. Clean, though, ain't it?"

Barbara turned; blindly she walked to the center table and buried her face in a bouquet of wild flowers garnered from the yard. She held it there for a moment before she spoke.

"You—didn't even forget that I love blue-bonnets, did you, Dad?"

"Pshaw! I ain't had much to do but remember what you like, son."

"WHAT'S the matter? Business bad?" Bob's face was still hidden.

"Oh, no! I'm busy as usual. But now you're home, I'll probably feel like doing more. I got a lot of work left in me yet, now I got somebody to work for."

"So you fixed everything with your own hands."

"Sure! I knew how you liked the place to look, and—well, a man gets used to doing without help. The kitchen's clean, too."

Side by side, the two moved from room to room, and once the girl had regained control of herself, she maintained an admirable self-restraint. She petted and she cooed over objects dear to her, she loved every inch of everything, she laughed and she exclaimed, and with her laughter sunshine suddenly broke into the musty, threadbare interior for the first time in four years.

Bob's room was saved for the last, and old Tom stood back glowing at her delight. He could not refrain from showing her his blackened thumb-nail—the price of his carpentry—for he hoped she'd kiss it. And she did.

Not until she had "shooed" him out and sent him downstairs, smiling and chuckling at her radiant happiness, did she give way to those emotions she had been fighting this long time; then her face grew white and tragic.

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy!" she whispered. "What have I done to you?"

TOM PARKER had raised his girl like a son, and like a son she took to the oil business—about the time Calvin Gray went out to Ranger to sell diamonds! See *Hearst's* for June.



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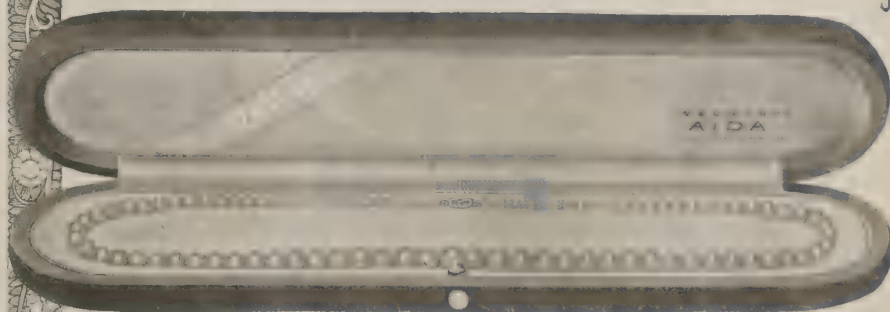
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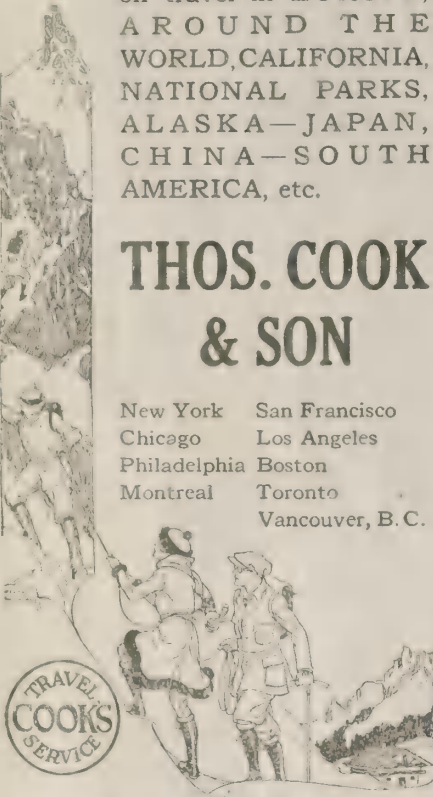
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establishment in the Villa Medici that this *envoi* was painted. When the painting was exhibited in Paris, this work definitely proclaimed not only that the young artist had "arrived," but that thenceforward his place in French art was assured.

IT MUST be remembered that a painting like "The Combat of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ" sought, in the main, to give evidence of the *pensionnaire's* progress in Rome, but even then it was marked with Bouguereau's direct and simple rendering of a theme—here the story of the quarrel between the fabulous Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the wedding feast of Pirithous, when the Centaur Eurytion carried off the bride, Hippodamia. It is a composition well worth studying, noble in sentiment and a contradiction to those who have denied to Bouguereau qualities which, although lacking in so much of his work of the later period, were unquestionably present here. It is this contrast, I think, which formed the surprise at the retrospective exhibition, when this canvas was discovered to so many for the first time.

The criticism has often been made of Bouguereau's work that its figures are "sin erely destitute of feeling." However

sufficiently hard to develop bad eyes and be compelled to wear eye-glasses.

Then Skobelef arrived. And Skobelef was not a man; he was a horse.

FOR weeks beforehand little legs ran from farm to farm with the great news. Peter Lo had acquired a new Government stallion. He was not merely an animal on four legs; he was a fairy-tale by himself. Six men had enough to do to get him off the steamer, yet there was one man who could master him, unaided. That man was Peter Lo. He—not Peter Lo, of course; Peter Lo was only a man—walked mostly on his hind legs, and he whinnied even in his sleep. He was so wild that he had killed several men. And his name was Skobelef.

What do you think Skobelef had to eat? No, not hay, nor chaff, nor oats. No, Skobelef had uncooked eggs with brandy for meals.

And they said Peter Lo and the stallion took their wonderful strengthening food out of the same manger. They both needed something invigorating.

ONE Sunday the crowd of boys outside the church stood looking along the valley road in great, though subdued, excitement. Peter Lo was expected to come to church driving no less a horse than Skobelef himself.

The long procession of vehicles from the farther valley arrived, swelling with fresh buggies from every side-road, until it formed an unbroken line, like a grand bridal procession.

That day we judged the drivers by their horses. What a diversity of fates passed before our eyes! Fat horses and lean, fresh horses and tired. There were old big-bellied corks, long-necked and raw-boned, whose heads sank low earthwards at each step—as if infinitely weary. Then would come fine beasts that reminded the onlookers of rich crops and swelling bank accounts. There was perhaps a mare, the mother of many foals and ready to mother all the world. Once in a while a fiord pony with long fur would pull hard at a heavy gig; he was small enough to make one think of a mouse. Then an old red horse with big watery eyes and shaky knees would stare in astonishment, as if asking why he was not free to rest even on Sunday. Then there were virtuous mares' faces ready to declare that all the world was vanity; then again madcap youngsters whinnying to all the world.

LOOK at that red gelding! Why is he spattered with mud right up to his belly? He came from a farm far away in the mountains. Since early in the morning he has been plodding across bogs and moors, through brooks and rivers, until when finally he reached the valley a buggy was borrowed for him. He will have had a hard day's work before he reaches his mountain home again.

What a long procession it is! But where is Peter Lo? Where is Skobelef?

Paris Glances Back

(Concluded from page 24)

truly this may apply to many of his canvases, it certainly does not to this one. We do miss in much of Bouguereau's painting (excepting many of his figures of children), that frankness of touch which would give the sense of reality so often wanting. But M. René Menard, the elder, said of Bouguereau:

"Whether he paints mythological or rustic scenes, M. Bouguereau always exhibits three qualities which justify his reputation: knowledge, taste, and refinement."

There is, it is true, Bouguereau's "self-imposed precision" always standing in his way, but you do not find it in the "Centaurs" and you seldom find it in the best examples of his unrivaled delineation of the loveliness of innocent childhood.

WRITING in the "Revue des Charentes" of the master in the year of Bouguereau's death at the age of eighty, M. Louis Sonolet had this to say of his paintings:

"It must not be forgotten that their author created them in the ardent joy of work, in the passionate love of the beautiful, and that

he has expressed them in the most sure, the most serene, the most pure of plastic language. In short one can say of him that he has more knowledge than richness of nature, more method and experience than temperament and inspiration. But he has always upheld the most elevated ideal of art; his instruction has always been of the highest—instruction at times too difficult for himself to follow. Nevertheless, the innumerable criticisms which have been showered upon him have often had to do merely with his style, and more often still with his subjects. They have indicated unending grudge against him for his impeccable correctness, his laborious perfection, his experience which is never at fault. The critics have grown tired of hearing him extolled for his profound knowledge of the method of painting, just as the Athenians were wearied to hear Aristides forever called 'The Just.' Many revolutionists can not forgive him for his attachment to the traditions."

And what M. Sonolet wrote then may well be taken as applicable now, as fortunately we may confirm by the many important canvases by Bouguereau in the museums and private art collections of America.

Skobelef was a Horse

(Continued from page 48)

One trap came by itself, far behind all the others. It was still far away, but came on rapidly. Many hundred eyes were fixed on it.

The church bells were booming. Most of the horses were unhitched and tied up to the massive ash trees. They were biting their hay impassively. Suddenly, however, all heads were raised and even the old corks, arching their necks, tried to look down the road.

THEN came Peter Lo. There was Skobelef. He came trotting before the buggy, black, broad on dancing hoofs, with his long-haired fetlocks streaming, his mane flowing thickly over his neck, his eyes two gleams of lightning; and from behind both ears the blue ribbons of the prize-winner waved in the air.

He lifted his head and seemed to drink in the very day. He took dominion over the whole of the landscape. Then he lifted his voice and pierced the air with a signal that echoed back from the mountain-sides.

Peter Lo was in the buggy, calmly holding slack reins. He was not yet more than thirty-five, broad-shouldered, full-blooded, with a smile in one corner of his mouth, and a tuft of brown beard under his chin.

Alas, his wife beside him was so much older than he, every feature of her face drooped—cheeks, eyes, mouth—and when she spoke, her voice had the quality of an unceasing wail. But Peter Lo loved everything that was beautiful, even when it was not his own. When Skobelef whinnied to his lady friends, Peter glanced towards his acquaintances in the crowd, smiling. Skobelef stopped, felt the whip, and tried to rear; the whip fell once more and he trotted with long strides up the lane to the parsonage, the crowd following, we boys foremost.

IT WAS a sight for eager eyes even to watch Peter Lo leading Skobelef from the shafts of the buggy in through the stable door.

Peter Lo was very well groomed that day. His fine horse had evidently increased his self-respect. His gray suit was well brushed; he wore a hard felt hat like the teacher's, and while leading his horse his shining shoes had to step high once in a while. The crowd stared with all its eyes. The stable door swallowed the wonderful apparition but in a little while Peter Lo returned, wiping horse's hair from his hands. Treading carefully so as not to soil those very shiny shoes, he slowly approached the church, the crowd following.

Peter Lo mounted the steps leading up to the "armory" which is still the word for a church porch in rural Norway, reminiscent of the times when every man carried his weapons about with him, leaving them, however, outside God's House. Peter Lo entered the church, sat down in a pew, produced his hymn-book and started to sing. The crowd did what he did, and the singing increased in volume.

BUT we youngsters kept watch outside the stable door. Luckily the door was locked for what might not have happened if Skobelef had been let out on his own?

Suddenly we heard a clanking in there and the stamping of hoofs; now and then the walls trembled with his whinnying. How thrilling! We stood still, whispering.

Even the crowd of horses felt the excitement. The mares under the huge ash trees forgot their appetite and arched their necks trying to look young. Stallions and geldings had seen that morning a rival whose eyes glistened with pride. Should he be tolerated? They spurned the earth under their hoofs whinnying challenges in all directions.

AT LAST the final bell was heard, and the congregation came out. Most of the men, however, let their own horses alone for a while, and the parsonage farmyard was crowded with people who wanted to see Peter Lo fetching Skobelef out from the stable.

Then the owner arrived; all eyes centered upon him where he was talking to the sexton who was like any other plain mortal man except that he had acquired some of the same gestures that the parson used when he was preaching.

People began to make room. The cautious man pulled his buggy away from the middle of the yard. The women occupied the bridge up to the barn. Better be careful—though all were eager to see.

Peter Lo disappeared through the stable door. Whinnying was heard from in there hoofs tramping, and bridle clanking, and a moment afterwards a black head appeared in the doorway. Skobelef lifted up his voice in a ringing, fighting challenge for heaven and earth to hear; Peter Lo was flung skywards, alighting, however, a little farther on.

WOMEN screamed, and men withdrew in such a hurry that several hats remained behind them, for now Peter Lo and Skobelef began to dance round the yard. Skobelef snorted and foamed until his silky black hide was flecked with white spots. He did not agree about going towards that buggy. He wanted to pay calls on his lady friends. He pranced, reared, kicked and backed, but a pair of shiny shoes kept pace beside him, at the time. It was a vision and a revelation to the onlookers.

The yard by this time was swept free of vehicles and people and it became a dancing floor for Skobelef and Peter Lo.

The man yelled at his stallion and the horse screamed at all the world in general and at Peter Lo in particular—and they kept on dancing. At last Skobelef seemed determined to call on the parson's wife indoors but Peter Lo's shining feet were on the steps before him and the animal merely succeeded in knocking down the railings of the porch steps. Peter Lo's face was red as red and Skobelef's entire body was a mass of foam.

the women continually gave vent to short, envious utterances—oh!

FINALLY the horse had to stand between the shafts of the buggy, but he reared when the reins were loosened. The whip ascended, however, and he tried to dance on the same spot, lifting all four legs, arching his neck, and snorting out of extended nostrils.

Then Peter Lo's wife appeared, gathering her shawl and her skirts, and calmly took her seat in the buggy behind that hurricane of a horse. Now Peter Lo was a conqueror; he placed his hand on the seat and swung up beside his wife.

We saw a rear and wild-looking eyes, heard the crack of a whip, and in a moment there was but a cloud of dust which disappeared behind the near buildings.

We were left behind, and those who had horses were ashamed. What was there to see after this?

FROM that day Skobelef was a power in our valley. Peter Lo and Skobelef together united in a kind of higher being, he stared at by common people as they flashed.

The two excited the whole community into a jockey pace. A new sense of honor towards horses arose, which caused every owner to mind his horse with greater care. It showed up, sleek and well-groomed.

Everybody began driving faster on the high-road; men also began driving more merrily, laughing towards heaven and across earth, and even their thoughts began moving in a more daring light.

Every Sunday morning the sight of Skobelef and Peter Lo was a manifestation of a hitherto unknown force in life. We were to face with the joy of being alive, realizing the sanctity of the body and reading the glorious song of power in muscles rippling under silken skin. To more than one the two seemed for the first time that life is not only joy and sorrow. Even the days of this life have their glory.

PETER LO, little by little, soared upwards from his former level. He began to read books, to wear a white collar and use a pocket handkerchief at church. His speech grew as useful as that of the *lensman*. Knowing himself and Skobelef to be the center of general observation, he developed a new sense of possibility and a desire to become a worthy model for the many. True enough, we youngsters were not the only ones who included a fresh petition in our

evening prayers: "O God, help me to become like Peter Lo when I grow up."

Even the grown-ups imitated him. "You brush your shoes as carefully as Peter Lo," they would say to each other, and "You wear a white collar like Peter Lo does."

SKOBELEF'S mission was originally to provide the district with a new race of horses, but he grew to be a spiritual power, an educational influence for the whole valley.

Peter Lo, however, was worse off. He was no longer happy except when in Skobelef's company. He lost all inclination for farm work. He loved to flash through the district

A few days afterwards, however, he would flash past us with Skobelef, so freshly eager for the joy of life and the joy of beauty that he was soon worse than ever. His wife wanted Skobelef to be sent away, and insisting that Peter would never be converted from his sins as long as he had the horse for a friend.

ON EVERY farm in the valley, however, there soon grew up prancing black colts and fillies, and the buggy wheels began to roll more quickly along all roads. A lusty whinnying gladdened all minds. Men lifted their heads and looked about them merrily; women dared to laugh aloud, and young people once more started dancing.

SKOBELEF, however, did not live long. He broke loose from his stable one fine night, and made for the mountain moors where he believed his beloved lady friends were enjoying freedom and fresh air.

When Peter Lo found the stable empty in the morning he began crying out, and wailing as if he foresaw a tragedy. He understood well enough where his dear friend had gone, and people maintained afterwards that he was running about among the hills whinnying like Skobelef, calling and coaxing his faithless friend.

At last he found him. Skobelef had sunk up to his neck in a treacherous bog, and in his efforts to haul himself out of it one leg had broken; the splinters of bone stuck out, and his eyes were bleeding from fly-bites.

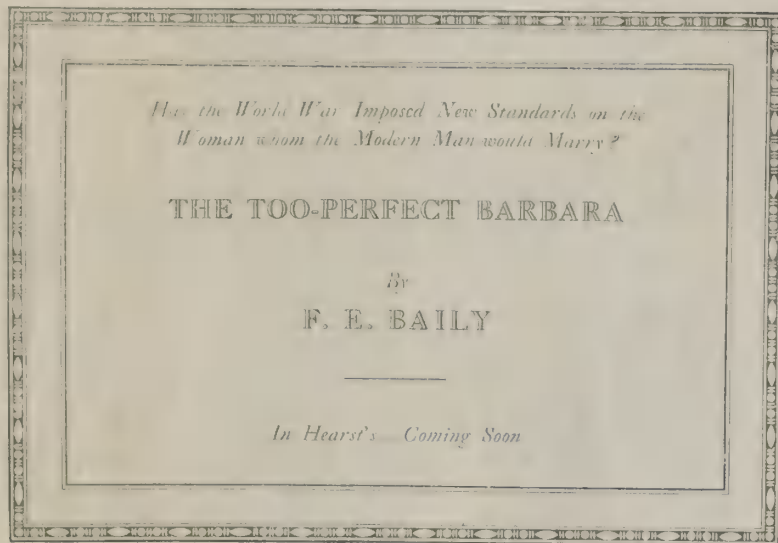
Peter wiped those poor eyes with soft grass, then gave his dear friend a raw egg with brandy. He wept for a while, and then at last he had to use his knife.

From that day Peter Lo drove slowly along the roads. His head dropped and his beard turned gray.

TODAY he is an old man, but he still dresses better than most of his neighbors and talks town language as he used to do before. When people speak to him of Skobelef his eyes grow dim.

"Skobelef!" he exclaims. "He was far more than a horse. He was a liberal education for every one of us."

HE forced his frightened model to hold the position till they came in curious crowds to see the picture a madman had painted in the dark. "The Masterpiece"—coming soon to Hearst's.



with his friend or to provide a silent sermon outside the church with him.

People said that Peter Lo slept in the stable. They also said that the horse and the man were growing more and more to resemble each other. Skobelef developed an oblique smile for his lady friends, and Peter Lo's laughter sounded like whinnying when he met his acquaintances at church.

PETER LO'S life was not very easy, after all. He was so very fond of everything beautiful, even though it did not belong to him. And when his pranks grew too outrageous he was very helpless indeed. Then he went to church and partook of Holy Communion.

Many a time we watched him coming to church, not driving his fierce stallion but with a staid elderly mare in front of his buggy. His sour-faced wife within her shawls was perched up in the vehicle. On one side walked the deacon, and on the other Peter Lo, head bent low. It was an act of public repentance which made many people laugh. "Peter's done some fool thing again," they would say.

Starting a Long Summer

(Concluded from page 30)

give firm messages from the other end of Avenue and to have them sternly in- ed upon.

he precedent has charmed the Senators both parties, and enhanced the Harding stige greatly.

Vill Harding repeat the experiment? The wer to this question will have an immense ring upon the entire legislative career of new Administration.

It does not by any means follow that Senate, howe er amiable, will always cur in the wishes of the President. But it bsolutely certain that the Harding pre- ent will eliminate bitterness and sensitiv- s from future executive and open sessions he Senate.

It will surely banish the suggestion diction under which the Senate has shed.

It will remove the historic jealousy of elative towards the executive function he Government.

It will establish coöperation as the spirit genius of the Harding administration, it makes a magnificent promise for money and peace.

THE Fordney Emergency Tariff is dead— by the will of the Wilson administration. another tariff looms along the entire way of the extra session of the Sixty-enth Congress. It is the current opinion t the three great international problems

of the new administration—Disarmament, the Foreign Debt, and the Panama Tolls— will all be speedily ironed out and pressed into popular shape and solution by the con- ccurring judgment and will of the Harding way.

When this is done there will be nothing beyond the few supply bills and reform amendments to keep Congress in session longer than July.

BUT the mighty shadow of the Tariff comes. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff was antiquated and superseded in a Democratic Congress by another tariff. But the Under- wood Tariff never had a fair chance. It was projected into execution right at the beginning of the great war and the mighty upheaval of conditions and economics upset the entire plan on which it was wisely and ably con- structed for a period of peace. The Un- derwood Tariff is now also out of date, and must go. It is universally agreed that a new post-war tariff bill is due and necessary.

Tariff bills are the greatest time-killers in all legislative history. All the great tariff bills of the last two decades have consumed months in detail and exhaustive discussion. Not even the clarifying effects of the war can speed this vast economic legislation through the wrangles of partisanship and the clash of

great and insistent interests. The optimist of prophecy does not expect an adjustment before the 15th of July.

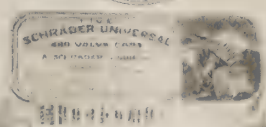
EVEN this depends in a large part upon the application of the Harding precedent of personal coöperation between the legislative and executive bodies. Under this new rule much can be accomplished.

Provided that there is sustained good will between the President and the Re- publican bodies, it is possible that there may be builded upon the discarded frame- work of the Fordney Emergency bill, duly amended and corrected and enlarged to a more catholic justice to all parties—a new, a modern tariff measure that, meeting the approval of President Harding, will also enlist his active coöperation, and by his invaluable assistance may be speeded to a passage in time to permit an adjustment in mid-July.

BUT if the Harding precedent shall falter and weaken and fail in future applica- tion, then the American people may settle themselves to an all-summer session of Con- gress that will carry the extra session straight into the regular session, beginning the first Monday in December.

And so the significance and the importance of the "Harding Precedent" of *personal co- operation* will be understood and applauded by the American people.

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I'm sure you won't. (*Hopefully*) Perhaps even by the time you get downstairs you'll feel differently about it. If you do telephone up and I'll come right down.

THE door has scarcely closed on the departing Goldie when Lydia, Rollo's young sister, comes tiptoeing in, all aquiver with curiosity. It is perfectly evident that she has been eavesdropping.

ROLLO (*seeing her*)—What are you doing here? Sneak!

Lydia—I'm not! I'm just a loving, anxious sister.

Rollo—That's the same thing! You've been there all the time? Spying on me!

Lydia (*defensively*)—I wouldn't have done it, Rollo, but my life is so uninteresting. And I had no idea that anyone was coming but Mr. Stein, when I started sneaking.

Rollo—Neither had I.

Lydia—I know it, Rollo. And then she came—your wild oat!

Rollo (*indignantly*)—What do you mean—my wild oat? There's nothing wild-oat-like about her. She wouldn't even let me take her to the subway in a cab.

Lydia (*with romantic fervor*)—She was right, Rollo. Actresses have to be awfully careful of their reputations. Oh, Rollo! If I could only be like her!

Rollo (*condescendingly*)—Don't be foolish.

Lydia—But why is it foolish? Oh, Rollo! Won't you please let me be in it? Oh, please, Rollo! I'll do anything for you if you will.

Rollo—My poor child! Have a cookie; your mind seems to be quite unhinged.

Lydia—I don't want it. Rollo, why can't I? I must have some talent. I'm your sister. Isn't there just some little part I could play?

Rollo (*decisively*)—No. There aren't any little parts.

Lydia—I know there are; there always are. People just come on and then you never see them again. I'd be willing to be one of those. Rollo, I'm your only little sister. Suppose anything should happen to me; then you'd be sorry.

Rollo—Yes, I would. And I can at least see that this doesn't happen to you.

Lydia (*her manner changing*)—I can't promise that I won't tell Grandfather the whole thing then. If it's so debasing I don't think you ought to do it.

Rollo—If you tell Grandfather before the opening performance I shall never speak of you as being my sister again.

Lydia—That won't matter. Everyone knows I am.

Rollo (*weakening*)—There's only one part you could possibly play, and certainly you would not want to do that.

Lydia (*eagerly*)—I'd love to! Who is it?

Rollo (*with sarcasm*)—It's a part that requires wearing tights. You wouldn't mind that, I suppose?

Lydia—No, Rollo—not in Shakespeare. Oh, my dear, darling brother! What is my name in the play? (*Embracing him*)

Rollo—Your name is Prologue, and all you have to say is, "For us and for our tragedy, here stooping to your clemency, we beg your hearing patiently."

Lydia (*ecstatically*)—Oh, Rollo! You have made me so happy!

Rollo (*wryly*)—Well, it was quite unintentional, Lyd, believe me!

IN SPITE of Goldie's reluctance to play Ophelia, rehearsals go on to Rollo's satisfaction—and what time he can spare from checking his irrepressible young sister's flirtation with the actor who plays Laertes, Rollo puts into ardent courtship of Miss Goldie Macduff. The curtain rises at last on the opening scene of Rollo's first night, and he begins to speak the immortal lines. But while Goldie, shivering with fear, awaits her cue in her dressing-room, a message for Rollo arrives. "Come at once if you ever wish to see your grandfather alive," it says—and Goldie, carrying the news onto the stage, interrupts Rollo just as he swings into his speech to the Queen Mother.

ROLLO (*dramatically*)—"Tis not alone my inky cloak, good Mother—"

Goldie (*breaking in, excitedly*)—Oh, stop! Wait! It's—it's your grandfather!

Rollo (*horrified but endeavoring to save the situation*)—How now, Ophelia? What dost thou here? (*Severely*) Art mad before thy time?

Goldie—No, no! Oh, please! You must believe me. Your grandfather has sent for you—

Rollo (*angrily*)—Get thee to a nunnery, and quickly, too.

Rollo's Wild Oat

(Continued from page 23)

Goldie—Surely he's more important than all this—

Rollo (*keeping up his dramatic manner*)—A grandfather is important—even necessary—but there is a time and place for everything.

Aunt Lane (*completely mystified*)—Rollo, my dear child, what in the world do you mean?

Horatio (*hastily*)—I kept it from them, Rollo. I kept it from everyone but you. I—I suffered in silence!



TWO KUMMERS—Clare and Marjorie—have come to Broadway this season. Their vehicle is that delightful (and highly successful) bit of comedy known as "Rollo's Wild Oat." Clare Kummer is the author of this and such other well-beloved successes as "Good Gracious Annabelle!"—and the mother of Marjorie. And Marjorie (as you will see by consulting page 21) is the charming youngster who helps her brother Rollo sow his solitary wild oat.

Goldie—But he's ill—very ill! No one else would tell you.

Rollo—Be quiet. . . . (*To Goldie*) Is this true? Think well before you speak—for if I leave this scene, my future hopes are quite, quite—blasted.

Goldie—Yes. Oh, yes, it's true!

Rollo (*dropping his rôle and speaking in a matter-of-fact voice*)—Then that's the end of it as far as I'm concerned.

ROLLO strides off the stage and, still wearing the costume of Hamlet, makes all possible speed to the bedside of his dying grandfather. And when he arrives he finds the old man sitting up in the living-room, denouncing the conspiracy which has kept Rollo's secret from him!

HORATIO (*angrily*)—I have to hear the news from a common servant. "Are you pleased that Mr. Rollo is playing in a theater this evening?" That's the question that's put to me just after my dinner. Pleased! Am I pleased!

ROLLO does not grasp the situation at once but turns reproachfully to his Aunt Lane.

ROLLO—You should have let me know before. You must have realized it long before you sent for me.

Aunt Lane—Kept it from everyone? Suffered in silence!

Rollo (*in deep concern*)—Oh, to think that perhaps you're not dying, Grandfather!

Aunt Lane (*dumfounded*)—Dying? Why, your grandfather has no more idea of dying than I have.

Horatio (*hastily*)—Lane, I wish you'd go. How do you know what ideas I may have?

Rollo—Don't. Don't speak to him like that.

Aunt Lane (*beginning to suspect*)—Is it possible, Horatio, that you sent for this poor child out of spite?

Horatio (*defiantly*)—No, it is not, Lane. You know nothing of my condition.

Aunt Lane—I know that no one could eat such a dinner as you did and be ill.

Rollo (*surprised*)—You—you really ate your dinner, Grandfather?

Horatio—Hardly a mouthful, Rollo. Your Aunt Lane sat behind the centerpiece, the large fernery. She couldn't possibly have seen what I ate.

Rollo (*quiet, but suspicious*)—And the doctor? Why isn't the doctor here?

Aunt Lane—We haven't had the doctor, Rollo.

Rollo (*scarcely able to believe that his grandfather is not really ill*)—I begin to see it all.

Aunt Lane (*sympathetically*)—Rollo, my

poor child, come into the library and have a little glass of port and a biscuit before you talk to your grandfather.

Rollo—Oh! You talk to me of port and biscuit—do you realize what I've done? I've left my play—my theater full of people—my manager—my actors—left them all with no excuse for it in the world that I can ever offer—and myself, most of all, I've left myself there in the theater.

Horatio (*catching sight of the Hamlet costume*)—Rollo! What are you doing in those clothes?

Rollo (*with dignity*)—These are my working clothes, Grandfather.

Horatio—What! You are wearing the costume of Hamlet—the Great Dane of Elsinore! My God!

Rollo—Don't disturb yourself about it, sir—it's past and—it won't occur again.

Horatio—I should have known—yes, I should have suspected. Hamlet!

Rollo (*deeply distressed*)—Grandfather, did you—did you send that message—just to get me here?

Horatio (*promptly*)—Of course not, my boy. I sent it because I knew—I knew it would kill me if you went on with all that foolishness. If I had known you were playing Hamlet, I promise you, on my word of honor, I would be stone-dead as I sit here.

Rollo (*still and tense*)—No one would tell me. They thought the play was more important—all but—the girl who was going to play Ophelia; she ran out on the stage. I was just beginning my long speech—

Horatio (*with satisfaction*)—Stopped you in the beginning, did she?

BELLA (*the maid*)—The young lady wants to know if she's to wait, or go home with the cabman.

Horatio—Young lady? What young lady?

Rollo—Miss Macduff, Grandfather—the girl who played Ophelia. We ran out of the theater together just as we were. I don't know whether she followed me or I dragged her after me.

Horatio (*to Bella*)—Tell her to come in here—I wish to see her.

Rollo—No, Grandfather. She will understand your not seeing her.

Horatio—But I wish to see her.

Bella—The cabman says it's thirty-five dollars and he wants to know if he's to wait.

Horatio—Wait? I should say so. Wait forever!

Rollo—He drove all the way from the city, Grandfather. When I told him it was a matter of life and death he said it would be thirty-five dollars.

Horatio—You told him? A nice way to make a bargain! It's a wonder he hadn't said a hundred and thirty-five dollars.

Rollo—That's what I thought. Come in, Goldie (*as Goldie hesitates in the doorway*).

Horatio (*looking at her keenly*)—So—it's Ophelia. Rollo, leave me alone with her.

Rollo—No, Grandfather, I prefer to stay. I won't listen to what you say, but I prefer to remain.

Horatio—What? You go and pay the cabman. Have you any money on you?

Rollo—No, sir.

Horatio—Get it from your Aunt Lane in the library. Tell her to take it out of the housekeeping money.

HORATIO (*to Goldie*)—Come here. (*Goldie goes slowly to him.*) Sit down. (*Sternly*) Are you going to marry my grandson?

Goldie (*hastily*)—Oh, no, no, Mr. Webster! I have no idea of such a thing.

Horatio (*severely*)—Oh! And are you in the habit of running about the country at night with young men you don't intend to marry?

Goldie—No, really. I never did such a thing before. But it was so terrible to be left in the theater and we were so worried about you—and the idea of playing Ophelia all by myself was so dreadful—

Horatio—Why? You've played Ophelia before, haven't you?

Goldie—No, Mr. Webster, never.

Horatio—Oh! What have you played?

Goldie (*hesitating*)—Why, nothing very much, Mr. Webster. I've been mostly—in musical shows.

Horatio—Oh, you sing.

Goldie—No, I don't.

Horatio—Don't you have to sing to be in musical shows?

Goldie—No. You—you don't.

Horatio—Oh! Well, what are the qualifications necessary?

Goldie (*embarrassed*)—Why, different things, Mr. Webster.

Horatio—What in your case?

*Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine*



*Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine*

TAKING THE GUESSWORK OUT OF THE SELECTION OF LUMBER

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Goldie—Why, I think it was my ankles—mostly.

Horatio—Oh! And your qualifications for playing Ophelia were the same, I suppose.

Goldie—Yes, Mr. Webster—I mean I hadn't any. I was the one all along to—

Horatio (quickly)—To what?

Goldie—To beg your grandson not to play Hamlet. Not to be an actor at all; to—to take an interest in air-brakes.

Horatio—Air-brakes? What do you know about air-brakes?

Goldie—Nothing—nothing at all—except that they need to be improved.

Horatio—Who says they do?

Goldie—He told me.

Horatio—Rollo? (Goldie nods.) Well, he'll be a great help to the business. So he told you that. (Eying her suspiciously) And a great many other things I suppose.

Goldie—What do you mean, Mr. Webster?

Horatio—Well, enough to make you think he was a pretty desirable young man. Come now, didn't he? He told you that he had a large country place.

Goldie—Yes, Mr. Webster. He told me about this place and the garden—and—

Horatio—I see. And you thought it would be very easy to annex this young gentleman and his possessions?

Goldie—No, Mr. Webster, I didn't.

Horatio—Well, it might be hard—but a good business stroke.

Goldie (rising with dignity but almost in tears)—What I thought doesn't matter, Mr. Webster. And what you think of me doesn't matter, for I shall not see either of you after tonight.

Horatio (pleased)—There, that's right. I like to see you show some spirit. Now sit right down by me again and tell me—

Goldie—No. I must go, Mr. Webster.

Horatio—Don't go any farther than the library!

HORATIO summons Rollo and immediately launches an attack upon that already much depressed young man.

HORATIO—So—in addition to everything else you've been making a damned ass of yourself over women.

Rollo (without spirit)—No, sir.

Horatio (drawing Rollo to him with rough tenderness)—Don't you know that you're all I care about in the world? Why do you want to disgrace me—raising Cain all over New York City?

Rollo (moodily)—I'll give it all up. I'll admit that I'm an utter failure—and—I'll go into the business of selling air-brakes at once.

Horatio (resentfully)—Do you suppose I want an utter failure selling air-brakes? I wouldn't have you in my business.

Rollo—Perhaps someone will have me, somewhere.

Horatio—You're very young, Rollo, but I wouldn't mind your marrying at all, if you would marry someone I wouldn't object to.

Rollo—Thank you, Grandfather—but I'd mind marrying anyone you wouldn't object to, I'm sure.

Horatio—No, my boy. Now tell me! Is there anyone—have you anyone in mind?

Rollo—No, sir.

Horatio—Come, come, my boy, don't say that. I know there is someone.

Rollo—If you mean Goldie she won't have me. I just asked her in the hall.

Horatio—What the devil did you do that for?

Rollo—I saw you had been making her cry. Besides—I felt like it.

Horatio—That little chorus girl— You asked her to—marry you?

Rollo—She's a wonderful girl, Grandfather. Her grandmother was the greatest actress in England.

Horatio—I don't believe it. What was her name?

Rollo—Her name was Mary Mowe.

Horatio—What? What's that you say? Mary Mowe! Rollo, I—I—of all the—

Rollo—Stop, Grandfather. You shall not say one word against her!

BUT Horatio, far from having anything to say against Goldie, is now very much prepossessed in her favor. For the beautiful Mary

Mowe was, he confesses, the sweetheart of his youth.

ROLLO—You don't mean that your actress was my Goldie's grandmother?

Horatio—No. Your Goldie's grandmother was my actress. That is, she would have been, but she didn't want to leave the stage for anybody. I was broken-hearted and I came back to America and married your grandmother. Then Mary relented—said she had changed her mind—wrote me letters, such beautiful letters! But Grandma was firm—I never saw her again.

AND Horatio's next conversation with Goldie is in quite a different mood.

HORATIO (reminiscently)—Mary was the most exquisite Ophelia—How I wept over her mad scene!

Goldie—You would weep over mine—but it would be for a very different reason, Mr. Webster. I simply can't act; I don't like it—and I can't.

Horatio (interested)—Can't you, now? What do you like to do?

Goldie—Oh, I don't know, really. I never had time to do anything I like. I love children and flowers and—my sweetgrass sewing basket. I love to sew—and put initials on things!

Horatio (ruefully)—Oh, if she had only been more like you!

Goldie—Oh, dear! No one ever said that before.

Horatio—I would have given her all the flowers and children and sewing baskets and initials in the world—but she wouldn't have them.

Goldie—Oh, really, Mr. Webster? Was it—that way?

Horatio—That's the way it was, my dear. If I had waited—everything might have been different.

Goldie—I might have been your granddaughter, Mr. Webster—with some little changes.

Horatio—Yes, that's true. And now his

tory repeats itself—you refuse my grandson. He told me you did.

BUT when Rollo seizes the first opportunity to propose to Goldie again, the outcome is satisfactory to all concerned.

ROLLO (joyfully)—He's perfectly willing for me to marry you.

Goldie (pleased)—Oh, is he, Mr. Webster? Rollo (with determination)—Yes. But what difference does it make? You're not willing. I asked you last night and—and you refused me. If you think I'm going to ask you this morning just because my grandfather is willing, you're mistaken.

Goldie—Still I can't help being glad he wouldn't have minded.

Rollo—Goldie, listen to me. If you expect me to go on proposing to you—the way my grandfather did to your grandmother—one hundred times that he remembers and probably more that he's forgotten, just put it out of your mind.

Goldie—Why, Mr. Webster!

Rollo (firmly)—Stop calling me that. I ask you now for the last time—making a sum total of two. This will be final, Goldie—I mean it. (Stopping in fear) If you like, I'll wait until you know more of what I'm going to develop into. The Websters are all precisely alike. I'll get my Uncle John Webster to come for a visit and you can look at him—that will be me at middle age, and I'll be just like Grandfather when I'm seventy. That's all there is to it—take me or leave me. I will not go on like this. (Stopping miserably)

Goldie (gently)—Will you let me say something?

Rollo—Yes. Please say it quickly—just in one word.

Goldie—I can't.

Rollo—Two then.

Goldie—No.

Rollo—Three then, Goldie. Is it the right three?

Goldie—No, Rollo, I want you to forgive me—

Rollo (disappointed)—Oh!



Lydia (Marjorie Kummer) robs her irascible old grandfather of his hot toddy and gives it to the charming (but chilled) Laertes.

OLDIE—I thought such dreadful things of you—because of the girl I heard singing in your apartment the first day I met you. Now I know it was your sister.

Rollo—Lydia? She doesn't sing very well, I'm not responsible for that.

Goldie—You must forgive me for what I thought. She was there, you see.

Rollo (puzzled)—So were you!

Goldie—I know, but she was there first. I was so surprised and disappointed—because I thought you were so nice.

Rollo—I see; you thought she was a wild girl. It doesn't matter. Don't apologize for that.

Goldie—Oh, Rollo! I'm so sorry about—mlet.

Rollo—Good heavens! Don't be sorry for mlet—be sorry for me.

Goldie (putting her handkerchief to her eyes)—That's what I mean—you care more for a than you do for anybody.

Rollo (distressed)—I don't—I don't. Why, Goldie! I realize now that all the time I was

striding around in Hamlet, I was really only stumbling along my way to you. I'll ask you to marry me again when we both feel more like it.

Goldie—Will you? I'd like not to be crying when I accept you.

Rollo—Then we'll go on a long journey—far away from here. We'll borrow your sister's baby so people will think we've been married a long time, and won't annoy us. Wouldn't you like that?

Goldie—Yes, but— Oh, it would be even more wonderful to stay here in this house and walk in that beautiful garden and feel it was home!

Rollo—Oh, well, we can do that, too. It won't take long to walk around the garden, and think about home a little. (They start for the door.)

Goldie—And Rollo (almost weeping), I love your grandfather.

Rollo—Never mind, darling. I love your grandmother! (They go out the door into garden.)

The Sixth McNally

(Continued from page 15)

house for getting a job singing in a vine-picture theayter or something."

AY! Gembitz remarked. "The girl is very far from reaching that point, understand, but if she did, understand me, getting her out of the house would be the best from my thoughts. Hafter all, nowitz, children has got their rights as parents, and if your son or my daughter thinks they've got openings above the right business or the home, y'understand, the thing to do is to look at the matter from philosophy."

Once more he patted Danowitz's shoulder. "Now come, Danowitz," he said, "this business about your Gershon is going to blow over, and in the meantime I would like to see what you've got in some popular-price sales. My reservations for Los Angeles all taken for tomorrow, and I ain't got time to lose."

OR more than an hour, Gershon, Sr., displayed his spring line of shirts, and in spite of his broken-hearted condition succeeded in procuring from Gembitz a most satisfactory order at prices slightly above market, since Gembitz could not find to him his ordinarily businesslike nature to do to Danowitz's troubles by standing out bedrock figures. In fact once or twice Gembitz suspected that Danowitz was taking advantage of a customer's kindness of heart by sandwiching rather extravagant quotations between two outbursts of emotion at his son's ungrateful behavior. But Gembitz's sympathy for Danowitz, as of a father for another, outweighed the trade antagonism which as a jobber he would normally have felt towards a manufacturer, and he allowed Danowitz to get away with a couple of items which upon mature reflection he considered to be little short of grand larceny. Nevertheless, after checking up the order and correcting a few mistakes which Danowitz in his grief had made in his own favor, the two parents shook hands firmly.

"You will see, Danowitz," Gembitz declared, "that your boy will be back here in a few days, and you and him will be just as good friends as ever."

"Him with me, maybe," Danowitz said, "not out me with him."

"Ach! That's nonsense!" Gembitz exclaimed. He was about to enlarge upon the amount of forgiveness which a parent ought to display to an erring child, when the telephone-bell rang.

EXCUSE me," Danowitz said, taking the receiver from the hook. "Hello. . . Yes, this is the Fitgood Shirt Company. Hello. . . Mister Who? . . . Yes, it's right here."

He turned to Gembitz.

"For you, Mr. Gembitz," he said.

"For me?" Gembitz cried. "Why, nobody knows I'm here, excepting I told the twentieth-floor clerk at the hotel she should bring me up here in case a package didn't come from my tailor, but the package came just as I left. I wonder who it would be?"

"Might if you answered the phone maybe you would find out," Danowitz suggested.

"Give it to me," Gembitz said. "Hello. . . Yes, this is Mr. Gembitz. . . You are the twentieth-floor clerk, yes? . . . You

got a what? . . . What kind of wire? . . . A telegram? . . . Sure, go ahead and open it."

He smiled at Danowitz.

"Ain't it funny when you get a telegram, you always think sickness or death and it turns out to be nothing," he said. "Probably my partner is— Oh, hello! . . . Yes, I'm listening. . . It's from Chicago. . . Yes, I understand—Chicago. . . Mrs. Clarence Fimpel. That's my wife's sister. . . Yes, go ahead. . . What? . . . Shema Ben! What do you think of that?"

HE HUNG up the receiver and stared at Danowitz while his florid complexion grew suddenly purple.

"Mr. Gembitz!" Danowitz exclaimed. "What's the matter? Is somebody sick or something?"

Gembitz mopped his right hand in a gesture of despair.

"Worse," he said. "My Sadie has run away to be an actress."

"An actress?" Danowitz repeated.

"The telegram says, 'Sadie in New York, threatens to go on stage, stop her,' signed Mrs. Clarence Fimpel," Gembitz said. "And she don't even give the telephone number in New York where Sadie threatens to go on the stage."

"Don't it say letter follows?" Danowitz asked. "Most telegrams do and usually you couldn't tell nothing about it till the letter arrives."

"I don't care if fifty letters follows," Gembitz declared, striking the desk with his clenched fist. "If the girl wants to go on the stage, she can go."

He rose from the chair on which he was sitting and looked as though he were about to raise both hands in the classic gesture that used to accompany all parental curses with or without a snowstorm off-stage.

"But if she does," he said, "she'll never see a penny of my money—not one penny."

He sank back into his chair and covered his eyes with his right hand.

"A shame and a disgrace!" he muttered.

"My only daughter to be an actress!"

Danowitz shrugged his shoulders.

"Say!" he said. "Lots of girls from good families has threatened to go on the stage and even went. Hafter all, what is so terrible that your daughter should be an actress, Mr. Gembitz? An actress could behave herself the same like anybody else and very often does."

"She should never come near my house again," Gembitz said with a groan.

"Schmoos!" Danowitz exclaimed. "If the girl makes a hit on the stage, you will be proud of her the same like any other father."

He patted Gembitz's back reassuringly, but Gembitz only shook his head.

"You don't know me, Danowitz. When I make up my mind, I make up my mind," he concluded. "And I would never forgive her—never."

THE passage of a camel through the eye of a needle or of a rich man into heaven is a relatively easy matter compared with the admission of an aspiring playwright to the presence of a manager, and when Gershon Danowitz, Jr., called at the office of J. J. Leonard on the following Saturday morning, it was only because Leonard failed to notice the Jr. on Gershon's visiting card that he succeeded in getting an audience.



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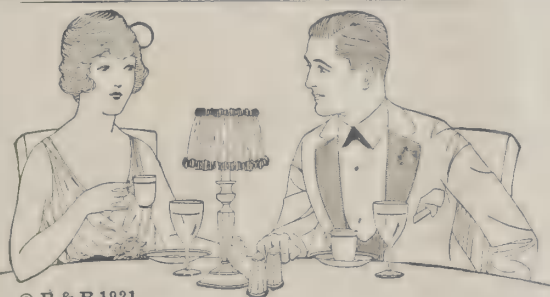
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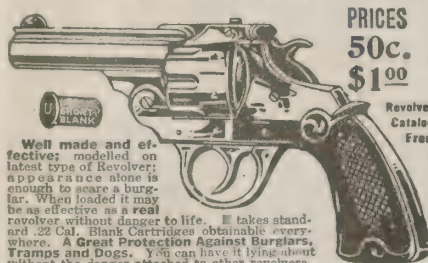
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"Tell that faker to come in here," Leonard said to the office boy who brought it in. "I want to talk to him."

He almost bit his cigar in two as he framed in sufficiently strong language just how he was going to break to the president of the Bella Hirschkind Home for Indigent Females that if one-half of the increased expenses of running off the benefit were not forthcoming from the treasury of the Home, there wasn't going to be any benefit at all.

"Now looky here, Danowitz," he began as Gershon, Jr., entered, and then broke off suddenly when he discovered that his visitor was not the person he supposed him to be. "Say! Who let you in here?" he bellowed.

It is hardly necessary to say that the question was embroidered with profanity selected at random from a particularly rich vocabulary, and for a moment Gershon, Jr., forgot that he was no longer the manager of a prosperous shirt business.

"WHO do you think you're talking to—a shipping clerk?" he asked. "I sent in my card, and your boy told me to come in."

Leonard picked up the card and looked at it again.

"Oh, you're the old man's son," he said.

"I'm not any man's son," Gershon replied.

"I'm here on my own account."

It was at this juncture that he saw his play on Leonard's desk.

"I called to see you about this," he said. Forthwith the habits of five years spent in the shirt business began to assert themselves. What he held in his hand seemed to him not a manuscript but a shirt, a high-grade shirt—in fact, an entire line of high-grade shirts—and he addressed himself to the task of selling it to Leonard, much as if Leonard had been a retailer with a chain of haberdashery stores and hence a prospective customer of large buying capacity. It was an entirely novel experience for the theatrical manager. He had met brash playwrights, shy playwrights, intellectual playwrights, and playwrights who were acquainted with every device of the theater since the days of Corneille and Racine, but a playwright who was also a first-class, crackerjack, A-number-one shirt salesman was something he had never been called upon to cope with, and he was soon completely at Gershon's mercy.

FOR more than an hour his only contributions to the dialogue were, "But, say!" or "Now, listen here," all of which Gershon treated as mere punctuation. In disposing of this one manuscript, he was using enough salesmanship to sell shirts in gross lots, and he talked on and on to such good purpose that by twelve o'clock, not only had he caused Leonard to accept in writing "Death and Transfiguration," a play in three acts and a prologue by Gerald Dane, but they had also discussed its forthcoming production to the extent of changing its title to "Early to Bed," merging the prologue into the first act and cutting between the laughs so as to bring its acting time well within the conventional period of one hundred and thirty minutes.

"And now," Gershon, Jr. said shortly before half-past twelve, "we'll go out and have a bite of lunch."

Leonard looked at his watch and impiously uttered a pious exclamation.

"I've got a rehearsal downstairs," he said.

"All right, I'll go with you," Gershon remarked, and a few minutes later Leonard vaguely wondered why he was not surprised to find himself seated side by side with Gershon, Jr., in one of the last rows on the ground floor of the Cabot Theater. An orchestra of less than ten musicians—using the term in its occupational and not its artistic meaning—was playing an accompaniment to a song in which the word *Dixie* recurred at intervals. So far as it affected Gershon, however, it might just as well have been Bosnia or Herzegovina, for he was concerned not with the song but the singer. He clutched Leonard's arm convulsively.

"WHO'S the lady?" he asked in a shrill whisper.

"What lady?" Leonard asked in return. *Lady* was a word he reserved for members of the audience. For performers, whether as principals or chorus women, he possessed a fund of synonyms which had never been included in any thesaurus. "Oh, her!" he exclaimed, when he realized that he was sitting next to a layman. "She's one of them—now—McNallys."

"Yes?" Gershon said. He had of course

heard of such theatrical families as the Drews, the Barrymores, and even the Eight Brothers Byrne, but even though he was not prepared to admit it he had never heard of the McNally family.

"Which one is she?" he asked, as though he knew all the others.

"She's the fifth or the sixth," Leonard said. "I forget which."

"The sixth," a voice said from the seat back of them, "and the best of the bunch, J. J."

"But she can't sing for nuts, Al," Leonard replied without looking around.

"Of course I'm no judge of singing,"

Gershon began by way of protest, but he immediately became silent at a warning nudge from Leonard.

"She ain't got no more voice than I have," Leonard said.

"Say!" Al Sands retorted. "She can put over a song without singing a note. All she's got to do is to stand there, and it's across. Am I right or wrong?"

LEONARD clutched Gershon's knee, but this additional warning was entirely unnecessary. Six years of buying and selling made him realize at once that even though Miss McNally combined all the more attractive features of Maxine Elliott, Billy Burke, and Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin, these were commodities just as much subject to bargain and sale in the theater, as merchandise is in the dry-goods district.

"She's a great performer," Al Sands added emphatically.

Leonard turned around in his seat.

"What am I—a new beginner?" he asked.

"Have I been putting on for seven years now a show where I got to play to twenty-two thousand to break even, without being my own judge of what's good and what ain't?"

These figures, representing the gross weekly receipts of the Comics, and the profanity with which they were quoted, made such an impression on Al Sands that he was silent for at least thirty seconds.

"SHE'S a big find," he said at last.

"She's a rank amateur," Leonard retorted. "I bet she ain't left her home a month already."

"Well, what of it?" Sands asked. That was just what Gershon wanted to know. Here was a McNally—member, no doubt, of an old theatrical family—in short, the sixth McNally, and yet she was a rank amateur and had just left her home.

"What of it?" Leonard said. "Why, there's this of it: I suppose you expect I should pay you the old figure when all you got to pay her is fifty a week."

"Say!" Al Sands interrupted. "You don't know her or you wouldn't talk that way. You may think she's an amateur and I may think she's an amateur, but she don't think so. She struck me for two hundred right off the reel, and she made me pay it, too."

"Back up!" Leonard cried. "What are you trying to give me?"

"All right," Sands said. "Meet her once."

"All right, I will," Leonard said, jumping up from his seat. He made his way down the side aisle to the door leading from the auditorium to the stage, followed by Al Sands. Gershon stumbled after them through the darkness, quite forgotten by Leonard, but when they all three arrived on the stage, such was the effect of Gershon's late salesmanship that Leonard accepted his presence there as a matter of course.

"MISS McNALLY," Al said, "I want you to meet Mr. Leonard, and this other gentleman here, I don't know his name."

"He ain't interested," Leonard said, shaking Miss McNally's ungloved hand, and not releasing it after the handshake had concluded. "I think I seen you somewheres before, didn't I?"

"I don't think so," Miss McNally replied.

"Good speaking voice," Sands commented.

"Great carrying quality."

"Now, listen," Leonard broke in. "Let her do the talking, will you?"

Miss McNally withdrew her hand from Leonard's clasp.

"Mr. Sands does the talking for me," she said. She looked at Gershon and thereby caused him to undergo all the cardiac symptoms associated with too much smoking and coffee-drinking. Nevertheless, he seemed to detect a slight flicker of Miss McNally's left eyelid.

"I suppose," Leonard said, "Al told you to tell me that."

"What's the difference who told who?" Sands asked. "As a matter of fact she suggested it."

"Miss McNally," Leonard broke in angrily, "I want you to come upstairs to my office. I'm starting to cast my Comics and I want to talk business to you."

"The act is Sands and McNally, Mr. Leonard," Sands said. "I own and manage it and if you want to talk business, talk it to me."

For at least half a minute, Leonard hesitated.

MISS McNALLY'S physical charms were no less evident to him than they were to Gershon, but unlike Gershon, his heart functioned quite normally. So did his brain. He was in fact considering her attractiveness in terms of box-office receipts, and at the end of thirty seconds he had made up his mind.

"Come upstairs, Al," he said, and a minute later Gershon was alone on the stage with Miss McNally.

"Well," Miss McNally declared, "if he lands that job in the Comics, I guess I'll have burned my boats behind me and not a cent of insurance."

Her lips parted in a melancholy smile and Gershon smiled in return.

HE HAD only half heard what she had said, but Al Sands was right. All she had to do was to stand there, and she was a hit with any audience. For instance, she had not intended to create in Gershon the feeling that without a home presided over by Miss McNally, play-writing and shirt-manufacturing were as one. Nevertheless, merely by standing there and looking at him, she had done more than that. Her melancholy smile had automatically caused him to contrast the hazardous compensation of a playwright with the relatively certain income of the shirt-manufacturing business. In short, he was considering her attractiveness not by Leonard's standard of box-office receipts but in terms of a honeymoon, a small apartment in a good neighborhood, and just one or two children, and by the time she spoke again he was rapidly getting back into a shirt-business frame of mind.

"You look like you didn't understand what I mean," she said, "so I may as well tell you that I left a good home to go into this."

Gershon held out his right hand.

"Shake!" he said. "I've just burned a couple of fleets myself."

They shook hands solemnly.

"And one or two bridges," Gershon added. "You don't mean to say that you left a good home to be an actor?" she asked, after they were seated side by side on a tool-box against the back wall.

"Not an actor," Gershon said; "a playwright, and I left more than a good home. I left a good shirt business."

"A good shirt business!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear! Wasn't that foolish of you?"

SHE laid her left hand on his right sleeve and let it stay there for just a moment.

"Why couldn't you write plays on the side and still stay in the shirt business?" she said.

"Ask my father," Gershon replied. "He owns the business, and he told me that I had to choose between being a shirt manufacturer and a playwright, so I chose."

Miss McNally nodded her head comprehendingly.

"Aren't families just like that?" she said. "They don't understand you one bit, do they?"

She moved up just a trifle closer to him.

"Tell me," she said. "What kind of plays do you write?"

"Suppose I tell you at lunch," Gershon said. "It'll be half an hour or longer before Leonard gets through with your—you friend."

"He isn't my friend," Miss McNally assured him. "He pays me a salary and I board with him and Mrs. Sands up in Tremont."

"Even at that, we could leave word with the doorman that we would be back in half an hour," Gershon said. "How about it?"

Miss McNally considered the proposition for at least a minute.

"How many plays have you produced?" she asked.

"As yet, none," Gershon said, "but I've had one accepted."

"Then I'll go to lunch with you on one condition," Miss McNally declared. "There's an awfully nice place right across the street where they have the best Danish pastry."

AND a moment later they were seated at a rear table in one of those lunch-rooms that seek to divert their patrons' attention

from the poor quality of the food by an elaborate scheme of decoration in the style of an 1895 model Pullman Palace Car.

There over a plate of Danish pastry and a cup of coffee they exchanged the preliminary confidences of what was rapidly to open into an ardent friendship. In fact, so rapid was the ripening and so ardent the friendship that by the following Thursday, it only had they lunched together five times and dined together six times but in the course of the last dinner Miss McNally had occasion to say: "No." To be sure she didn't say it too emphatically. Her precise words were: "No, Gerald dear, I couldn't. Not this season, anyway."

"But I tell you, I'll go back into the shirt business. I'll do anything," he protested. "Don't I know you would?" Miss McNally said. "But I have a contract with Mr. Sands not to get married for the run of the Comics anyway."

"And it may run two years," he said hopelessly. "Well, that can't be helped," she said. "My contract with him says I shouldn't get married and I can't break it."

"HAT she was firm in this resolution, however, may be doubted by the events of the following morning when Gershon Danowitz, Sr., was interrupted in the task of checking up his month-

statements by a visitor whose clothes could not have been called conservative even for a man of his age.

"Say, looky here!" the visitor said to Gershon, "This thing has gone on long enough. Is that all?"

Gershon, Sr., was hurried into a pious exhortation.

"T'phooee!" he said. "What do you mean, busting in here like this?"

"I mean what I say," Sands declared. "It's time to stop. I know what my rights are, and this wouldn't be the first time made trouble for a guy like that."

"Say, what's the matter?" Gershon asked. "Are you meshugga or something?"

"I ain't no more crazy than you are," Al said. "I've got a contract for the run of the Comics—me and my partner—and if you n busts it up on me, my lawyers tell me I n put him in jail for malicious interfering a contract."

"OR a brief interval Danowitz nodded his head while a pulse beat in his cheek. "So that's what it is, is it?" he said. "Already he gets into trouble."

"And he'll get into worse trouble, if he gets with me," Sands commented. "That I couldn't help," Danowitz retorted. "I ain't seen the boy in a week and what he is up to, I don't know."

"Well, I can tell you what he is up to," Sands told him. "He's threatening to marry my partner."

"Your partner!" Danowitz repeated. "What for a business are you in that you get lady partner? The millinery business?"

"I ain't in no business," Sands replied. "My name is Sands, of Sands and McNally, my own act now for ten years, and your son going to marry my partner Miss McNally."

"HE pulse in Danowitz's cheek beat a trifle more quickly and he grew slightly red in the face, but his voice was firm enough when he spoke, even though his hands did quiver.

"Well," he said, "I didn't expect no better. Anyone what starts out writing plays when he's got a good home and a good business, is liable to end up marrying a Miss McNally even."

"And how about me?" Sands asked. "You?" Danowitz said. "What have I got to do with you?"

"You've got plenty to do with me," Sands retorted. "Either you stop this thing or I put your son in jail."

Danowitz rose from his chair. "You mean you are going to put into jail the young feller that is going to marry this Miss McNally?" he said.

Al Sands nodded. "Well, that young feller ain't my son," Danowitz declared. "I ain't got no more a son."

FOR more than half an hour after Sands left, Danowitz remained seated in his revolving chair, his head sunk on his breast, and it was in this attitude that Marcus Gembitz found him when he entered the office at eleven o'clock.

"Nu, Mr. Gembitz," he asked, rousing himself with an effort, "have you heard from your daughter?"

"No, I ain't," Gembitz said, "and from the looks of you, you ain't heard from your son, either."

Danowitz smiled a rather wan smile. "You ain't no judge of looks, Mr. Gembitz," he said. "The reason why I am looking this way is that I have heard from him—indirectly."

"And how is he getting on?" Gembitz asked. "He's getting on fine," Danowitz replied. "He's going to marry a Miss McNally."

GEMBITZ sat down heavily in the revolving chair at Gershon, Jr.'s vacant desk. "Um Gottes Willen, you don't tell me!" he said.

He tried to think of something to say that might be of some consolation.

"Well," he said after a long silence, "the chances is that you don't feel no worse over your son marrying Miss McNally than Miss McNally's father does about her marrying your son."

situation, I wouldn't take it so much to heart. My daughter is just so much my daughter as your son is your son, but if she would marry someone outside her people, I would say: 'Sadie,' I would say, 'you have done something which is wrong,' I would say, 'but,' I would say—"

HOWEVER, the hypothetical dialogue thus begun proceeded no further, for when it had reached this critical stage of its development, the door opened to admit a youth clothed in the uniform of a naval lieutenant except for the words *Belsize Hotel* which were embroidered in gold thread on the collar and sleeves.

"Is there a party here by the name Gembitz?" he inquired.

"That's me," Gembitz said. "The floor clerk on the twentieth floor says you left word that if any letters or telegrams comes to bring 'em over here."

"Give it to me," Gembitz cried, and snatched a letter from the messenger's hand. He tore it open, and after reading its contents he sank back into his chair with a groan.

"Mr. Gembitz!" Danowitz exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"I would never speak to her again so long as I live. Why, I would never even look at her," he said hoarsely.

"Mr. Gembitz!" Danowitz said. "What is it?"

"I am like you, Danowitz," he groaned. "I ain't got no more a daughter. She's dead."

"Dead!" Danowitz exclaimed. "Worse than dead," Gembitz replied. "She has gone to work and got married. And by the name, he ain't one of our people."

The messenger from the hotel took off his cap reverently.

"That'll be fifty cents," he said, "and ten cents carfare."

DANOWITZ offered no consolation. He felt instinctively there could be none. He did not even inquire the name of Gembitz's son-in-law, but what he did do was to produce from the middle compartment of his safe in violation of the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States and the acts to enforce the same, a quart bottle of rye whisky and two miniature glasses. He filled them both to the brim and handed one to Gembitz.

"L'chayim," he said piously. "L'chayim tovim!" Gembitz replied.

AS THEY tossed it down, the office door opened again, and this time J. J. Leonard, the theatrical manager, literally flung himself into the room.

"Huh!" he snorted. "Celebrating, ain't you!"

"I couldn't talk to you about the benefit now," Danowitz said, hastily replacing the bottle in the safe.

"Benefit!" Leonard cried. "There ain't going to be no benefit."

"Why not?" Danowitz demanded. Leonard threw his hat on the desk and juttied out his chin at Danowitz.

"Don't throw me no bluffs, you charity faker, you!" he cried. "Chutzpah! Does me out of an act that would have made the show—absolutely made it—and then expects me I should go on with his rotten benefit yet."

"I don't know what you're talking about at all," Danowitz said.

"You don't, hey?" Leonard said. "I suppose you ain't drinking that hootch because your son gets married this morning."

"And suppose he is," Gembitz said. "What of it?"

"I don't know who you are and I don't want to know, but I'll tell you what of it," Leonard said. "His son busts up my Comics by marrying this here McNally, and he made up the match."

"I made up the match!" Danowitz cried. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

"Like a fox," Leonard said. "I suppose you don't know that girl's father is a millionaire."

DANOWITZ grabbed Leonard's hat from the desk and handed it to the manager. "You get right out of here," he shouted.



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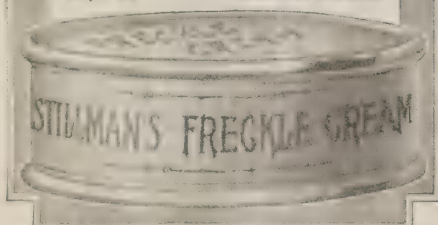
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"An idea! Just because the girl's father is a millionaire or a multimillionaire or a billionaire, he thinks that I should go to work and make up a match between my only son and a lady which ain't one of our people."

"Yes, she ain't!" Leonard jeered.

"But her name is McNally," Gembitz said.

"And mine is Leonard," Leonard retorted.

"She ain't no McNally. She's only in the show business with Al Sands under the team name of Sands and McNally."

"Maybe he's right, Danowitz," Gembitz said. "When a feller does business under the firm name of the Eagle Pants Company he don't necessarily got to be an eagle."

"Well, if her name ain't McNally," Danowitz asked, "what is it?"

BEFORE Leonard could answer, Gershon Danowitz, Jr., opened the door. He was wearing a new hat—a brown derby—in place of the old soft black hat. It was

essentially a shirt manufacturer's hat and not a dramatist's hat.

"Pop," he said, "I want you to meet my wife."

He stood aside and disclosed in the doorway behind him a young lady who combined all the more attractive physical features of Maxine Elliott, Billy Burke, and Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin.

"Sadie!" Gembitz cried, and immediately enfolded her in his arms.

"It looks like a curtain and a good one," Leonard said, "but it ain't. I am going to see a lawyer about this."

"Save your money," Gershon, Jr., said.

"All you can do under your contract is to get an injunction against her acting in any other show except yours, and if you want a written guarantee that she won't, I'll give it to you."

"And I'll give you a written guarantee that I wouldn't put on your show, neither," Leonard said.

A Bargain's A Bargain

(Continued from page 19)

little, crept into bed, and slept, since, as he said, she was done in.

FOR two months he kept his bargain.

Secretly, Dolf marveled at him, for in spite of his twenty-five years he lived a life of perfect austerity. Perhaps hard physical labor helped. In any case his days never differed one from another by a hair's-breadth. He left at six-thirty; he returned at seven in the evening. Together they ate their meal and cleared it away. Sometimes they smoked and talked, sometimes they walked in Hyde Park; otherwise she read the books he lent her.

FOR the time being she made no effort to find work. She kept house for him, did his sewing, mothered him, and found in it all a dangerous sweetness. For the first time in her life she was happy because someone in a sense depended on her. It was like being married with all the stress and friction and emotion of marriage fined away. Secretly she felt proud of this boy who earned his living uncomplainingly at work he had never been brought up to do, lived like an anchorite, and played fair with her. She had no anxieties. She rested her body and mind and her cheeks bloomed, her eyes shone with health, and her skin acquired a satin texture. She was temptation incarnate at his very door, and she might have been literally his sister.

AT THE end of a month he fell ill. He came home one night shivering, with the flush of fever in his face, a mass of aches and pains. He went straight to bed, and she cared for him, making up his fire and bringing him hot milk. In the morning he seemed no better, and drifted into snatches of delirium. "You'd better have a doctor, Ivo," she told him. "I'll go and find one. You'll be all right till I come back, won't you?"

"I s'pose you'd better. And will you telephone the garage? This is going to upset everything. I'm so sorry, Dolf."

The weary gray eyes smiled at her and her answering smile was dangerously gentle.

"Don't forget, you little fool: Ivo Greville Everard Ferrier, and his people came over with the Conqueror, and yours keep a village drapery," she murmured as she fled down the stairs. "And now you'd better make up some tale for the doctor."

BUT Soho doctors ask few questions. This one took the boy's temperature, frowned because it was a hundred-and-three-point-something, saw Dolf was capable, gave instructions, and left.

For two days the boy was very ill indeed. He babbled light-heartedly of things and people such as Dolf had known at second hand from not a few men. There seemed to have been a number of women in his life. One of them Dolf hated; apparently her foot in particular had kicked him into the gutter. At times he half recognized his nurse.

"Dolf, dear little Dolf!" he murmured. "I'll play fair. And I won't go after other women, because I don't want them now. Only grains of dust, but a bargain's a bargain. . . ."

And so it went on, over and over again.

FINALLY the fever passed off and he lay quiet and weak, watching as she came and went. There were tired lines under her eyes but she looked very happy. She had fought Death for him and won; and, what-

ever might happen in the long run, he was hers and no one else's for the time being. Lying there, his eyes saw very clearly as sick men's do, so that when she approached he murmured her name.

"Dolf!"

She came to the bedside, smiling a little shyly.

"What do you want, old thing?"

"Bend down," he whispered; and then, as she hesitated, he played the trump card of his weakness: "I can't get up."

She knelt beside him and he drew her head down to his pillow and kissed her, not as other men had kissed her with greedy ravaging kisses, but tenderly, for love.

"You dear!" he murmured over and over again.

She did not move. The tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her face while she stayed, leaning her head against his for pure happiness. And because she knew it might not last, she gave him all the love in her heart for a free gift that asked no return and needed none. So they stayed, close together till the twilight deepened and, with a faint shiver, she rose because there were things to be done for him and life must go on.

WITHIN a fortnight he was back at the garage, going to work early, returning dog-tired in the evening. Neither of them referred to the episode of his illness, but it stood between them like an accusing witness, the murdered body of their original compact. Things could never be the same again.

Dolf fought desperately to recover the old ground. For herself she might have won, but he had altered. Periodically she caught his eyes resting on her with a far-away, thoughtful expression. Once he put his thoughts into words.

"I s'pose girls never get hungry for kisses, a little love, a little petting?" he queried, almost anxiously.

She smiled.

"Not if they're wise. They can't afford to. Kisses are like drugs—they overwhelm one in time; we're far less inflammable than you."

"Men are an accursed, sex-ridden lot, aren't they?" he said gloomily, and left it at that.

BUT Dolf had seen the red light. Looking over his mending the next morning after breakfast, she let fall the sock she was inspecting and stared thoughtfully into space. "You must get a job, my dear," she told herself, "and go while the going's good. At present he won't be hurt much; later on he may. It's up to you."

Picking up the day's paper, she was caught by one paragraph.

Interesting Business Combine: Mr. Thomas Wainwright, O.B.E., to be Managing Director of the Amalgamated Stores. Well-known War Contractor's lightning success.

The paragraph went on to describe the amazing career of a young man whose father, dying at the outbreak of the Great War, had left him a prosperous village grocery, which he converted into a little gold mine through the neighborhood becoming a training center for troops. Now, through enterprise and ability, he had acquired a controlling interest in the Amalgamated Stores, one of the best-known multiple-shop organizations in the country.

"Your word is sufficient," Gershon, Jr., assured him, "because I am out of the play-writing business for good."

"WELL," Gershon Danowitz, Sr., remarked after Leonard had left, "it's an old saying and a true one that all's well what ends well, but where the Bella Hirschkind Home for Indignant Females gets off I don't know."

"Say," Gembitz said, "figure out what them indignant females would of got out of this here benefit and send me a bill for it. After all, an only daughter only gets married once, so why shouldn't it cost me something. Am I right or wrong?"

"HE would better of fixed up instead an Air-dale to look like a lion!" For Julius was a dead loss in the movies. "Never Begin With Lions," by Montague Glass—coming soon in Hearst's.

She put down the paper and relapsed once more into deep thought.

"Mother wrote and told me Tom was becoming a great man," she murmured. "It must be the same, for they mention our village. And so the first sweetheart I ever had is one of the richest people in the country. I wonder if he remembers me."

CLEAR and sharp as a cinema film there arose before her mental vision the picture of a girl—herself—throwing pebbles at this same Tom Wainwright's window, begging him to take her away anywhere from the drudgery and cruelty of home, and of Tom Wainwright's refusal.

"I'd rather ask a favor of anyone but him," she mused. "Still, he may have altered. He must have got bigger mentally to do what he's done. He must have heaps of jobs going. And if I play my cards well, it's just possible—Anyway, I've got to do something, and this is just a chance."

She went across to her little room and counted over the pounds the boy had given her. There were ten of them untouched. Smiling a little bitterly, she told herself the best use she could make of his money was to rid him of her. She put on hat and coat and went out slowly, unwillingly, to perfect her plans.

THERE existed a man dressmaker to whom, in her prosperous days, she had brought custom. To him she went and outlined the situation.

"I want to be fitted out decently from head to foot," she told him, and stood in his fitting-room, very slight and sweet and young, flinging at him the appeal of waving fair hair, blue eyes, and soft pink mouth. "I've got ten pounds in the world, and it's a gamble, but if it comes off neither of us will lose. Can you do anything for me?"

He eyed her narrowly. He was used to such things in his particular sphere of business. If she had looked worn, haggard, down-trodden, he would have set his face against her. But as this world goes she held good cards, and he assented grudgingly. For this reason she entered the Regent Street offices of the Amalgamated Stores next morning armed at all points with the subtle feminine weapons of her slight young beauty backed by a faultless gown, hat, shoes and stockings.

THERE Dolf was received by Mr. Webber, the typical human filter of the self-made business man to sort out the beneficent microbes among visitors from the malignant. He had no age; he might have been forty or fifty; his thin, anxious face, indefinite mustache, and punctilious clothes bore witness of his many stripes. He resembled an elderly horse, clipped, groomed, bitted, and whipped into unnatural briskness. With obvious misgivings, Mr. Webber counted Dolf unto himself for righteousness, and passed her up into a bright, shining, soulless waiting-room. She sat in the sort of armchair only to be found in such places, and mused triumphantly. Mr. Webber had given her the measure of the new Tom Wainwright.

THE great man received her in an apartment voluptuous with Turkey carpet, massive writing table, opulent bookcase, and solid bronze telephone instrument. Morning dress clad his well-nourished figure. He did not rise when she entered. He sat back in a padded swing chair and smiled

falsely out of cunning eyes and a half truculent, half peevish face.

"Nice of you to call, Dolf. I s'pose you saw the news in the papers. You're looking prosperous. How are they at home? I don't get time to run down."

He glanced absently at an ornate silver clock. He seemed to imply that every minute wasted on her cost at least a thousand pounds.

She smiled back, letting him dwell on her slight, almost childish beauty for a second before she drifted, unasked, into the costly embrace of the chair placed for his visitors.

"I WANTED to see how you look now you've got on," she said thoughtfully in her slow, clear-cut tones. "I'm rather a connoisseur of men nowadays, Tom. It's so difficult for our sort of man to live up to a great success, isn't it? They generally underdo it, or overdo it."

His ever-alert vanity bristled almost laughably. He had a pathetic pride in his own achievement. But the undercurrent of shrewdness that had made him what he was saved him.

"Well," he retorted with sham joviality, "which do I do?"

She stroked his ruffled feelings with the velvet of her voice.

"Oh, neither, of course! I said I wanted to see, and now I have seen I congratulate you, Tom. The room, for instance, is perfect."

She glanced about her in simulated admiration.

"And you've got a fearfully discreet secretary. He looked me over from head to foot."

"Ah, yes—old Webber. He knows his place where I'm concerned. I s'pose you've done well, too? You look well, and devilish pretty, Dolf. You've improved. What's the idea at present?"

She shrugged the perfect line of her shoulders.

"I'M NOT doing anything just now. One can't stand still, as you know, Tom. I'm looking for something with more scope. I used to be the Sanway's confidential secretary—Sanway of United Undertakings, you know. He's a pretty big man, but—You see, when I was on the stage I met a good many influential people. In fact, there are one or two rather big things in the wind, but, of course, they wouldn't interest you. You're enough of your own."

If his head had been made of glass she could not have read his thoughts more easily. Sanway's confidential secretary disengaged! Everyone knew Geoffrey Sanway—a big man if ever there was one. Good-looking, she was, too, and clever as sin. Perfectly sure of herself, with that easy way that got round people. And he himself felt none too well at home in these London surroundings. Why not—

He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I S'POSE you're quite on good terms with gentry and so on?" The hated word slipped out, and he cursed under his breath. "Now something you said about men of our class—it's true in a sense. I'm not small-minded. I'll own I've defects. I've had no time for polish. I've had to work. Now I'm in London for good, and it's not easy. How would you like to be my confidential secretary—at a bigger salary than Sanway gave you?"

Dolf drew a little pattern with a smart umbrella.

"How much?" she drawled very carelessly, smiling straight at him.

"Five hundred a year," he snapped, hastily altering it from the three he had been going to offer. "Of course, we'd throw in expenses. But it's business, mind. There'll be no love-making or nonsense. You'd have to work for it."

With an effort she controlled her expression. It is so dizzy to feel your power if you are a girl.

"Shall we say six months on trial?" she queried tentatively. "Then, if we don't suit one another, we'll say good-by without any broken bones. Thanks awfully, Tom.

I'll love to do my very best. When do I start?"

"Tomorrow," came the swift reply. The house telephone buzzed, and he broke off with the receiver to his ear.

"Who? Miss Sheba Garth? Show her up at once."

CURIOSLY Dolf noted the change that came over him. He seemed to swell with pride and importance. As she rose to go, a tall, dark, imperious-looking girl, expensively dressed, entered with an assured air almost of possession. Mr. Thomas Wainwright, O.B.E., rose deferentially.

"Good morning, Miss Sheba. How is Sir Julius? I was just engaging my new secretary, but I've quite finished." Then in an

world who had clasped hands for friendship and comforted one another. It seemed very lonely to part.

"I think we're all square," he suggested, still with his grave smile. "I took care of you and then you took care of me when I was ill. Do you remember?"

She bowed her head. For the only time in her life she had had a man quite helpless, solely dependent on her. A girl does not forget these things. Also, he had kissed her, not as other men.

"Dolf, will you marry me, and give up the job? I shall never find another pal like you."

She smiled piteously up into his face.

"You don't love me; you're only sorry for me. And anyway, I wouldn't be a drag on a—pal, didn't you say?"

"Oh, as for that—"

HE BROKE off impatiently and she finished for him:

"I've Greville Everard Ferrier, when your father dies you'll be Lord Mount Royal because your elder brother was killed in the War. Your family goes back centuries. Would you really like me, a girl who strayed in out of the night, to be Lady Mount Royal?"

"Yes," he said shortly. "And anyway, I shall never be Lord Mount Royal. I'm sick of all that. How did you know?"

"I used to be on the stage. We read the Peerage from end to end at the theater. Of course you'll go back; you can't help it; people like you have their duty to their an-

cestors. And you wouldn't like me to be Lady Mount Royal really, and neither would your family. And your son would be ashamed of me. You owe him a perfectly good aristocratic mother. Don't you understand?"

She was white and large-eyed, but she held up her chin and smiled. Even an aristocrat could hardly have done better.

He stepped forward and gathered her to him.

"Remember what I said about grains of dust, and all the frills and embroideries being mere eye-wash, and that my family kicked me out, and that I want you," he said unsteadily to her bent, fair head. "You know I've been—good all the time you've lived here, Dolf; I've let you alone, and every other woman alone. I've never drunk a thing; and I love you as much as I shall ever love anyone in this world."

She drew gently away.

"I SHOULD want you to love me better than anyone in the world, and you can't fight heredity," she objected. "As soon as your senses tired of me I should begin to get on your nerves. You weren't asking me to be just a woman, but a wife, and I couldn't be your wife, Ivo; I should be smothered in the relics of all those centuries. You've been the dearest pal, and now I suppose it's over. Life is like that. Aren't you sorry you were ever good to me?"

"No," he said with a sort of calm bitterness. "When you came I had nothing, and when you go I shall have nothing. For what lay between those two nothings, thank you very, very much. You've been an awful dear to me. Good night, Dolf."

Swiftly she held up her face to be kissed, and ran out from him to her own room. They parted after breakfast, which is a fatal and dismal time. He told her if ever she wanted a friend . . . and she made the obvious reply. It added the one touch of banality that enables people to endure the intolerable.

DOLF, betaking herself to two quiet rooms in the Russell Square region, set herself to study Tom Wainwright, to be a messenger preparing his social way before him, to be indispensable. Early she realized that this implied a study of Sheba Garth, but that young woman presented few difficulties to a pretty girl doomed to live by her wits. Sheba fell into a very conventional category—the spoiled daughter of an impecunious baronet who lived largely by permitting his title to adorn the prospectuses of companies and his personality to shed luster on boards of direc-

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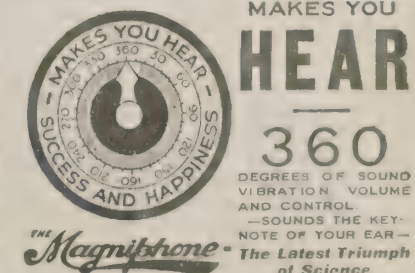
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tors. It became clear to Dolf that Tom Wainwright had determined to marry Sheba, thus making himself impregnable socially as he was already financially. Sheba merely toyed with him for lack of something better to do; in the meantime his car was irreplaceable, and his entertaining was expensive.

Meanwhile Tom Wainwright drove Dolf hard. She typed innumerable letters; she made abstracts of minutes; she watched over his appointments; she soothed angry visitors and delivered them over to him, lambs for the slaughter. She worked early and late to make herself an integral part of his life.

Moreover, she was a safety-valve. In her presence he could relax, and be his shameless, plebeian self.

"Do I have braid on my dress trousers, or not?" he would ask helplessly. "Where did you tell me to get shirts made—the place that toff you knew went to? I don't see why I shouldn't wear diamond studs. It isn't vulgar for me because I can afford it."

"Yes, but it isn't done," she explained patiently. "Sir Julius and Sheba wouldn't understand. That sort of person thinks a lot of these small things."

"Miss Garth to you, please. By the way, Miss Garth is the young lady I hope to marry. Be particularly careful never to do anything to offend her. I couldn't overlook that."

Dolf nodded wisely.

"Right-ho! Well, you'll be a good catch for her in some ways. They're as poor as church mice, aren't they?"

"They were till I put Sir Julius onto Ethiopian Oil shares. He made about fifty thousand out of them. Why are you smiling?"

"Oh, at nothing."

BUT she was thinking, "What a fool to cut your own throat!" and "That shortens the odds against me!" For she had made up her mind to marry him, counted the cost, steeled herself, wept bitter tears, and come out of the struggle relentless as fate.

"Ivo said we were grains of dust. What does it matter? His sort never marry my sort, or, if they do, it wrecks them—and us. They live with us when we're young and pretty, make our own men impossible by contrast, and then go their way. I've got to marry or go under, and it's as fair for Tom as for me."

ONE afternoon when he was away, Sheba Garth called at the Amalgamated Stores Office. She went up to Dolf's room and sat contemptuously on a table swinging her long, lissome, silk-stockinged legs.

"You knew Mr. Wainwright as a child, didn't you?" she began carelessly. "You both lived in some dreadful village and your fathers kept little shops there. Isn't that right?"



D PAINTING a picture of a policeman means nothing in the life of ARMAND BOTH. Battle, murder and sudden deaths—all glide gracefully from his facile brush—not, of course, to mention beautiful girls! Some artists are merely popular, some are really able; Armand is Both! That is why he was chosen to illustrate Rex Beach's great new novel "Flowing Gold." (See page 6 of this number.)

Dolf propped her chin on her hands and stared unblinkingly at the visitor.

"I wonder what you want," she said slowly. "Whatever it is, you won't get it from me, Miss Garth. You'd better ask Mr. Wainwright himself. I'm his secretary, and my work doesn't include discussing his private life."

Sheba Garth laughed. "Aren't you rather a fool? You know you ought to marry him yourself, because you can supply just what he lacks. You know he wants to marry me, and yet you play into my hands. As a matter of fact I've had private inquiries made and I know as much as you could tell me. You see, Father's quite well-off now, and I'm not obliged to marry Mr. Wainwright. So, to be

quite frank, I shan't. I shall refuse him at the moment he's giving next week. You'd better catch him on the rebound. Well, I don't know why I trouble to tell you all this. Cheerio!"

She slid from the table and strolled away.

DOLF remembered Sheba when, in the morning, Wainwright invited her to the dance in question. "You'll be able to keep an eye on things and handle the people for me," he explained. "Don't go just to enjoy yourself. Keep Sir Julius in a good temper if possible; he fancies you, I believe."

She remembered again on the night of the dance when she met him in a corridor, white and collapsed, his self-conceit evaporated, his mind stunned.

She put a hand on his arm and looked at him pityingly. After all, it seemed hard luck. He was well-meaning; he had no vice in him; and to Sheba he had been child's play. "Well," she said, "what is it?"

She stood before him, her blue eyes wide and starry, her white shoulders and throat emerging flowerlike from a sleeveless dance-gown; there was almost tenderness in the curve of the soft provocative mouth, and so, in sheer misery, he put his trust in her. She was someone he could depend upon, and, after all, she knew the worst about him. He need never worry to deceive her.

"SHEBA GARTH turned me down. I wanted her bad, Dolf. Dare say it served me right, for I can't say I loved her dearly, but I'd set my heart on her, and I made her old fool of a father. Now she laughs at me on the strength of the money I put in his way. It's a bitter blow. I

despise a man that fails."

"Never mind, Tom," she said gently. "I don't think you two would have got on. She hadn't much respect for you, or anyone else. You want someone more sympathetic."

She was very close and very beautiful. He watched the slow rise and fall of her breast, almost fascinated. She did not appear to notice.

"Like you," he said harshly, at last. "You've suffered and you understand. I don't know what sort of life you've led in London, and I don't care. You're a girl from my own village and I knew you as a little thing when you were frightened of your father. You've got grit in you for the way you came up here and fought your own battles. Dolf, will you marry me?"

"SO THIS," she thought, "is the great moment of my life, and he doesn't care if I'm moral or immoral!" But aloud she replied: "Do you think you're sure this time, Tom? I haven't led any sort of life that matters to any man who wants to marry me. But do you want to, honestly? Aren't you perhaps upset and not yourself?"

"No," he said doggedly. "I was mad and now I'm sane. I'll not have to pretend with you. You can tell me things I'll need to know; you're pretty enough for a king of his throne; and I've enough money to do you justice. And we respect one another and that's nine-tenths of marriage. I love you quite a lot and I don't suppose you actually hate me. Are you willing, Dolf?"

She bowed her head.

"If you're quite, quite sure, Tom. And if you're prepared to settle an income on me so that I needn't ask you for every penny. I couldn't do that."

FOR a moment he eyed her almost with dislike. Then a smile broke over his face. She had appealed to his business instinct. He took her face between his podgy hands and kissed her lingeringly. She did not shrink from the kiss. A wave of reaction broke over her, almost turning her giddy. The reality of the situation dawned upon her.

Henceforward nothing mattered. She need take no thought for the morrow, since he had provided for an eternity of tomorrows. She need never again struggle for a livelihood or flee from the pursuit of men, because his protection compassed her about like a wall of triple brass. The old excitements of living had ceased forever, because there would be no longer anything to get excited about. There would never be any more of those charming, attractive, impermanent men from a world other than hers.

ON THE other hand she won security. When her looks waned she would have just as much claim on Tom Wainwright as in the days of her beauty. She would belong to the great trades-union of the Married Women, and help to improve conventions. In her heart of hearts Dolf knew that security was worth all the rest put together. She realized her woman's passion for an established hearth that nothing can overthrow.

WHEN she went to bed that night she wept a little, comparing Tom Wainwright's appearance and personality to those of men she had known from the other world. But in the morning she woke to a great peace. She felt older, wiser, calmer, and very permanent. She realized that the days in which a girl may love are numbered, but that there may be days of accomplishment on which she can look back serenely from the twilight, happy not to have frittered them away.

BECAUSE a handsome young Grand Duke in far-away Russia was to be executed, a New England girl who had never him seen wept bitterly. Watch for "Telepathy," by Donn Byrne.

One Evening in Autumn

(Concluded from page 20)

dared pronounce, not suspecting that at the same moment Madame d'Arrens was standing at the window, watching his dark figure disappear, her mind fixed on the days when they were both young and she had lived absorbed in the hope of hearing the three words that would have changed her destiny.

THEN she would undress slowly before the mirror, comparing her faded face, her fragile shoulders, her wasted arms and hands with the pastel portrait near the bed that showed her when she was twenty, and she would sigh as she thought how happy she would have been if they had been able to live together, to pass along Life's long road hand in hand. They had once loved each other, she was certain; she was sure they loved each other now. What had come between those loves of youth and age? . . . Why, when all the future stretched before them, had he not asked her to be his wife?

Why had he set out on that first long voyage without telling her he loved her? And when he came back, why had she not dominated her pride and timidity and done something to help him to speak?

HER explanation of his silence had never varied. She believed he had been attracted by some other woman, and this

shadow of love had for a time clouded their true affection. Later on he dared not approach her, for her manner showed that she could not forget his infidelity, and they had tacitly resigned themselves to separate and solitary lives. She used to think it all over as she lay in bed; she would think of it, too, as she furtively watched her old friend shuffling the cards, poking the fire, or reading, in a voice that was still beautiful, the Paris papers or some book they both liked.

THEN came one evening when, because it was raining, because the first days of autumn gave her some of their languor, because the logs on the fire sang as they burned, or just because for some unknown reason her thoughts kept turning persistently to the past, Madame d'Arrens did not feel inclined to play the usual rubber. She had paid no attention while he told her the news of the day, and when she had twice made a mistake at cards, Monsieur de Lambret commented on her unusual absence of mind. She explained that she felt cold, and that the lamp was not burning well. He proposed stopping the game and drawing their chairs nearer the fire. When they had been sitting for some

time in silence and ten o'clock struck, he rose to go.

"Not yet," she said. "As cards don't amuse me tonight, let us do something else. What about a book? Won't you read to me?"

"What?"

"No matter; some old forgotten book, a discarded friend. I keep all those I loved when I was young on the top shelf of the bookcase. Put up your hand and take the first you touch."

HIS fingers touched one that had a discolored binding, and smelled of old paper and dried flowers. He read the title out loud:

"Little Dorrit"—Dickens.

"What a coincidence!" smiled Madame d'Arrens. "I remember that I once lent you that book."

He bowed his head, but as he put out his hand to turn the cover, the volume opened of itself where an envelope had been placed between the pages, an envelope discolored with age on which was written: "Marie Rose."

He sat looking at it in silence.

"Well, what's the matter? What is it?" said Madame d'Arrens.

He held out the envelope.

She took it, read the name, and turned it over in her fingers.

"What can it be? It must have been there a very long time."

HE SAT silent, the book on his knee, while she opened the envelope, amused at the idea of finding some relic of the past. But her smile trembled and faded as she bent forward to hold the paper to the light, and her low voice seemed as far away as the words she read:

"November, 1865. My ship leaves tomorrow, but before going I want to tell you that I love you. Julien de Lambret."

It was her turn to be silent.

"You never found it, then?" he asked.

"Never," she murmured.

There were tears in his eyes as he took back his letter, and tears were running down her cheeks as she bent over him, repeating:

"If only I had known! . . . If only I had known! . . ."

BOTH men depended upon her to do it herself. Yet neither of them could do anything necessary to save her—and then! See Maurice Level's "Night and Silence"—soon.

A Marriage Arranged

(Continued from page 12)

unknown middleweight; he had come back a challenger for Jim's crown. There had been no hard feeling against him. They had all come over to his corner with a smile and a handshake.

"Hello, Angie! How's the boy?"

They had none of them looked at his bandages. All the family were sportsmen. But Angelo was abashed. He hadn't wanted to fight Jim. It was just the chance of the ring. And he couldn't talk to them much, he was so overwhelmed. Least of all could he ask about Kate. The question wouldn't come.

He had never for a moment forgotten her. He remembered every word of hers, every feature, every changing expression. Her one flaw, he remembered too, and he loved it. She had hands that were nearly as large as a man's—the MacSherry hand—but they were long and white and very beautiful.

The seconds filed out of the ring with a rattle of buckets and bottles. The manager leaned against Angelo, ready to pluck away the stool.

"Look out, Angie. He's after you!"

Gong-ng-ng!

THE members of the club wakened out of their after-dinner lethargy to watch the match with glinting eyes. They had come to see MacSherry, the champion, hand out one of his famous laces to the presumptuous challenger, who as yet had not been seen in New York, at least since his days as a preliminary fighter. They had contracted the habit of watching Jim fight five slashing rounds and then drop his man with a neat hook to the jaw. But the present bout promised more.

Underneath the big arc lamp, the boxers seemed like animated statuary, each muscle and sinew standing out in *chiaroscuro* as though cast in plaster. The blond, stocky Irishman moved about freely with his slashing spar, crouched like a hunting animal about to spring, his left hand feinting, flashing like the tongue of a snake, his right drawn like a taut bowstring.

The challenger in front of him hardly moved, except for his flickering feet. He stood erect, swarthy and poised, his left arm turned, the glove resting carelessly, so it seemed, on his left flank, his right hand low, and the glove moving up and down, up and down, like the regular ticking of a clock. There was something tremendously businesslike about him, as there was something tremendously panther-like about the champion.

THE audience was a motley one and spelled money. There were bankers there, captains of industry, brokers from Wall Street—fleshy, massaged men who sought a change of thrills after their tape and ticker, and by whom the possibility of watching a champion pass out was no more to be missed than the thrill of a killing on the Exchange. There were races of the nearer Orient there, paunchy shifty-eyed men, eager to vicariously shed blood and vicariously give pain. There were old men there—septuagenarians and octogenarians who should have been at home plotting the careers of grandchildren rather than here acting indecorously the part of the young blood. There were crooks there—keen-faced strategists who were more dangerous with a pack of cards than a highwayman with a musket, and more merciless. And there were actors here, aping the manners of the great world, eager to have a virile tale to rehearse to their easy conquests. Only once in a thousand faces could you see the amateur athlete, footballer or wrestler, boxer or golfer, the men with the clean brown faces and the hooded eyes.

Over the ring the greenish arc lamp sputtered and hissed like the macabre thing it seemed. In the ring the combatants shifted and sprang in silently, hitting, dodging, blocking like strange malevolent marionettes. About them the referee trotted, clapping his hands, emitting his eternal cry, "Break! Break away! Break!" like the call of some raucous Arctic bird. There was a weird minor shuffle as the shoes moved over the canvas floor. There was a queer creak as the boxers reeled against the ropes. There was the sharp crack of the gloves against bone, the thud of it against flesh, the grunt as the boxer countered to the lead. There was the brazen, imperative gong.

For two rounds now the truth had dawned on Angelo, and to him it was something like a miracle, that he could beat Jim. It made him somewhat aghast.

In a rally, in the ninth, he had sunk his right hand to the heart, and he felt the champion give, shoulders and knees, and cling, like a smitten thing. It had only been a matter of ten seconds, but had Jim been on the floor, instead of holding in the clinch, the championship would have passed from him. It was amazing to Angelo to find how often he was beating MacSherry to the punch, and how little the champion's blows were hurting him. Jim was jabbing now, snappy blows that looked well from the ringside; but there wasn't the power of the plunging lead with all the weight behind it. Angelo was amazed.

But Angelo was forgetting how he had improved in the eighteen months, and he forgot also that Jim was twenty-nine years old, holder of the title for six years—only a young man as yet, but as a boxer, old.

"Listen, you got him! You got him! Kid, you got him!" Angelo's manager was frantic.

Angelo said nothing. What could he say? There was one person on earth Angelo did not want to get and that was Jim MacSherry. He knew that outside in the street, muffled up in the big car, Kate was sitting, hearing bulletins as rounds ended. He could see her now, in his imagination, were the news to come that her brother was being beaten. Her face would set into grimness, and her hands would crisp, and her tawny eyes would flash, and in the flashing of them there would be wintry tears. . . . She was there in the street, he knew. He felt her presence tingle through him.

HIS manager had disappeared for an instant. He was still jubilant when he came back, but a bit strained.

"Everything I got is on you, kid," he whispered. "Don't throw me down."

"Oh, Je!" Angelo breathed.

Through the ropes he caught sight of Pammori, the Italian banker, signing a check and handing it to a man. Another man, a fat man in tweeds, was likewise handing over a check to cover Pammori's.

"Do you get that, Angie? Do you get that? You got to win, kid. Every guinea in town's got his jack on you."

"Oh, Je!"

The timekeeper rapped on the ring. "Seconds out!" He raised the hammer of the gong, looking at his watch. "Twelfth round!" he announced.

"Get him, Angie!" The manager pleaded.

"Don't throw me down."

"Oh, Je!" Angelo was near crying.

The bell rang.

A RAPID flashing spar and a flurry of gloves, snapping lefts to the head ducked, blocked, and countered. A moment's savage in-fighting. Angelo felt the champion's rapid dub-a-dub, like a tattoo, against his ribs like the battering of small hammers. Mechanically he drove home his right to the heart and felt MacSherry sag. The champion clinched.

"Break away! Break! Break away!" the referee chanted like a frog of Aristophanes.

They fell apart. The champion rushed again, his left hand driving for the jaw. Angelo steadied him with a hook to the chin. The short, savage drives to ribs and stomach had been sapping MacSherry's strength. No longer the left hand snapped like a catapult, nor had the right that triphammer smash that took the crown from Paddy Jackson, who was called "The Bearcat," and humbled the pride of England, and dropped the New Zealand Ghost in his tracks like a felled steer. The ringside felt ring history in the air and leaned forward breathlessly. The bankers dropped their studied lethargy, and into the eyes of the merchants had come a glint. Comment passed like the faintest thunder. And still the champion plunged in.

"Get him, Angelo! Get him!" his seconds whispered through the ropes.

But Angelo didn't want to get him. He would have been content to let the fight go on its regular length, knowing that unless a knockout was registered, the referee would not take away the title from Jim. He wished Jim had still the old smash in his right, so



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that he might stun and drop him. He didn't care. He thought only of Kate.

Still there was lead and counter, jab, hook, and swift uppercut, the thud of blows and the shuffle of feet. And Kate, Angelo knew, was below, her hands crisped, her eyes flashing.

"Break away!"

SHE would never be anything to him but the memory of great softness in a summer garden, and kisses that made one disbelieve in a cold, ecclesiastic heaven. She was above him, remote as a remote star, but there was a memory he would have treasured all his days. How could he now, knowing that in her heart would be hatred of him?

"Come on, boys! Come on!" the referee urged.

There was no use letting up. Jim hadn't the punch to send over a knockout. And he was weakening all the time. As they whirled toward the ropes in an instant of in-fighting Angelo caught sight of his manager's jubilant face, and the smile on the lips of Pammoni, the banker.

"Oh, Je'!"

He could quit cold, of course, but the MacSherrys would hate him more for that than for beating Jim. They did not take charity.

A long-range battle of left hands and the champion rushed: a stinging uppercut and he was limp in Angelo's arms.

"Oh, Je'! I'm sorry, Jim. Oh, Je'!"

"T's a' right, Angie. Y' ain't got me yet!"

The referee was tearing them apart.

Break! Break! Break!"

Jim was smiling. For an instant Angelo thought he was all right. He lashed out with right and left. He saw the champion's knees waver and his hands drop to his sides. His smile had been only the smile of the losing sportsman. Angelo felt suddenly petrified. All about the ring the club thundered. Angelo looked appealingly at the referee. He couldn't hit Jim.

"Go on!" the referee commanded. The audience



"I had strength enough for two. I gloried in it. . . . And so I saved you."

The Unfit Survivor

(Concluded from page 37)

calculated effect of calming her almost instantly. He continued:

"One of us is probably going to live and it has got to be the one who is most worth life, who will be of most good to the race. Do you understand? If you can convince me that your life is more valuable than mine, you are welcome to this means of escape and I will stay behind. If not, you must stay."

SHE stared at him with dilated eyes. Used as she was to his theories, she had never realized till now that they could embody more than a kind of perverse philosophy, very fruitful of heated argument and with no relation to life.

"Paul, you can't mean it," she gasped. "Why, I am a woman and you are bound to save me by all the laws of chivalry."

"Sheer sentimentalism," he remarked.

"But you love me—Paul, you can't mean it; you can't mean to leave me to a death like that. Think, Paul, all alone to watch death creeping nearer and nearer—and such a death. To be eaten by a fish! Oh, it would be horrible, horrible, to finish like that!"

"Sentimentalism again," he argued relentlessly. "Reasons; give me reasons."

SHE tried desperately to gather her wits together.

"I was so happy, Paul, and I wasn't wicked. Lots of people love me and would miss me. And then there's the money. Money's a big thing, isn't it—a great power? And I will swear to do a great deal of good with mine. But if I die, you know Jim Treversk will get it, and he's a drunkard and a waster, so—so you see I must live, don't you, if only because of the responsibility of my wealth?"

She finished breathlessly, scanning his face for a sign of relenting.

"I DIDN'T ask you your worth as a member of society," he said, "but as a woman, a human being, a perpetrator of the race. I've given you a hearing; now listen to me."

"To begin with, you are hampered by your sex. This ought not to be, but it became so when your female progenitors ceased to be strong, deep-chested women and became triumphantly ineffectual ladies. Things being as they are, therefore, I, as a man, am stronger, more likely to survive hardships, to overcome obstacles. I, as a man, have power to generate more children.

Leaving sex out of it, however, your constitution is inferior to mine. Remember that just now, when you saw an ugly sight, you were sick! Also, my mind is more vigorous and sane. You become hysterical, emotional, superstitious in time of danger; I remain a reasonable being. It is I who am capable of foresight, courage, strength—far beyond your small powers. I can save myself. You might fail. So you see, it is I who have the right."

He began to move the barrel.

"Kill me before you go!" she prayed, but he got into the barrel and pushed off.

Somehow she did not understand his words of hope that he might reach the island and by some means rescue her. But, if she had understood, she would soon have seen the futility of such a hope, for, once in the grip of the current, he was rapidly carried towards the open sea, despite all his efforts at rowing with pieces of the barrel-top.

Realizing his helplessness, he presently abandoned effort and gave himself up to watching the solitary figure on the rock.

SHE seemed stunned at first and stayed quietly as he had left her; then suddenly, unexpectedly, she gave vent to a series of

roared like great surf. He could hear Jim: "Come on! Finish it, Angie!"

With something like a sob Angelo stepped in: spread his feet apart; jiggered with his left hand an instant; let his right go.

THE manager had sent the seconds out of the dressing-rooms. He faced the new champion.

"For God's sake, what's eating you? You're pining like a sick cow. Will you brace up? He must have hit your bean so hard in one of the early rounds that he knocked your brains out." Then: "For God's sake keep out!" he roared as someone knocked at the door.

Jim MacSherry came in. Alec followed. Then Tom. Then Pa MacSherry. Then Baby Joe. Then—Angelo stood in a sort of panic—then Kate, Kate in furs and hat, as he had never seen her before; and there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her face. Jim stepped up.

"Well, Angelo, old kid! Well, you did it!"

"Oh, Jim! I'm sorry!"

"What're you sorry for?"

Forget it!"

"I'm sorry!" He turned to Kate. "I'm sorry!" And for the second time in his life he began to cry.

Baby Joe cackled. "Look at that guy! What do you know about that? Just like the night he licked Sims—"

"You let him alone, Joe MacSherry!" Kate had stepped forward and put her arm about Angelo. "You let him alone, or you'll have to do with me."

"We'll have another fight, Angie?" Jim asked. "You'll give me another chance."

"He'll give you as many as you want," Kate answered. "And he'll do the same to you again, Jim."

Old Pat MacSherry smiled. What did it matter! It was all in the family.

"BUT other people have married and survived," she pleaded, her indiscreet little face close to his. "The Too-Perfect Barbara" begins a new series by F. E. Bailey—in June.

wild, terrible shrieks that shook even his control. He had a momentary vision of a tragic figure with its arms flung to the sky—then she fell face downwards upon the rock and he heard no more.

IT WAS some hours later when the woman lifted her head. She did not know whether she had lain there a short or a long time till she saw the sun low in the heavens. Out to sea there was nothing visible upon the waters, strain her eyes as she might but, when she turned her hopeless gaze towards the land, she stared for a moment incredulously and then sprang to her feet.

It was true—it was true! The tide had gone out—gone out so far that she might walk to the sterile-looking land almost without wetting her feet. She turned again to the west, scanning the sea for a black speck that was no longer there. Then came a revelation of the ironic humor of the situation and she laughed aloud.

BOURKE was exactly like the other man—eyes, hair, height, all identical. But he determined not to leave even that one thing to chance. See "The Fool of Fate"—coming.

The Respectable Girl

(Continued from page 40)

the spectator who takes no part. He recalled with resentment words spoken in his presence of the evil and rottenness of the West End of London. It was a base defamation—the view of warped minds. There was nothing evil here, only life lived intensely—beauty at large, vivid, sense-awakening, and accessible. Never before had his senses been truly awakened. He saw his last few years of study—the endless examinations, the theological instruction, and all the curriculum that fits a man for Holy Orders—as a waste of gray weeds, a tangle of unprogressive convention.

IN THEORY it had seemed very splendid to be about to enter the Church—to be a guide for others' footsteps, an example to mankind; but as he stood before the shifting kaleidoscope of smiling, jostling humanity, the splendor dimmed and went low and flickered out. He was a fool to imagine he could teach gladness to such as these, or give their lives a greater worth. They were living beings—breathing, palpitating, real. And he? Just an ordinary ignorant fool, battered on half-understanding and bolstered up with the learning of a dozen books.

God is love—and love was all around him. Love—a joyous thing, of which he knew nothing and yet which one day he would be called upon to teach.

"I must get away from this and think," he told himself.

A MOTOR bus drew up beside the fountain and half consciously he found himself mounting the steps. A few drops of rain had begun to fall. He turned up the collar of his coat and passed to the front seat. A girl was already occupying it and she moved a little to give him space. He mumbled, "Thank you," and sat down. The bus gave a jolt on starting which threw him against her.

"I beg your pardon," said the very inexperienced young man.

She stole a glance at him. He was nice-looking and well dressed if rather provincially. He looked distinctly serious.

The rain was falling more heavily.

"We might have the tarpaulin over us," she suggested.

He stooped to raise it over their knees.

"Let's do up the straps, shall we?"

He did. It brought them very close together.

"I'm afraid it's uncomfortable for you, but I'll leave my arms outside and you won't be so—"

He hesitated before the word "squeezed"; she, however, knew no such nicety.

"I don't mind being squeezed," she said.

"Bring 'em in."

He did. His hand and hers touched beneath the tarpaulin, but she made no effort to remove it.

"Going far?" she asked.

"No—I don't know—I just—"

"Thought it was going to be wet. I can smell rain—that's why I didn't hang about any longer."

FOR the first time he turned to look at her and saw with amazement how lovely she was. Her face was little and oval and exquisitely pink. Her eyes were black-lashed and her mouth rose-red and cheeky. At the sight something seemed to enter into him that was not there before.

He fumbled hopelessly for a sentence and produced:

"Were you expecting someone?"

"Well, I should think so!"

"Who?"

"You, perhaps," she answered.

He puzzled for a moment in confused silence; then his eyes lighted up.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose that's possible."

It had never occurred to me—except vaguely—to hope."

Next instant he felt her warm little fingers glide into the palm of his hand.

"Why not?" she whispered temptingly.

"Why not?"

NEVER before had he looked upon a smile at such close quarters. He felt himself swept out into midstream of pure ecstasy by a new force he was powerless to resist.

"Do you mean really?" he gasped.

Her penciled eyebrows came down and contracted.

"Really! What really?"

"That in these few minutes—four or five; less, perhaps—that—that—"

"Go on."

"We could mean anything to each other?"

"Looks like it," she replied guardedly, shrewd instincts awakened and watchful for possible satire. "Seem so unlikely, then?"

"Yes—amazing! But I believed, you know, I always believed it was possible. And it must be right, too."

"What must be right?" she said.

"That it can happen in a second like that. I feel it, too—when I look at you—absolutely. Yet there are people who would laugh if you told them. All the evening it had been gathering round me—the sense of something like this—and now—I didn't know I was getting onto this bus—didn't know I should find myself next to you."

"There's a lot of luck in these things," said the girl.

"Oh, it's more than luck. It's a revelation of sorts—great as any, perhaps."

"Oh, rather!" said she.

"You don't mind my talking like this? I feel I must."

"You go on," she nodded.

"They're mostly skeptics, you know—they wouldn't understand. And yet they recognize the spiritual revelation—allow for it. Then why not the earthly? It's so much more understandable. The instant coming of love."

THE hand in his moved uneasily, but he tightened his grip about it.

"I thought I should be frightened—but I'm not. And yet I don't even know your name. I feel like a reformed drunkard who claims to have found the light and is singing the glory of Christ at the street corner."

"I say, you do talk queerly," said the girl.

"I'd like to know—to be sure you aren't making a fool of me."

"A fool of you!" he repeated. "I? Why, I think you're wonderful!"

SHE felt out of her depth—wished she were on the outer seat so that, if necessary, she might slip away from this unexampled interview. There was something so

pression, had about it a purity she could not remember to have looked upon before.

"HOO!" she exclaimed under her breath. "I believe he's an innocent." Then she spoke aloud.

"D'you mean to say you've never spoken to a girl before—held her hand even?"

He nodded and, seeing this, a surge of excitement ran wildly through her veins, to set them tingling as by an electric current.

He didn't understand—how should he understand? Innocence is a dish for epicures.

"Go on talking," she said. "Tell me all about yourself—everything."

Then he began. He spoke of his life in the country, miles from everywhere; of the work he had done, the degree he had taken; of his longing for some spiritual sign, a soul-awakening.

"You know, the spark that gives life to all the stuff one learns." He told how it had seemed so much dogma to him, ritual, words without a light behind them, "until now—this minute—with you."

"Yes," she complained, "but you haven't told me what it's all for, why you've done it, what you're going to do."

"Holy Orders," he said. "I'm going into the Church."

THE girl sat bolt upright and snatched away her hand. The Church is a very terrible and meaningful word to your happy-go-lucky little *cocotte*. If you doubt it, enter a West End place of worship at the midnight service on New Year's Eve. You will find the pews thronged with yellow downcast heads and the air heavy with perfume other than of incense.

"A parson!" she gasped. "Then what have you to do with me?"

"Why," he answered, "you have set me on fire—given me a meaning!"

It was true, too; she could hear the truth in the quality of his voice, and she knew the power instant and omnipotent, she could wield over the destinies of this very inexperienced young man. She could cause him to fall into line with sin as easily as a child could be dropped from a bridge. And he himself was as unwary as a child.

It was a thought exquisite in its possibilities. She lived to appease her temperament, and could any program be subtler, more epicurean! To forgo the spoliation of such a morsel would be to renounce a very kingdom. But not only to the great ones of earth is given the nobility to renounce nor the skill to make it absolute.

She was silent for a moment while appetite and denial twisted her this way and that. When at last she spoke her tone was calculating and concise.

"How much are you going to give me?" she said. "May as well get that fixed up."

His head came round with a jerk and his eyes opened wide.

"God!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, good God!"

He fumbled blindly for the strap of the tarpaulin, wrenched it free of knob and with a hand pressed tightly over his mouth turned, clattered down the steps of the bus, and dropped into the street.

Leaning over the side, the girl saw him standing beneath a light standard—a black figure, a white, scared face, motionless in the glittering drops of falling rain.

"I am a fool," she sniffed. "Oh, Lord, I am a fool!"

A heavily ulstered man moved forward from one of the back seats and took his place beside her.

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable in a taxi?" he suggested.

Like a wildcat she turned upon him.

"Go to hell! What do you mean by talking to me? I'm a respectable girl."

And that was true, too—in a way.

CELIA LANCASTER was a thoroughbred—and Betty wasn't; but even this knowledge didn't keep Charlie from coming a cropper. Watch for "A Pond with Weeds," by Roland Pertwee.

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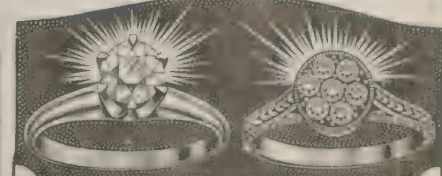
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In Hearst's for Next Month

PAUL AND THE PURPLE PIG

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

Another of the delightful Greenwich Village stories Does the "Freedom" of Bohemian Life Lead, after all, to the Finest and Most Enduring Happiness?

dreadfully sincere in this young man who spoke of their chance encounter as though it were gilded with patines of bright and heavenly gold. A hasty retort sprang to her lips but she checked it with the reflection that one might as well please a man one way as another. If he chose to talk like an evangelist that was his own concern. She had had dealings before with men who wrapped their coarse love-making in a coverlet of poetical nonsense. As a rule though, they had been more mature than this pale-faced, ascetic boy who clung to her hand so fervently beneath the bus tarpaulin. His profile was towards her and once again she looked at him searchingly. It was a beautiful profile, she thought, childlike, simple; and his ex-

"I am a fool," she sniffed. "Oh, Lord, I am a fool!"

A heavily ulstered man moved forward from one of the back seats and took his place beside her.

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable in a taxi?" he suggested.

Like a wildcat she turned upon him.

"Go to hell! What do you mean by talking to me? I'm a respectable girl."

And that was true, too—in a way.

her dark head wisely. "I know all about money. I've been disillusioned a long time. It's all that counts with most people."

"You've got the wrong point of view."

"No, I haven't." She sat down on a little footstool in front of the fireplace, touching a match to the logs piled within. "The reason I've always liked this hotel," she said irrelevantly, "is the open fireplaces."

YELLOW flames danced up the chimney and weird shadows over the softly lighted room.

"I ought to go," thought Nicholas. "It must be nearly one o'clock."

"No," she continued. "I know all about marriage and too much money, from watching this woman I'm with. It's the loneliest life in the world. No one likes her for herself. They're just out for what she has. She feels that everyone is ready to do her."

Nicholas thought of his sisters. "Why doesn't she go in for church work, or settlements, or Red Cross—something like that?"

"She did. She told me. At first she thought it was one's duty, particularly if one had money. One ought to help the poor. And she heard that there were such fine women in that kind of thing."

"Didn't it work?" asked Nicholas. "My sisters seem to like it. They work awfully hard."

SHE clasped her small hands around her knees.

"She says—this was quite a while ago, after her parents died and she got all the money—that at first she was very happy in it. I mean being on directors' boards and meeting those fine women. They seemed to be glad to have her one of them and she thought she was going to have some real friends."

Her head, outlined against the crackling flames, drooped as she told the story, in a monotonous, unemotional tone.

"Then—slowly and gradually—it came over her that the only reason they had for wanting her was her money. They didn't care in the least for her, these fine women; they just wanted someone on their boards who had unlimited wealth. They each wanted their charity to be ahead, just like men in business."

"I never thought of that," said Nicholas thoughtfully.

"So she got out of every one and sent her checks instead." She sighed. "You don't know what a lonely life it is!"

HASTILY Nicholas went over his limited list of friends. "I've never known any very rich people."

She paid no attention to him. "Then the men—she told me that she thought at first that she was attractive, thought she attracted men. But she said she got over that quickly. All they were after was her money, the same old story. So she made up her mind she would never, never marry."

"But she did!" It was like a fairy-tale to Nicholas, this unfolding of the emotions of a circle unknown to him.

"Yes," she said briefly.

A spark flew out from the fire against the hem of her soft black gown. She hardly moved as Nicholas stamped on it and returned to his chair.

"I've known her for a long time," she mused.

"I hope she pays you well." Nicholas had become an impatient, eager partisan of this slender figure by the fire.

She shrugged her shoulders with a foreign gesture that she must have picked up on her travels. "She pays me well. But it's so lonely. . . ."

Nicholas, confused, was always literal. "But I should think you'd like the money if you're—poor!"

SHE flashed him the first animated look since he had seen her. He had kept looking for some light in her heavy, brooding eyes. "Money, really and truly, means nothing at all to me." Then she bit her lip hastily. "Her husband follows her around—everywhere."

"Why has she stood it all this time?" Nicholas demanded. His head, unused to domestic complications—whirled with this annoying husband. "Why doesn't she divorce him?"

"First of all, her religion won't let her. Then, in spite of everything, she always had rather conventional ideas about marriage; she doesn't really believe in divorce." There was another shrug. "So there you are!"

"But she doesn't have to see him!" said Nicholas, bewildered.

After Midnight

(Concluded from page 43)

"It's queer," she said slowly, "that the world doesn't seem big enough to get away from him. I suppose that explains in a way all this hotel life—hurrying from one place to another, so as not to see him."

Nicholas rose reluctantly. He wanted to hear more about this bitter, middle-aged heiress, who spent her nights gambling and

there seemed nothing else to do or say, he repeated that he must go.

She merely took up a magazine and he moved awkwardly towards the door. Hurrying steps down the hall made him drop the door-knob, and hasten across to the window, where he made his large bulk as inconspicuous as possible.



"I'd talk to anyone who looked nice," she retorted. "But don't come if you're afraid."

her days running away from a spendthrift husband.

THE woman did not move from her footstool by the fire, looking up apathetically. "I'm sorry you're going. I'd like to talk all night."

"It's half-past one," said Nicholas nervously. "I must go."

When she spoke, her tone was rather wistful.

"I suppose back home—with your two sisters—you have awfully nice times with girls?"

"I haven't any girls." Nicholas turned the door-knob uneasily.

"But they have one picked out for you, of course," she said decisively.

"How'd you know that?" asked Nicholas, thinking self-consciously of a certain buxom Louisa in the house-party downstairs.

"Oh, I know! And you go off on nice walks in the country with her! And carry your lunch in a shoe box?" Once more he caught a note of longing in her voice.

"Sometimes." Nicholas opened the door, cautiously listening to see if anyone were in the hall.

"I've missed all that kind of thing," she said soberly.

Nicholas hardly heard her.

"If I could get away from everyone—and have walks in the country with a beau—a beau who looked nice—"

THERE was no one around, Nicholas decided, and it was a good chance to make his escape.

"Good night," he said gruffly. "I'll see you in the morning."

She rose to her feet, suddenly tall, her apathy slipping away from her and a note of decision in her voice.

"In the morning when you see me," she announced imperiously, "you are not to bow or recognize me."

"Why not?" asked Nicholas stupidly.

"Because I don't want you to. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh!" murmured Nicholas. Then, as

HIS mind was full of wild thoughts. He hoped his mother wouldn't hear of this. If only Louisa and the other girls of the house-party were not on this floor! . . .

He heard her cross the room, open the door, and close it again.

"It's just a telegram," she said, and her voice sounded very tired.

Nicholas crossed the room with desperate speed. "I'm going!" he muttered.

He remembered afterward that she looked white in spite of all the little pink lamps, but, bent on getting away, he slid softly through the door into the hall. Down its padded length he tiptoed; no one was in sight and the only signs of life were the shoes neatly placed outside the doors.

At the staircase he paused. "It was all right," he thought, relieved to be safely out. "Only I don't much like—that—kind of thing."

Feeling curiously awake, he turned back down into the lobby. The house-party had all gone to bed; that was evident, for the huge room was empty except for the clerk at the desk, a sleepy bellboy and two scrub-women in a far corner of the room. Nicholas, feeling lonesome, crossed to the office desk on the excuse of getting a match.

"**HAVE** to stay up all night?" he asked idly.

The clerk was a dapper little fellow who liked to talk. "Yes," he said, leaning over the desk. "Eleven to seven . . . those are my hours."

Nicholas, puffing at his cigar, asked a few inconsequential questions about the golf course to which the clerk replied verbosely.

The ringing of the telephone bell broke into the clerk's chatter.

"There you are! You see someone had to be here all night to answer the phone." His voice, however, as he answered, was quite cool and professional. "Yes, certainly, Mrs. Poindexter. I'll send a boy right down to the garage. The car will be here in ten minutes. Yes, I'll send up for the baggage."

As he rang off he shook his head at Nicholas.

las, who was still fumbling his memory for a definite picture of the mysterious woman on the floor above.

"Can you beat it? Wants to leave in the middle of the night!" he whistled. Then he turned to prod along the sleepy bellboy and to telephone in many different directions.

Nicholas, still leaning against the desk, did not move, but continued smoking in a desultory fashion, only half conscious of the flurried movements behind him. Poor little thing, she had seemed very lonely. He wondered if he couldn't take her for a walk in the woods. Only she had said—very emphatically, almost haughtily—that he mustn't recognize her; she had evidently meant that very seriously.

"Here they are now," whispered the clerk behind him.

NICHOLAS looked up and was startled to see the woman he had been thinking of, the first of a strange retinue to come out of the elevator.

In a heavy fur coat and hat, she came towards the desk, followed by an older woman, also heavily and mysteriously coated. A maid, bellboys, with numerous boxes, bags, umbrellas, and coats, assembled themselves in a confused mass near the door.

She had reached the desk before she saw Nicholas. Then her eyes met his and, mindful of her warning, he did not show any recognition as she asked for the bill.

She was very near him there at the desk, certainly not more than twelve inches away, and Nicholas longed to speak to her. Having a definite mind, he wanted to settle that question about the shape of her nose. He wanted to see what was the color of her hair.

BUT she did not turn again in his direction and, before he realized it, she had started for the door.

Nicholas's mouth opened wide in dismay—he was afraid she would slip off and that he would never see her again. Their eyes met. An arbutus flower fell from her belt; there was a gust of cold night air and she disappeared.

Before the clerk came back from the outside, Nicholas, with the look of a thief, had seized the little flower, thrust it into his pocket, and was back leaning against the desk.

The clerk's face glowed as he returned behind the desk.

"Say, that was some interesting!" he rattled on. "They told me it might happen. She keeps a suite here year in and year out, only she calls herself Mrs. Poindexter. Of course the office here knows her real name, and on the Q. T. I'll tell you that she's the Duchess of Attleborough. It seems she has detectives follow her husband all the time, the good-for-nothing Duke or whatever he is. When they think he's getting a bit too close, they telegraph and, no matter what hour of the night, she beats it!"

NICHOLAS glanced at the clock which said half-past two. "Has the young woman—the one who paid the bill—been her secretary long?"

"Her secretary? She's the Duchess! Couldn't you tell? Huh! I'd know a Duchess anywhere. Haven't you ever seen them around? The old one's the companion, aunt or cousin or something."

The unromantic Nicholas's head swam as he climbed slowly up to bed. "She had pretty eyes," he thought. He stared across the room. "I should like to have held her hand—the hand of a duchess!" he said aloud and quite distinctly. "And she wanted a picnic lunch in a shoe box!"

He started and looked around guiltily. But the room was quite empty and the only noise was the thumping of the steam radiator.

"This must stop," said Nicholas firmly, and he strode across the room to the writing desk and began a letter:

Dearest Mother: The house-party isn't much and I am wondering how I can stick it out for three days. Louisa is nice but I never noticed before what big hands she has! Still, there is the golf to fall back on. . . .

He looked at his watch. It was three o'clock.

"I'll finish the letter in the morning," Nicholas said, turning out the light and fumbling in his pocket for a crumpled flower that smelled of the woods.

DODO was an admirable mimic and she entertained him royally—if impudently—as befitted his station. Watch for "Dodo and the Maharajah," by E. F. Benson. Coming.

Little Lawyer of India

(Continued from page 39)

OUR own Christian foreign missions, sneered at and made fun of by half the world, are actually reaching down and touching these poor "untouchables." They are bringing them out of their wallow-holes. Most of the Christian converts in India are from this God-forgotten class. And, strange to tell, the simple single baptism of these abused people makes them step forward real men and shake off all the fear and superstition of their caste as they shake the water from their dripping heads. They are truly reborn men.

This same thing is coming true of the numberless other castes of the lower orders. They blame the British today for their poverty and ignorance. But when they do break the British power they will discover they have other things to break before they can come up into the sunlight. And one by one they will smash their castes and superstitions and traditions and their man-made religions.

The revolt of the East against the West is only a prelude to the greater revolt of the East against the East itself. But foreign masters come first, and so here on this seething platform were these thousands offering themselves to Gandhi—their Saint and hero-leader.

THEN the train came in. From a third-class wooden coach a little figure in white—a pathetic little figure—alighted.

With a sense of shock I realized that this insignificant shrunken figure was the man I had heard so much about—the great Gandhi. He was thin, almost emaciated, and backward and there was no look of the leader about him.

But I knew it was Gandhi as quickly as the crowd did. He was pathetic but there was a touch of tremendous spiritual power about him.

HERE was the man who was shaking the world with a new idea. Here was the man who was fighting a new kind of warfare—who was enlisting the souls and hearts of men to break machine-guns.

This was the man who twenty-five years ago, a young native lawyer of good family and high caste, English-trained, had given up everything to fight for his countrymen.

Returning to India from his law school in England, he had been sent by his law firm to South Africa to conduct an important case. With the case settled he was preparing to go back to India when his sympathies were enlisted in a fight that was being made to improve the condition of thousands of contract Indian laborers employed in South Africa by the Boers and English.

It was a fight that extended through twenty-five years, and this thin, anemic weakling led it. He spent quite a little of that time in prison and in disgrace, but he stuck to his guns and in the end saw the worst injustices swept away and his countrymen in much better condition.

Time and again he had been roughly handled, but he had never lost faith in the justice and right of the British Empire. When the Boer War came along he was active in helping the British cause.

WHEN this last great war broke out he was just arriving in England from South Africa, and he promptly organized an ambulance corps. In 1915 he went to India, and for three years supported the British.

At the same time he was quite willing to throw himself into dangerous labor situations when he made certain that his people were being mistreated by the government or their employers or landlords. He made no discrimination here between the English and his own people.

Slowly he gained the great confidence of all India. His life of sacrifice and unselfish devotion had gained him the title of "Saint" Gandhi. Like most of India's great heroes of the past, he was a hero of the soul and not of the sword.

Through it all he kept his faith in the British Empire. Others faltered and lost faith but he kept his bright. He insisted that India must help England in her hour of need and that when the war was won England would do the square thing. He would not countenance anything that even hinted at revolt.

THEN one steaming April day at Amritsar in the north of India, when a British general pumped steel bullets into a great

crowd of unarmed Indians, killing 400 and injuring 1,000—and England didn't seem to care—he lost this faith. Not many people outside remember anything about the incident but there are few dates in India's thousands of years of history that are more important. For it turned Gandhi from a strong believer in the Empire to a great hater. And when Gandhi turned India turned.

All India turned—Moslem, Hindu, Sikh—all India.

FOR centuries India has quarreled and fought within herself. Different sects, castes, and religions have kept the great country in a turmoil. England had only to keep alive these differences to make her rule a comparatively easy one. It has been her famous "divide and rule" policy.

The Indian army is a good illustration of this policy. Each brigade will be composed of entirely different and distinct units—for example, one Mohammedan battalion, one Hindu battalion, one Sikh battalion, with one British white battalion to control the whole thing. Each has different customs, dialects, religions, and superstitions. There has been no chance of developing any unity of opposition among all those widely separated groups.

Now it is different. The Mohammedans and the Hindus have buried their ancient grudges and the leaders of the 70,000,000 Moslems and the 200,000,000 and more Hindus are at last working hand in glove. In 1906 a Moslem League was formed and in 1915 held its first joint session with the great All Indian National Congress—an unofficial body representing the hopes and demands of India. Tighter and tighter the bonds binding the two great bodies have been drawn so that today they are fighting side by side.

WITH faith in England gone, Gandhi showed them how to draw a great new faith in their own India. They could break this power that was overshadowing them by the invincible force of their spirits. They would withdraw from everything that was British. They would cease all cooperation; they would boycott British goods; they would pull the fires from the British engine in India. They would leave England in India prostrate and helpless. They would beat the British Empire by simply not playing ball. They would break the British Empire by taking away India.

The thin, half-broken figure worming his way gently through the crowd now was the torch-bearer of all this. It was his weak, thin voice that was calling India out of the past.

Men fought to kiss his hands and to touch his skirt with their lips. One old patriarch with a great white beard clutched his hands and buried his face in them and sobbed in them. He was a Messiah to them all.

TWO hours later Gandhi was sitting at my feet, talking to me in his soft, low voice. It was in a great, bare room without furniture. There was no one in the room when I entered, but presently a door opened and Gandhi stepped forward with his hand outstretched.

He had eyes that were deep with pity and love and burning bright with a great purpose. You forgot that he was a frail, little man with a funny shaven head and hollow shallow cheeks, with most of his teeth gone, and that he wore coarse homespun clothes, and that his feet were bare. It was his eyes that held you.

He was almost backward and shy. Some one brought a single chair and he insisted that I sit on it while he squatted cross-legged on the floor beside me. Possibly twenty of his local disciples came in noiselessly and seated themselves on the floor in a semicircle about us. Certainly not half of them could understand English, but they could look at him.

"What can I tell you?" he asked in soft, perfectly spoken English.

"The story of how you are going to break British power in India," I replied.

A ghost of a smile that seemed to hurt him flashed across his face like a moving shadow.

"DURING the Boer War I had great faith and confidence in the British and raised a stretcher-bearer corps to help them,"



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Gandhi began. "In 1914 I reached London two days after war was declared and immediately organized an ambulance corps. Later I came on here and when I found the Mohammedan leaders worried about the future of the Sultan, who is the head of their church and the guardian of their shrines, I told them that Lloyd George would keep his promise, that he would treat Turkey fairly; but they said no.

"I was insistent that we must do all we could to help England in this great hour of her need. I pleaded for army enlistment; we raised more than a million men in India for the British army.

"Then the war ended and I said that now we would gain our reward, we would be given at least practical home rule and be permitted to work out our own destiny. I still had faith!

"BUT there was nothing but promises and a half-hearted reform bill that gives us only the cheapest imitation of self-government and home rule. It allows certain Indian assemblies and local administrations, but it is all circumscribed by a system of checks and balances that leaves all the real power in the hands of the British. While this bill was being discussed and prepared the Punjab disturbances broke out. Those were terrible days, but I was still sure that the British would be just and fair, so I still held faith."

Over all the cities of the northern India there was in that spring of 1910 a growing feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction. About half the population are Moslems and already there was at work the religious ferment that was expressing itself in the Turkish questions. But more important than this religious aspect was a pure demand for nationalism. Meetings were held everywhere and a tenseness began to appear. Inflammatory speeches and seditious notices were of almost daily occurrence.

On the morning of April 10th, Dr. Satyapal and Dr. Kitchlow, the two most powerful local leaders in the North, were deported by motor from Amritsar. As soon as the news of this spread a crowd collected in Amritsar and attempted to march to the Deputy Commissioner's and protest. At Hall Gate Bridge they encountered a patrol of soldiers; stones were thrown and the troops replied with fire, killing several. With this the crowd became a wild mob, completely out of the hands of their leaders. They burned all European and government property in the city and killed three English bank managers, and Miss Sherwood, a mission lady, was assaulted. The railway station was attacked and an English guard killed.

"ON THE morning of April 13th, General Dyer heard that a great meeting was to be held in a hollow square called Jallenwala Bagh," Gandhi went on. "A few minutes before five in the evening he marched a detachment of fifty Gurkhas and Sikhs into one end of the square and immediately opened fire on the unarmed crowd of some 10,000 people assembled there."

Gandhi's voice trailed into a whisper of horror. I was living again the brutal memories of my own visit to this slaughter pen.

Gandhi called it "Jallenwala Bagh"—its Indian name. In my mind I had always called it Death's Hollow: I had been there

only a few days before and now in vivid memory I was again walking through the lane leading into it—a lane so narrow that Dyer's two armored cars could not pass through.

Over the whole terrible hollow hung a death shadow as sickly and crushing as the pitiless heat that smothered everything like a great blanket. There should have been great buzzing blue flies and a vulture or two

injured in this hollow during those six minutes of firing.

I brought myself up with a jerk. I was back in Cawnpore in this great bare room. Gandhi was squatting on the floor beside me, and in the half-circle were his followers. He was still talking in his soft, gentle voice. His face was flushed as he continued talking on the Punjab—he could not check the bitterness.



In Death's Hollow at Amritsar last year occurred a massacre that stirred the world.

about, but there were none—the heat was too terrible even for flies and carrion.

"THROUGH that lane Dyer and his fifty Gurkhas and Sikhs came in," Gandhi droned. "They left their armored cars outside because they couldn't bring them in; they'd have killed everyone in there if they'd had those machine-guns."

"On a little rise of ground next the wall Dyer drew up his soldiers. He marched them in, placed them on both sides of the entrance, and immediately they opened fire. The people had no warning, no chance.

"The speaker's stand was in the center. There were four or five small passages altogether and after he started firing and the crowd tried to escape he concentrated his firing on these exits. There were heaps of dead and injured around each of them. He fired until he'd used up all his ammunition, 1,650 rounds; he said that in his evidence. If he'd had his armored cars inside he'd have killed them all."

LIKE one wandering in a trance I stumbled again over the parched brown ground of the square, raising my feet so that I would not trample the prostrate ghosts of dead men. Here were bullet marks in the wall; some untrained boy sepoy, still with a heart, was shooting high. Over there was the low mud wall that had proved death's hurdle to scores; a fresh coat of dried mud hid its scars. On this side was an unprotected open well, some twenty feet wide, that had been the tomb of a half-dozen men.

Again I sat in the shade of the single big tree—men and boys had fought that day for a place behind its sturdy trunk. Four hundred men had been killed and at least a thousand

"I can't accuse the Germans of anything half as terrible as what Dyer did. When I saw the House of Lords and many members of the House of Commons further insult India by defending Dyer, I thought my connection with British power must end until they repented for their crimes and asked forgiveness. They've done neither, so I am trying my best to end British connection with India.

"AT FIRST I thought the new legislative reforms might work, but today, with the scales dropped from my eyes, I look upon them as a death trap. So now I am advocating non-violent non-coöperation. India has a population of 315,000,000, while the number of English officials here is not more than 100,000.

"If we break all connection with this 100,000, in spite of machine-guns, airplanes and strong forts, they are physically powerless; therefore if we non-coöperate they must automatically leave India or satisfy us. And they can satisfy us now only by rewriting the Turkish peace terms, granting full reparation for Punjab crimes, and by giving full self-government such that India may remain a voluntary party in the Empire—if she chooses. It is to be non-violent non-coöperation."

THIS Tolstoyan philosophy of nonresistance is as old to the East as the hills of the Himalayas, but it will always be mysterious and untranslatable to the pure Western mind. It is a faith in the unbreakable force of spirit. It is the converting of negative force into a positive one; the vitalizing of the inertia of the East. It is all of the mysticism of the Orient.

Yet it is quite simple and quite plausible. It is nothing more nor less than the strike of

all India. The proposition Gandhi faces is to establish sufficient propaganda organization to make India conscious of her power and willing to make the necessary sacrifice to gain her ends.

THE general scheme of non-coöperation adopted by the Indian National Congress, the great voice of India, embodies a number of points:

1. Giving up of all British titles and honorary offices.
2. Boycott of all official functions.
3. Withdrawal of students from all government-owned or aided schools and the establishment of Indian national schools.
4. Boycott of British courts by Indian lawyers and litigants and the establishment of private arbitration courts.
5. Refusal of Indians to be candidates for new assemblies and the total abstinence from all voting.
6. Boycott of English-made goods.

At the last session of the National Congress held at Nagpur, Central India, 22,000 delegates from all parts of India, including several thousand women, extended the program to include non-payment of taxes. Withdrawal of all government servants will probably be attempted later, with desertion from the army as a final stage. It is all Gandhi's idea and it is Gandhi's power that keeps the whole movement from turning to terrible violence.

"IF THERE is violence it will be because the government takes oppressive measures against us," Gandhi continued. "There is always danger in a movement of this kind, but if we had not taken this course there would have been terrible trouble. We shall go ahead with what we have mapped out, but if our present non-coöperation fails, we shall next call out all government servants; our next phase will be to call out the soldiers. The amount of violence will depend on what the government does rather than on what we do.

"One thing is certain—India is not going to stop. We are trying to win now by non-violence, and if this fails the consequences will be too terrible to contemplate. Our people then will have lost all faith in peaceful means.

"The movement might get out of my hands and beyond my power, but even with that in view and even facing anarchy it will be better than the present effeminate, emasculated, beaten condition of India."

OUTSIDE there was shouting. The crowd was just a little tired of waiting and they wanted a fresh glimpse of their hero.

I rose and bowed myself out of the room. As I made my way to my carriage the crowd wondered what a white man had been doing in this house of their saint. Some of them muttered sullenly as I went by.

It was India muttering. It was the whole East muttering.

WILL India get a square deal? What Frazier Hunt has to report is of importance to every thoughtful American. Watch for his "Smiling John Chinaman"—coming in Hearst's.

Rose Macaulay's "Potterism"

(Continued from page 25)

And Gideon, because he was the cleverest, found out the most; and Katherine, because she was the next cleverest, saw all that Gideon found out; and Juke, because he was religious, was for ever getting on to Potterism its cure, before they had analyzed the disease; and the Potters enjoyed life in their usual serene way, and found it very entertaining to be Potters inquiring into Potterism.

IT WAS Gideon, of course, who eventually worked out the best definition of Potterism. He got his clearest light on the subject from observing Jane and her greed for getting on in the world.

I BELIEVE that's the very essence of Potterism—going for things for what

they'll bring you, what they lead to, instead of for the thing-in-itself. Artists care for the thing-in-itself; Potterites regard things as railway trains, always going somewhere, getting somewhere. Artists, students, and the religious—they have the single eye. It's the opposite to the commercial outlook. Artists

will look at a little fishing town or country village, and find it a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and leave it to itself—unless they yield to the devil and paint it or write about it. Potterites will exploit it, commercialize it, bring the railway to it—and the thing is spoilt. Oh, the Potterites get there all right, confound them! They're the progressives of the world. They—they have their reward!"

EARLY summer passed in this delightful quest of Potterism, but with August came war. The Anti-Potterites disbanded hastily. Gideon got a commission directly and Gideon, though he hated war, conceded that this one was necessary and joined up. The Potterite press was immediately very active in service of the government, and shortly Mr. Potter was made Lord Pinkerton in acknowledgment. As for Jane—Jane marked time. She resented the war because it interfered with her plans, but she had no fear that the Allies might be defeated. Jane went into the civil-service office to her part in carrying on—and she wondered sadly at the increasing importance of the Potter press.

BUT," said Katherine Varick, "it's usually right, your papa's press. That's the queer thing about it. It sounds always oddly wrong, like an absurd fairy story, and the sane, intelligent people laugh at it, and then it turns out to have been right. Because the happenings of the world are caused by people—the mass of people—and the Pinkerton press knows them and represents them.

"Intellectual people are always thinking above the heads of the people who make movements, so they're nearly always out. The Pinkerton press is the people, so it's there every time. Potterism will outlive all the reformers and idealists. If Potterism says we're going to have a war, we've got it; if it says we're going to win a war, we shall win it."

IN THE autumn of 1918 Jane, when she went home for week-ends, frequently found one Oliver Hobart there. Oliver Hobart was the new editor of Lord Pinkerton's chief daily paper, and had been exempted from military service as newspaper man.

One hot Saturday afternoon in August, 1918, she found him having tea with her family, in the shadow of the biggest elm. Clare (who had given up nursing, owing to the strain, and was having a rest), slim and rather graceful, a little flushed from the heat, lying in a deck chair and swinging a tickled shoe, saying something ordinary and Jane-ish; Hobart sitting by her, a pale, Gibson young man, with his smooth fair hair pushed back, and lavender socks with purple clocks, and a clear, firm jaw. He was smiling to Clare with a smile.

"Here is Jane," said Lady Pinkerton.

JANE'S dark hair fell in damp waves over her hot, square, white forehead; her blue cotton dress was crumpled and limp. How neat, how cool, was this Hobart! Could a man have a Gibson face like that, like a young man on the cover of an illustrated magazine, and not be a ninny? Did he take the Pinkerton press seriously, or did he laugh? Both, probably, like most journalists. He wouldn't laugh to Lord Pinkerton, to Lady Pinkerton, or to Clare. But he might laugh to Jane, when she showed him her might.

Jane, eating jam sandwiches, looking like a chubby schoolchild, with her round face and wide eyes and bobbed hair and cotton frock, watched the beautiful young man with her solemn unwinking stare at disconcerted self-conscious people, while Lady Pinkerton talked to him about her recent fiction. . . .

Jane was calmly rude to Hobart, showing him she despised his paper, and him for liking it. She let him see it all, and he was unperturbably, courteously amused.

SHORTLY the inevitable happened. Clare saw her lover slipping little by little from her grasp . . . caught by the lazy indifferent arm of Jane. And Mrs. Potter (now Lady Pinkerton) watched it all and wondered, helplessly, what to do about it. It was during the Peace Conference, when Jane was helping her father in his Paris office and Oliver Hobart was making daily flights from London to Paris, that Lady Pinkerton appealed to her husband for aid.

LIFE is difficult," Lady Pinkerton sighed. "My poor little Clare is looking like a wilted flower."

"Poor little girl. M'm—yes. Poor little girl. Well, well, we'll see what can be done. . . . I'll see if I can take Jane home for a bit, perhaps—get her out of the way. She's very useful to me here, though. There are no lies on Jane. She's got the Potter wits all right."

But Lady Pinkerton loved better Clare, who was like a flower, Clare, whom she had created, Clare, who might have come—if

any girl could have come—out of a Leila Yorke novel.

"I shall say a word to Jane," Lady Pinkerton decided, "just to sound her."

But, after all, it was Jane who said the word. She said it that evening, in her cool, leisurely way.

"Oliver Hobart asked me to marry him yesterday morning. I wrote today to tell him I would."

AND meanwhile Clare was saying to herself—

"HE CARED, he did care. . . . He's forgetting, because I don't get a chance. . . . She's stealing him. . . . She was always a selfish little cad, grabbing, and not really caring. She can't care as I do; she's not made that way. . . . She cares for nothing but herself. . . . She gets everything, just by sitting still and not bothering. . . . College makes girls awful. . . . Peggy says men don't like them, but they do. They seem not to care about men, but they care just the same. They don't bother, but they get what they want. . . . Pig. . . . Oh, I can't bear it. Why should I? . . . I love him, I love him, I love him. . . ."

It may or may not be true that the power of love is to be found in the human being in inverse ratio to the power to think. Probably it is not; these generalizations seldom are. Anyhow, Clare, like many others, could not understand, but loved.

IT WAS Arthur Gideon who, more than any of the Anti-Potterites, was troubled by Jane's marriage to Oliver Hobart. "All Hobart had was a flair for the popular point of view. He was a true Potterite!" said Gideon with distaste—and as such he hated him, and wondered why Jane had married him.

"BUT when I went to Jane's wedding, I understood. . . . The room was full of journalists, important and unimportant, business people, literary people, and a few politicians of the same color as the Pinkerton press. There were a lot of dreadful women who, I suppose, were Lady Pinkerton's friends (probably literary women; one of them was introduced to Juke as 'the editress of *Forget-me-not*'), and a lot of vulgar men, many of whom looked like profiteers. But, besides all these, there were undoubtedly interesting people and people of importance. And I realized that the editor of the *Haste*, like the other editors of important papers, must of necessity have a lot to do with such people. . . ."

"And there, in the middle of a group of journalists, was Jane; Jane, in a square-cut, high-waisted, dead-white frock, with her firm, round young shoulders and arms, and her firm, round young face, and her dark hair cut across her broad white forehead, parted a little like a child's at one side, and falling thick and straight round her neck like a medieval page's. She wore a long string of big amber beads—Hobart's present—and a golden girdle round her high, sturdy waist.

I saw Jane in a sense newly that evening, not having seen her for some time. And I saw her again as I had often seen her in the past—a greedy, lazy, spoilt child, determined to take and keep the best out of life, and, if possible, pay nothing for it. And I saw too Jane's queer, lazy, casual charm, that had caught and held Hobart, and weaned him from the feminine graces and obviousnesses of Clare."

ALMOST immediately Gideon aroused the hostility of Jane's husband. For the young Jewish journalist was one of the moving spirits in the *Weekly Fact*, a radical journal which had already had one or two acrimonious disputes with the *Daily Haste*, the paper which Hobart edited for Jane's father. And Hobart resented, besides, the continued friendship of Gideon and Jane. But it was the well-intentioned Juke who brought matters to a head by warning Gideon not to fall in love with Jane. And Gideon took the attitude an Anti-Potterite might be expected to take!

"DON'T trouble yourself, Jukie. Don't imagine melodrama. . . . I claim the right to be intimate with Jane—well, if you like, to be a little in love with Jane—and yet to keep my head and not play the fool. Why should men and women lose their attraction for each other just because they marry and promise loyalty to some one person? They can keep that compact and yet not shut themselves away from other men and other women. They must have friends. Life can't be an eternal duet. . . . And here you



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come, using that cant Potterish phrase, 'in love,' as if love was the sea, or something definite that you must be in or out of and always know which."

BUT Gideon kept away from Jane for a week—and the next time he saw her he knew that Juke's warning had been justified.

"JANE," I said, and she turned and looked at me with questioning gray eyes.

At that I had no words for explanation or anything else; I could only repeat, "Jane, Jane, Jane," like a fool.

She said, very low, "Yes, Arthur," as if she were assenting to some statement I had made, as perhaps she was.

I somehow found that I had caught her hands in mine, and so we stood together, but still I said nothing but "Jane," because that was all that, for the moment, I knew.

Hobart stood in the open doorway, looking at us, white and quiet.

"Good evening," he said.

We fell apart, loosing each other's hands.

"You're back early, Oliver," said Jane, composedly.

"Earlier, obviously," he returned, "than I was expected."

My anger, my hatred, my contempt for him and my own shame blazed in me together. I faced him, black and bitter, and he was not only to me Jane's husband, the suspicious, narrow-minded ass to whom she was tied, but much more, the Potterite, the user of cant phrases, the ignorant player to the gallery of the Pinkerton press, the fool who had so little sense of his folly that he disputed on facts with the experts who wrote for the *Weekly Fact*. In him at that moment, I saw all the Potterism of this dreadful world embodied, and should have liked to have struck it dead.

"What exactly," I asked him, "do you mean by that?"

He smiled.

Jane yawned. "I'm going to take my things off," she said, and went out of the room and up the next flight of stairs to her bedroom. It was her contemptuous way of indicating that the situation was, in fact, no situation at all, but merely a rather boring conversation.

AND when Jane came down again Arthur Gideon had gone, and Hobart lay sprawled at the foot of the stairs quite dead. There was only one thing for Jane to believe—that Gideon had killed her husband. But she managed to have the death reported in the papers as an accident. Shortly gossip was busy with the story that Gideon had been responsible for "the accident." And all the while Gideon kept away from Jane and made no reply to the charges—because he believed it was Jane who was guilty! For he had left the house before the accident and had no more knowledge than she of who was responsible. But when the Potter press began an investigation, the real culprit came timorously forth and the story was hushed up. For it was Clare! She had met Hobart on the stairs and, petulant at his indifference to her, she had brushed past him so vigorously that he had plunged backward down the stairs and had died of the fall.

And as soon as Gideon learned that it had not been Jane after all, he went to tell her of the suspicion that had been keeping him away.

JANE said, "You thought it was me. . . . And I thought it was you! Is it me you've been so ashamed of all this time then, not yourself?"

"Yes," he said, still staring at her. "I didn't blame you, you know, for the thing itself. I knew it must have been an accident—that you never meant—what happened. . . ."

"A regular Potter melodrama. It might be in one of your mother's novels or your father's papers. That just shows, Jane, how infectious a thing Potterism is."

Gideon was walking up and down the room in his restless way, playing with the things on the tables. He stopped suddenly, and looked at Jane.

"Jane," he said, "we won't, you and I, have any more secrets and concealments between us. They're rotten things. Next time it occurs to you that I've committed a crime, ask me if it is so. And I'll do the same to you, at whatever risk of being offensive. We'll begin now by telling each other what we feel. . . . You know I love you, my dear."

Oh, yes, Jane knew that. She said, "I suppose I do, Arthur."

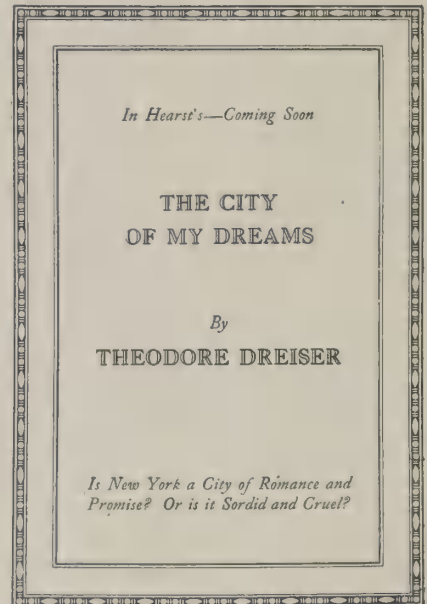
He said, "Then what about it? Do you. . . ." and she said, "Rather, of course I do."

Then they kissed each other, and settled to get married next May or June.

All next day Jane felt like stopping people in the streets and shouting at them: "Arthur didn't do it. Nor did I. It was only that silly ass, Clare."

WHEN Jane told her family that she was going to marry Gideon they raised a storm of protest. Lady Pinkerton said: "It's extraordinary that you can think of it, Jane, after all that has happened. Surely, my child, the fact that it was the last thing Oliver would wish should have some weight with you!" Jane's father said simply—

"**YOU'RE** making a big mistake, Babs. That fellow won't last. He's building on sand, as the Bible puts it—building on sand. I hear on good authority that the *Fact* can't



go on many months longer, unless it changes its tone and methods considerably; it's got no chance of fighting its way as it is now. People don't want that kind of thing. They don't want anything the Gideon lot will give them. Gideon and his sort haven't got the goods. They're building on the sand of their own fancy, not on the rock of general human demand. I hear that that daily they talked of starting can't come off yet, either. . . . The chap's a bad investment, Babs. . . . And he despises me and my goods, you know. That'll be awkward."

"Not you, Daddy. The papers, he does. He rather likes you, though he doesn't approve of you. . . . He doesn't like Mother, and she doesn't like him. But people often don't get on with their mothers-in-law."

"It's an awkward alliance, my dear, a very awkward alliance. What will people say? Besides, he's a Jew."

AND Jane's father—who knew human nature so well—had prophesied Gideon's future pretty accurately. For not many weeks afterward Gideon, resenting the *Weekly Fact's* growing negligence and its increasing interest in popular appeal, resigned his assistant editorship.

If they went on like this, thought Gideon, the *Fact* would soon be popular; it would find its way into the great soft, silly heart of the public and there be damned.

He was a pathetic figure, Arthur Gideon, the intolerant precisian, fighting savagely against the tide of loose thinking that he saw surging in upon him, swamping the world and drowning facts. . . . Jane was frankly sulky and disapproving, when he told her.

"**OH, ARTHUR**, it is rot, your chucking it. I've a jolly good mind not to marry you. I thought I was marrying the assistant editor of an important paper, not just a lazy old Jew without a job."

She ruffled up his black, untidy hair with her hand as she sat on the arm of his chair; but she was really annoyed with him.

"I was afraid you were working up to this. . . . Of course, if you chuck the *Fact* you take away its last chance. It'll do a nose-dive now."

"It's doing it anyhow. I can't stop it. But I'm jolly well not going to nose-dive with it. I'm clearing out."

"You're giving up the fight, then. Caving in. Putting your hands up to Potterism."

She was taunting him, in her cool, unmoved leisurely tones.

"I'm clearing out," he repeated, emphasizing

ing the phrase, and his black eyes seemed to look into distances. "Running away, if you like. This thing's too strong for me to fight. I can't do it. It's tremendous. It will last. And the Pinkerton press only represents one tiny part of it. If the Pinkerton press were all, it would be fightable. But look at the *Fact*—a sworn enemy of everything the Pinkerton press stands for politically, but fighting it with its own weapons—muddled thinking, sentimentality, prejudice, loose cant phrases. I tell you there'll hardly be a half-penny to choose between the Pinkerton press and the *Fact*. It's the pressure of public demand and atmosphere."

Jane looked at him kindly. She was a year younger than he was, but felt five years older tonight.

"Well, what's the remedy then?"

He said, wearily: "Oh, education, I suppose. Education. There's nothing else. Learning." He said the word with affection, lingering on it, striking his hands on the sofa-back to emphasize it.

"Learning, learning, learning. There's nothing else. . . ."

"Well, old thing, go and find out things. But come back in time for the wedding, and then we'll see what next."

Jane was not seriously alarmed. She believed that this, of Arthur's, was a short attack; when they were married she would see that he got cured of it. She wasn't going to let him drop out of things and disappear, her brilliant Arthur, who had his world in his hand to play with. Journalism, politics, public life of some sort—it was these that he was so eminently fitted for and must go in for.

She clung to him, in one of her rare moments of demonstrated passion. She was usually cool, and left demonstration to him.

"I shall come back all right," he told her. "No fear. I want to get married, you see. I want it, really, much more than I want to get information or anything else". . . . Jane, with his arms round her and his face bent down to hers, knew it. She was not afraid, either for his career or her own. They would have their good time all right.

SO IT was that Gideon went to Russia "to find out things." But he never came back. Instead, one April day as Jane was walking joyously along exulting in the spring sunshine, she saw in big black letters on a placard of the *Evening Hustle*, one of Lord Pinkerton's papers: "DIVORCE OF A PEERESS—MURDER OF BRITISH JOURNALIST IN RUSSIA—LATE WIRE FROM GATWICK." She bought a paper to see who the British journalist might be. . . . Gideon's murder was reported in a little paragraph on the front page.

"**MR. ARTHUR GIDEON**, a well-known British journalist . . . first beaten nearly to death by White soldiery, because he was, entirely in vain, defending some poor Jewish family from their wrath . . . then found by Bolsheviks and disposed of . . . somehow . . . because he was an Englishman."

A placard for the press. A placard for the Potter press. Had he thought of that at the last, and died in the bitterness of that paradox? Murdered by both sides, being of neither, but merely a seeker after fact. Killed in the quest for truth and the war against verbiage and cant and, in the end, a placard for the press which hated the one and lived by the other. Had he thought of that as he broke under the last strain of pain? Or, merely, "These damned brutes. White or Red, there's nothing to choose . . . nothing to choose. . . ."

Anyhow, it was over, that quest of his, and nothing remained but the placard which coupled his defeat with the peeress's divorce.

Arthur Gideon had gone under, but the Potter press, the flaunting banner of the great sentimental public, remained. It would always remain, so long as the great sentimental public were what they are.

LITTLE remains to add. Little of Gideon, for they never learnt much more of his death than was telegraphed in that first message. . . .

Jane would, no doubt, fulfill herself in the course of time, make an adequate figure in the world she loved, and suck therefrom no small advantage. She had loved Arthur Gideon; but what Lady Pinkerton and Clare would call her "heart" was not of the kind which would, as these two would doubtless put it in their strange phraseology, "break." Somehow, after all, Jane would have her good time; if not in one way, then in another.

The Master of Man

(Continued from page 34)

"He says she must have had an accomplice, and when the man is found out it will be the worse for both of them."
"And who—who does Joshua think—"
"Alick Gell. It seems he put appearances against himself at the trial, poor boy!"

INSTEAD of going to town that day, Stowell rambled through the trackless brags. He was trying to be alone with a melancholy swish of the sally bushes and a mournful cry of the curlews. But his duty to know what was being done brought him back to the house. Hearing nothing there, he walked to the village for a copy of the insular newspaper, finding no excuse for speaking to everybody met on the road—on other subjects, though, always on other subjects.

At the door of the little general store, with its mixed odor of many condiments hanging out to him, he stopped and called: "How's the rheumatism this morning, Auntie Kitty?"

"Aw, better, Your Honor, a taste better today. But it's moral sorry I hear the bad news you've had yourself, sir. It's feeling it terrible all be, Your Honor—you and the young man being the same as brothers. Will kill his mother, and her such proud stomach, too. The woman wouldn't see the sun for the boy, and she's been fighting the father for him his life."

IN THE way back, Stowell met Cain, the constable, looking large and important.

"I'm searching for them two runaways," he said, with his short asthmatic breathing, "and the Chief Constable is telling me I'll have to be doing them if they're lying like a dead under a stone."

Gell again! The report of the escape passed over the island with the swift flight of a bird of prey—everywhere he could hear the flapping of its wings. As to the question of who could have assisted the young woman to escape in a place like Castle Rushen there was only one answer—Gell.

Towards nightfall Joshua Scarff called Ballamoar on his way home from town. Things had turned out as he had expected—suspicion had fastened on Mr. Gell, and the Governor had ordered the police to put the island for him.

"But everybody is sorry for Your Honor's friend! His bosom friend! Pity! Great pity!"

Gell! Always Gell! Again Stowell felt as the earth were rocking beneath him. Was he to be pilloried in lifelong hypocrisy? Here had his head been that he had not thought of this before—that in helping Alick to go away with Bessie Collister he had put him into the position of the guilty man guilty not only of the prison-breaking, but also of the earlier and uglier offense of helping the girl's fellow-sinner?

He had thought he had buried his sin in a sea—had he only cast the burden of it on Gell?

He recalled Alick's gratitude ("What a good fellow," and so on), the undeserved praises which had cut to the heart, and then thought of Gell (far away in a foreign country) coming to hear of the evil name he had left behind.

WHAT was Alick to think of him then? That what he had done had not been the call of friendship, but of mere self-protection—to divert suspicion from himself, remove the only witnesses against him, and thus to build his future life on the unprotected name of an innocent man?

"Must I let that lie run on," he thought, without saying a word against it?"

And then Fenella! He had seen himself going to her and saying, "Now that the girl no longer in prison the barrier between us broken down."

He had seen himself marrying her, and then rising higher and higher in the esteem of his people, with that brave woman by his side.

But now—what now?

FENELLA would find him out! It was impossible that she could live long with a man who carried such a corroding secret about discovering it sooner or later. And when she had done so what would she think of

him? A traitor to his friend and to the law! A Judge who had broken his oath! A wrongdoer, not a righter of the wronged, sitting in judgment upon others, yet himself a criminal! A man of honor to the outer world, a hypocrite in his own house; a pillar of the island in the eyes of his people, a liar in the eyes of his wife!

"No, God forbid it! I can not let that lie run on—I simply can not."

All the same, he would wait to see what the Governor might do next. It was no good acting hastily.

"Never, sir."

"After you locked the prisoner in her cell, what did you do?"

"I went back to the guard-room and sat by the fire, sir."

"And fell asleep, I suppose?"

"I'll give in I slept a wink or two, sir."

"Where were your keys while you were asleep?"

"On the table beside me, sir."

"And when you awoke where were they?"

"In the same place, Your Excellency."

"Were the gates of the Castle locked last night?"

"Aw, 'deed they were, sir."

"And were they locked this morning?"

"They were that, sir."

THE Attorney-General, who had been leaning forward, dropped back.

"Extraordinary!" he said. "The whole thing has the appearance of the supernatural."

"Nonsense!" said the Governor. "Vondy, do you know Mr. Gell, the Advocate?"

"I'm sorry to say, sir—"

"Never mind about sorry—do you?"

"I do, sir."

"When did you see him last?"

"At General Gaol, when he was out of himself, poor man—and we had to lock him up for threatening the Demipster."

"Did he never come to the Castle afterwards to see the prisoner?"

"Never, sir."

"Will you swear that he was not there last night?"

"I will—before God Almighty, sir."

"Then, if the cell was locked all night and the Castle gates were locked, how do you account for the escape of your prisoner?"

The Jailer smoothed the hair over his forehead and then said:

"Bolts and bars are nothing to the Lord, sir."

The Governor gasped.

"Do you mean to say that while you were asleep before the fire in the guard-room an angel from heaven carried your prisoner through the Castle walls?"

"Aw, well—I wouldn't say no. We're reading of the like in the Good Book, anyway."

"Fenella," cried the Governor, "take this fool away and turn him out of the house."

WILL Fenella, who had been quivering all over, had left the room, followed by the Jailer, the Governor turned to the Chief Constable.

"The woman was not on the morning steamer?"

"No, sir."

"And what about Gell?"

"We broke down the door of his room in Athol Street and found he had gone."

"Ah! Have you come upon any trace of him elsewhere?"

"Yes; he slept at the Railway Inn at Ballaugh on Saturday night and took a ticket for St. John's by the first train on Sunday morning."

"Anything else?"

"The blacksmith at Ballasalla believes he saw him on Sunday evening going in the fog in the direction of Derby Haven."

"Aha! Did any fishing boat leave Castletown last night?"

"The Manx boats do not go out on Sunday, sir."

"Any trading steamers then?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Inquire at once. If your constables do not find the fugitives in the island we must send a 'Wanted' across the water."

"I'll draw one up, sir."

"Got the necessary photographs?"

"One of the girl, which was found in the young man's rooms, sir. Also one of the young man which we found in the girl's cell, but it's scratched and blurred as if it had been lying in water."

"No matter! The Demipster is sure to have another. I'll write and ask him to come here to meet us at eleven on Wednesday morning. He'll be able to help you to your personal description and issue the warrant at the same time."

The Attorney-General looked up with an expression of astonishment.

"The warrant?"

"Certainly. I'm sorry for the Speaker,

In Hearst's—Next Month

BRING FLOWERS THEY LOVED

By

BRIAN HOOKER

A Poem Written in Tribute to The American Soldiers Who Died in the World War

AT FOUR o'clock that day the Attorney-General and the Chief Constable had returned to Government House and were sitting, on either side of the Governor, with the Jailer standing before him, and Fenella by the window, apparently gazing into the garden but listening intently.

"Come now!" said the Governor. "Tell us what you know of this matter."

The Jailer knew nothing. Changing repeatedly the leg on which he was standing and mopping his forehead with a colored handkerchief, he protested absolute ignorance.

"After Miss Stanley left the Castle a piece after ten o'clock I locked the poor bogh in her cell—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?"

"Who else, Your Excellency?"

"Then say the prisoner."

"Aw, well, I locked the prisoner in her cell a piece after ten o'clock last night and then I went back at five this morning to take her a bite of breakfast—"

"Breakfast? Where was your female warder?"

"Mistress Mylrea? Sick of the heart since General Gaol. They're telling me she died last night, sir."

"Where was your turnkey then?"

"Willie Shimmin? He went out on lave for a couple of hours on Sunday afternoon and didn't return on the night, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me you were alone in the Castle on the night before an execution?"

"Aw, yes, alone enough, sir."

"COLONEL FARRELL!" said the Governor, turning sharply upon the Chief Constable.

But that gentleman, although embarrassed, had many excuses. He had not been made aware of the situation, and if this blockhead had only communicated with the police-station.

"Well, well, enough of that now. Let us have the facts," said the Governor. And, turning back to the Jailer, he said:

"Did anybody come to the Castle last night after Miss Stanley left it?"

"No, sir, no!"

"And your keys? Did they ever leave your possession?"

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In Hearst's for June begins

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JAMES HOWARD KEHLER



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but the public welfare is above all private considerations—must be."

MEANTIME, Fenella had taken the Jailer into the drawing-room and closed the door behind them.

"Mr. Vondy," she said in a low voice, "you can trust me. Nothing you may say in this room will ever be repeated. Did not somebody come to Castle Rushen last night after I left it?"

The old man tried in vain to look into the brilliant eyes that were on him, but at length he dropped his own and said:

"It is no use, miss. There will be no rest on me in my bed tonight unless I tell the truth to somebody. There can be no harm telling it to you, neither—going to be the man's wife soon, they're telling me. It's truth enough, miss—somebody did come."

"Was it the Deemster?"

"It was that," said the Jailer, and then he told her everything that had happened.

FENELLA'S head became giddy and her cheeks blushed crimson. In a flash she saw what had happened. Victor had deceived the Jailer. Did the old man know it? Lowering her eyes, she said:

"You didn't say this when the Governor questioned you—had you a reason for not doing so?"

"I had. It was the Deemster himself who made me promise to say nothing."

And then came the other and still more degrading story—the story of the intimidation Stowell had put upon the Jailer to keep his visit secret.

Fenella felt as if she would sink through the floor in shame, but all the same she found herself saying:

"You've known the Deemster all his life, haven't you?"

"I have. I was reared on the land," said the Jailer, and then, raising himself to his full height, "I'm a Ballamoar myself, miss."

"Then you will keep the promise you gave him?"

"Trust me for that, miss."

"But if anything should happen to yourself as the consequence of last night's escape—"

"The father put me in the Castle and the son won't see them fling me out of it."

"But if he should be overruled by the Governor and unable to help you—"

"I'll take my chance with him. What's it saying—the Ballamoar will out, miss."

TEARS sprang to Fenella's eyes, but her heart beat high.

"Mr. Vondy," she said, "he has not been well lately, and perhaps he doesn't always know what he is saying. If you should ever come to think that what he told you was not the truth—the whole truth, I mean—"

"Maybe so. I've been thinking as much myself since five this morning. But that's all as one to me, miss. Tell him Tommy Vondy will keep his word."

THE Jailer was gone, and Fenella was sitting with her hands over her eyes when she heard voices in the corridor and footsteps going towards the porch.

"You're right there, Your Excellency." (It was the Attorney-General who was speaking.) "The authority of law in this island has received a blow, and already the disorderly elements are stirring up strife."

"Who, for instance?"

"Qualtrough of the Keys and the man Baldromma."

"Farrell" (it was the Governor in a stern voice), "quash that instantly. If there's any rioting send for the soldiers from Castletown to assist your police."

"I will, Your Excellency."

"And listen! Get rid of that blockhead of a Jailer. Appoint somebody in his place and give him authority to employ his own warders. He'll have his prison full enough presently."

THE closing of the outer door rang through the corridor, and at the next moment the Governor was in the drawing-room.

"Fenella," he said, "do you happen to know if Stowell has a photograph of Gell, the Advocate?"

Before she had time to reflect, Fenella answered that he had—it was taken in America and stood on the mantelpiece in the library at Ballamoar.

"But why?"

"Because I want him to bring it with him when he comes on Wednesday to issue the warrant."

"What warrant?"

"The warrant for the arrest of Gell, for

breaking prison and aiding in the escape of the girl Collister."

"But, Father, they are friends—lifelong friends."

"What of that? Stowell is Deemster, and you heard the oath he took, didn't you? Without fear or friendship, love or gain. His duty as a Judge is to administer justice and as long as I am here I'll see he does it."

DURING the remainder of that day and the whole of the following one Fenella was a prey to the cruellest perplexity. Would Victor Stowell issue that warrant for the arrest of the innocent man, being himself the guilty one?

If so, what a life of hypocrisy and deceit was before him! He had deceived the Jailer. Would he try to deceive the Governor also, herself, the island, everybody?

Yet how could he refuse? It would be his duty to issue the warrant—what excuse could he make for not doing so? And then what a temptation to let things go on as usual! If he had broken prison, and therefore his oath as a Judge, it had only been to snatch that poor girl from a wicked Statute. He had done no wrong—no moral wrong.

But if Victor issued that warrant for the arrest of Gell he would be a lost man forever after. No matter how high he might rise, he would go down, down, down until his very soul would perish.

"It can not be! It must not—shall not!" she told herself.

She wanted to run to Ballamoar and say: "Don't do it. If you have done wrong, confess and take the consequences."

WHAT did she care about their quarrel now? It was no longer Bessie Collister's life, but Victor Stowell's soul that was in peril.

But no, she could not go to him. She could not ask him to act under compulsion. He must act of his own free will. In the valley of the shadow of sin the guilty soul must walk alone.

"But is there nothing I can do for him?"

Yes, there was one thing—one thing only. She could pray. For long hours on the night before Stowell was to come to Government House she knelt in her bed and prayed for him.

"O God, help him! God help him! Help him to resist this great temptation."

At length peace came to her. Somewhere in the dead waste of the night she seemed to receive an answer to her prayers.

"He'll do the right, whatever it may cost him," she thought, and as the day was dawning she fell asleep.

BUT when she awoke in the morning she felt as if her heart would break. She knew what she had done for herself. If Stowell confessed and took the consequences (as she had prayed he might do) he would be lost to her forever. He would have to give up his Judgeship, be banished from the island and become an outcast and a wanderer.

"Is that to be the end of everything? After all this waiting?"

But no, it was the man she loved, not the Deemster. If he fell she could follow him—no matter to what depths.

Her eyes were full of tears when she looked at herself in the glass, but they were shining like stars for all that. An immense pity for Stowell took possession of her. He must be the most unhappy man alive. But he was her man now; and nothing on earth should part them.

GOING down to breakfast, she met Miss Green on the stairs. The old lady was full of some breathless story of rioting in Douglas the evening before. How remote it all sounded! She hardly heard what was being said to her.

Coming upon the maid in the corridor, she said:

"The Deemster is to call today, Catherine. Tell him I wish to see him before he sees the Governor."

In the breakfast-room her father was looking over a printer's proof on a sheet of foolscap paper. It was headed with the Max coat-of-arms and the words "ISLE OF MAN CONSTABULARY," and had an empty space near the top for a block to be made from a photograph.

"But that is of no consequence now," thought Fenella, "no consequence whatever."

BUT if Alick Gell is to be hunted to the ends of the earth and brought back to undeserved punishment, will Fenella still wish to conceal Victor's crime? See *Hearst's for June*.

Hearst's

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OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

"The violet thinks with her timid blue eye
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy."

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago a lady poetess wrote this charming description of this month's front cover. Though, generally speaking, a timid blue eye is the most dangerous adversary known to man, we personally—after a single glance at Mr. Stanlaws's violet girl promptly adopt the famous motto of Verdun, "She shall not pass!"

ALEXANDER POPE, the little hunchback of Queen Anne's time, has written for us the best possible advertisement of our coming July cover. Of the two kinds of women he says in his "Moral Essays"—

"... they first or last obey
The love of pleasure and the love of sway."

THOUGH a farmer in the far North with notable lack of culture and time to read your precious publication," writes a friend off in Alberta, Canada, "it is an eagerly looked for event when Hearst's arrives. I especially read the 'Science of the Month.' Be sure and give me some good astronomy every time."

DR. WILLIAMS please note. And, J. F., what do you think of the "Pea at the North Pole" idea on page 32?

"YOU may think it queer," continues this lonely Canadian farmer, "but the 'Art of the Month' also is of great interest to me, and I hope from the artistic viewpoint, not the vulgar."

LOTS of people have from time to time laughed at the idea of "A Magazine with a Mission." The hundred words we have just quoted explain Hearst's mission better than a dozen full-page advertisements.

THE JUST ANGER OF A STRONG MAN

"I HAVE just received one copy of Harper's Bazar," writes a sturdy citizen of California. "I am sure there is a mistake somewhere, for I distinctly ordered Hearst's! Naturally I am disappointed, for I was looking for Hearst's. I don't want Harper's Bazar at any price. In fact, I would not take it as a gift; that's me!"

AN OLD Egyptian Nobleman—Where Santa Claus Goes for Reindeer—Sherlock Holmes and the Vitamine. See page 30.

"EVERY copy of Hearst's I get," writes a gentleman from Indiana, "seems better than the last! I always think when I receive my new copy. 'Well, this is about as good as they can be.' But the next is better than ever."

THANK you, G. W. J. Some day—we hope not—we may disappoint you. In the meantime, watch for Hearst's for July. Mr. Lengel, our new Managing Editor, says it's the best number yet.

"SHOULD success attend the efforts to decipher the manuscript and place it in the canon of Bacon's works," says an editorial in the Washington Post, "it follows that a goodly part of the world's scientific history will have to be re-written."

FOR actual photographs of this XIIIth Century manuscript that threatens to throw all our encyclopedias into the waste basket, see "A Cinderella in Parchment" on page 16.

JUST one hundred years ago this month Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena. For the astonishing parallel between those days and our own see Ferrero's article "Napoleon and Now" in Hearst's for June.



BACK into the fold! Frederic Arnold Kummer used to write for Hearst's. Then he wrote for the stage. Now he is writing for Hearst's about the stage. A real novel of the real Broadway is his "Plaster Saints." Beginning in Hearst's International for July

IN THIS NUMBER READ:

The Torrent
A Romance of the Orange Groves
VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ
Begins on page 6

Knots in Shakespear's Handkerchief
G. BERNARD SHAW
Page 35

Never Begin with Lions
MONTAGUE GLASS
Author of "Potash and Perlmutter"
Page 13

The Real Ruler of Russia
COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY
Page 49

Flowing Gold
REX BEACH
Page 41

The Girl They Loved
Another of the famous Lawrenceville stories
OWEN JOHNSON
Page 22

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL for JUNE, 1921 Vol. XXXIX, No. 6
Published Monthly by the International Magazine Company at 119 W. 40th Street, New York. William Randolph Hearst, President; Joseph A. Moore, Vice-President and Treasurer; Ray Long, Vice-President; W. G. Langdon, Secretary. Copyright, 1921, by International Magazine Co. Trade Mark Registered. Single copies, 35 cents; subscription price, United States and Canada, \$4.00 a year; Foreign, \$4.50. Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1911, at the Post-office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879; entered on July 1, 1918, at the Post-office at Atlanta, Ga., Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal.

NEXT to Rome itself, New York boasts more Italians than any city in the world; next to Berlin, more Germans; and so on through the races. In much the same way Hearst's International contains so much more than the average number of editorial features that it can be the leading International magazine and still rival the ordinary magazines on its American side alone.

"THE United States," wrote recently a prominent Franco-American lawyer to a Parisian journal, "is tired of Internationalism. People have gone back to work."

WHICH statement is—for a lawyer—reasonably accurate. But the whole truth is that what we Americans are tired of in Internationalism is the everlasting politics, the rancor, the ranting propaganda, the double-dealing diplomacy seething from the spoils of war like a cloud of buzzards from their feast.

FOR the people of Europe, for the nations there—new and old, great and small—that have gone back to work building and rebuilding homes and governments, we Americans have an affection, an interest, a sympathy never deeper

THE Bridge of Ships of wartime was built forever. America's horizon no longer drowns in the shallows of the Atlantic. But true friendship between nations comes only with understanding between nations. And the first step towards knowing a nation is to know something of its art, its literature, its ways of life, and its popular heroes.

TO ADD to its mission as a magazine, then, as well as to broaden its interest for its readers, Hearst's International steps boldly beyond the boundaries generally attributed to the really popular magazines and treats of the whole world, not because its people are different but because they are astonishingly the same!

"READERS have a great curiosity," writes Margaret, whose own pulchritude, we suspect, is rivaled only by her enterprise, "to know who posed for the beautiful illustrations in your magazine. The fact that the models in Baron Gayne de Meyer's photographs are named is a step in the right direction."

THE first interview with Hugo Stinnes, the greatest business man in Europe. See "Betting a Billion on Germany" on page 21.

THE poem "Bring Flowers They Loved," on page 48, is a part of a commemorative ode, "A. D. 1919," written by Brian Hooker and set to music by Horatio Parker for the services held that year at Yale University in honor of the Yale men who gave their lives in the war.

"I LIKE it better than anything I've ever written for you," says Bruno Lessing of "The Flying Highbrow" on page 52.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE
PLEASE COPY!

"I AM filled to overflowing with enthusiasm," says a note from Newark, "by the announcement of Rex Beach's story of the Texas Oil Wells. . . . If any labor trouble in the printing trades delay this story one single day, you can count me against them for life!"

ALL right, so far, Walter. You will find "Flowing Gold" safely on page 41.

WICHITA FALLS please notice! Rex Beach is not in the least responsible for the remarkable painting of a modern, progressive Texas city shown in the opening chapters of "Flowing Gold." In fact Mr. Beach not only brought back accurate pictures of Wichita Falls but protested vigorously against Mr. Both's fantasy. But what are mere facts where Art is concerned?



"You don't believe in signs, do you, Cuthbert?"



Drawn by Charles A. Winter

The Malady of Money

By Guglielmo Ferrero

TO A man derelict in the desert of Sahara a loaf and a pitcher of water would prove more precious than a sackful of gold coins.

Why then do men always confound riches with money as if mere money were wealth? Why are they so greedy for the precious metals? Why do they deem these men and times in which it abounds as happy?

Because money is a docile and mobile slave. Easily subjected to all transformations, it disguises as its master wills, while all other forms of wealth only bend to man's caprices consonantly to their rigid and limited natures.

Whoever owns a house, a shop, a factory, goods of whatever kind, is to a certain extent their slave because he can utilize them only for the ends and purposes inherent in their nature. If he wishes to utilize them for other ends and purposes he must sell them, that is to say, convert them into money.

ON THE contrary, whoever possesses money can accumulate it or spend it, keep it indefinitely or use it up day by day, hide it, parade it, lend it or bequeath it, help his neighbor or corrupt him, benefit him or tyrannize him, convert it into knowledge, beauty, pomp, pleasure, or vice.

MONEY is all things: a friend or a foe, a master or a ranker, a creator or a destroyer, an angel or a demon. Man need but make a sign, money serves him as he wills in one or other of these opposed capacities. But just for this very reason money is a perilous test for human weakness. History notes how, each time that an epoch for one reason or another is surprised by an unlooked-for superabundance of money, the cost of jewels, of choice wines, of sumptuous clothes, increases. On every hand arise buildings pandering to luxury or to

pleasure; theaters, dances, entertainments multiply; love becomes prodigal and venal, ostentatious and inconstant; a frenzy for all purely sensual pleasures such as money can procure becomes manifest.

AND it is precisely this which is the malady that today torments our western civilization. It seems to be new but it is as old as the world. Our forefathers knew it and feared it; we moderns are slow to recognize it because no civilization so much as ours has sincerely believed that money was the best and safest friend of man.

In 1914 there began to flow from the trenches a red-hued Pactolus confounding in one stream blood and gold: the blood of one, the wealth of three generations; the first profusely poured, the second liquidated in the most bloody and costly conflict known to history.

Small at first, the river of gold and blood welled from year to year until it overflowed and covered half the world in a terrifying flood. Nowadays all possess it, even the poorest peasant in the poorest regions of Europe. And thus, in company of money, the devil with his temptations has entered everywhere. What has the world-war been? A torment or a saturnalia? Crucified in the trenches, humanity consoled itself by practicing orgies in the cities.

NOT for long has Europe found money so tight as she finds it today, though in seven years she has decupled the money of which she can dispose.

Governments, industries, banks, private persons, all need money, all are seeking it; many enterprises become bankrupt for lack of it; and yet none any longer hoard it or accumulate it. For why hoard

fluid money concerning which it is uncertain whether tomorrow it will still be of value? All seek it; and the moment they have it they get rid of it by spending and then recommence the chase.

MONEY passes quickly from hand to hand, teaching idleness, extravagance, luxury, vice and greed to millions of men who seven years ago lived simply and honestly. Yet it leaves everyone dissatisfied and more than ever in need. True money, which man makes after hard labor, may still serve as angel or demon. False money, which man multiplies without fatigue, can serve only as demon.

EUROPE must break up its printing presses. Who would have dreamed that among the instruments, beside the bomb that drops from the sky and the torpedo that hisses under the water, it would be needful to class the humble lithographic press? These machines manufacturing money with such ease are strangling in the hearts of millions of men the love of work, the habit of foresight, the spirit of parsimony, simplicity, and even of decency. Does not even the ghastly destruction wrought by the war appear small in face of this infernal machine which can destroy best feelings of men? What are the shattered walls in comparison with depraved and corrupted souls.

A PURIFICATION is needed. Among the many expiations that are demanded for the Blood that has been spilled is the purification of money. True money must recover its soul, must revolt against the bacchanalia that since seven years riots among ruins and gore, must become once more the faithful friend and helpful aid to the fruitful arts of peace. The false money must be burned. Fire alone can liberate western civilization of all this paper money and of the moral pest of which it is the vehicle.

A Romance of the Orange Groves of Valencia



"How beautiful it is! . . . How I have longed to see it again!" the lovely stranger mused half aloud to herself—quietly ignoring Rafael's advances.

The Torrent *By Vicente Blasco Ibañez*

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

YOUR friends are waiting for you at the Club. They saw you for a moment only, this morning; they'll be wanting to hear all your stories about life in Madrid."

Doña Bernarda fixed upon the young deputy a pair of deep, scrutinizing, severely maternal eyes that recalled to Rafael all the anxieties of his roguish childhood.

"Are you going directly to the Club?" She added: "Andrés will be starting too, right away."

Rafael replied only with a blunt farewell to his mother and Don Andrés, who were still at table sipping their coffee, and strode out of the dining-room.

Finding himself on the broad red-marble staircase in the silence of that ancient mansion, of such princely magnificence, he experienced the sudden

sense of comfort and well-being that a traveler feels on plunging into a bath after a tedious journey.

This was the first moment since he had arrived, to be greeted by a noisy reception at the station, hurrahs, and deafening music, handshakes here, crowding there, the pushing and elbowing of more than a thousand people who had thronged the streets of Alcira to get a close look at him, that Rafael had found himself alone, his own master, able to do exactly as he pleased.

WHAT a deep breath of relief he drew as he went down the deserted staircase, which echoed his every footstep! How large and beautiful the patio

was! How broad and lustrous the leaves of the plants flourishing in their green boxes! There he had spent the best years of his childhood. The little boys who in those days used to be hiding behind the wide portal, waiting for a chance to play with the son of the powerful Don Ramón Brull, were now the grown men, the sinewy orchard workers, who had been parading from the station, waving their arms, and shouting *vivas* for their deputy—Alcira's "favorite son."

This contrast between the past and the present flattered Rafael's conceit, though, in the background of his thoughts, the suspicion lurked that his mother had been not a little instrumental in the preparation of his noisy reception, not to mention Don Andrés and numerous other friends, ever loyal to anyone connected with the greatness of the Brulls.

AS RAFAEL stood for a moment motionless in the patio, a barely perceptible sound like the buzzing of two flies broke the deep silence of the mansion. The deputy looked towards the only balcony window that was open, though but slightly. His mother and Don Andrés were still talking in the dining-room—and of him, as usual, without a doubt! And, lest they should call him, and suddenly deprive him of his keen enjoyment at being alone, he left the patio and went out into the street.

It was only the month of March; but at two in the afternoon the air was almost uncomfortably hot. Accustomed to the cold wind of Madrid and to the winter rains, Rafael inhaled, with a sense

of voluptuous pleasure, the warm breeze that wafted the perfume of the blossoming orchards through the narrow lanes of the ancient town.

The streets were deserted. The noisy orchard workers who had welcomed Rafael had gone back to the fields again. All the idlers had fled to the cafés, and as the deputy walked smartly by in front of these, warm waves of air came out upon him through the windows, with the clatter of poker chips, the noise of billiard balls and the uproar of heated argument.

RAFAEL reached the Suburban Bridge, one of the two means of egress from the old city. The Júcar was combing its muddy, reddish waters on the piles of the ancient structure. A number of row-boats, made fast to the houses on the shore, were tugging at their moorings. Rafael recognized among them the punt that he had once used for lonely trips on the river. It lay there quite forgotten, gradually shedding its coat of white paint out in the weather.

Then he looked at the bridge itself; the Gothic-arched gate, a relic of the old fortifications; the battlements of yellowish, chipped rock, which looked as if all the rats of the river had come at night to nibble at them; then two niches with a collection of mutilated, dust-laden images—San Bernardo, patron saint of Alcira, and his estimable sisters. Dear old San Bernardo, *alias* Prince Hamete, son of the Moorish king of Carlet, converted to Christ by the mystic poesy of the Christian cult—and still wearing in his mangled forehead the nail of martyrdom!

AS RAFAEL walked past the rude, disfigured statue he thought of all the stories his mother, a woman of credulous faith and an uncompromising clerical, had told him of the patron of Alcira, particularly the legend of the enmity and struggle between San Vi-

cente and San Bernardo, an ingenuous fancy of popular superstition.

Saint Vincent, who was an eloquent preacher, arrived at Alcira on one of his tours, it seems, and stopped at a blacksmith's shop near the bridge to get his donkey shod. When the work was done the horse-shoer asked for the usual price for his labor; but San Vicente, accustomed to living on the bounty of the faithful, waxed indignant, and looking at the Júcar, exclaimed, vindictively:

"Some day folks will say: 'This is where Alcira used to be.'"

"Not while Bernardo is here!" the statue of San Bernardo remarked from its pedestal.

And there the statue of the saint still stood, like an eternal sentinel, watching over the Júcar to exorcise the curse of the rancorous Saint Vincent!

THE river would, to be sure, rise and overflow its banks every year, reaching to the very feet of San Bernardo, sometimes, and coming within an ace of pulling the wily saint down from his perch. It is also true that every five or six years the flood would shake houses loose from their foundations, destroy good farm land, drown people, and commit other horrible depredations—all in obedience to the curse of Valencia's patron; but the saint of Alcira was the better man of the two for all that! And, if you didn't believe it, there the city was, still planted firmly on its feet and quite unscathed, except for a scratch here and there from times when the rains were exceptionally heavy and the waters came down from Cuenca in a great torrent!

WITH a smile and a nod to the powerful saint, as to an old friend of childhood, Rafael crossed the bridge and entered the *arrabal*, the new city, ample, roomy unobstructed, as if the close-packed houses of the island, to get elbow-room and a breath of air, had stampeded in a flock to the other bank of the river, scattering hither and thither in the hilarious disorder of children let loose from school.

The deputy paused at the head of the street on which his club was located. Even from there he could hear the talking and laughing of the many members, who had gathered in much greater number than usual because of his arrival. What would he be in for down there? A speech, probably! A speech on local politics! Or, if not a speech, idle talk about the orange crop, or cock-fighting. He would be expected to tell them what kind of man the Premier was—and then spend the afternoon analyzing the character of every minister! Bah! The Club could wait! He would have plenty of time later in the day to stifle in that smoke-filled parlor where, the moment he showed his face, everybody would be upon him and pester the life out of him with questions and wire-pulling.

And more and more yielding to the lure of the southern sunshine and to those perfumes of May floating about him in winter time, he turned off into a lane that led to the fields.

AS HE emerged from the ancient Ghetto and found himself in the open country, he drew a deep breath, as if to imprison in his lungs all the life, bloom, and color of his native soil.

The orange orchards lined both banks of the stream with straight rows of green round tree-tops. The sun glistened on the varnished leaves; the wheels of irrigating machines sounded from the distance like humming insects. The moisture rising from the canals joined the clouds from the chimneys of the engine-houses to form a thin veil of mist over the countryside, that gave a pearly transparency to the golden light of the afternoon.

Something more than the mere beauty of the fields had enticed the young deputy from his welcome wait-



Doña Bernarda, arrayed in splendor, flung fistfuls of pesetas to the crowds on election day.

ing at the Club. When the rays of the rising sun had awakened him that morning on the train, the first thing he had seen, and that before opening his eyes even, was an orange orchard, the bank of the Júcar, and a house painted blue—the very same that was now in sight away off there, among the round tree-tops along on the river.

HOW many times in past months his thoughts had lingered on the memory of that same scene!

Afternoons in the Congress, while the Premier on the Blue Bench was answering the interpellations of the Opposition in sharp, incisive tones, Rafael's brain would begin to doze, reduced to jelly, as it were, by the incessant hammering of words, words, words. Before his closed eyes a dark veil would begin to unroll as if the moist, cellarlike gloom in which the Chamber is always plunged had thickened suddenly; and against this curtain, like a cinema dream, rows of orange-trees would come into view, and a blue house with open windows; and, pouring through the windows, a stream of notes from a soft voice, ever so sweet, singing *Lieder* and ballads as an accompaniment to the hard, sonorous paragraphs snapping from the Premier's teeth. Then applause and disorder! The moment for voting had arrived and, the fading outlines of the blue house still hovering before his dreamy eyes, the member for Alcira would ask his neighbor:

"How do we vote? Yes or no?"

IT HAD been the same those nights at the Opera when music served only to remind him of a familiar voice winding like a thread of gold out across the orchards through the orange-trees; and again, after dinner with his colleagues or committees, when the deputies, their cigars tilted cockily upwards between their lips, would troop off to see the night with all the voluptuous gaiety inspired by good digestion.

Now that blue house was actually before his eyes! And he was hurrying towards it—not without some hesitation, a vague uneasiness he could not explain. His heart was in his mouth, it seemed, and he found it hard to breathe.

Orchard workers came along the road occasionally, stepping aside to make room for the famous man, though he answered their greeting absent-mindedly. What a nuisance! They would all be sure to tell where they had seen him! His mother would know all about it within half an hour! And, that evening, a scene in the dining-room! He had had two or three short but violent scenes with his mother only a few months before. Tempestuous scenes they had been! He was running for Congress at the time. Was he trying—she wanted to know—to dishonor the family and compromise his whole political future?

RAFAEL had been no match for that energetic mother. Meekly he had promised never to return to the blue house, never to call again on that "loose woman"—Doña Bernarda actually hissed as she said the word.

However, the upshot of it all had been that Rafael had merely discovered how weak he was. Despite his promise, he had returned to the blue house often, but by roundabout ways and over long detours, skulking from cover to cover, as he had done in childhood days when stealing oranges from the orchards. He, a man whose name was on the lips of the whole country, and who at any moment might be invested with authority from the people, thus realizing the lifelong dream of his father! Yet the sight of a woman in the fields, a child, a beggar, was able to make him blanch with terror! And that was not the worst of it! Whenever he entered the blue house he had to pretend he had come openly, without any fear whatever. And so things had gone on down to the very eve of this departure for Madrid.

Rafael wondered even now what hope had led him to disobey his mother and brook her formidable wrath.

IN THAT house he had found only frank, disinterested friendship, a somewhat ironic comradeship, the condescending tolerance of a person compelled by solitude to choose as her comrade the least repulsive among a host of inferiors. Alas! How clearly he remembered and could again foresee the skeptical cold smile with which his words were always



Don Ramón, sitting in his patio with the little Rafael beside him, ruled like an

received, though he was sure he had crammed them with burning passion!

And yet he had persisted, insensible to the irony and the scorn of this terrible *amigo* in skirts, and indifferent as well to the conflicts that his blind passion might provoke at home if his mother knew.

HE TRIED to free himself from his infatuation, but unsuccessfully. With that in view he fixed his attention on the woman's past: it was said that despite her beauty, her aristocratic manners, the brilliancy of mind with which she had dazzled him—

a poor country boy—she was only an adventuress who had made her way over half the globe from one pair of arms to another. And since it was impossible to win her, why go on, why continue endangering his career?

At the beginning of his life in Madrid he imagined he had recovered. New surroundings, continuous and petty satisfactions to vanity, the kotowing of doorkeepers in Congress, the flattery of visitors from here, there and everywhere who came with requests for passes to admit them to the galleries; the sense of being treated as a comrade by celebrities, whose names his father had always mentioned with bated



ancient Moorish king, and settled the fates of whole families with a few terse words.

breath; the "Honorable" always written before his name; all Alcira speaking to him with affectionate familiarity; this rubbing elbows, on the benches of the Conservative majority, with a battalion of dukes, counts, and marquises—all this had intoxicated him, filled his mind completely, persuading him that he had been completely cured.

BUT as he grew familiar with his new life, and the novelty of all this flattery wore off, tenacious recollections rose again in his memory. At night, when sleep relaxed the will to forget, which his vigi-

lance kept at painful tension, that blue house, the luminous green eyes of its proprietress, that pair of fresh lips with their ironic smile that seemed to quiver between two rows of gleaming white teeth, would become the inevitable center of all his dreams.

AS HE approached the blue house nestling among the orange trees that afternoon he was almost sick with nervousness and emotion. For one last time he thought of his mother, so intent upon maintaining her prestige and so fearful of hostile gossip; but all his scruples vanished at sight of the hedge of

tall rosebays and prickly hawthorns and of the two blue pillars supporting a barrier of green wooden bars. Resolutely he pushed the gate open and entered the garden.

Orange-trees stretched in rows along broad straight walks of red earth. On either side of the approach to the house was a tangle of tall rose-bushes on which the first buds of early spring were already beginning to appear.

ABOVE the chattering of the sparrows and the rustle of the wind in the trees, Rafael could hear the sound of a piano—the keys barely touched by the player's fingers—and a soft, timid voice, as if the song were meant for the singer alone.

It was she. Rafael knew the music: A *Lied* by Schubert—the favorite composer of the day; a master "whose best work was still unknown," she had said in the cant she had learned from the critics, alluding to the fact that only the least subtle of the melancholy composer's works had thus far been popularized.

THE young man advanced slowly, cautiously, as if afraid lest the sound of his footsteps break in upon that melody which seemed to be lulling the garden to sleep in the afternoon's golden sunlight.

He reached the open space in front of the house and once more found there the same murmuring palms, the same rubble-work benches with seats and backs of flowered tile that he knew so well—where so often she had laughed at his feverish protestations.

The door was closed; but through a half-opened window he could see a patch of silk; a woman's back, bending slightly forward over the music.

As Rafael came up a dog began to bark at the end of the garden. Some hens that had been scratching about in the sand of the drive scampered off, cackling with fright. The music stopped. A chair scraped as it was pushed back. The lady was rising to her feet.

At the balcony a flowing gown of blue appeared; but all that Rafael saw was a pair of eyes—green eyes, that seemed to fill the entire window with a flood of light. And with a slight inclination of her splendid head of thick auburn hair that seemed to crown her with a helmet of old gold, she smiled to him with a friendly, somewhat mocking intimacy:

"WELCOME, Rafaclito. I don't know why, but I was expecting you this afternoon. We have heard all about your triumphs: the music and the tumult reached even to our desert. My congratulations to the Honorable Don Rafael Brullo. Come right in, *su señoría*."

FROM Valencia to Játiva, in all that immense territory covered with rice-fields and orange groves which Valencians embrace under the general and rather vague designation of *La Ribera*, there was no one unfamiliar with the name of Brullo and the political power it stood for.

The founder of this sovereign house had been Rafael's grandfather, the shrewd Don Jaime, who had established the family fortune by fifty years of slow exploitation of ignorance and poverty. A brazen charlatan he was, every moment talking of "Article Number So-and-so," of the law that applied to the case. The poor orchard-workers came to have as much awe for his learning as fear of his malice, and in all their controversies they sought his advice and paid for it, as if he were a lawyer. When he had got a small fortune together, he continued holding his menial posts in the city administration to retain the superstitious respect which is inspired in peasant-folk by all who are on good terms with the law; but not content with playing the eternal beggar, dependent on the humble gratuities of the poor, he took to pulling them out of their financial difficulties, lending them money on the collateral of their future harvests.

BUT six per cent seemed too petty a profit for him. Don Jaime became a dealer in dray-horses, buying more or less defective animals from gypsies in Valencia, praising their virtues to the skies, and reselling them as thoroughbreds. And no sale on the installment plan! Cash down! The horses did not belong to him; the best he could do in the circumstances—prompted by his greatness of heart, which always overflowed at the sight of poverty—was to borrow money for the (Continued on page 70)

Too-Perfect Barbara

Made in Heaven-I

By F.E. Baily

Illustrated by Will Greffé



Audrey was sheer girlish impulse, while Barbara's every gesture had its exact, calculated value.

OUTSIDE, on the stately terrace looking over a starlit sea, the Honorable Ivo Reginald Godfrey Coniston, doomed by destiny to be called Bill, talked of love to his younger sister Audrey.

"Love," said Bill Coniston very sadly, "is only a dream. Before the war you knew just what it was. She did the same things as you. Her people were the same sort as your people and you met her at dances during the season, at Ascot, at Cowes, and finally you married her, and had children to inherit after you. But, my dear Audrey, the war blasted everything. I've poured out my soul to a girl motor-driver in the Women's Legion and sat dumb before the stupidity of a duke's daughter in a drawing-room. The war took away my soul and left seven devils in its place."

AUDREY, in a wisp of a Heaven-sent frock that left the sheer glory of her nineteen years obvious to all mankind, laughed the little laugh of love in supreme mockery.

"My poor Bill!" she said. "You've been sand-bagged mentally and emotionally. I know. I was too much of a kid to do more than volunteer to run

errands with the car for a hospital. I've seen all those darling men too paralyzed even to take notice when they saw me. My legs aren't bad, and you know what skirts were then; and they never even looked when I climbed into the car. But you'll get over it, old dear. Love! Bill, don't you know what it means?"

HER gray eyes seemed to dilate, looking into his until he saw nothing but eyes. Her lips parted and her breath, coming quickly, seemed like incense on the air, although she was his sister. He felt himself tremble before an inscrutable mystery.

"Well," he demanded bluntly, "what does it mean? Tell me!"

"He's only a boy. I don't know that I adore him exactly. Of course, I'll never marry him—that's too serious and I'm too young. But when he kisses me, Bill, his lips seem to blend into mine, and the thrill runs through me right down into my very toes. It's that much wonderful and it can't be really love. So, I ask you, what must love be?"

"MARRIAGE," said Bill sententiously, "doesn't necessarily imply love. A marriage may be contracted on political, social, or even commercial grounds. But Love is quite another matter."

"I don't know," answered Bill slowly. "Once I thought I did. But the war taught me that nothing is anything and you and I are mere grains of dust. And what on earth is the importance of the sensations of grains of dust?"

Audrey, looking out over the violet ocean, caught the winking lamp-signals of one destroyer to another and it seemed like an omen—white-hot messages through the inexplicable dark.

"Bill," she retorted with the superb wisdom of a child that knows and knows not why it knows, "don't be a fool!"

INSIDE, Bill's father, the Earl of Wandermere, framed in the immemorial drawing-room built by his Norman forbears to the glory of God and the honor of an imperishable name, talked of marriage to his chosen guests, looking down on his two sympathetic hearers from his white-haired six feet of distance.

"To you, dear Alice, and you, Eustace, I can speak quite frankly," he said in his courteous old voice. "For my part this is a very moving occasion. We are here to celebrate Bill's twenty-fifth birthday, a sort of postponed coming of age since the war precluded the usual festivities when he was twenty-one. We are a small party. There are many who might have dined here tonight who will never dine here again. The boy's mother—a perfect woman, my dear Alice—is in heaven. I do not know how long I myself may be spared, but at least I have been allowed to look upon—er—ah—"

Major Eustace Hackett, D.S.O., fifty if a day, lean and keen as the leanest youngster, coughed irritably.

"Damn it, George, don't be such an old wet blanket," he grumbled in his clipped, precise army voice. "You talk as if you were trying to work up sympathy in the House of Commons."

ALICE—Mrs. Blundell-Waring—shrugged her perfectly preserved beauty with infinite pathos. Thirty-five years had not put one line on her lovely face that some expert could not find a way to take off. For her sake the Earl lived in torment, to the delight of them both.

"My dear Eustace," she said plaintively, "you are Bill's uncle. Relatives are born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. But I'm only a friend and expect to enjoy myself. Besides, my frock isn't suitable for these death-bed scenes."

"The thing is," went on the Earl majestically, "we must get Bill married. I know he's not the eldest, but Rockingham will never inherit. He's going to the devil like a gentleman in South Africa and he'll inevitably be killed in some fracas like so many other good chaps."

"MARRIAGE," murmured Mrs. Blundell-Waring reminiscently, "was ordained for the preservation of the race. Whom do you suggest for Bill's bride, George? Bill will be very difficult. He's so

frightfully good-looking and the war's made him so impossible.

The Earl smiled benevolently. He had come to the point at last.

"That, dear people, is where I require the help of you both."

The Major's face creased into a wan smile.

"You want breedin'—breedin' all the time, with a dash of the chorus chucked in," he assented.

Mrs. Blundell-Waring became one charming sneer incarnate.

"You want some soft, long-suffering, pretty little thing Bill can bully and beat, and then mourn over."

The Earl surveyed them placidly.

"Barbara Hawkins is coming here tomorrow. There have been Hawkinses at Hawksbury ever since the Battle of Hastings, and Barbara's perfectly brought up—none of your racin', chasin', swearin', cigarette-smokin' modern kind." He met the eye of Alice, blushed, and continued: "She's twenty-four, and I wouldn't swear that she's ever been kissed yet—"

The butler interrupted Alice's peal of laughter.

"Dinner is served, my lord," he said sacramentally.

THERE were laid before them all the fruits of the earth, from the soup to the savory, served with that stately ritual which accompanies the ancient Wandermere plate. Alice, dark, slender, worldly to the finger-tips, set herself to torture the Earl, with conspicuous ability. Audrey, golden-haired, golden with youth, flung the shock-troops of her nineteen-year-old charm at the dizzy head of her uncle the Major. Bill, made and handled by Eton and the Guards, behaved perfectly as the guest of the evening with his mind miles away, divided between the girl-driver in the Women's Legion and Audrey's philosophy of love.

Finally the butler placed before his master the great gold loving-cup given by William the Conqueror to the first earl, filled with that cunningly mingled drink that is a cherished secret of the Wandermeres. They drank the King's health, the Major rising a little late because the Gold Hussars always drink it seated. They lighted cigarettes. Then the Earl, with the faint sigh that comes of a good dinner and the consciousness of being one of the best people, rose once more and glanced benevolently at his son.

"LADIES and gentlemen," he said, "I rise to propose Bill's health on his official coming of age. If I may address myself to you for a moment, Bill, I would remind you that you are practically certain to inherit the title. So, my dear Bill, it is incumbent on you to marry. The choice of a wife is a delicate matter. You will, I am sure, enjoy the advice and help of our dear Alice, your sister, your uncle, and myself. I can only add for my part that in our guest who arrives tomorrow we shall see the charming daughter of my oldest friend. I drink to your health, happiness, and prosperity!"

The vast cup circled the gathering, blessed by the delicately carmined lips of Alice, the wild-rosebud mouth of Audrey. Bill made a beautiful speech, looking like a blue-eyed young god. But he contracted no promises, he fell into no trap.

BILL, whistling dolefully, undressed with the May moon streaming through the unblinded window; the hoot of an owl, the sigh of a night breeze through the trees, the long wash of far-off waves, blended into a liqueur of sentiment. At twenty-five a man is not very old, even after much war. Bill, restless in silk dressing-gown and pajamas, took a letter from the breast pocket of his dress coat where it had

comforted him all the evening. It was written in an eager, vivid handwriting and it said:

14, Cadogan Mews, Kensington, S. W. 1, 31
May 12, 1921

DEAR OLD BILL:

You were a perfect darling to send me the roses, and thank you ever so much. Of course I love you, you silly thing, the same as you do me; but it's all no use, is it? I mean it was different in the old days during the war when we were all here to-day and gone tomorrow. I'm a working girl with a whole garage on my shoulders; you're the peerage and you've got to marry a suitable young person.

Of course I remember all sorts of little things—our dinners at Boulogne when you came through on leave, and how I cried, and you never knew, when your Division went in at Loos and I felt quite certain I'd never see you again.

It all seems hundreds of years ago, doesn't it, and anyway it's over. We bought a two-seated Rolls today—rather a darling. By by, dear, and love from

FELICIA.

BILL tilted the shade of the bedside lamp, took up pencil and pad, and sighed a little. Then he wrote steadily, with a look of great concentration, setting out all his troubles, and many arguments, arguing for himself and against himself, and contradicting himself hundreds and hundreds of times. The result he regarded with immense satisfaction and addressed to Miss Felicia Carey, 14, Cadogan Mews. Finally he slept.

THE limousine swept up to the main entrance with a kind of stately repose, its decent tires hardly disturbing a pebble. A footman, his face carved out of the solid wood, descended to open the door. In another second Barbara Hawkins stepped out, followed by her inscrutable middle-aged maid.

The group seated beneath the trees on the far side



"My poor Bill!" said Audrey sympathetically. "You've been sandbagged mentally and emotionally. But you'll get over it. I know. . . ."



"I could never live with a stainless character," said Bill bitterly. "I'd choke."

of the lawn stirred into life. The Major and Bill swallowed the remains of their ante-lunch drinks. Alice smiled thoughtfully. Audrey moved across the grass with the effortless ease of a cat. She came back, her arm linked through Barbara's. Bill, rising to greet the guest, contrasted the pair in his mind: Audrey sheer impulse and personality, Barbara trained to a hair, every movement, word, gesture worth its exact, calculated value.

"Hullo, Barbara!" said Bill.

"Hullo!" said Barbara, stretching out a gloved hand.

"You look a picture of health, Barbara," said Alice.

"Toppin' day, what?" said the Major.

BARBARA sat gracefully on a teakwood chair. "Mother sent her love, Audrey," she announced in her light, clear voice. "She couldn't come to lunch because her neuritis is bothering her again. You all look frightfully lazy and jolly."

"Have a drink, child," interrupted Audrey.

Bill squeezed a lemon, added sugar to the juice, a suspicion of gin, a spot of bitters, filled up with soda, and dropped in a lump of ice. Barbara drank gravely, always with her little air of perfect self-possession. The Major watched her critically.

"You ought to have put just a grate of nutmeg on top, Bill," he said casually. "It gives it a touch, don't you know. Bit insipid otherwise."

"Everybody doesn't like nutmeg," murmured Alice. "Do you, Barbara?" Her lazy half-shut eyes traveled slowly over the perfectly groomed, tweed-suited figure.

"It's topping as it is," said Barbara sweetly.

"Come over to the house and let me settle you in before lunch," commanded Audrey. "I'd like you to start fair with a nice clean face. The rest can do as they please."

FOR two days Bill endured even unto the end. In the early morning Barbara rode brightly and perfectly with him, in a safety apron side-saddle habit, oblivious of Audrey flaunting boyish limbs in perfect-fitting breeches on a man's saddle. Later she played the irreproachable golf of a person whose handicap is five. Or it might be she smote the tennis ball

at his side, relentless at the base-line and hefty at the net. Her bridge was sound and smiling and she danced prettily. She recalled, in short, those impeccable stores where they sell everything and do all things well.

"You know really, Bill, Barbara's an awfully nice girl—sound, I believe, is the word," drawled Alice over her after-dinner coffee, dreamy with frock and fair-mindedness, feeling like a tolerant angel and having much that appearance.

"There's something about that girl, Bill, old boy," declared the Major over a final whisky and soda. "Why, she'd sit up and smile at an earthquake! I like her."

"Then why don't you marry her? And I'm not an earthquake, anyhow," retorted Bill, peevishly.

BILL went upstairs with lead in his patent leather shoes, knocked at Audrey's door, and entered the shrine of that splendid young goddess. She had just gone to bed. Bill sat down on the bed, showing every sign of bad temper.

"You look like something out of *La Vie Parisienne*," he said disapprovingly. "I'm getting fed up with this business. The house smells like a matrimonial agency. Tell me something about this Hawkins girl. I've hardly seen her since she was a flapper."

He picked up Audrey's cigarette box, frowned, put it back, and took one of his own cigarettes. In the meantime her face had put on a womanly expression. She laid a slender hand affectionately on his arm.

"We were at Grey Cloisters together," she began. "Of course Barbara's an awfully good sort. She fielded at short slip for the first eleven and carried out her bat for twenty-nine in the last match against the fathers. She was head of No. 4 House and got the bronze medal for English Literature. Oh, and her people put up a stained-glass window in the Chapel."

"Did she ever do anything wrong?" asked Bill with extreme bitterness. "I could never live with a stainless character. I should choke."

"Well," said Audrey, "nothing very wrong. I believe she has eaten a chocolate cream at chapel, and of course she might have got Lucy Majoribanks expelled for smoking. That shows she's a sport—what, Bill, old trout?"

BILL got up sadly, threw his cigarette-end into the grate, and stared moodily around.

As he closed the door the womanly look faded from Audrey's face, leaving it perfectly natural.

"I wonder if they've clicked?" she exclaimed hungrily. "He's so irritable she might quite well have accepted him!"

BARBARA, tripping down early to breakfast, found the Major practicing his golf-swing on the lawn with profound solemnity. He rested from his labors as she came up, and smiled at her, looking very personable with his narrow, soldier's head, clipped mustache, and lean, wiry figure.

"I'm getting ready to lick you but I never shall. Anno Domini will always be too much for me. Youth will be served," he said. And the voice was the voice of the A. D. C. to H. E. the Viceroy that held female Simla in bondage round about 1895.

"You know I'm driving disgracefully," she answered, smiling back.

Faint yet sweetly on the air came an odor of distant orange blossoms. It did not, however, penetrate to the stables, where Bill, having interned Alice in one of the harness rooms, talked feverishly in an atmosphere of saddle soap and leather.

"Don't you know anything against this impossible young woman with the personality of a rice-pudding the Gov'nor wants me to marry?" he asked with passion. "Isn't there any scandal you can rake up to give her a little flavor? Wasn't she kissed by a second lieutenant during Armageddon or something?"

"Barbara—Bar-bar-a," crooned Alice, her eyes fixed dreamily on a standing martingale. "It's a pretty name. Means a little bear, doesn't it?"

"A little bore, I should think," growled Bill.

She looked at his handsome young face, his tall supple strength, pictured to herself how his arm could crush a loved woman into a heavenly ache of agony, remembered Rodney salmon-fishing near Peebles, sighed, and lied skillfully:

"Well, if you must know, I believe there was some story of a man Barbara adored a good deal. It's rather sad. I have an idea he was married. Probably it's all blown over by now, but still these things leave a scar behind. You're only a man, Bill. You don't understand. Perhaps that's why she's so beastly bright."

She let her voice trail off into nothing. There is a great art in knowing where to stop. Bill swallowed bait, hook, and all. In his restless mood a morbid interest held him as nothing else could.

"Poor little devil!" he murmured feelingly.

MEETING the Major before lunch, Alice slanted malicious eyes at him through carefully treated lashes.

"Believe me," she announced, "the favorite has gone to odds on. Nothing in the field can touch her."

Watching Audrey and Barbara depart unrejoicing to lunch with the vicar, the spirit of intrigue glowed within her subtle as alcohol. An idea was born, thrived, and matured in her brain in the brief interval between Barbara's two neat steps into the waiting car. "It only needs a man's photograph in her room, and poor old Eric's will do," she reflected. "Bill can't know him because Eric's always in northern Nigeria except during leave and then he's always with me. Now how helpless I should be (Continued on page 66)

Never Begin

With Lions

By Montague Glass

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

"IT'S a very up-to-date town, Los Angeles," Charles Krasnik remarked to Dr. Newton. "The latest ain't hardly late enough for the people out here, which I don't suppose it was two hours after Hoover ordered sugar bowls off of the lunch-room tables before they called a street East and West Hoover Street after him, y'understand; and now they wouldn't allow lions to be kept in the city limits."

"Well, a lion ain't the quietest animal in the world," Dr. Newton said.

"Neither is muffler cut-outs or flat-wheel trolley cars," Krasnik retorted, "which if someone would told me when the Graphic Arts Fillum Studios went to work and put up a million-dollar plant, that the City Council was going to make it from six to twelve months' imprisonment to keep lions on the lot, do you think we couldn't just so well located in Brooklyn or somewheres?"

"BUT you said you were going to give up making wild-animal comedies," Dr. Newton said.

"Why wouldn't we give 'em up?"

Krasnik asked. "Every time a lion gets a little *Magenbeschwerden* right away you charge us ten dollars a visit and fifteen dollars for medicine, which if you charge the same for fixing up sick horses as you do for sick lions, the only thing that saved you from becoming a regular Otto H. Kahn was the development of the automobile business."

"I've kept your lions in first-class condition, Mr. Krasnik," the veterinary protested.

"All except Julius," Krasnik said.

"Up to a couple weeks ago, you didn't even have to point your finger at him and he would be on his hind legs showing his teeth like a lion-brand trade-mark already, and now he ain't got no more pep than a sick cat."

"Well, that's what he is," Dr. Newton declared, "—a sick cat, and a very sick cat at that. If I was you, Mr. Krasnik, I'd sell Julius before he died on me. He's got kidney trouble, and when a lion gets kidney trouble, it's only a matter of days when you can kiss yourself good-by with him."

"YES?" Krasnik said. "Well, I should

be very much obliged if you can tell me where I could sell eight healthy lions, let alone a chronic invalid of a lion like Julius. Last week I nearly put 'em over on a rubber man which he wanted to present a zoo to the town where he was born in Iowa on account of having already given em a library and a wall around the cemetery, y'understand, and we wasn't two hundred dollars apart on the price when a couple big tire concerns passed their dividends, which I bet yer right now, he wouldn't even loosen up for a garter snake. That's the way the rubber business is, Doctor, and the moving-picture business ain't much better, neither."

"Did you advertise them?" the Doctor asked.

"In every show paper in the country," Krasnik replied. "I give them a full page in the *Dramatic Gazette* and a double-page spread in the *Vaudeville News* and the only answer I got was somebody writes to know if I've got an opening for a lion-tamer."

"And yet somewhere, somehow, there must be a market for them lions," the Doctor said.

"Well, it's got to show itself quick," Krasnik declared, "because I give them lions just six days' more board and lodgings at our expense, and after that, sick or well, anybody can shoot them that wants to."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry," Dr. Newton advised him. "I'll give a look around the studios, and if I hear something, I'll let you know."

FROM the office of the Graphic Arts Film Studios, Incorporated, Dr. Newton proceeded immediately to the lobby of the Macedonia Hotel, which is

at once the Rialto and the *Bourse du Travail* of the moving-picture industry in Los Angeles. There for more than two hours he button-holed friends and acquaintances in an effort to discover some moving-picture manufacturer who might consider the acquisition of a cut-rate menagerie of lions. He had about abandoned the matter and was listening to a statement of just how her mother felt, after eating, by the cigar-stand attendant, who was under the impression that she was speaking to an osteopath, when they were interrupted by a dark young man.

"When you get through'll be time enough, Doc," the young man said.

"I'll be right with you as soon as I put down an address for this lady," he said, and then continued to the cigar-stand attendant: "At her age it's probably the kidneys, so she should take a glass of Eagle Lithia Water for two dollars a dozen by the case from the Eagle Lithia Water Company, 2242 South Gutierrez Street, every twenty minutes. Tell 'em I sent you."

He turned to the young man and took in at a glance the large flat cap and the belted overcoat



"I guess maybe he's fired from the trip," the Krasnik keeper suggested.

in a natural-wool material, which in Los Angeles proclaims the moving-picture actor, much as in Seville you can tell a bull fighter by the little pigtail he wears. There are, to be sure, in Seville young men who wear pigtail's in the hope that they will be mistaken for *toreros* just as there are lawyers' clerks in Los Angeles who wear clothing appropriate to the moving-picture business, so that Dr. Newton, who was no stranger to process servers and bill collectors, remained discreetly silent.

"It's about them cats," the young man said.

"Now I place you," Dr. Newton said. "You're working with the Maimin & Weltfisch Master Comedies, ain't you?"

The young man nodded.

"My name is Morton Gips," he replied. "Max Maimin is my uncle by marriage and if Douglas Fairbanks or Tom Mix would have had jobs by relations, Dr. Newton, today yet they would be working in Two Reel Westerns at a hundred a week."

THE Doctor lighted a cigar and between puffs said something which might have been "Ain't it the truth?" or perhaps, "That's the way it goes." At any rate he felt no such sympathy for a case of great talent unappreciated as he did towards a case of kidney trouble which could find relief in lithia water

manufactured by the Eagle Lithia Water Company, since Dr. Newton's own brother Sigmund Neustadt was the president of that company and Dr. Newton himself was a stockholder in it.

"So when I heard you was trying to sell them cats, I says to myself, here's where I come in," Morton Gips continued.

"Why?" the Doctor asked. "Have you got a customer?"

To this Morton replied by drawing from his pocket a well-worn typewritten manuscript.

"I got here a five-reel continuity calling for the use of cats," he said, "written especially for me by Millicent Mae O'Brien."

"I never heard of her," the Doctor said.

"You will some day," Morton declared.

"She's got more on the ball than any professional screen writer in the game."

"I'll take your word for it," the Doctor assured him.

"You don't have to take my word for it," Morton said. "Read it, that's all."

"Say, for that matter, you're a better judge than I am," the Doctor protested.

"Does it call for a double exposure, or do you want a couple of milk-fed animals to use on location?"

"IT DON'T have to be no Wallace, if that's what you mean," Morton continued. "I can handle a lion if it ain't a regular man-eater, Doc, and in this here continuity I'm supposed to be an Englishman, used to was a lord in the old country, see, and on account of my fiancée going back on me, I am living like a sort of hermit, y'understand, the location being a jungle like around back of Balboa Beach. Well, there's a chief's daughter which was kidnapped from white parents, and this chief's daughter loves me, see, and—"

"Then all you could use is one lion," the Doctor interrupted.

"For a start, Doc," Morton said, "provided

we can get Maimin & Weltfisch to accept this continuity."

"What do you mean, we?" the Doctor asked.

"What have I got to do with it?"

"That's just the point," Morton replied. "Them cats belong to the Graphic Arts, don't they?"

The Doctor nodded.

"Then here's the idea, see?" Morton said. "You get Krasnik to write Maimin & Weltfisch he understands they got a continuity by the name 'Fangs of Destiny,' or 'Should Married Men Behave,' on account we ain't decided on the title, and that he would like them to quote a figure on it not more than five thousand dollars."

"And right away Maimin & Weltfisch unloads the script on Krasnik at that figure," the Doctor said.

"I see Krasnik writing such a letter."

"Maimin & Weltfisch don't own the script, and besides, asking someone to quote a figure on goods ain't an offer," Morton continued.

For more than a minute the Doctor pondered the situation.

"How much do you think Maimin & Weltfisch would pay for a lion?" he asked.

"I can show 'em figures where dealers is asking as high as five thousand dollars, F.O.B. New York," Morton replied.

"I'll think it over and let you know," the Doctor said.

But almost a week went by before Morton heard anything more about the matter. In fact the first intimation he received that his plan had borne any other than dead-sea fruit was a summons he received while working on the lot of the M. & W. Master Comedies to attend Maimin and Weltfisch in their private office.

WHEN he entered, an ominous pulse was beating in the cheeks of his uncle by marriage, Max Maimin. Morton was nevertheless reassured by the manner of B. Weltfisch, which was singularly affable.

"Sit down, Morton," he said, and drew a well-stocked cigar case from his breast pocket, whereat Morton's eyes glistened, but entirely without justification, for after selecting an elaborately banded perfecto Weltfisch bit off the end and replaced the case in his pocket.

"Tell me, Morton," he said, "what did you done with that continuity you mentioned to us."

"Mentioned to us!" Maimin exclaimed. "Why, he has talked us deaf, dumb, and blind about it, and furthermore, Weltfisch, for my part I don't give a nickel what he done with it."

"Well, I could ask, couldn't I?" Weltfisch bellowed.

"Go ahead and ask," Maimin retorted; "but I tell you one thing, Weltfisch, it wouldn't make no difference to me if Gips's mother was my own sister instead of my wife's, we ain't ekvipt for no cat picture and we ain't going to make none."

"Is that so?" Weltfisch said. "Well, let me tell you something: I was talking by parties which has been making pictures with cats for years already, and for one cat you don't got to be ekvipt."

"Certainly not," Morton Gips agreed. "One cat ain't hard to handle."

"SAY, listen! Don't tell me!" Maimin cried. "Last year when the Cyclo people was manufacturing this here picture about Zero the Emperor what fiddled when Rome was burning, they only had one lion, y'understand; and what did the lion do, understand me, but so soon as they got it onto the lot, y'understand, it turned around and went to work and bit sixty-two extra people. Mr. Schenckman, the vice-president, told me afterwards you would



"Morton is a sort of hermit, y'understand, and there's a chief's daughter which was kidnapped from white parents loves him, y'understand. . . ."



M. LEONE
BRACKER
1921

"You got altogether the wrong idea about lions, Mommer," Maimin protested. "Julius ain't what you'd call savage."

think the lion was on a diet and couldn't eat nothing but extra people. Cost 'em on an average five hundred dollars apiece to settle with them extra people, and that's what's *one* lion could do."

He swung around in his revolving chair and busted himself with some papers on his desk by way of letting his partner and his nephew understand that as far as he, Maimin, was concerned, the interview was at an end.

"Then you ain't going into it. Is that the idea?" Weltfisch asked.

Maimin oscillated once more in his chair, not to say his determination.

"And another thing, suppose the lion should bite Morton here?" he asked.

"That's all right," Weltfisch replied. "Morton gives us a release in advance that he wouldn't sue us nor nothing."

"Certainly I would," Morton declared.

"And who is going to give me a release that my wife wouldn't make my life miserable on account I went to work and let Morton get bit?" Maimin inquired.

"When a man has got *such* a wife that all it takes to make him miserable is once in a while she calls him down, y'understand," Weltfisch commented, "if it wouldn't be one thing, it would be another, so therefore if you don't want to do this picture, I will."

HE EMPHASIZED this ultimatum by putting on a pair of rubber-tired spectacles with large round rims and once more perusing a letter which, from the three-color-process printing upon it, Morton immediately recognized as coming from the offices of the Graphic Arts Film Studios, Charles Krasnik, Managing Director.

For a brief interval, Max Maimin hesitated.

"But you don't know what you are getting yourself into at all," he protested. "For instance, how much would such a lion cost?"

"What's the difference what it costs?" Weltfisch asked. "We could always sell it again, couldn't we?"

"But how much *does* it cost?" Maimin insisted. "Do you know, Morton?"

"Well," Morton said as calmly as though he were not quite aware that upon his answer depended his entire future as a moving-picture actor, "I got quotations from wild-animal dealers in New York, and I think you could get a first-class A-number-one lion, F.O.B. Los Angeles for five thousand five hundred dollars."

"Then I wash myself of the whole business," Maimin declared, and this time he temporarily meant what he said. He gave further evidence of it by shutting his roll-top desk with almost enough energy to wreck it, and finally left the office, slamming the door violently behind him.

NEVERTHELESS, when two weeks later he entered the same office to discover his partner B. Weltfisch in whispered consultation with his wife's nephew Morton Gips, he became at once indignant. "Let me in on this, too," he said. "Ain't I a partner here?"

"Not in this you ain't," Weltfisch retorted. "You declared yourself out of it."

He folded up a letter with elaborate furtiveness, as though concealing something which was emphatically none of Maimin's business.

"I'll write them people this morning giving them the refusal of Illinois outside of Chicago, Ohio, and Iowa," he continued, addressing Morton, "and don't say a word about it to nobody."

Morton nodded mysteriously and thereby infuriated his uncle by marriage.

"Is that so?" Max exclaimed. "Well, just try it on, that's all, because if I ain't in on this, there is lawyers and courts in Los Angeles the same like in New York City."

"All right," B. Weltfisch said mildly. "If you changed your mind, then you are entitled to look at this letter."

He drew it from his pocket and began to spread it open upon his desk.

"But first," he added, "you should be so good as to give me your check for twelve hundred and fifty dollars."

"What for?" Maimin asked.

"For Julius," Weltfisch replied.

"Who's Julius?" Maimin asked.

"Julius is a lion, and I paid Charles Krasnik twenty-five hundred dollars for him," Weltfisch answered.

Once more a pulse beat in Maimin's cheek. For more than a minute he drummed the top of his desk with his fingers, but finally he filled out a check to his partner's order for twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

"I hope you know what you're doing," he said as he handed it to Weltfisch.

"Does this look like I didn't?" Weltfisch asked, thrusting the letter at Maimin.

It was a communication from the head office of the Fifth National Exhibitors, signed by Benedict Neustadt, vice president, requesting the M. & W. Master Comedies to quote a figure not exceeding two hundred thousand dollars for the right to distribute a six-reel comedy-drama entitled "The Fangs of Destiny." That the letter followed closely the form employed by Charles Krasnik, passed entirely unnoticed by both Weltfisch and Maimin. Nor did they attach any significance to the name Neustadt of which Newton is an Anglicization, for neither Weltfisch nor Maimin had ever met Dr. Newton. Throughout the negotiations leading up to the purchase of Julius, he had sedulously avoided the office of the Graphic Arts Film Studio, and while the matter hung fire he had merely helped things along by inducing his nephew Benedict Neustadt to write the entirely harmless letter which had so elated Maimin and Weltfisch, and incidentally had earned for the Doctor a twenty-five per cent commission on the sale of Julius.

"**Y**ES, Maimin," Weltfisch said, patting Morton on the shoulder, "the way it is with some people, there is no profit for a feller in his own country as the saying is; which if my wife would have a nephew like Morton here, instead I should begrudge it to give him a show, y'understand. I would figure that blood is redder than water even if he *would* be only a relation of my wife."

(Continued on page 61)



Copyright by W. M. Voynich

A typical page from the Voynich manuscript, showing Friar Bacon's sketches, which clearly indicate his interest in herbs and roots. Though the text on these pages has not yet been deciphered, the receptacles on the left-hand margin of the right-hand page—resembling pharmaceutical implements of the Middle Ages—suggest Bacon's probable consideration of the medicinal properties in the plants he has depicted.



Roger Bacon an English man.

ROGER BACON was a Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century. It is well not to confound him with Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626). Roger lived in the reign of Henry III; the other was Lord High Chancellor to James I, three hundred years later. It is generally considered that Lord Bacon was the founder of the "scientific method." But Roger Bacon, who lived more than two centuries before, is more truly the originator, while the other is the follower. The new Voynich manuscript, being deciphered by Professor W. R. Newbold, brings to light some remarkable scientific discoveries of Friar Bacon. No wonder, to judge by his astronomical charts, that he was put under the ban by the order to which he belonged; looking through his medieval telescope, he was beginning to believe that the earth was not the center of the universe, and that was equivalent to saying that the Pope was not the center of church authority outside of heaven! In 1267, reference in his work suggests that he had had forty years of study and twenty years of specialization. In 1277, Bacon's teachings were condemned and he himself put in prison. And it was not until 1292 that he was set free. He died about 1293. It was Roger Bacon, says H. G. Wells, in "The Outline of History," who "shouted to mankind: 'Cease to be ruled by dogmas and authorities; look at the world.'"

16

A Cinderella in Parchment

The Romance of the New 600-Year-Old
Bacon Manuscript

By Montrose J. Moses

MORE than six hundred years ago, harassed by his Franciscan superiors, Friar Roger Bacon wrote a manuscript in cipher embodying many of his most distinctive scientific conclusions. In this way he hoped to outwit those enemies of learning who thought him a necromancer, a juggler with the devil's own fire, a bolshevik disturber of Church discipline, and all the rest of those disorders usually attributed to a man much in advance of his times. This Roger Bacon was a twentieth-century scientist from whose laboratory, in some dark corner of Oxford University, came strange sounds of exploding gunpowder, as he carried on his startling and revolutionary experiments.

He was a canny old medieval, this Roger Bacon, with a sense of humor which must have endeared him to his students. His was an imagination which chafed beneath established theory; he made marvelous discoveries—which he almost immediately buried for fear of being burned at the stake.

Roger Bacon lived in a strange, contradictory time of the revival of learning and the suppression of truth. But, loving truth and having a fearless tongue—to say nothing of an undaunted spirit—this Roger Bacon uttered fearless and fearful criticism of the religious orders, kings, nobles, scholars. In consequence he spent many years in prison under the ban of his religious order.

In such times of enforced quiet, he set down on parchment a monumental, encyclopedic survey of his learning and wisdom. Sometimes he wrote in spurious Latin a perfect jargon of meaningless statement, like Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwock* in "Through the Looking-Glass," which merely awaited a key to unlock its meaning. At other times he wrote in Latin so simple and terse as to be a model of style; and still again in

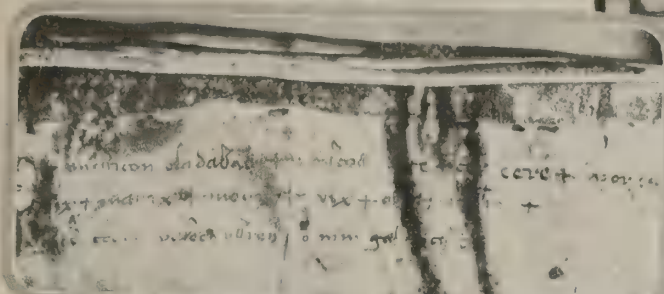
strange, cryptic letters akin to Arabic or Syrian—a secret code more complicated than any used before or after.

HAD the world at large only realized what he was setting down at this time, the hands of history would have been put forward several hundred years. For Roger Bacon was noting his thorough knowledge of known scientific facts which it has taken—since his day—so many centuries of investigation to unravel.

Somewhere beneath the dusty eaves of Oxford are doubtless huddled his mathematical and astronomical instruments, and scattered like the leaves of autumn are some of his rare manuscripts, chips of a larger work on the history of human knowledge, human understanding, and the principles of truth-getting. Such an incalculable treasure has just come to light out of the thirteenth-century past.

Now, there was in Oxford an old monk in cloak and cowl, masquerading as a thirteenth-century ecclesiastic, yet interested in natural science. And here in Philadelphia today is a scribbled manuscript, masking as a medieval treatise, yet, in substance and illustration, suggesting that it is the latest word on modern science.

ROGER BACON has come into his own again; he is born anew, and this time in the right century. We can imagine him in his monk's robes walking into the most perfectly equipped automobile factory and taking things as a matter of consequence, visiting our largest shipyards and scarcely turning his head in curiosity, standing in an aviation field and not questioning the why or wherefore; because this undogmatic Franciscan monk—either in his cell or in his study—wrote (remember, away back in the days of Al-



In these few cryptic lines—which, as translated, contain over a page of text—Roger Bacon describes his entire key, and chuckles over the difficulties he is making for those who, in the future, might want to know what he says of scientific matters.

Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas, not in the days of Edison, Marconi, and Madame Curie):

"Machines for navigating are possible without rowers, so that great ships suited to river or ocean, guided by one man, may be borne with greater speed than if they were full of men. Likewise cars may be made so that without a draught animal they may be moved *cum impetus inestimabili*, as we deem the scythed chariots to have been from which antiquity fought. And flying machines are possible, so that a man may sit in the middle turning some device by which artificial wings may beat the air in the manner of a flying bird.

Here was all the latest twentieth-century news made known to the medieval world!

NO WONDER, therefore, that the finding of a Roger Bacon manuscript at the present time is causing a stir in scientific circles. There is no telling what this old monk has to say, how much he is going to upset our theories, whether he is destined to change the dates of history.

Wherever Roger Bacon is—whether a way back in the thirteenth century, or now in the twentieth—he is going to pique curiosity. He certainly gripped the imagination of Pope Clement IV, in his own time, who was wise enough to tell him that, whatever the crimes which brought down upon him the severe authority of his holy order, the imprisoned monk must be set free to write down and send forthwith to His Holiness a complete account of his studies. Likewise he is gripping, at the present moment, the attention of Professor William Romaine Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has come upon the key to the secret cipher of this manuscript—out of his knowledge of the Kabala (the book of Hebrew mystic philosophy)—and is testing it by dipping here and there into the yellowed pages of the parchment.

THE story of this Roger Bacon manuscript is a romance in itself. Talking with the discoverer of it, and the owner of it, Mr. Wilfrid M. Voynich of London, known to all rare-book lovers and collectors as a supreme authority on medieval manuscripts, one catches the enthusiasm of the hunt. It is as though Roger Bacon were exerting black magic in these days of many white-magic accomplishments, were rising Phoenix-like from a castle in Southern Europe.

In 1912, amidst an enormous collection of richly illuminated manuscripts, weighted in gold decoration and precious stones, there lay an ugly duckling of a parchment, unrecognizable in its strange scrawls, but alluring in the colored sketches. Some of them seemingly form a botanical notebook, while others resembled astronomical observations. But this Cinderella among her glittering sisters, this unattractive, pot-marked parchment was greater than all the others. Mr. Voynich knew his medieval lore, and he understood all the earmarks of Baconian manuscripts, for he had handled them before. A cursory glance told him that there was a work of encyclopedic character, and that there were only two men of the medieval age who might have written it—Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon.

But Magnus had no need of secrecy, for he was strong socially, politically, and ecclesiastically, whereas Roger Bacon had confessed, in former works, that he was forced to use cipher, and he knew the art of hieroglyphics.

SO, MR. VOYNICH went off with his purchases and this one great Bacon find; the task before him was to establish the pedigree of his treasure, to ferret out whose hands it had passed through since leaving those of the Franciscan monk.

In the back of the manuscript was an attached



An illustration for which Bacon would have been imprisoned, had he not already been sentenced. Here he represents the descent of souls from heaven—a doctrinal interpretation which the medieval monks spent volumes of vellum disputing.

leaf from Johannes Marcus Marci, dated Kronland, 1666, presenting the manuscript to Athanasius Kircher. Marci, of the seventeenth century, had an international reputation as a mathematician, orientalist, alchemist, cabalist, and writer on the magnet. As president of Prague University—it must be remembered that the Middle Ages were the period for the establishment of great universities like Oxford and Paris, at both of which Bacon studied—he was much sought after in all scientific research work, and was recipient of an invitation from the London Royal Society to deliberate with them in their councils. Marci had been born a few years after the Spanish Armada. So here, at a leap, Mr. Voynich began his detective work by connecting his twentieth-century find definitely with authorities of the seventeenth.

IF THE manuscript was of value, why give it away to Kircher, you argue? There were good and sufficient reasons. Marci had been converted by the Jesuits and was entering a monastery in Prague. He could hardly carry with him such an unholy manuscript. So to his teacher and friend, who was such an expert in cipher reading that he officially translated most of the markings on the obelisks in Rome, the precious book of cabalistic writing was given. Justly was this the case, for, in Marci's letter of deed, he refers to the unknown friend who had given him the manuscript, and whose one desire was that Kircher,

the great "unraveler of Sphinxes," should attempt to unlock the secret writing therein.

The curse which had fallen on the scientific head of Roger Bacon touched every page of his manuscript, for even Kircher, chief of a great museum, felt that he must not house the "ugly duckling." His catalogue of books fails to register even the lodgment of the precious pages for a night.

But among his friends and admirers—and he had kings, emperors, and popes on his social register—was the Duke of Parma and Bacon became the property of the Duke, was duly stored away, to remain until Mr. Voynich, in truly enthusiastic bibliophile style, captured it from its darkness. A line of identity is therefore established between 1680 and 1912.

GOING backward, in crablike fashion, we find that Bacon's mysterious, invaluable book led the life of a Bohemian gypsy. Readers of history will recall that in the seventeenth century every effort was made to stamp out the fruits of the Reformation and of the Bohemian language. The Austrian soldiers were burning all but Latin and German books, and it is a wonder this precious cabalistic manuscript escaped. Mr. Voynich, however, found that it was always in the hands of those who were attempting to smash Bohemia. Marci was a heavy purchaser of confiscated Bohemian lands. A further clue was now forthcoming.

(Continued on page 75)



Victor heard his father speaking to him, just as he used to do when he was alive. "My son! My dear son!"

The Master of Man

By Hall Caine

Illustrated by Walter Louderback

"GOOD heavens, what does it matter? A lie is only dangerous when it does some harm."

Stowell awoke on the second day after the escape, putting his situation to himself so. Where was the harm if Gell was suspected? Who was being hurt by it? He was gone with the woman he loved. He was happy. What would he care about the evil name he had left behind him?

"Then where's the harm? And why am I frightening myself?"

He would let things go on as usual—of course he would. Only he must make certain that the fugitives had got clear away.

Remembering that he had seen placards of the Atlantic sailings in the railway-station, he walked over to the station from the glen. It was all right—a big Atlantic liner was timed to leave Queenstown at twelve that day. It was now half-past twelve. Gell and Bessie would be out on the open sea by this time—steaming past Kinsale where the Manx boats fished for mackerel.

Where's the harm?

BUT just as he was leaving the station with a sense of security and triumph a train from Douglas drew up at the platform. The guard shouted something to the station-master, and, looking back, Stowell saw a crowd gathering about a first-class carriage.

Somebody was being assisted to alight. It was the Speaker. He was utterly helpless. Between two

"A LIE is only dangerous when it does some harm," said Victor Stowell, Deemster of Ballamoar—and saved his own good name by sending his innocent friend off to America in charge of the girl Victor himself had betrayed. But can Victor keep silent if Alick Gell is to be hunted down and brought back home to bitter humiliation and undeserved punishment?

members of the House of Keys the stricken man was half carried to a dog-cart that was waiting for him at the gate.

His mouth was agape; his legs were dragging behind him; and his large hands were shaken by senile trembling. He did not speak, but as he went by Stowell he looked up, and Stowell felt that from those red eyes a mute malediction was being thrown at him.

When the dog-cart had gone, with the Speaker stretched out in it, stiff as a dead horse, and one of the Keys to see him home, the other joined Stowell and walked down the road with him.

"Then Your Honor hasn't heard what has happened?"

"No. What?"

There had been a sitting of the Keys that morning. The debate had been on some new scheme of land tenure—a thinly disguised form of confiscation. The Speaker had opposed it passionately, saying a man had a right to keep what

he had earned and hand it on to his children. Then Qualtrough (a firebrand who had nothing) had taunted him with the unfortunate affair of yesterday. Why did he want to hand on his land, his son having run away with the woman he had corrupted?

A TERRIBLE scene had followed. The Speaker had had one of his brain-storms. His neck had swelled until it was nearly as broad as his face. "Sit down, sir," he had shouted, but Qualtrough had refused to do so. At length, overcome by the clamor of his enemies and the silence of his friends, the Speaker had risen to resign. Since he could not maintain the authority of the chair he had no choice but to get out of it.

It had been a pitiful spectacle. None of those who were fathers had been able to look at it with dry eyes. The old man was trembling like a leaf and his legs seemed to be giving way under him.

"They say the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, but maybe it's as true the other way about. I'm going blind and deaf. The sands of my life are running out. . . ."

He was swaying forward and they thought he would have fallen on his face, but the Secretary of the House had caught him in his arms, and then two of them had been nominated to bring him home.

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"I'm sorry to say it to Your Honor, being his friend," said the member of the Keys, as they parted at the turn of the road, "but that young fellow has something to answer for."

STOWELL was shocked. That lie *had* done harm then! Was this the mystery of sin—that it must go on and on, from consequence to consequence, deep as the sea and unsearchable as the night?

On returning home he found Janet in great agitation. Mrs. Gell had sent across to ask if Robbie could run into Ramsey to fetch Doctor Clucas. The Doctor had come and gone. The Speaker had had a stroke. It was his second. The third would almost certainly prove fatal.

All that day Stowell was shaken by a chill terror. If the Speaker died, would Alick Gell come back to claim his inheritance? If so he would hear it said on all sides that he had killed his father by the disgrace he had brought on him.

What then? Would he expose the whole truth under that terrible temptation, and thus bring down Stowell himself to ruin and extinction? And would Fenella cast him off as one who—

"But what nonsense I'm talking!" thought Stowell.

Gell could never come back, because Bessie could never do so. Then who was to know that it was a lie that Gell had killed his father?

SUDDENLY came the thought, "I am to know." That fell on him like a thunderbolt. How was he to marry Fenella with a thought like that in his heart? It would be with him night and day. He might even blurt it out in his sleep. "Assassin! It was I who really killed that old man by letting that lie go on."

Feeling feverish and unable to remain indoors, he went out to walk on the gravel path in front of the house. The fresh air revived him and he took possession of himself again.

"If the Speaker dies it will be the act of God," he thought.

He would be in no way responsible. Neither would Gell. If rumor charged the son

with killing the father it would be a lie—a damned lie, manufactured by Fate, the great liar.

"And I have actually been thinking of doing something! What foolishness!"

It was not as if Gell were in any danger—the danger of arrest, for instance. *That* would be different. But Gell was in no danger—none whatever.

"Therefore bury the thing! Bury it and go on as usual," he told himself.

THE evening was closing in. It was beautiful and limpid. With a high step Stowell was walking to and fro on the path. Visions were rising before him of Gell and Bessie Collister on the big liner, plowing their way through the darkening ocean to that free continent "where the clouds sailed higher"—Archibald Alexander and his sister Elizabeth going out to the new world to begin life anew.

"What a fool I was!" he thought.

He had visions of Fenella too—how he would go up to Government House tomorrow morning. "Tell him to come back to me," she said to Janet, and now he would go. How happy he was going to be!

"Surely I've a right to some happiness after all I've gone through."

He gave himself up to the intoxication of living by anticipation through those most blissful moments to a man and woman who love each other—the first moments of reconciliation after a quarrel.

NIGHT had fallen. It was very dark. The late birds were silent, and only the soft young leaves of May were rustling in the darkness overhead with that gentleness that is like the whispering of angels.

All at once a red light jogged up from the gate, making shadows among the trees that bordered the drive.

"Good evenin', Dempster! A letter for you, sir." It was Kelly the postman.

"Thank you, Mr. Kelly," said Stowell, taking the letter. He could not see it in the darkness, but at the touch of it a heavy foreboding came over him.

"I suppose you've heard about that affair, Your Honor?"

"What affair?"

"Tommy Vondy. He's got himself kicked out of the Castle for letting that girl escape. The gorm! He's my first cousin and he's in his seventy-seven, but he was always a toot, was Tommy!"

"Good night, Mr. Kelly!"

"Good night, Your Honor!"

When Stowell returned to the porch he looked at his letter by the light of the lamp on the landing. It was from the Governor. He went into the Library and tore it open.

DEAR STOWELL. Of course you have heard what has happened. The escaped prisoner must be recaptured and dealt with according to law. And not she only, but her accomplice also. You know who that is—young Gell. The evidence against him is overwhelming. We have traced him almost to the door of the Castle on Sunday evening, and find, too, that a trading steamer left Castletown late the same night. There can hardly be a doubt that the fugitives sailed in her. We must find where she has gone to and bring her passengers back.

Come here tomorrow morning to issue the necessary warrant and assist Farrell to the



When Victor arrived a cordon of soldiers surrounded the Government offices, and the crowd was jeering at them from the middle of the street.



Victor saluted everybody in the farmyard . . . and the girls said afterwards that the master's voice had sounded as if he were saying good-by to them.

"distinguishing marks" which may be needful for Gell's identification. I know there is a certain risk in reopening this wretched inquiry. I had hoped to bury it once for all when I decided on what you thought the extreme step of sending the guilty woman to the gallows. But law and order must be upheld and the sooner we can silence the people who are saying we are winking at the corruption of justice to spare the son of the Speaker and the friend of the Deemster, the better for everybody.

So come at eleven. We (the Attorney and the Chief Constable) will be waiting for you. Good Lord! Haven't you been long enough away from the house anyway? If there are strained relations between you and Fenella let them be faced squarely and straightened out at once.

Yours, etc.,
JOHN S. STANLEY,
Brig.-Gen., K. C. B.

P.S.—Fenella says you have a photograph of Gell which was taken in America some years ago. It is probably the only one on the island, and therefore invaluable to Farrell at this moment. Bring it with you—don't forget.

STOWELL was struck with stupor. Alick Gell was in danger, then, and the whole situation was different.

Raising his eyes after reading the Governor's letter, he saw Gell's photograph on the mantelpiece in front of him. At that sight a flame of passion took possession of him, and snatching up the photograph he flung it in the fire.

"No, by God!" he said aloud. And if Farrell ever asked him for "distinguishing marks" towards Gell's identification he would take him by the throat and choke him.

But what about the warrant? Any justice of the peace might issue it, but if the Governor asked him to do so the request would be equal to a command. Suppose he did, what would be the result? Bessie would be brought back and executed. Worse than that, even worse, Gell would be arrested and tried—perhaps by him, and under his warrant!

"No, no, no! It would be a crime—a base, cowardly, infamous, abominable crime!"

The veins of his forehead swelled as he thought of the trial. It would be more terrible than the other one. To sit in judgment on an innocent man, being himself the guilty one—not Jeffries, or Braxfield, or Brandon, or Harebottle, or any of the bewigged barbarians whose names befouled the annals of Justice, had done anything so awful.

"Never," he thought. "Never in this world!"

Yet what alternative had he?

AFTER dinner (he had tried to eat to keep up appearances before Janet) he drew to the fire and tried to think things out. He had sat long hours in pain, and the fire had died down, when a kind of melancholy peace came to him and he thought he saw what he had to do.

He had to get up early in the morning, reach Government House before the others had arrived, see the Governor alone, and say to him in secret:

"I can not issue this warrant for the arrest of Alick Gell for breaking prison to procure that girl's release because I did it."

What would happen then? The Governor (he was a just man if a hard one) would say:

"In that case, you can not be a judge in this island any longer."

But that would be all. Out of consideration for his daughter, and perhaps for the man who was to be his daughter's husband, the Governor would go no farther. Some show he might make of publishing the police notice, but he would never send it to a foreign country.

There would be no scandal. The public would know nothing. They had heard that the new Deemster had been unwell, and would be told that his health had broken down altogether, and he had had to resign his office. It would be a month's talk, and then—Time would cover up the whole wretched network of falsehood in the merciful veil in which it hides so many troubles.

AND Fenella? He would tell Fenella also. It would be a shock to her, but she would be on his side now. She would see that he had only tried to prevent a judicial murder, to secure the happiness of two unhappy creatures who, but for him, would have been plunged in misery. They would marry and go away from the island, to Switzerland, perhaps, and live there for the rest of their lives.

"Yes, that's it," he told himself.

It was cruel comforting—like the surgeon's knife, which, while taking away a man's disease, takes some of his life-blood also.

He thought of his father, how proud the old Deemster had been of his judicial (Continued on page 64)

Betting a Billion on Germany

An Interview with
Hugo Stinnes-Business Emperor

By William G. Shepherd

HERE is a superman—and a German; greater, perhaps, than Nietzsche's conception. With utter contempt for diplomats who play with ideas, this business genius, unimpressive in appearance but dynamic in action, has plunged on German industry to win.

IF GERMANY goes to pieces—which, at this writing, does not appear likely—the scenery will be splashed with a brunette and somewhat hairy substance, hitherto unanalyzed by science. The scientist who scrapes together samples of this substance for purposes of identification—and, as before, we believe that no such opportunity will be afforded to any living scientist—will, in the course of his analysis, come across various streaks of color and various elements. He will discover that this substance once formed a man. In abundance there will exist little tenuous chords known as nerve. Expressed chemically this element might be written NERVE 1,000.

And whatever other colors may appear in the test tubes, one color will be missing—yellow. There will be plenty of the good sound red color that courses through the veins of the regular man and there will be the black that speaks of the ruthlessness of a man who conquers and must conquer, if he survives, every man who stands in his way.

ALL of these things and others, put together, would form Hugo Stinnes, of Germany, the man who is betting a billion on the survival of his native land, and who is working twenty-two hours a day in an attempt to make his bet a safe one. A Pierpont Morgan, a Rockefeller, an Andrew Carnegie, a Charles Schwab, all rolled into one, Stinnes today stands out in Europe and, indeed, in the entire commercial world, as utterly unique.

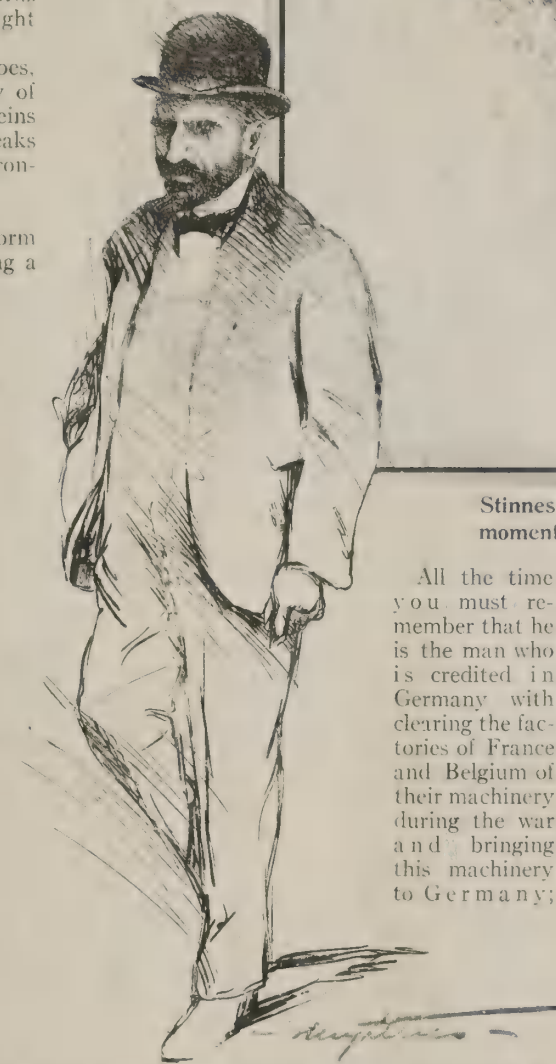
Secrecy has surrounded Stinnes. There are two kinds of people in Germany, those who admire and those who hate Stinnes. The world at large has seen him only when he was appearing at Brussels, at the invitation of Lloyd George, or when, as Lloyd George said later, he "swaggered before the Spa conference" and told the statesmen of Europe what Germany would and would not do.

It was, naturally enough, impossible for the world to judge of the man at such times. There he stood before the makers of history, himself only a business man and not an accredited representative of government; and, speaking not as a statesman, but as a simple business man who was in touch with the commerce of the world, he told the statesmen, untrained in business or commerce, what he thought the statesmen could or could not do.

HE SEEMED to be expressing the opinion that statesmanship comes second in the list of human indispensables; that item number one on the list is business vitality and international commerce and that without number one no list can exist at all, even if wise statesmen do attempt to create such a thing and labor under the illusion that they have done so. Stinnes appeared either too sinister or too great, depending upon one's viewpoint on such occasions, to afford the public an opportunity to get any measure of him.

The European press, and, in truth, the press of the world, paid little attention to his personality at that time; he personified, on those occasions, the power of commerce; the human side of the man was overwhelmed and overshadowed.

YOU must see him here in Berlin, on his workdays, when he is trying to hew out the destiny of his nation, to discover, beneath the underlay of business, the man who is known as Hugo Stinnes. You must talk to him, when he can find time to talk, which is not often. You must know of his home life and his family life and you must hear the German people either curse or praise him, according to his various deeds. You must see him sitting day after day in the National Advisory Economic Council, which, as a law-making body, seems at times to be even more powerful than the Reichstag, or watch him sitting, silent and reserved, in his member's seat in the Reichstag itself.



that it was he, according to German Socialist talk, who suggested the deportations of Belgians to German factories.

AS YOU talk with him you must remember that there is laid at his door, in Germany, the plan for annexing to Germany at least the factory districts of Belgium, if not the entire country. You must also keep in mind, that while Ludendorff apologized for the Belgian deportations by saying, in effect, to his close friends in Berlin: "I was determined to do every possible thing to win the war. If we had won, I would have been excused. If we had lost and I had neglected to do everything in my power, I should have been rightly blamed by the countrymen."

Stinnes, himself, has never opened his mouth in apology for anything that Germany or he himself had done in the great war. You must bear in mind that he is so powerful in Europe that, twice since the end of the war, he has passed through the devastated district of France, beholding, if he chose to look through the car window, the very factories which the German



Stinnes is invariably polite to a servant. And then within a few moments he will pass a great business man without recognition.

All the time you must remember that he is the man who is credited in Germany with clearing the factories of France and Belgium of their machinery during the war and bringing this machinery to Germany;

Socialists and the French people declare were destroyed by his influence and advice, and has entered Paris, at the invitation of French business men to dine with them, a distinguished guest, and confer with them as to how the commerce and industrial activity of Europe can be again resumed.

AS AN American you can have a lot of conflicting thoughts about this grim and important German who holds his head as high as if Germany had won the war, and who stakes his fortune on the future of Germany with as much confidence as if Germany were the greatest and most powerful nation on earth, instead of the defeated.

In the first place it is difficult for an American, in considering and measuring Stinnes, to see how big he and his plans and the billion-dollar bet he has made on Germany's future, really are. Accustomed as we are to public speaking—that is, the public speaking of our big men in America—and to familiarity with their huge ideas, it is difficult to realize, because of the silence and grimness of Stinnes, just how far he goes as a man and as a business dreamer.

THERE is a new word in the German language and in the language of the world's business. We can measure Stinnes by this word. Stinnes has put this word and the idea it carries into the dictionary of the world's industry. This new word is emblematic of the man; it betokens the fact that Stinnes has business dreams that range far beyond all dreams that have ever before been visioned. There were no words to express the thing that Stinnes had dreamed of.

The word "trust" did not apply to the combinations which Stinnes has taken under control in the last five years. It was too small a word, though Stinnes had created many trusts. "A combination of trusts" was also too small. Stinnes had combined trusts and held entire rule over them, but his dream was for a conquest vaster than that. "Syndicates" was a word that did not fit (Continued on page 59)



Skippy suffered something resembling a cataleptic fit while Miss Mimi Lafontaine waited shyly to be introduced.

The Girl they Loved

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

COMMONPLACE minds are crushed by defeat; great imaginations rise to profit. Ten days after Skippy Bedelle had seen the gilded fabric of his future greatness collapse with the failure of the Foot Regulator to revolutionize the bathtub industry the spirit of invention had risen triumphantly from the ashes of first disillusionment. After all, there were other services to render to humanity, and the mind that at the age of fifteen could have reasoned so brilliantly in theory must inevitably express itself with profit to the race and to his own individual bank account.

At first Skippy's depression had been profound, and as the sensation was new he enjoyed its sensual charm to the fullest. He discarded the jaunty cap for a slouch hat which he pulled down over his eyes; he selected the soberest of neckwear, turned up his collar, sank his fists in his pockets, and spent solitary afternoons among the ruins of the Carthage of his imagination, seated on the site of what would never be the John C. Bedelle Gymnasium. Even the spectacle of Cap Keafer knocking out a home run in the ninth inning brought him no rapturous exultation. He was akin to *Ivanhoe*, the disinherited knight, and *Athos* of the brooding sorrows. The world had receded from him, and nobody cared or noticed. He was alone, misunderstood, without a friend in the world. For after what had happened he could never again feel the same towards that basest of ingrates, Snorky Green.

THE evening after the collapse of the Bedelle Foot Regulator, Incorporated, there had been a short and exceedingly painful interview.

"Well, Skippy, old top," said Snorky, who was genuinely contrite and ready to make the advance, "that certainly was hard luck. I feel just as bad as——" Here he stopped before the sudden majestic indignation which confronted him.

"Green!" said Skippy frowning.

"Oh, I say——"

"Green, when you thought I was going to be a rich man," continued Skippy icily, "there was nothing you wouldn't do for me. You fawned on me. But when I had to face defeat—at the first test—you deserted me with sneers and gibes. That is not friendship. Green, you are not capable of true friendship, and you have proved it. I shall never forget and I shall never forgive!"

"Oh, shucks, Skippy!" said Snorky. "What's the use of rubbin' it in? I'm not as bad as all that!"

"GREEN," said Skippy, working himself into the scene which he had rehearsed a dozen times as he had long debated whether to address the offender as Mr. Green. "Green, we will have to go on rooming together but I wish you to understand that nothing you can ever do or say will change my feelings now towards you. Nothing! Whatever communication is necessary from now on between us, will be in *writing*——"

"What's that?"

"In writing," said Skippy firmly.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you're going to take it

you can go to blazes!" said Snorky, wrathfully. "But before you climb on your high horse, suppose you restore my red choker tie, my agate cuff-buttons, my silver-rimmed fountain pen and a few pairs of my fancy socks——"

"This is unworthy of even you," said Skippy, who rose and with a perfect social manner took the articles in question from the bureau on the south side of the room and gingerly placed them on the bureau in the western corner. "The socks are in the wash. I prefer to return them as I received them." After which he disrobed and, somewhat consoled, watched from the coverlets the indignant and bewildered Snorky Green sitting on his bedside, halfway out of his trousers, glaring at him in rage.

FOR a week, a miserable lonely week, Skippy held to this irreconcilable attitude. During this time he touched the bottom of depression—he even doubted himself! Would he ever invent anything again? Had it been just a flash in the pan? Was it all a false start? What had become of the imagination which had blazed up so brilliantly? Perhaps after all he was no different from the rest—just an average mind fit only for such vulgar things as banking and trade. Then one morning through the gloom clouds a sudden shaft of sunlight arrived. He had another idea!

He had been lolling deliciously in bed, disdaining to notice the first harsh summons to rise, and his mind had dwelt enviously on the brilliant figure of Doc Macnooder. After all, even Doc Macnooder had his failures. There was the matter of the Folding Toothbrush, which all Macnooder's eloquence had failed to market with Bill Appleby.

"Jingo! That certainly was a bum idea," he said to himself, somewhat comforted. "You might do something with a toothbrush, but a folding one is a joke!"

ALL at once he sprang out of bed and, reaching the washstand in a bound, seized the nearest tooth mug. Snorky, who, despite the present unpleasantness, still trusted these rising instincts, catapulted out of bed and arrived three seconds later at his side of the washstand, where through still foggy eyes he beheld Skippy gazing at a toothbrush which he held reverently before him as a jeweler examines a named stone.

"What the deuce?"

"Dinged if I haven't got Macnooder beat a mile!" exclaimed Skippy, who in the first exhilaration of discovery had completely forgotten the correspondence acquaintanceship he had imposed.

"It's about a toothbrush!" said Snorky with great intelligence.

"You bet it's about a toothbrush." But here Skippy suddenly remembered, and the smile gave place to a frown.

"Oh, I say, Skippy! Let's call it off," said Snorky in a rush of feeling. "It was dead rotten of me and I'm doggone sorry—honest, I am—but you've rubbed it in enough."

"Very well, I forgive you and I shall try to forget," said Skippy, who also had chafed under the long silence.

"What's the great idea?" said Snorky hurriedly.

"The great idea is a *Souvenir* Toothbrush," said Skippy proudly.

THE idea did not reach Snorky immediately, but he was too diplomatic to show his disappointment, so he said humbly:

"I suppose it's because I'm a dumb-head, but why a souvenir toothbrush?"

"Why a souvenir pillow-case? Why a souvenir buttonhook or a souvenir bootjack or a footstool, necktie, lap-robe, or anything souvenir?"

"All right, why?" said Snorky, who felt hurt at this assumption of intellectual superiority.

"The bootjack doesn't make the souvenir; it's the souvenir makes the bootjack, doesn't it?" said Skippy, who was thinking deeply.

SNORKY had never heard of the Socratic method, but he was impressed; so not understanding, he nodded and answered:

"Aha, I see!"

"It's the thing you souvenir that's important. If you want to remember you can't remember too often."

"No-o."

"And how can you remember better than the first crack out of bed—"

"I get all that," said Snorky, acknowledging the brilliancy of the argument. "But how the dickens can you make a souvenir out of a toothbrush?"

"My boy—my boy!" said Skippy with crushing contempt. "Have you no imagination? A souvenir toothbrush? Why, easy! Make the handle in the shape of a baseball bat and put the Lawrenceville-Andover score on the back—red and black."

"Well, I'll be jigswiggered!"

"You can make 'em in the form of a riding crop for racing sports, masts for yachtsmen, sword-blades for the army. Why, it's a cinch! You can have Lawrenceville shields on the back, Princeton colors, Yale colors. You can do anything, anything with the idea—you can have your best girl's initials, or you can have her photograph stenciled on the back!"

"Sure thing! Why not Mother or Auntie—when this you see remember to use me!" said Snorky, who feared where another flight of the imagination might transport his roommate.

"Green!" said Skippy, flaring up at this distinctive levity; but before he could deliver his broadside the breakfast gong began to rock the house and simultaneously each head ducked into a waiting basin.

WHEN Skippy during the relaxation of the morning recitations considered the *Souvenir* Toothbrush he was not so favorably impressed. Snorky's suggestion somehow threw a touch of ridicule over the whole proposition and Skippy, like all true imaginations, shrank from ridicule. Undoubtedly if the *Souvenir* Toothbrush became a fact, mothers and governesses would abuse its opportunities. Think of a parental eye gazing admonishingly at you from the back of a toothbrush every morning! Why, the name of Bedelle might become an execration! He saw himself pilloried among the oppressors of boy-kind, as unpopular as the compiler of a Latin grammar or the accursed Euclid! No, the idea was unthinkable! Skippy did not reject the *Souvenir*

Toothbrush in toto. He bought a blank book on which he inscribed:

INVENTIONS

JOHN C. BEDELLE

1896

On the first page under the day of the month he wrote a full description, adding:

FIELD LIMITED

Suggestion—Hold until later date and patent anonymously.

SKIPPY then reluctantly admitted the destructive force of Snorky Green's criticism of the *Souvenir* Toothbrush; he admitted it, but he could not forgive him for being right. There are certain things which one does not forgive a brother, a sister, or the chum of chums.

After all, was Snorky Green worthy of that privileged and exalted position? A disturbing doubt began to creep into Skippy's imagination. He passed over the treachery in the matter of the now defunct Bedelle Foot Regulator; that might conceivably have been the fault of an inferior temperament. It was the spirit of negative criticism, the settled habit of turning into raillery the fragile first impulses of his inventive imagination that was alarming.

"Gee! If every time I get a big idea, he's going to knock it in the head, what's the use of having an imagination?" he said gloomily.

AFTER all, could a creative temperament yoke itself to a destructive criticism without self-immolation? Immersed in these brooding forebodings, he came heavily up the Dickinson stairs to the communal room. Suddenly he stopped, amazed.

"What the deuce!"

On his bureau a flaming bit of color greeted him from the somber mass of his pendent neckties. He advanced and recognized Snorky Green's red choker tie, which was particularly dear to his young sartorial fancy. On the pin cushion lay the agate cuff-buttons and the silver-rimmed fountain pen. He opened the top drawer and beheld three pair of open-work socks, red, orange and glowing green.

"Gee, how crude!" he said indignantly.

At another moment and in another mood his heart might have softened at this evident peace-offering; but this afternoon, with the new child of his imagination slain by Snorky Green's brutal wit, the whole proceeding was undeniably crude, a bribe too openly offered. He would have to return them; that was inevitable and that was of course the last thing he wished to do. He sat down at his desk, scowling horribly, and then, moved by a fitting inspiration,

he seized his pen and dashed off the most frigid and properly insulting of notes.

To Arthur E. Green Goods Returned.

- 1 Fountain Pen.
- 1 Pair of Agate Cuff-buttons.
- 1 Choker Tie (red).
- 3 Pair of Socks.

Kindly acknowledge receipt,
Bedelle

THE last he considered such a master stroke that, his good humor restored by the anticipation of the infuriating effect on his beloved friend, he began to whistle a triumphant strain. He made a neat package, pinned the ultimatum on it, and proceeded to the opposite bureau.

"Well, I'll be teetotally jigswiggered," he said, astounded.

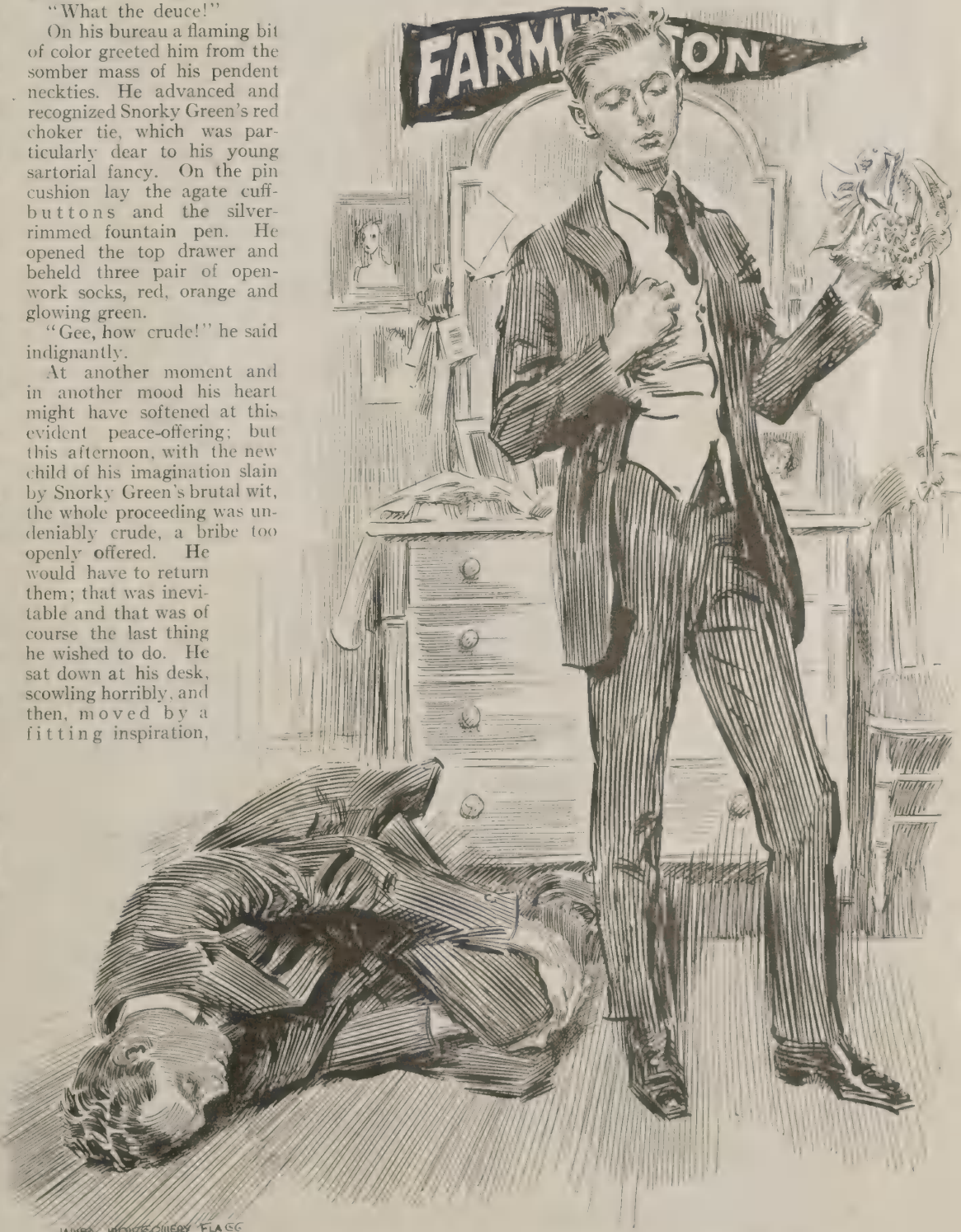
In the oval of the glass, a new photograph had appeared in the company of the three other smiling feminine beauties which Snorky Green, as a man of the world, displayed by implied right of conquest. Skippy set down his package and craned forward for a closer examination.

"Huh! Old enough to be his grandmother," he said contemptuously, staring at the new victim of Snorky Green's charms.

But at this moment, hearing a familiar step in the hall, he bounded back in time to assume a nonchalant bored attitude as Snorky came joyfully in, exclaiming:

"Hello, old sporting life! What do you know today?"

"Green," said Skippy, drawing himself up and extending an elocutionary finger towards the bureau, "you will find something to interest you there."



JAMES HINDSOMER FLAGG

"Does or does this not belong to Miss Lafontaine?" Snorky repeated his question relentlessly.

He waited a moment outside in the hall until Snorky's bursting imprecation brought the needed consolation, and then tripped down the steps, seeking a calming jigger.

"*L'AMOUR a des raisons que la raison connaît pas*," say the French, who ought to know, and the first expansive sentimental affection of a boy for a chum has also its illogical quality. Now, Skippy adored Snorky and the affection was returned. He felt that Snorky would die for him, as of course he would nobly lay down his own life for his friend, if they should ever hunt together in African jungles. He was willing to share Snorky's last dime, keep his confidences, and fight shoulder to shoulder. He admired, he respected, he loved Snorky, but for the life of him he could not see wherein Snorky Green's peculiar brand of beauty should appeal to the young feminine eye any more than his own lank frame and sharpened features. Why should Snorky's glass present four lovely and adoring feminine faces, while his own should give back only a pointed nose around which the orange freckles swarmed like flies? True, the lady-killer's wardrobe was of a magnificence which outshone his, but then socks and neckties and cuff-button jewelry are communal possessions.

WHY should Snorky Green then inspire such passions while he passed lonely and unloved? No, certainly Snorky was not beautiful. He had a smudgy, stubby little nose. He was lop-eared and the dank yellow hair fell about his puffy eyes in straight, unrippling shocks. Yet four women (three blondes and a brunette) watched with affectionate glances the progress of his casual morning toilette. Why?

The next morning, as Skippy reluctantly rose and gazed upon the feminine galaxy waiting at the bureau that was not his, the sense of his own inferiority again smote him. Envy is the corrupting cancer of friendship. He did like Snorky. He yearned for the life-and-death devotion of a chum of chums; a sort of Damon and Pythias, D'Artagnan and Athos affair—but, while this sense of inferiority continued, the

shadow was over the fair sunlit landscape of impulsive friendship. It was so, and the feeling would not down.

That evening, being alone, he stood again contemplating the evidence of Snorky Green's predatory progress among the ladies. He examined the four photographs carefully.

"THEY can't all be sisters," he said gloomily; besides he knew that his roommate, more fortunate than he, had to bear but one such cross. "Danged if I can see what gets them. If that fellow's a lady charmer, I'll hire out for a *matinée* idol!"

On the pin cushion was a pin in the shape of an arrow (an arrow of course suggested a transpierced heart), which Snorky wore for important ceremonies, when he donned a perpendicular collar and a white coaching tie. On the wall was a Farmington banner and on the sofa five pillows worked by loving feminine hands.

"Sisters never go to that trouble," said Skippy, secure in his knowledge of sister nature. "By the great horned spoon this can't go on. I've either got to lick the stuffin' out of him or——"

Without finishing his phrase, he went to the table, drew forth Caesar's "Gallic Wars" and a copy of "Lorna Doone" and immediately began to concentrate. A moment later Snorky Green arrived chuckling from a foray down the hall where he had just deposited a moth ball in the lamp chimney of Beekstein, the Midnight Poler. He came in rollicking and triumphant, slamming and locking the door against a sudden reprisal. Then, seeing Skippy, he stiffened, scowled, and assumed an air of frigid dignity. Skippy, with his eye on a convenient mirror, followed his movements expectantly.

SNORKY, having glared sufficiently at the unresponsive back of his roommate, planted himself in front of him and said angrily:

"Say, what in tarnation is biting you, anyhow?"

Part of the pleasure which Skippy derived from his periodic application of ostracism was in the imme-

diate success it achieved on his roommate's impressionable temperament. At present, being in an exceedingly grouchy mood, he drew forth a pad and pencil and tendered them with a plain intimation that only thus would he receive any communications.

"What are you sore about?" said Snorky flaring up at once. "Just because I took a crack at your old Souvenir Toothbrush? Is that it?"

Skippy drew forth a handy literal translation and ostensibly began to apply it to the baffling text.

"My lord, you act like a sick girl! You're a pleasant roommate, you are! How long are you going to sulk like this?"

Skippy began to whistle softly to himself:

*"You can't play in my back yard;
I don't love you any more."*

Whereupon Snorky, having slammed a book on the table, advanced with doubled fists, exclaiming:

"YOU STOP that, do you hear! You stop that or—or—I'll——"

Skippy, whose calm was delightfully reinforced by this show of temper, again, but without looking up, indicated the pad and pencil.

"I can lick you!" said Snorky, hoarsely.

This was too much. Skippy sprang up, fists ready, and glowered his defiance. For a long moment they held this bellicose attitude, a collision imminent. But a resort to primitive methods is a serious affair between roommates. Each hesitated, seeking a dignified evasion of the crisis.

"Well, go on with your baby act, if you enjoy it," said Snorky scornfully. "Lord, I'd hate to have your disposition!"

The status quo having been restored, Skippy discarded Caesar's "Gallic Perplexities" and returned to boyhood's first heroine, while Snorky in a rage retreated to his side of the room and pondered.

"I CERTAINLY riled him that time," said Skippy joyfully to himself. "Wonder what he'll do now?"

(Continued on page 68)



"Before you climb on your high horse, suppose you return my red choker tie, my agate cuff-buttons and my fancy socks," Snorky retorted.



"Uninvited . . . but not unwelcome, I assure you." George Arliss, the suave and cunning Rajah of Rukh, carries the lost Lucilla to his palace.

The Green Goddess

By William Archer

LUCILLA (looking curiously at the huge, unfriendly green image on whose very altar, here in the midst of a rocky wilderness, their wrecked airplane has landed)—Do you think I could sit on this stone without giving offense to the deities?

Traherne (smiling)—Oh, yes! That seems safe enough. (Turning from Lucilla to her husband, Major **Crespin**, of the British Royal Engineers) I don't know how to apologize for having got you into this mess.

Lucilla (generously, before her disgruntled husband has a chance to answer)—Don't talk nonsense, Dr. Traherne. Who can foresee a Himalayan fog?

Traherne (ruefully)—The only thing to do was to get above it, and then, of course, my bearings were gone.

Lucilla (gamely)—Now that we're safe, I should think it all great fun—if it weren't for the children.

Crespin (with assurance)—Oh, they don't expect us for a week, and surely it won't take us more than that to get back to civilization.

Traherne (looking about uncertainly)—Or at all events to a telegraph line.

Lucilla—I suppose there's no chance of flying back?

Traherne—Not the slightest, I'm afraid. I fancy the old bus is done for.

Lucilla—Oh, what a shame!

Traherne (warmly)—What does it matter so long as you are safe?

Lucilla (with swift tact)—What does it matter so long as we're all safe?

Crespin (sourly)—That's not what Traherne said. Why pretend to be blind to his—chivalry?

Traherne (heartily)—Of course I'm glad you're all right, Major, and I'm not sorry to be in a whole skin myself! But ladies first, you know.

Crespin (sarcastically)—The perfect knight errant, in fact.

Lucilla (hastily)—Won't you look at the machine, Dr. Traherne, and see if it's quite hopeless?

Traherne—Yes, I'll go and make sure.

Crespin (seating himself heavily on the stone beside his wife)—Well, Lucilla!

Lucilla (quietly)—Well?

Crespin—That was a narrow squeak.

Lucilla—Yes, I suppose so.

Crespin (jovially)—All's well that ends well, eh?

Lucilla (emotionlessly)—Of course.

Crespin (curiously)—You don't seem very grateful to Providence.

Lucilla—For sending the fog?

Crespin—For getting us down safely—(significantly) all three.

Lucilla (quietly)—It was Dr. Traherne's nerve that did that. If he hadn't kept his head—

Crespin—We should have crashed. One or other of us would probably have broken his neck; and if Providence had played up, it might have been the right one.

Lucilla (coldly)—What do you mean?

Crespin—It might have been me. Then you'd thanked God right enough!

Lucilla (distressed)—Why will you talk like this, Antony? If I hadn't sent Dr. Traherne away just now, you'd have been saying these things in his hearing.

Crespin (sarcastically)—Well, why not? He's quite one of the family! Don't tell me he doesn't know all about the "state of our relations," as they say in the divorce court.

Lucilla (proudly)—If he does it's not from me. There is no doubt he knows what the whole station knows.

Crespin (bitterly)—And what does the whole station know? Why, that your deadly coldness—who's to blame if I take a whisky-peg now and then, to keep the chill out?

Lucilla (appealingly)—Oh, Antony! Why go over it all again? You know very well it was drink—and other things—that came between us: not my coldness, as you call it.

Crespin (mockingly)—He's a paragon. He's a wonder. He's a mighty microbe-killer before the Lord; and you're cursing the mistake you made in marrying a poor devil of a soldier-man instead of a first-class scientific genius. Come! Make a clean breast of it! You may as well!

Lucilla (quietly)—I have nothing to answer. While I continue to live with you, I owe you an account of my actions—but not of my thoughts.

Crespin (roughly)—Your actions? Oh, I know very well you're too cold—too damned respectable—to kick over the traces. Besides, there's no hurry. If you only have patience for a year or two, I'll do the right thing for once, and drink myself to death.

COURTESY OF WINTHROP AMES, PRODUCER.

Lucilla (earnestly)—You have only to keep yourself a little in hand to live to what they call "a good old age."

Crespin—'Pon my soul, I've a mind to try to, though goodness knows my life is not worth living. I was a fool to come on this crazy expedition—

Lucilla—Why, it was you yourself that jumped at Dr. Traherne's proposal.

Crespin—I thought we'd get to the kiddies a week earlier. They don't despise me.

MAJOR CRESPIN is in the service of the British army in India and he and his pretty young wife, in company with Dr. Traherne, are on their way back to military headquarters from outpost duty. The Major's jealous harangue is abruptly and strangely brought to an end by the arrival of a huge native procession at the altar of the Green Goddess. Behind a wildly dancing native and a weird company of musicians is borne a magnificent litter on the shoulders of four slaves. Gently they lower it to the ground and out steps, in Oriental turban and gorgeous attire, the Rajah of Rukh, absolute monarch of this remote rocky kingdom high up in the fastnesses of the Himalayas. He takes a step forward and waits in suave silence for his unexpected guests to give an account of themselves.

CRESPIN (*saluting*)—Does Your Highness speak English?

Rajah (graciously)—Oh, yes, a little.

Crespin—Then, I have to apologize for our landing uninvited in your territory.

Rajah (with a perfect accent and grace)—Uninvited, but, I assure you, not unwelcome. (*Courteously*) This is the kingdom of Rukh, Major—if I rightly read the symbols on your sleeve.

Crespin (promptly)—Major Crespin, Royal Engineers. Permit me to introduce my wife.

Rajah (salaaming impressively)—I am delighted, madam, to welcome you to my secluded dominions. You are the first lady of your nation I have had the honor of receiving.

Lucilla—Your Highness is very kind.

Crespin—And this is Dr. Basil Traherne, whose aeroplane—or what is left of it—you see.

Rajah (courteously)—Doctor Traherne? Not the Doctor Traherne, whose name I have so often seen in the newspapers? The "Pasteur of Malaria"?

Olive Wyndham as Lucilla,
the captivating captive of
the Rajah of Rukh.



"Let me tell you, no woman has ever tried to trick me and not repented it!"



"What can be more important than the looks of a beautiful woman?" The Rajah of Rukh (George Arliss) shows himself something of a connoisseur.

Traherne (modestly)—The newspapers make too much of my work. It is still very incomplete.

Rajah—But you are an aviator as well?

Traherne—Only as an amateur.

Rajah—I presume it is some misadventure—a most fortunate misadventure for me—that has carried you so far into the wilds of the Himalayas?

Traherne—Yes—we got lost in the clouds. Major and Mrs. Crespin were coming up from the plains to see their children at a hill station—

Rajah (with suave humor)—Well, you have made a sensation here, I can assure you. My people—simple souls—are not sure whether you are gods or demons. They have never seen an aeroplane. But the fact of your having descended in the precincts of a temple of our local goddess is considered highly significant.

Crespin (abruptly)—I hope, sir, that we shall find no difficulty in obtaining transport back to civil—(interrupting himself hastily) to India.

Rajah (with undisturbed politeness)—To civilization, you were going to say? Why hesitate, my dear sir? We know very well that we are barbarians. We are quite reconciled to the fact. You see we have had some five thousand years to accustom ourselves to it. This sword (*touching his scimitar*) is a barbarous weapon, compared with your revolver; but it was worn by my ancestors when yours were diligently employed in painting themselves blue and getting a precarious livelihood in the woods. But Madam is standing all this time! (*Clapping his hands together in command*) Some cushions! . . . Another litter for Madam will be here in a few minutes. (*He salaams again, obviously attracted by Lucilla's beauty, and bows politely to the gentlemen.*) Then I hope you will accept the hospitality of my poor house.

Lucilla—We are giving a great deal of trouble, Your Highness.

Rajah—A great deal of pleasure, madam.

Crespin—But I hope, sir, there will be no difficulty about transport back to India.

(Continued on page 76)



"You shall be my Queen, your son my prince of princes!"



Daniel Garber's "The Orchard Window" has distinction far beyond the usual genre painting.



DANIEL GARBER has achieved a position in art that brings honor to America. At the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts he won the first Toppan Prize in 1902, and the Cresson Scholarship in 1903 which gave him several study years in Europe. Mr. Garber has received many honors since his return and is represented in noteworthy public and private collections.

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In True American Spirit

The Art of Daniel Garber

ONE of the most important pictures which contributed to the success of this season's unusually interesting exhibition of the National Academy of Design was Daniel Garber's "The Orchard Window," a painting which depicts a blue-skirted, white-frocked little girl sitting on the floor by a closed window, reading from a book which she holds upon her knee. The late afternoon light comes through the window and falls upon her golden-red hair, with its braid hanging over her shoulder. Tawny scrim curtains the window, outside which one sees far into the orchard trees beyond. A blue and tawny color-scheme pervades, but without monotony, and with no suggestion of color paucity.

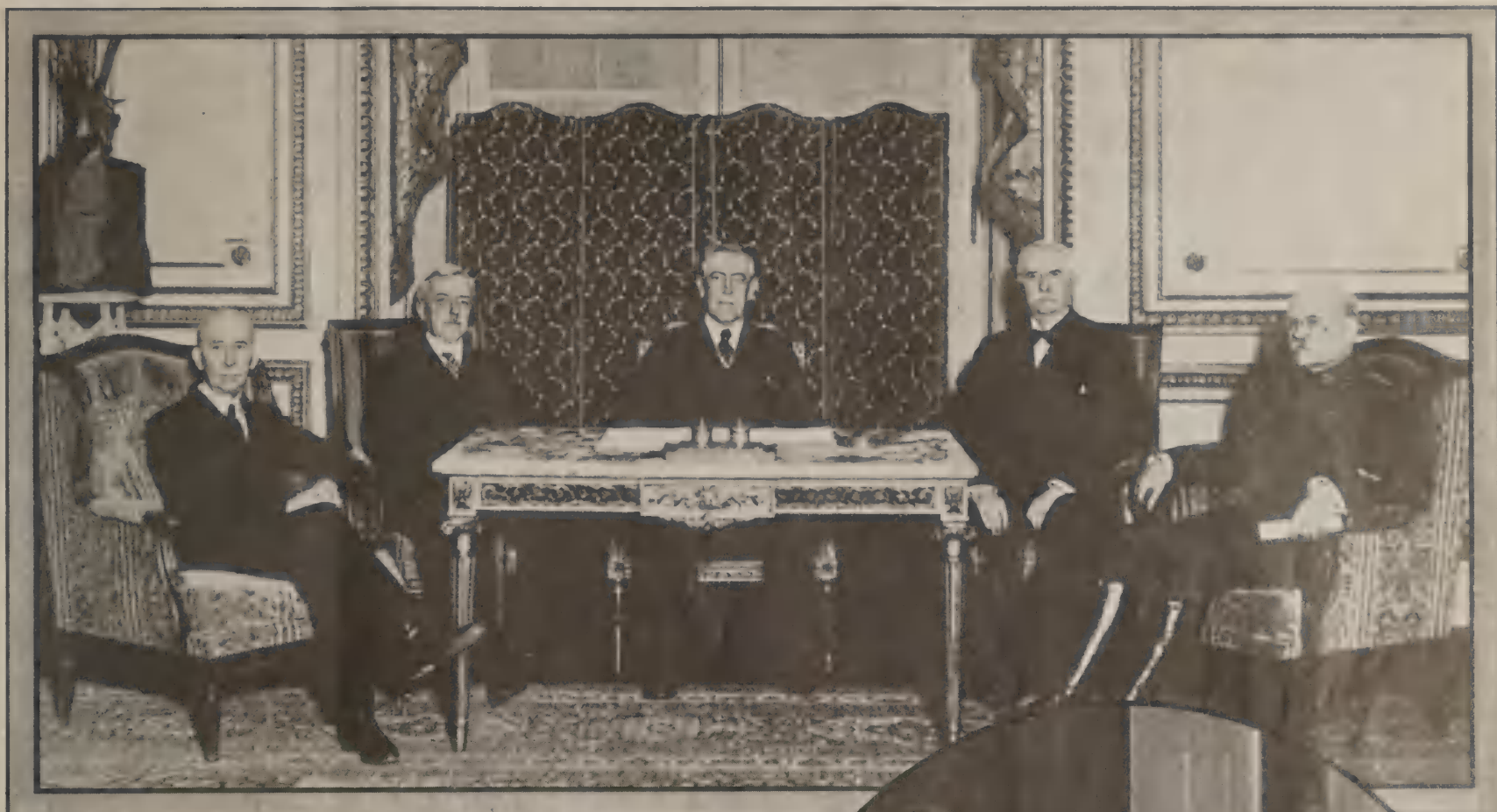
As a technical excursion, this canvas was one of the most remarkable disclosed by the exhibition. But aside from that, its beauty is something to

conjure with, a beauty which is that of the truth of nature, the beauty of simplicity, the beauty discovered to the artist by clear vision.

"The Orchard Window" is unquestionably one of the noteworthy pictures of the year. Already it has carried away the Temple Medal of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, an award to which one could not take exception.

That America possesses a distinctively national art seems manifest in such works as this. Looking upon it, the spectator can say, "It is not English, it is not French, certainly it is not German. It is American." Nor is this conclusion reached because of any mere localism in the composition, any distinguishing feature in the dress of the figure.

It is American because it reveals the spirit of American art, a thing one sees and (Continued on page 77)



Mr. Wilson and the members of the American Peace Commission at Paris—Colonel House, Mr. Lansing, Mr. White and General Bliss.

A Personal Narrative by Robert Lansing

I MUST say that it would relieve me of embarrassment, Mr. Secretary, the embarrassment of feeling your reluctance and divergence of judgment, if you would give your present office up and afford me an opportunity to select someone whose mind would more willingly go along with mine.

THESE words are quoted from the letter which President Wilson wrote his Secretary of State, on February 11, 1920. The following day Mr. Lansing resigned his portfolio. Now—after more than a year of silence—the ex-Secretary of State and American Plenipotentiary to the Peace Conference at Versailles presents, in an unusual book called "The Peace Negotiations" (Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers), his version of the disagreements forerunning the President's request for his resignation.

THERE have been [says Mr. Lansing] obvious reasons of propriety for my silence until now as to the divergence of judgment, the differences of opinion and the consequent breach in the relations between President Wilson and myself. The time has come when a frank account of our differences can be given publicly without a charge being made of disloyalty to the Administration in power.

It is unsatisfactory, if not criticizable, to leave the American people in doubt as to a disagreement between two of their official representatives upon a matter of so grave importance to the country as the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles.

APPARENTLY the President and his Secretary of State disagreed, sooner or later, upon almost every important point relating to the Peace. At the very outset they disagreed concerning the advisability of Mr. Wilson's attending the Conference. Says Mr. Lansing of the circumstances in which Mr. Wilson found himself at the time of the Armistice—

GERMANY undoubtedly looked to him as the one hope of checking the spirit of revenge which animated the Allied Powers in view of all that they had suffered at the hands of the Germans. It is probable too that the Allies recognized that Mr. Wilson was entitled to be satisfied as to the terms of peace since American man power and American resources had turned the scale against Germany and made victory a certainty. The President, in fact, dominated the situation. If he remained in Washington and carried on the negotiations through his Commissioners, he would in all probability retain his superior place and be able to dictate such terms of peace as he considered just. But, if he did as he purposed doing and attended the Peace Conference, he would lose the unique position which he held and would have to submit to the combined will of his foreign colleagues, becoming a prey to intrigue and to the impulses arising from their hatred for the vanquished nations.

BUT when Mr. Lansing laid his views before the President, they were listened to, he says, without comment, and the conversation was turned into other channels. A few days later the Secretary of State heard indirectly that Mr. Wilson had given his state-



Mr. Wilson and his first Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, fell out about the War. Mr. Lansing and Mr. Wilson fell out about the Peace.

ment to the Press: He was going to Paris as a member of the American Peace Delegation. What led the President to this decision will, Mr. Lansing thinks, never be known.

HOW far the spectacular feature of a President crossing the ocean to control in person the making of peace appealed to him I do not know. It may have been the deciding factor. It may have had no effect at all. How far the belief that a just peace could only be secured by the exercise of his personal influence over the delegates I cannot say. How far he doubted the ability of the men whom he proposed to name as plenipotentiaries is wholly speculative.

THE ex-Secretary of State professes to believe that his opposition to the President's desire to attend the Peace Conference marked the beginning of a loss of confidence which grew increasingly marked during the Paris negotiations.

I CANNOT but feel, in reviewing this period of our intercourse, that my open opposition to his attending the Conference was considered by the President to be an unwarranted meddling with his personal affairs and was none of my business. . . . My conclusion is that he considered his going to the Peace Conference was his affair solely and that he viewed my objections as a direct criticism of him personally for thinking of going. He may, too, have felt that my opposition arose from a selfish desire to become the head of the American Commission. . . .

Previous to the departure of the American Commission for Paris, on December 4, 1918, the President did not consult me as to his plan (Continued on page 75)



This mighty mechanical horse—the tractor—plows over a field of 30 acres before calling it a day, and does the work of 20 horses.

Farming with a Monkey-Wrench

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

AGRICULTURE is the basal industry. It is important to keep that simple fact constantly in mind. In this age of city-dwelling there is danger that a good many of us may forget that everything we eat and wear comes from the soil, the amount supplied by the sea being, in the comparative scale, almost negligible.

Something like forty per cent of the total income of the average city family is spent for food. How much food and what kind of food they get for that expenditure, is for them a matter of vital interest.

It is a familiar dictum of economists that the present relatively large population of Christendom has been made possible by mechanical inventions facilitating agriculture and transportation and manufacture. In the day of sickle and hoe, it was necessary that a far larger increment of human labor should enter into the development of each loaf of bread than is necessary in our day of steam plow and mechanical harvester and thresher. The transition in methods was effected by first substituting the labor of oxen and of horses for that of men. Now we are substituting steam plow for horse plow; and there is promise that in the immediate future the gasoline engine will largely take the place of all the other prime movers. Within the last few years, a great variety of mechanical tractors operated by gasoline engines has been developed. The newest apparatus in this line to gain popularity is a little wheelbarrow-like affair with a four-cycle or two-cycle gasoline engine so adjusted as to drive the wheel.

To this apparatus various devices, from small plowshares to little rakes and even a lawn-mower, may be attached, and the work of gardening and lawn making made easy.

The time is probably not far ahead when the farm tractor will largely supplant the horse in the field of agriculture.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VITAMINE

This valuable growth-substance is a great aid in correcting malnutrition

IT IS reported that a method has been devised for extracting the hitherto elusive principle to which the name vitamine has been applied from various vegetable tissues. Readers of these columns are familiar with the vitamin—spoken of as fat-soluble A and

A Pea at the North Pole Where Santa Goes for Reindeer An Old Egyptian Nobleman Sherlock Holmes and the Vitamine

water-soluble B and anti-scorbutic substance—and will recall that they are associated with the substance of various vegetable and animal tissues, but that hitherto no method has been known of isolating them.



Land cultivation by woman-power had a revival in the devastated regions in the late War.

An investigator now claims to have obtained the vitamic properties from fruits and vegetables in two forms, liquid and crystal. This alleged discovery, like every other similar one, must of course be subjected to confirmation by other workers, and the extracts believed to contain the vitamin must be proved capable of keeping animals in healthy condition and maintaining growth in young animals before the claims now put forward can be fully accepted.

CATCHING YOUNG STARS

Of 35 new stars discovered in all astronomical history 26 have been found in the last 33 years

THE report of the discovery of a new star too distant to be visible to the naked eye does not excite the man in the street. But from an astronomical standpoint the discovery has no small measure of interest. The fact that only thirty-five such discoveries have been made since the beginning of astronomical history shows that the discovery is of some consequence.

Prior to 1888, only nine new stars had been detected, and the appearance of such bodies was naturally regarded as a rare phenomenon. But since astronomers have developed the habit of photographing the heavens and carefully studying the charts, it has been demonstrated that the appearance of a new star is not at all an unusual thing. Eighteen of them, including the most recent, have been discovered by the Harvard staff alone, and seven others by various observers. Doubtless many times the total number have gone undetected.

TAMING THE WILD FLOWERS

Nature's own modest plants are attracting well-deserved attention

AT A flower show held in New York City, one naturally expects to see hothouse plants or at most such pampered exotics as appear in cultivated gardens. At the recent annual show, however, there was an exhibit that was a veritable wild garden, comprising exclusively plants that are native to the New England fields and woodlands. The developer of this garden, Edward Gillett, has made a hobby of bringing the wildings into the dooryard, and teaching them to make themselves at home there. The result is highly gratifying, for not only do a large number of these plants lend themselves to decorative and



It is quite possible that America's future fresh-meat supply will be drawn largely from Alaska's reindeer.

ornamental effects; but, quite apart from this, there is an inherent interest in the indigenous flora that gives even a very modest plant precedence in the affections of many of us over the most gorgeous visitants from far-off lands.

One would not think of giving up the exotics, of course. It would be an impoverished garden indeed that excluded poppies and gladioli and dahlias and double roses and a score or two of other favorites. But, now that Mr. Gillett has shown the way, there will be many an amateur who will not be satisfied unless a considerable corner of his garden is given over to wild azaleas and laurel and hepaticas and lady-slippers and trilliums and sundry other modest but winsome native flowers.

WHERE SANTA CLAUS GETS REINDEER

One thousand Eskimos own seventy per cent of Alaska's rapidly growing herd of deer

THE reindeer in Alaska furnish striking illustration of the increase of an animal population at a geometrical ratio under favorable conditions. The first reindeer were introduced from Siberia July 4, 1892. During ten subsequent years, 1,280 domestic reindeer were imported. The small number imported from Norway, chiefly for the relief of starving miners at Circle City, were not breeders.

Today the direct descendants of the little herd imported from Siberia number 200,000 individuals, although 100,000 have been killed for food and it is estimated that at the present rate of increase Alaska should have 10,000,000 reindeer in twenty years.

It appears that about one thousand Eskimos own 70 per cent of the total herd, the Government retaining the ownership of only about four per cent.

HEARING THROUGH A HANDBAG

The "vacuphone," though only two inches long, successfully gathers and amplifies sound

A GOOD many more or less successful attempts have been made to adapt the telephone principle to the needs of the partially deaf. A chief difficulty has been found in the fact that when the electrical apparatus is "overloaded" in the endeavor to make the sounds louder, a discordant medley of hissing and buzzing sounds interferes with the usefulness of the instrument.

An apparently successful attempt to meet this difficulty has been met by Mr. Earl C. Hanson (whose work in developing a method for piloting ships out of harbors is known to the readers of this Department)

through application of the vacuum-tube amplifier, otherwise known as the "audion oscillator." The ordinary amplifier is a rather cumbersome affair. Now, however, an effective amplifier has been developed that is only about two inches long—looking like a small electric-light bulb—and which therefore may be readily adjusted, along with the necessary electric batteries, in a small box that the deaf person may readily carry in his hand. A battery of high voltage is necessary to operate the vacuum amplifier in addition to the ordinary low-power cell required for telephone work; but this is provided in compact form; and the box in which Mr. Hanson's "vacuphone" is installed is no more cumbersome than a small handbag.

PLAY CHESS FOR EXERCISE

In the game of endurance the man with the weak stomach is apt to lose

IF THERE is one contest more than another that is ordinarily thought of as purely a mental contest, it is that supplied by a game of chess. Here a player may take half an hour to make a single move. Seemingly his muscles do not enter into the contest at all. Indeed, in a so-called blindfold game, the player's muscles have absolutely nothing to do with the board on which he plays, as he does not even see the chessmen, much less move them. Nevertheless physical endurance may determine the outcome of the contest.

An illustration is furnished when two such masters



Your Eskimo belle sallies forth in her reindeer finery.

as Lasker and Capablanca meet. Each of these men is such a super-master that we are reminded of the old paradox of the irresistible force meeting the immovable body. Lasker has proved immovable, when it comes to championship play, for many years; and Capablanca has been so nearly irresistible that in the course of ten strong tournaments between 1911 and 1916 he won first rank seven times, and second rank on the other occasions; losing only eight games out of a total of 130. In addition to this, his record for important matches and exhibition play in ten years showed but two games lost out of fifty-nine played.



The reindeer stars both as beast of burden and as a racing steed.



IN ELECTRONS
THE SIZE OF A PEA
IS POWER TO DRIVE A
GREAT SHIP
ACROSS THE SEA

The electron—the smallest known thing in the universe—has latent force almost beyond human comprehension.

A PEA AT THE NORTH POLE

The inconceivable force of two grams of electrons, if placed near the earth's center

DOUBTLESS there are many men of science whose thoughts are directed towards the possible solution of the problem of breaking up the atom. It is regarded as established that every atom of matter is a storehouse of energy and hence a possible source of power if only the way could be found to make this energy available. The amount of energy involved, as estimated, is almost unbelievably great—considering the size of the atom.

According to one calculation, the repulsive power that is inherent in the so-called electron, which is the building-stone of the atom, is a trillion-trillion times greater than the attractive power of gravitation.

It is stated that if a single gram of electrons (an ordinary pea weighs about a gram) could be isolated and placed at the North Pole and another gram at the South Pole, the two masses of electrons would repel each other with the force of 112,000,000 tons, notwithstanding the fact that the force decreases with the square of the distance.

It would appear that if the two little pellets of electrons could be placed near together at the center of the earth, they would shatter our entire globe into fragments.

HOWEVER much we may qualify these estimates, the fact remains that enormous power is inherent in the electron. Under existing conditions this power is not exhibited (so the physicists believe), because every atom has at its core a charge of positive electricity that balances the negative electricity of the electrons and holds them in thrall, somewhat as planets are held by the gravitation-pull of the sun.

All that is necessary, apparently, is to neutralize the positive electricity in the



Röntgen's discovery of the X-ray a quarter-century ago bared the secret of the atom as easily as it is shown in the accompanying illustration displaying to the curious the contents of a man's purse. It was the X-ray which pointed the way to the isolation of the electron.

It has been estimated that the destructive force of two pea-sized masses of electrons at the earth's center would be sufficient to shatter the globe.



ENERGY IN
1 GRAM OF ELECTRONS
WOULD PROPEL AN AIRSHIP
10 TIMES AROUND
THE EARTH

atom—and the electron would do the rest. Up to the present, however, no one has the remotest conception as to how such neutralization might be effected.

PIGS GET YOUR BABY'S MILK

97 per cent of the milk used by creameries is handled as waste product

EVERYONE knows that butterfat constitutes but a very small part—something like three per cent on the average—of the bulk of milk. But most of us, probably, have never thought to inquire what becomes of the remaining ninety-seven per cent. When the question is raised, however, it evokes an answer that is rather startling. Briefly, it appears that a large part of this skimmed milk is wasted.

In the old days it was customary to "set" milk in pans or cans for hours in order to have the cream rise; and the skimmed milk was often at the point of coagulation before the cream was removed.

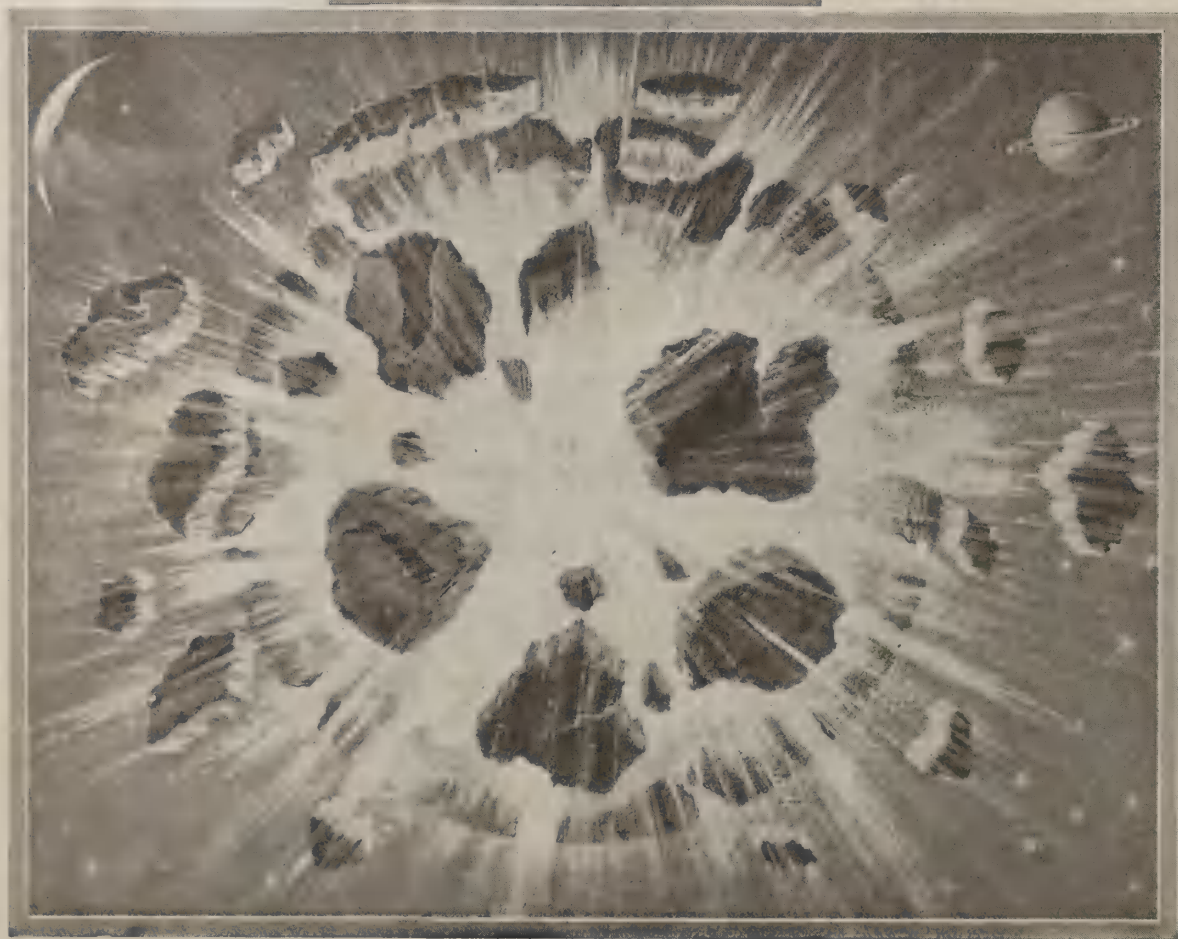
But nowadays the fresh milk is placed in a so-called separator, and the cream at once extracted, leaving the residuum perfectly fresh and wholesome. Practically all of the protein or muscle-forming part of the milk remains; but not all creameries are equipped to preserve this in the form of condensed or evaporated milk or of cheese. It is said that many creameries make no use whatever of the skimmed milk. Others sell it to the farmers, who feed it to their pigs. Even in the latter case there is great economic waste, for the milk is an exceedingly valuable human food, whereas pigs may advantageously be fed upon coarser or less highly specialized products.

AN OLD EGYPTIAN NOBLEMAN

But this ancient's tomb brought to light many secrets of life of 4000 years ago

LUCK favored the American Expedition last year at Thebes, in upper Egypt, to such an extent that, in the words of Herbert N. Winlock, Assistant Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, "a fluke turned a bad guess into a howling success." The success consisted in the discovery of the tomb of an ancient Egyptian nobleman, filled with extraordinary relics—the tomb, not the nobleman—which had not seen the light for about 4000 years. Also in the tomb were found the most extraordinary variety of miniature sculptures representing not only human beings but animals, as well as all the utensils and appliances of everyday life, and even different types of boats in which the ancient Egyptian had traveled on business trips or even on sporting expeditions. One of these boat sculptures represents the noble seated on deck, watching his sailors harpooning fish. Another shows a yacht paddled by the crew against the wind; and yet another a traveling boat that is getting up sail; and alongside this a kitchen tender—all with groups of human figures sculptured with the fidelity known to Egyptian art.

Yet other of the sculptures show oxen in their stalls being fattened for slaughter; butchers at work in a miniature stockyard; and granaries in which men dump the grain into bins, while scribes are at hand to make records and keep accounts.





Handmaidens who serve, though they only stand and wait.

In a word, we have here a marvelous presentation of life in ancient Egypt, all graphically shown in miniature; and the little sculptures have been preserved from the effects of the elements as well as from human tampering, by the chance that the entrance to the tomb, which was excavated into a cliff, had been covered over with the debris of ages until there was nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding landscape. Otherwise, as a matter of course, the nobleman would not have been allowed to rest there undisturbed in his gold sarcophagus, surrounded with the little sculptures that told his life history; for it is not considered sacrilegious to rob a tomb unless its occupant had died somewhat recently.

So now the relics that for all those centuries ornamented the tomb in the cliff there in upper Egypt are to be found partly in the Museum in Cairo, and the remainder in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Everyone who visits either city will find it well worth while to inspect these extraordinary souvenirs of everyday life in the Egypt forty centuries ago.



The tomb of Chancellor Mehenkwtre, who lived forty centuries ago, proved to be a veritable treasure-trove of Egyptian relics.

CHEW YOUR BETEL NUT CHARILY

Or you will likely develop cancer, as does one person in ten anyway

IT IS reported from the Crocker Cancer Research Laboratory of Columbia University that recent efforts have been successful in devising a method of producing cancer in white rats. Hitherto there has been a shortage of rats or mice in which cancer could be developed. This was particularly true during the war, when the Government required all the mice for tests of pneumonia germs. The new method at Crocker Institute makes it possible to develop cancer in half the rats treated, so in future the supply will probably be adequate for experimental purposes.

It is peculiarly interesting and significant to note that half of the animals tested are immune to cancer although subjected to conditions that produce the malady in the susceptible moiety.

Observation of human subjects justifies the belief that similar immunity exists in our own race. It is noted, for example, that women in the Philippines have the habit of chewing the betel nut, and holding the quid in their cheek, and that a large number of

these women develop cancer, but by no means all of them. In the same way, cancer may develop on the lip from the irritation of a pipe stem; but only a small proportion of smokers of pipes develop the condition. And in general, whereas everyone is subjected more or less to local irritations—for example, in the stomach—that in a very susceptible individual may produce cancer; yet only about one person in ten of the adult population dies of that malady.

CHANGE TO YOUR ASPARAGUS UNDERWEAR

Chinese grass, Australian seaweed, and even hops may furnish the material for tomorrow's wearing apparel.

THE Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has recently held exhibitions in the Custom House Building at Bowling Green, New York, showing a variety of articles, including clothing, made from the fiber of nettles, hops, willow bark, pine needles, corn-stalks, and asparagus. Clothing made from these materials includes overcoats, underwear, stockings, sweaters, and various other garments.

It has been shown also that the fiber of the pine needle can be utilized to make a valuable paper; and a Chinese grass has proved particularly valuable to incorporate in underwear to prevent the garments from shrinking.

Reference has previously been made in this Department to the development of the fiber industry in Germany during the war. It appears that the German woolen mills manufactured an army cloth using twenty-five per cent of the fiber of China grass to which the name "solidonia" is given. This substance has also been used as a substitute for flax, making table linen of strength and beauty. It is furthermore available for machine belting and for unshrinkable hosiery, underwear, and sporting jackets of fine quality.

Another valuable fiber has been produced from an Australian seaweed. When properly treated, this fiber is declared to be equal to a medium staple wool, and it is spun on the worsted and woolen system. Cloth made from this substance has elasticity and springiness. This fiber may be mixed with wool. A large use for it in the carpet industry is predicted.

The development of these new industries furnishes another illustration of the uses of adversity, and suggests how far we are from exhausting the resources of Nature.

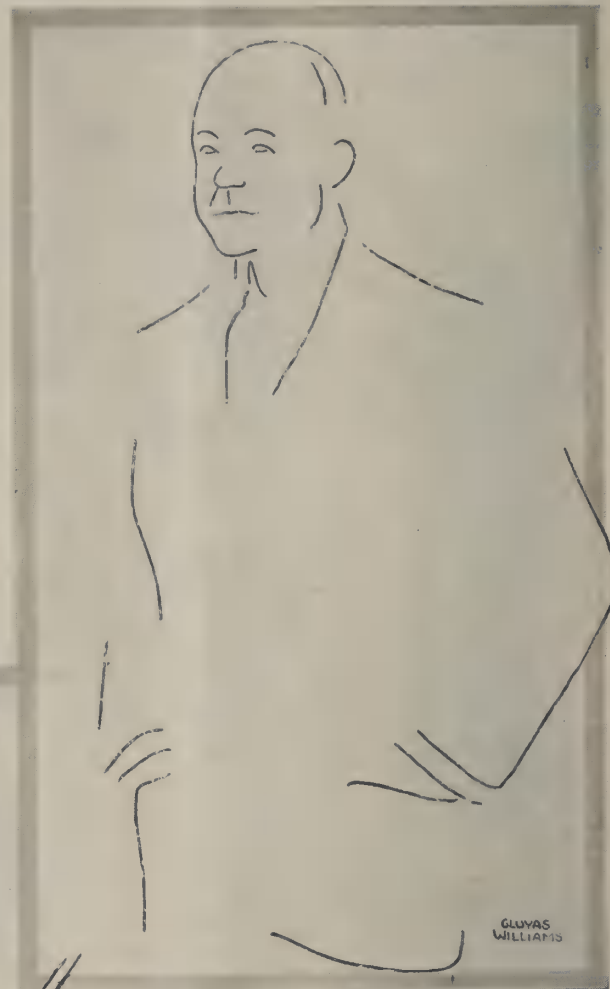


Mehekwtre provided his tomb with evidence of the bountiful existence he had enjoyed on earth.



CAPPER OF KANSAS COMETH

ARTHUR CAPPER of Topeka, Kansas, is the Agricultural Senator—although he is the owner of more good newspapers, daily and weekly, than any other man in the West. He was almost born in a newspaper office; has been typesetter, reporter, city editor, Washington correspondent, owner and publisher. His influence is steadily growing in the Senate, and he has stamped his ability and individuality upon the Senate from his opening month of service—and is always a wide-awake, practical statesman, in constant vigil over the interests and rights of his commonwealth and his section. He was elected Senator by 130 000 majority. He is regarded as a coming man in national politics.



A SOLDIER IN THE SENATE

DAVIS ELKINS of West Virginia is distinctly a Soldier-Senator. There is not a better military record in either house. He was a captain in the Spanish-American War, was a major and acting adjutant in the World War at the age of 46, when the people of West Virginia elected him to the Senate. He is an advocate of business methods in the Senate, and the outspoken opponent of long speeches and the filibuster.

CHAMP CLARK'S SUCCESSOR

THE new leader of the House minority—successor to the famous Champ Clark—is an alert and fighting publicist who has come up step by step from the ranks of the Tennessee Democracy. Finis Garrett is worthy of the distinguished honor he has won. Keen, fearless, charming in manner and speech—charged with the fullness of eight consecutive terms in Congress, and full of faith in his country and his party, Representative Garrett will not wobble in the mighty footsteps of his predecessor. He grapples the Republican party at every step, and fully believes the undaunted Democracy will win in 1924.



They'd Rather Be He than Be President

By John Temple Graves

Drawings by Gluyas Williams

THREE great American figures are looming and longing to fill the great chair of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, which it is declared will soon become vacant—William Howard Taft, Charles E. Hughes and Elihu Root.

To each of these great Americans this office seems a loftier station than the Presidency of the United States. And each of them in discriminating contrast has at some time expressed a preference for it.

Mr. Taft in his third year in the White House declared to his friends that he had never voluntarily sought the Presidency and had yielded to his family and his friends, led by Theodore Roosevelt into his candidacy and election; that his own supreme preference of a lifetime was for the Chief Justiceship and he would willingly exchange the Presidency for the great judicial chair.

When Chief Justice Fuller died in 1910 Mr. Root's friends urged him for the succession, and it was known that Elihu Root desired it above the Presidency.

Mr. Hughes resigned the Associate Justiceship of the Supreme Court at the urgent request of his friends and his party in order to make the race for the Presidency against Woodrow Wilson in 1916. He would never have resigned the Chief Justiceship for any office or the hope of it, and it is still his unfulfilled ambition.

This great office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is now, by common rumor and inevitably at no distant date, to become vacant for the first time in eleven years.

(Continued on page 86)



A HOOSIER STRATEGIST

HARRY STEWART NEW of Indiana—for twenty-five years linked with the Indianapolis Journal as reporter, editor, and half-owner, and for nearly a quarter of a century deferred to as consummate political leader and strategist of the national Republican party, reaches his zenith of power and influence with the Harding Administration of which he was a builder and of which he is now a trusted counselor. No man is closer to the Chief Executive and no man's counsel is more coveted by his party and his friends. He is distinctly a strong man in politics.



Knots in Shakespeare's Handkerchief

*On the Imperfections of the Arts
of Reading and Writing*
By G. Bernard Shaw

AN INTERESTING correspondence was started lately in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* by the well-known founder of the Elizabethan Stage Society, Mr. William Poel, the pioneer of the modern method of presenting Shakespeare's plays on the stage in Shakespeare's own way; that is, without division into acts, without would-be illusory scenery, without intervals filled with musical "selections"; in short, without the horrors which have made Shakespeare for a century past the privileged bore of the theater, and compelled managers to mutilate his plays so horribly that the fragments that reached the footlights seldom amounted to two-thirds of the original, and were never fully intelligible in their incoherence.

At present, in the Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Bridges Adams, working on Mr. Poel's lines in coöperation with the Shakespeare Memorial National Theater Society, gives performances of Shakespeare's plays in their entirety, lasting from three to three and a quarter hours with only one pause, which draw crowded audiences, and leave them under the impression that the rapid and continuous succession of episodes which they have followed with excited interest have lasted less than half the time the old-fashioned performances used to take, and that, too, with not a single star in the cast.

THIS fact should be made known in America; for a well-known American Shakespearean actor, Mr. Hackett, came last season to London, and spent a huge sum of money in producing "Macbeth" in the old way, only to find that when people go to the theater in London they go to see a play and not to sit idly for hours whilst cumbrous and utterly uninteresting

castles and caverns are being set up behind the curtain, and the band is playing the "incidental" music over and over again until the repetition becomes maddening. The fact that when the curtain at last went up, Mr. Hackett gave them as much of the play as the scenery left time for did not console them for a boredom which they knew to be unnecessary, or for the omission of the murder of *Lady Macduff*, and of the scene between *Macduff* and *Malcolm*.

HAD Mr. Hackett been all the Kembles and all the Keans, rolled into one, with Garrick, Burbage, and Betterton thrown in, he could not have made headway against such conditions before an audience which knew the better way from recent and pleasant experience. When he comes again, he, too, will know better; and then we shall all be glad to see him and satisfy ourselves as to whether Edwin Booth has found a successor at last.

This by the way. What I am concerned with here is Mr. William Poel's demand in the Literary Supplement for a "standard" edition of Shakespeare which shall follow the punctuation of the Quartos (the earliest printed copies) on the ground that they indicate the way in which the Elizabethan actors delivered Shakespeare's lines on the stage. Mr. Granville Barker, the most famous and original Shakespearean producer of the Poel school, added that no editor should reject a reading, however apparently corrupt, until he had tried it out on the stage.

IF WE found one of Shakespeare's handkerchiefs with a knot in it, we might reasonably conjecture that he had knotted it to remind him of something he was afraid of forgetting; but what sane producer of "Othello" would tie a knot in *Desdemona's* fatal handkerchief on the ground that all Elizabethan handkerchiefs were worn knotted? All actors and all producers and all prompters make marks on their parts and copies to indicate emphases, strokes of stage business, signals, calls, and the like; but except in the matter of underscoring words, which is common practice, they each make different marks according to private codes of their own. Dots, strokes, crosses, angles indicating the position of the arms, crude footprints mapping the position of the feet, make memoranda perfectly intelligible to the actor who scrawls them, and inscrutable to anyone else.

NOW imagine manuscript copies treated in this way, and then handed to a printer to set up, or to a scrivener to make fair copy for the printer! How is the scrivener to tell whether these dots and dashes and sciggles and crosses and clock-hands and queries and notes of admiration are meant for stops or not?

It is easy to say that he can use his common sense; but neither scribes nor compositors are highly educated enough to understand everything they copy or set up: setting up Shakespeare must often be very like setting up Einstein or Homer in the original.

LET me recapitulate the process by which the plays got into print. First, Shakespeare wrote a play. It may be presumed that he punctuated it, but this is by no means certain. (Continued on page 81)

Paul and the Purple Pig

In the Fire of Spring-V

By
Virginia Terhune
Van de Water

Illustrated by H.R. Ballinger

CAN the ultramodern girl afford to surrender the protection that marriage offers? Pretty Dorcas March went down to Greenwich Village to study art—and was won away from her Puritan ideals of marriage. Now, after three years, Dorcas has come to the parting of the ways. Will she have to pay dearly for the freedom she once thought she wanted?

AFTER I left the happy, healthy, out-of doors life of Hetherington and in loyalty to Paul tore from my heart all thoughts of Rex Dinsmore, the attractive young brother of my hostess, a sickening reaction set in.

My return to Greenwich Village was not encouraging. Paul was still absent. I felt the change from the country air to the fetid atmosphere of the hot streets. I had no new orders and I could not now continue work on the painting of little Kenneth Radford to which I had been devoting most of my time before I left the city. For Raymond Radford's son had not yet come back from the seashore. But I received a note from Miss Radford saying that I might "report for duty," to quote her phrase, next Wednesday—a week from the day on which her letter came.

"My brother will be back by then, and Kenneth sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of his journey for you to see him," she explained.

I looked forward eagerly to going uptown again to resume this bit of work. Not only was I interested in it, but I was eager to spend a few hours in a more refined atmosphere than that in which I now was. I blamed Paul in my own heart for not having allowed me to cultivate more acquaintances here in Greenwich Village. It was not fair, I argued inwardly, for him to go away and leave me with so few refuges from loneliness.

I DID not class the Radford home in the same category as the Dinsmore home. Even I, with my limited knowledge of various classes, knew that, with all their wealth, the Dinsmores were of a different "set" from that in which Raymond Radford moved. He was intellectual, and had come of a long line of intellectual men—as, I reminded myself, my own people had done. His world was more conventional in every way than was that of my recent hosts.

I tried now to forget those hosts. My intercourse with them had been an episode that was definitely ended. Because I owed a certain loyalty to Paul, I had closed the doors of their house behind me forever.

And the worst of it was that, now that I was back in the lonely studio, I had awful sinkings of heart at times as I recalled what I had relinquished. I was growing too introspective, I told myself—but I wondered if, could Paul know of what I had done, he would be as grateful to me, as happy at my decision, as I felt he should be.

Was it necessary for him to stay away all these weeks?

SUCH unhappy imaginings made me all the more thankful when the week was ended and the Wednesday afternoon came on which I was once more to start on my study of little Kenneth Radford. The child welcomed me with delight. He looked



"Yes," I confessed miserably, "I'm sick of it!" And suddenly I had a vision of that

less fragile than when I had last seen him, and I commented on this to his aunt. Miss Radford received my remarks with a frigid smile.

"He is better," she said stiffly. "But we do not talk of his condition in his presence."

I felt duly snubbed, and silently went to work.

AS ON my first visit to his home, Mr. Radford's manner was cordial when he came in just before I took my departure.

And, as on that other occasion, he asked me to come into his sanctum on my way out of the apartment. As I entered this room I noticed, as I had not before, how the walls were lined with books, and how the center-table was piled with such magazines as thinking men read. I recalled that I had seen scarcely a book in the Dinsmore home—with the exception of an occasional light novel.

"How do you think the boy looks, Miss March?" Raymond Radford questioned as I took the chair he indicated.

"Much better," I answered.

"Thank you!" he smiled down at me, then took a chair opposite mine. "I was anxious for your opinion,

as you studied him before he went to the seashore—and would, notice any change in him."

"I do notice a decided change," I said, "and it is all for the better. His eyes are brighter, his color good, his whole manner more animated."

He did not speak for a moment; then, as if with a sudden impulse, he said:

"I will not admit the possibility of his not getting well. He must grow strong as he gets older."

"Of course he must, and he will," I affirmed.

HE LOOKED at me gratefully. "You are the sort of person to have around!" he exclaimed. "My aunt is always discouraged about the boy. What makes you think he will recover?"

"Naturally, I know nothing about it," I disclaimed hastily. "Only, if one wants a thing very much—and expects it—it is likely to happen. Don't you think so? Believing that it will, brings it to pass."

"Have you found that to be so in your own case?"

"I was not thinking of myself," I stammered.

"But I was thinking of you," he smiled, "and wondering if you had put your theories to the test."

"I have certainly attained some things I hoped for



night I had first met Paul, here at the Purple Pig . . . and I felt vaguely nauseated.

and believed in," I admitted. "For instance, there is my progress in portrait-painting."

"Tell me about it," he urged.

IMPULSIVELY I told him of my desire to come to New York, of my work at the Art Association, of my various orders.

Nothing was said of Paul Mora. That was another side of my life, and did not concern this man.

He sat listening, as if intensely interested. His attitude was subtly flattering. I seldom had an opportunity nowadays to talk with men of his type—well-born and intellectual.

I started as the clock on the mantelpiece struck six.

"I had no idea it was so late!" I exclaimed.

"Let me call a cab for you," he suggested. And before I could protest he had telephoned for one.

When it arrived, I insisted that he should not accompany me to the lower floor. Miss Radford, appearing at this moment, reminded him that it was time to dress for dinner, as he was expecting guests. I hastened away, conscious again of her disapproval.

But I had had a lovely afternoon, I mused as I rode downtown. It must be nice to live as this man

lived, in a home like this. How sheltered and guarded his wife must have been!

Was he always as interested in people as he had been in me? My common sense, not my vanity, answered me. He certainly had seemed attracted to me. Why might he not be? I was still young and, I hoped, good-looking. I had been careful to dress becomingly for my visit to the Radford apartment.

AFTER that first day I enjoyed many other talks with Raymond Radford. He had a way of coming in from his office before I left his son's room. I looked forward with pleasure to his arrival. I was also glad to note that Miss Radford seemed to have overcome her first dislike for me. Altogether I was finding the painting of little Kenneth Radford's picture a delightful proceeding.

One rainy afternoon in late July Mr. Radford escorted me to the cab which was now always ordered to take me home.

"By the way," he asked on our way down in the elevator, "what is your address? I have it somewhere, but I forget it for the moment."

I told him the number in Washington Place.

"What floor are you on?" he queried.

"The top floor," I answered. "That allows me an excellent skylight in my studio."

He looked at me suddenly, repeating the address I had mentioned.

"I've been to that place!" he said. "I went there with a friend to see a chap he's acquainted with—the artist, Paul Mora. He lives there, doesn't he?"

"Yes. Mr. Mora has his studio in that building when in New York. He is away now."

"I see," was the man's only comment.

Then he began to chat of other matters with such ease that I was convinced that he attached no particular significance to his own question or to my response.

YET, if he had been to Paul Mora's studio, he might remember that it was on the top floor, and that there was only one other studio at the front of that narrow building.

Later, I comforted myself with the reflection that he had doubtless forgotten the kind of house that Paul Mora lived in. His manner had shown that what I had told him had not impressed him.

THE next time we met I was sure that my consoling surmise had been correct. For Radford was, if possible, more genial and friendly than before. He talked to me freely of himself, of his ideals, his likes and dislikes. He would not have done this had he not approved of me. In fact, he intimated to me that it was an increasing pleasure to him to see me so often.

I would have been more than human if the possibility of this man's learning to care for me had not come to my mind. By some strange psychological twist, I did not have the scruples in thinking of this that I had had about Rex Dinsmore's affection. One reason was that Paul had neglected me during his absence. I had come back to New York from Hetherington feeling that I had made a sacrifice to my loyalty to him. And there had been no word from him awaiting me—nor had a line come from him for several days after my return. Moreover, the reaction that follows sacrifice had set in.

Besides all this, I was very lonely. And, perhaps, greatest of all, was the fact that the environment in which Raymond Radford lived was totally unlike that in which I had lived for the past three years—was even different

from that at Hetherington. In fact, I told myself this evening, as I sat alone in my studio, that Raymond Radford's world was safe and conventional.

I said the words longingly. "Safe and conventional!" I, Dorcas March, peered longingly into that world, and wondered if by any chance Raymond Radford was beginning to care for me as a man may care for the woman whom he would marry.

I was almost happy as I waited for what might happen.

And then, one day, I received a letter from Paul telling me that he expected to come home on Saturday.

THIS was the third letter I had had from him, and he had been away for six weeks.

It checked my foolish dreams abruptly and reminded me of the life I had, three years ago, elected to live.

As soon as I saw Paul Mora, I was aware of a change in him. It was indefinable, but none the less present.

He returned on Saturday morning about eleven o'clock. I set his rooms to rights early that day, then



"The Fire of Spring! . . ." Paul mused. "You have changed since I painted that portrait!"

went over into my studio and was hard at work when he arrived.

I recognized his step in the hall, and listened as he paused outside of his own door while he took his latch-key from his pocket. Yet I did not run out to welcome him as I would once have done. Instead, I kept right on painting, although I was aware that my hand was trembling slightly.

Paul lingered in his studio long enough to take off his hat and to make sure I was in neither of his rooms. Then I heard him open his door and, a second later, he knocked at mine. Even in that instant I recollected that recently he had not gone through this formality.

"Come in!" I called.

"Hello, honey!" he greeted me almost boisterously, and, as I came towards him, bent and kissed me. He did not take me—brushes, palette and all—in his arms as he would once have done. Perhaps he realized this, for he laughed in an embarrassed way.

"IT'S hard to kiss a girl who fends you off with all her painting implements," he remarked. "Put those things down and sit down and talk to me for a few minutes."

When I had done his bidding he asked: "Well, how have you gotten on?"

"Oh, I've been very busy," I replied. "I've been doing the portrait of little Kenneth Radford—the order I received before you went away, you remember?"

"Oh, yes!" he said. "I do remember. And hasn't the weather been wonderful?"

"Why, yes!" I rejoined, "I suppose it has. To tell the truth, I have been so busy working indoors for the last few days that I have hardly noticed what was going on outside."

"Well, you must have been busy," he observed, "if you have let these past weeks get by you without knowing that there never was such weather before since time was made."

"I have not been working all the while," I re-

marked calmly. "I made a little visit to some people up in Westchester County."

"So!" he exclaimed. "That's good! I am glad you have had a breath of country air. Did you have a good time?"

I HESITATED before answering. I had fancied that he might show pique at my having friends of whom he knew nothing. But there was only polite interest in his face—and not much of that.

"Who were they, by the way?" he asked casually.

"The Dinsmores. I met them through the mother of a child whose portrait I painted."

"I see," he said. "Then you know what a lovely June it was in the country."

"I did not go away until late June—and then only for ten days," I told him.

I looked at him keenly, noticing the healthy glow in his cheeks, the sparkle in his black eyes.

"You've been where the weather matters more than it does near New York," I observed with a pang of envy. "June in Greendale is an experience never to be forgotten."

"It certainly is!" he agreed.

"Tell me about it," I urged.

"Why," he began slowly, "there is not much to tell you—for you know the place even better than I do."

"But," I reminded him, "what about your picture, and the rose-garden? Have you finished the work you set out to do?"

"Not quite," he said. "There are still some last touches to be added."

"Then you go up there again?" I asked sharply.

He glanced at me as if startled by my brusqueness.

"I do not know. My plans are entirely uncertain."

THEN he began telling me of a man whom he had met on the train, and I saw that my suspicious manner had silenced him for the present on the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

My heart burned with resentment as I listened to his talk of trivial matters. He had been spending weeks in the town which had been my home, associating with people whom I had always known; yet he was showing a reticence about them that he might have shown to a stranger. At last I interrupted him to ask:

"Did Helen Thornton mention me at all while you were there?"

He raised his brows in surprise. "My dear girl"—indulgently—"why should she? She is not even aware that I know you."

"And you never told her you did?" I questioned.

"I could hardly do so without dragging the subject in," he demurred.

"I should think you could have said something about me," I insisted.

"Do you talk of me to your patrons?" he asked bluntly.

"No," I stammered. The query had taken the wind out of my sails, and I felt foolish and ashamed.

"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways," he observed. "Well"—rising—"I'll go over and unpack my duds."

I LET him go back into his studio without any protest. I found that I was not really glad that he had returned to New York. I was not even as glad as I had thought I might be. While I had been happy with my work, my evenings had been rather lonely, and Paul was an agreeable comrade.

I wondered now if the present fault lay in him or in me. He was still deep in reminiscences of his recent experiences in Greendale. I was thinking constantly of Kenneth Radford's portrait, and of his father and his home. I must turn my thoughts into other channels. I must be fair to Paul. I would be jolly and happy, as he liked me to be.

Perhaps in the hour and a half that elapsed before luncheon, Paul had leisure to (Continued on page 85)



"Father," said the Duke tremulously, "are those gracious beings angels?" "Angels? They are Devils!"

Angels in an Almond Grove

By W.B. Trites

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

WHEN the Princess Ming-tsi eloped with her husband's favorite lute-player the mighty Prince Ming hid his bleeding heart under a cold, calm air.

He did not, of course, neglect a suitable revenge. Overtaking the guilty lovers, he slew the Princess with his own hands, very mercifully. But for the lute-player the subtlest tortures were devised, and three days and nights together the Prince reveled in the agonies, too stoically endured, of the clown who had dared dishonor a Manchu. The end came. Spurning the corpse with his jeweled shoe, Prince Ming strode furiously from the torture chamber. He saw with horror that his heart bled more cruelly than ever.

NOW for a year he gave himself over to the suave ecstasies of opium. For a year he sought solace in the cold, mean loves which are bought and sold in the market-place. For a year he drank deep.

In vain.

Then one night at the year's end he burst into the apartment of his infant son. His eyes glowed with somber, drug-enkindled fires. A rose garland, fashioned by the ivory hands of the dancer Chin-Lu, hung awry in his dark locks. His robes of gold brocade

diffused a mingled odor of wine, cosmetics, and burnt opium.

Dismissing the young Duke Chang's attendants with a gesture, he took the child up in his arms and said:

"In my heart I have a wound that bleeds and bleeds. My life, my whole life, is but a bleeding wound."

A tear glided down his wasted cheek and fell on the head of the little boy.

"O my son!" he cried. "This unbelievable harm was done me by the small, weak hands of a woman. Woman is the world's curse. But you—you shall be preserved from this curse forever. I swear it!"

And in a lovely and secluded (Continued on page 86)

Smiling John Chinaman

By Frazier Hunt

BEFORE I went to the Orient I held the vague and uncertain idea that all Chinese were either waiters in chop suey restaurants or laundrymen, and that they all answered to the name of John.

I understood that it was only a question of a few years, or decades at the most, until Japan would swallow what was left of China after Europe had finished her needs.

Then I went to China. In this land of smiles and surprises I learned that China is not the beaten, broken, helpless country that she is popularly supposed to be, but a great, sure, superior institution, certain as death, solid as the hills—and smiling.

One of my first days in Peking I was jogging through the legation quarter in a rickshaw. A big military airplane, driven by an English pilot, was doing stunts two or three thousand feet above us. I pointed to the plane and with considerable pride remarked to my coolie: "Ever see one of those things before, boy?"

"He no belong great thing, master," the coolie answered in the famous pidgin-English of Peking. "We had all same thing China long time, maybe two thousand year ago, when make all same thing here fight sky dragons with."

THAT'S China—superior, certain, egotistical.

To me it was a tremendous discovery. If I had rounded a corner in one of Peking's magic streets and suddenly come upon the North Pole sticking up like an old-fashioned barber sign I could not have been more surprised. For I had discovered greatness and majesty and humanness in a people I had thought backward, decadent, and inferior.

Four hundred million of them, there are. That's four times as many people as we have in America—and a good deal more than the total population of all Europe, excluding Russia—and within 150,000,000 of the total white population of the entire world.

Theirs is the oldest civilization; they are the greatest propagandists; they are the most successful colonizers; they are the most industrious; they are the master egoists; they have the greatest power of resistance—and they are the champion smilers.

DOWN in the Shanghai country I saw a Chinese version of our own "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The man who transported it across the Pacific was not bound down by any of the ordinary ethics of authorship. The colored folks were kept intact and played by Chinese actors without burnt cork, but *Simon Legree* was none other than Yamaniato Nakagawa, a Japanese slave-driver right out of the rice paddies.

This was where the plot thickened. Yamaniato, the *Simon Legree* of the piece, gave old Chinese *Uncle Tom* a terrible whaling and then practiced on the other slaves. The audience, busy with munching their watermelon seeds, didn't mind it the least until they discovered that these coolies were getting just what they deserved for permitting the Japanese to come into their country and bully them. Then they howled in good Chinese: "Kill the bird! Throw him out!"

The Japanese menace had hit home. It was evident that the only thing to do was for all China to go on an anti-Japanese strike and force the little tan cousins to go back to their island.

PROPAGANDA, of course! I have mentioned that China is the greatest propagandist in the world. Consider what she has done to the visitors living within her borders.

There are some 40,000 or 50,000 foreigners residing in China and every one of them stands ready to make any sacrifice that China may be preserved from the ambitions of Japan. Let an innocent traveler show the slightest sympathy for Japan's point of view and the wrath of the gods tumbles on his



CHINA is not the beaten, broken, helpless country that she is popularly supposed to be, but a great, sure, superior institution, certain as death, solid as the hills—and smiling.



head. A hundred resident foreigners take his comment as a personal affront. Long before he passes halfway through the treaty ports he's either been branded "N. G." by

his own countrymen or else he's been converted into a Chinese booster, and joined the long list of volunteers who stand ready at any moment to give their lives for China against Japan.

Nothing wrong with that—only the Chinese themselves are far too philosophical to worry themselves sick over a question like Japanese intrusion when everything is going to come out all right in the end. Simply outwait them—or play one against the other or let the thing drag. Why rush out and get shot up? Smile your way through—and let the other fellow get shot.

After all, he is a tremendously human and interesting and wise fellow, this smiling Chinese. There's an old saying that a smile will take you farther in China than anywhere else in the world. I believe it—and a smile takes the Chinese farther, too. It's taken them 10,000 years down the long trail and it'll take them another 10,000.

BUT our friend One Lung not only smiles but works. He's industrious beyond belief. He works harder, longer, more consistently, and for less pay than

anyone else in the world. Many of us think of the Japanese as master toilers: they'd starve in China.

Incidentally, Japan has her own exclusion law against Chinese, and during the war when a Japanese mine-owner imported some 27,000 Chinese laborers into Japan the Japanese Government turned them

around and waltzed them right back to the continent.

And the Chinese really are the greatest egotists in the world.

Certainly 399,000,000 out of the 400,000,000 consider this culture and civilization with its 5,000 years of history as the beginning and end of all things. A Chinese house boy knows he's superior to the foreigner whom he serves. The house boy can cheat him and not be found out; he can loaf on the job and not be fired; he can divide up among four Chinese men the housework that one servant could easily do.

I TOOK a ten-day trip with a high Chinese railroad official. This man held two degrees from American universities and he was about as thoroughly Americanized as any Oriental ever becomes—which is about ten per cent.

We talked and we sparred and played poker with words and finally the last day we were together I told him that it was my opinion that China would have to help herself and that nobody would do much for her. It was all right to give advice and good will, I suggested, but she would have to take care of her Japanese menace herself.

"Well," he said slowly after a pause, "we are not worrying so much about Japan as you may think. Of course things are very discouraging right now, but we are awakening the consciousness of China and for the first time instilling an idea of nationalism and patriotism into our common people—and we are doing it through preaching anti-Japanese hate. We'll get along all right. It may take us fifty or a hundred or possibly several hundred years, but in the end our superiority will tell and our civilization will dominate theirs."

THAT'S China! Here is Japan over-running their country, shoving her wishes down their throats with a bayonet, and deep in their hearts not one drop of real fear. The corrupted Peking officials who would sell China to the highest bidder, and who are probably at this very moment taking their orders from the Japanese minister, believe Japanese domination is only a temporary affair. China will play along with Japan and then when the time comes she will brush (Continued on page 83)



"This one'll do for me, and it's a whopper!" declared Allegheeny with complacent admiration.

Flowing Gold

By Rex Beach

Illustrated by Armand Both

TOM PARKER had raised his girl like a son, and like a son she took hold of things, but with a daughter's tact. Her intuition told her much, but she did not arrive at a full appreciation of the state of Tom's affairs until she had his neglected house running and went down to put his office in order. Then, indeed, she learned at what cost had come her four expensive years at school in the East, and the truth left her limp.

She went through Tom's dusty, disordered papers, ostensibly rearranging and filing them, and they told her much; what they did not tell her she learned from Judge Halloran and other old cronies who came in to pay their garrulous compliments.

Tom was mortgaged to the hilt; his land royalties were pledged; a crow could not pick a living out of his insurance business.

Such a condition was enough to dismay any girl who had never seriously considered money mat-

CALVIN GRAY, an adventurer in the land of flowing gold—simple, unspoiled Allegheeny Briskow, buying huge diamonds for her adornment—and pretty Barbara Parker, just back from four years at school. Will Fate, pulling their puppet strings, in caprice interweave them?

ters and who had returned home to take up a life of comparative ease and superlative enjoyment, where she had left it off, but "Bob"—old Tom had chris-

tened his daughter "Barbara" in order that he might call her "Bob"—said nothing. She knew every one of his shortcomings, and they endeared him to her, quite as a son's faults and failures deepen a mother's love; but she knew, too, that he was cantankerous and required careful handling. Tom's toes were tender, and he forever exposed them where they were easily trodden upon. Therefore the girl stepped cautiously and never even referred to the sacrifices he had made for her, which would have cruelly embarrassed both of them.

But something had to be done, and quickly; a new hand was needed to mend the family fortunes. Barbara determined to lend that hand.

A great change had come over Wichita Falls and the whole country round about, a change which the girl believed, afforded her an opportunity to prove that she was not a mere daughter, not an ornament and a drag, but a real son-daughter such as Tom



A jet of vapor shot from Gray's hand, struck the bandits full in the

considered her. The town was overcrowded with oil men, drawn thither by the townsite strike at Burkburnett, a few miles northwest, and excitement was mounting as new wells continued to come in. Central north Texas was nearing an epoch-making petroleum boom, for Ranger, away to the south, had set the oil-world by the ears and now this new sand at "Burk" lent color to the wild assertion that these north counties were completely underlaid with the precious fluid. At any rate, the price of thirsty ranch lands was somersaulting and prosperity was apparent in the homes of all Barbara's girl friends. Her admirers of the opposite sex could talk of little except leases and bonuses and "production"; they were almost too busy making money to call upon her.

Barbara knew something about oil, for she had watched the drilling of every one of those shallow wells that had kept her in college, and what is more, she knew most of the property owners in this part of the state. In that advantage, she believed lay her chance of accomplishment.

AFTER a fortnight of careful consideration, she decided to enter the oil business and deal in leases.

"Good idea," Tom declared, when she had made known her plan. "The town's so full of scamps, it looks like Rodeo Day, and most of 'em are doing well. If they can make good, it seems like an honest firm could do better."

"We'll be partners, Dad. You run the insurance, and I'll be the lease-hound."

"Say!" Tom's eyes brightened. "I'll put a desk right alongside of mine—a little feller, just your size—and a nice lounge in the back room, where you can lay down when you're tired. You been away so long it seems like I can't have you close enough." Another thought presented itself, and he manifested sudden excitement. "I tell you! I'll get a new sign painted, too! 'Tom and Bob Parker, Real Estate and Insurance, Oil Prop'ties and Leases.' Gosh! It's a great idea, son!" His smile lingered, but a moment later there came into his eyes a half-regretful light.

Barbara read his thought almost before he was aware of it and, rising, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. Wistfully, she said, "I'm awfully sorry, too, Dad."

"Eh?"

"That I disappointed you so by not being a boy. But—it wasn't my fault and maybe I'll show you that a daughter can help as much as a son."

A YEAR before this story opens the town of Ranger, Texas, consisted of a weatherbeaten, run-down railroad station, a blacksmith shop, and a hitching rail—town enough, incidentally, for the limited number of people and the scanty amount of merchandise that passed through it. Ranger lay in the dry belt—considered an almost entirely useless part of the state—where killing droughts were not uncommon and where for months on end the low flinty hills radiated heat like the rolls of a steel mill. In such times, even the steep, tortuous cañons dried out and there was neither shade nor moisture in them.

The few farms and ranches roundabout were scattered widely and life thereon was a grim struggle against heartbreak, by reason of the gaunt, gray, ever-present specter of the drought. Of late, this particular region had proven itself to be one of violent extremes, of extreme dryness during which flowers failed to bloom, the grass shriveled and died, and even the trees refused to put forth leaves; or, more rarely, of extreme wetness, when the country was drowned beneath torrential rains. Sometimes, during unusual winters, the heavens opened and spilled themselves, choking the narrow watercourses, washing out roads and destroying fields, changing the arid arroyos into raging river-beds. At such times, life for the country people was scarcely less burdensome than during the droughts, for the heavy bottom lands became quagmires and the clay of the higher levels turned into putty or a devilish agglutinous substance that rendered travel for man or beast or vehicle almost impossible.

THERE appeared to be no law of average here. In dry times, it was a desert—lacking wholly, however, in the beauty, the mystery and the spell of a

desert: in wet times, it was a Gehenna of mud and slush and stickiness, and entirely minus that beauty and freshness that attends the rainy seasons in a tropic clime. It was a land peopled by a hard-bitten race of nesters—come from God knows where, and for God knows why—starved in mind and body, slaves of a hideous environment from which they lacked means of escape.

Geologists had claimed for some time that there must be coal in these north Texas counties, a contention based perhaps upon a comfortable belief in the law of compensation, upon a theory that a region so poor above ground must of necessity contain values of some sort beneath the surface. But as for other natural resources, they scouted the belief in such. Other parts of the state yielded oil, for instance, but here the formation was all wrong. Who ever heard of oil in hard lime?

NEVERTHELESS, petroleum was discovered and, among the fraternity that dealt in it, Ranger became a word of contradiction and of deep meaning. Aladdin rubbed his lamp and lo! a magic transformation occurred: one of those thrilling dramas of a dramatic industry was played.

A gypsy camp sprang up beside the blacksmith shop, and as the weeks fled by it changed into a village of wooden houses, then into a town and soon into a



face and instantly they struggled in horrible torture.

city of brick and iron and concrete. The railroad became clogged with freight; a tidal wave of men broke over the town. Wagons, giant motortrucks, caterpillar tractors towing long strings of trailers lurched and groaned and creaked over the hills, following roads unfit for a horse and buggy.

Straddling derricks reared themselves everywhere; their feet were set in garden patches, in plowed fields, in lonely mesquite pastures and even high up on the crests of stony ridges. One day their timbers were raw and clean, the next day they were black and greasy, advertising the fact that once again the heavy rock-pressure far below had sent another fountain of fortune spraying over the top. Then pipe lines were laid, and unsightly tank farms were built.

Ranger became a mobilization point, a vast concentration camp for supplies, and amidst its feverish activity there was no rest, no Sundays nor holidays; the work went on at top tension night and day amid a clangor of metal, a ceaseless roar of motors, a bedlam of hammers and saws and riveters. Men lived in greasy clothes, breathing dust and the odors of burnt gas, eating poor food, and drinking warm fetid water when they were lucky enough to get any at all.

THIS was about the state of affairs that Calvin Gray found on the morning of his arrival. Gray's errand itself was evidence of the swift affluence of the

place. Rich, illiterate Gus Briskow had written to Coverly, the diamond merchant of Dallas, that he wanted to buy diamonds for his wife and daughter, and Gray had laughingly undertaken the trip. It was typical of Gray's way of handling men that, as soon as he suspected that his

fellow-traveler was a crook, he made his acquaintance. He and Mallow had managed to secure a Pullman section on the night train from Dallas; the fact that they were forced to carry their own luggage from the station uptown to the restaurant where they hoped to get breakfast was characteristic of the place. En route thither they had to elbow their way through a crowd that filled the sidewalks as if on a Fair Day.

Mallow was well acquainted with the town, it appeared, and during breakfast he maintained a running fire of comment, some of which was worth listening to.

"EVER hear how the first discovery was made? Well, the T. P. Company had the whole country plastered with coal leases and finally decided to put down a fifteen-hundred-foot wildcat. The guy that ran the rig had a hunch there was oil here if he went deep enough; but he knew the company wouldn't stick, so he faked the log of the well as long as he could; then he kept on drilling, against orders—refused to open his mail for fear he'd find he was fired and the job called off. He was a thousand feet deeper than he'd been ordered to go when—blooie! Over the top she went with fourteen hundred barrels. . . . Desdemona's the name of a camp below here, but they call it Hog Town. More elegant! Down there the derricks actually straddle each other and they have to board them over to keep from drowning each other out when they blow in. Fellow in Dallas brought in the first well and it was so big that his stock went from a hundred dollars a share to twelve thousand. All in a few weeks. Of course, he started a bank. Funniest people I ever saw, that way. Usually when a rube makes a winning, he gambles or gets him a woman, but these hicks take their coin and buy banks.

"RANGER'S a real town: everything wide open and the Law in on the play. That makes good times. Show me a camp where the gamblers play

solitaire and the women take in washing and I'll show you a dead village. The joints here have big signs on the wall 'Gambling Positively Prohibited' and underneath, the games are running high, wide, and fancy. Refined humor, I call it. . . . There were nine killings one day, but that's above the average. The last time I was in town, a couple of tool-dressers got into a row with a laundry man—claimed they'd been overcharged six cents. It came to a shooting, and we buried all three of them. Two cents apiece! That was their losing price. The cost of living is high enough, but it isn't expensive to die here."

IN THIS vein ran Mallow's talk. From the first, he had laid himself out to be entertaining and helpful and Gray obligingly permitted him to have his way. When they had finished breakfast, he even allowed his companion to hire an automobile and driver for him. They shook hands, finally, the best of friends. Mallow wished him good luck and gravely voiced the hope that he would have fewer diamonds when he returned. Gray warmly thanked his companion for his many courtesies and declared they would soon meet again.

Thus far, the trip had worked out much as Gray had expected. Now, as his service car left the town and joined the dusty procession of vehicles moving countryward, he covertly studied its driver and was gratified to note that the fellow bore all the earmarks of a thorough scoundrel. What conversation the man indulged in strengthened that impression.

THE Briskow farm, it appeared, lay about twenty miles out, but twenty miles over oil-field roads proved to be quite a journey. During the muddy season, the driver declared, it might well take a whole day to make that distance; now that the roads were dry, they could probably cover it in two or three hours, if the car held together. Traffic near Ranger was terrific, and how it managed to move, even at a snail's pace, was a mystery, for to sit a car was like riding a bucking horse. If there had been the slightest attempts at road-building, they were now invisible, and the vehicular streams followed meandering wagon trails laid down by the original inhabitants of pre-petroleum days, which had not been bettered by the ceaseless pounding of the past twelve months.

Up and down, over armored ridges and into sandy arroyos, along leaning hillsides and across 'dobe flats, baked brick-hard by the sun, the current of travel roared and pounded with reckless disregard of tire and bolt and axle. In the main, it was a motor-driven procession. There were, to be sure, occasional teams of fine imported draught horses, but for every head of live stock there were a dozen huge trucks, and for every truck, a score of passenger cars. These last were battered and gray with mud, and their dusty occupants were of a color to match, for they drove blindly through an asphyxiating cloud. Even the thirsty vegetation beside the roads was coated gray and so tinder-dry that it seemed as if a lighted match would explode it.

THE sun glared cruelly and the pyramidal piles of iron pipe chained to the groaning trucks and plunging trailers were hot enough to fry eggs upon; but neither they nor the steaming radiators gave off more heat than did the soil and the rocks.

Detours were common—testimony to man's inherent optimism—but each was worse than the other; the roadbeds everywhere were rutted, torn, broken up as if from long-continued heavy shell-fire.

From every ridge skeleton derricks were in sight as far as the eye could reach, the scattered ones whose clean timbers gleamed in the sunlight testifying to dry holes, the blackened ones, usually in clumps, indicating "production"—magic word.

There were a few cross-roads settlements—"hitch-rail towns"—unpainted and ramshackle, but nowhere was there an attempt at farming, for this part of Texas had gone hog-wild over oil. Abandoned straw stacks had settled and molded; corn fields had grown up to weeds, what few head of cattle still remained, lolled near the artificial surface tanks, all but dried into mud-holes.

IT WAS a farm of this character that Gray's driver finally pointed out as the Briskow ranch. The house, an unsightly story-and-a-half affair, stood at the back of what had once been a cultivated field, and the place was distinctive only in the fact that it gave evidence of a good water well, or a capacious reservoir, in the form of a vivid green garden patch and a few flourishing peach trees immediately behind the residence—welcome relief to the eye.

Nobody answered Gray's knock at the door, so he walked around the house. Over the garden fence, grown thick with brambles, he beheld two feminine figures, or rather two faded sunbonnets topping two pairs of shoulders; and as he drew nearer he saw that one woman was bent and slow-moving, while the other was a huge creature, wide of hip and deep of bosom, whose bare arms, burned to a rich golden brown, were like those of a blacksmith and who

wielded her heavy hoe as if it were a toy. She was singing in a thin, nasal, uncultivated voice.

Evidently they were the Briskow "help," therefore Gray made his presence known and inquired for the master or mistress of the place.

THE elder woman turned, exposing a shrewd, benevolent face, and after a moment of appraisal said: "I'm Miz Briskow."

"Indeed!" The visitor smiled his best and announced the nature of his errand.

"Lawdy me!" Mrs. Briskow planted her hoe in the soil and turned her back upon Gray. "Allie! Yore pa has gone an' done it again. Here's another of his fool notions." The women regarded each other silently, their facial expressions hidden beneath their bonnets; then the mother exposed her countenance a second time and said, "Mister, this is Allegheny, our girl."

Miss Allegheny Briskow lifted her head, nodded shortly, and stared over the hoe handle at Gray. Her gaze was one of frank curiosity, and he returned it in kind, for he had never beheld a creature quite like her. Gray was a tall man, but this girl's eyes met his on a level and her figure, if anything, was heavier than his. Nor was its appearance improved by her shapeless garment of faded wash-material. Her feet were incased in a pair of cheap men's brogans that Gray could have worn; drops of perspiration gleamed upon her face, and her hair, what little was visible beneath the sunbonnet, was wet

and untidy. Altogether she presented a picture such as some painter of peasant types might have sketched. Garbed appropriately, in shawl and sabots, she would have passed for some European plow-woman of Amazonian proportions. Allegheny! It was a suitable name, indeed, for such a mountainous person. Her size was truly heroic; she would have been grotesque, ridiculous, except for a certain youthful plasticity and a suggestion of tremendous vigor and strength that gave her dignity. Her ample, ill-fitting dress failed to hide the fact that her robust body was well, even splendidly molded.

GRAY'S attention, however, was particularly challenged by the girl's face and eyes. It was a handsome countenance, cut in large, bold features, but of a stony immobility; the eyes were watchful, brooding, sullen. They regarded him with mingled defiance and shyness for an instant, then they avoided his; she averted her gaze. She appeared to be meditating ignominious flight.

The mother abandoned her labor, wiped her hands upon her skirt, and said with genuine hospitality,

"Come right into the house an' rest yourself. Pa an' Buddy'll be home at dinner time." By now, a fuller significance of this stranger's presence had struck home and she laughed softly as she led the way towards the dwelling. "Dimons for Allie an' me, eh? Land sakes! Pa's up to something new every day, lately. I wonder what next!"

As Gray stepped aside for the younger woman to precede him, his curiosity must have been patent, for Allegheny became even more self-conscious than before and she stumbled blindly. She darted a smoldering glance at him, then drew low her brooding brows; her face flamed a fiery red. As yet, she had not spoken.

THERE were three rooms to the Briskow residence, bedrooms all, with a semi-detached ramshackle, whitewashed kitchen at the rear and separated from the main house by a narrow "gallery." Into the front chamber, which evidently did service also as a parlor, Mrs. Briskow led the way. By now she was in quite a flutter of excitement. For the guest, she drew forth the one rocking-chair, a patent contraption, the rockers of which were held upon a sort of track by stout spiral springs. Its seat and back were of cheap carpet material stretched over a lacquered frame, and these she hastily dusted with her apron; then she seated herself upon the edge of the bed and beamed expectantly.

Allegheny had carelessly brushed back her sunbonnet, exposing a mane of damp, straight brown hair of a quantity and length to match her tremendous vigor of limb, but she remained standing at the foot of the bed, too ill at ease to take a chair or perhaps too agitated to see one. She was staring straight ahead, her eyes fixed a foot or two over the caller's head.

Gray ignored her manifest embarrassment, made a gingerly acquaintance with the chair of honor, and then devoted his attention to the elder woman. At every move, the coiled springs under him strained and snapped alarmingly.

"WE DON'T often see jewelry peddlers," the mother announced, "but—sakes alive! Things is changin' so fast we get a new su'prise most every day. I s'pose you got those rings in that valise." She indicated Gray's stout leather sample case.

"Precisely," said he. "If you have time I'd like to show them to you." Mrs. Briskow's bent figure stirred; she uttered a throaty chuckle and her weary face, lined with the marks of toil and hardship, flushed faintly. Her misshapen hands tightly clasped themselves and her faded eyes began to sparkle. Gray felt a warm thrill of compassion at the agitation of this kindly, worn old soul and he rose quickly. As he gained his feet, that amazing chair behaved in a manner unusual and startling: relieved of strain, the springs snapped and whined; there was a violent oscillation of the back; a shudder convulsed the thing; and it sprang after him, much as a tame rabbit thumps its feet upon the ground in an effort to bluff a kitten.

The volunteer salesman spread out his dazzling wares upon the patchwork counterpane, then stepped back to observe the effect. Ma Briskow's hands fluttered towards the gems, then resealed themselves (Continued on page 87)



"Diamonds for Allie an' me, eh? Another of pa's fool notions! Lawdy me, what next!"



"I don't care two pins whether your Maharajah comes to my ball or not. I have entertained scores of Maharajahs!" Dodo retorted.

Dodo and the Maharajah

By E. F. Benson

Illustrated by Baron Gayne de Meyer

DODO had always firmly believed that boredom was by far the most fruitful cause of fatigue, and since she herself was hardly ever bored, she attributed to that the fact that she was practically indefatigable. Her immunity from boredom was not due to the fact that she, like the great majority of the women of her world, steadily and strenuously avoided anything that was likely to bore her: it was that Dodo—whom the less fortunate spoke of as "the fascinating Lady Chesterford"—brought so intense and lively an interest to whatever she happened to be doing, that her occupation, of whatever kind it might be, became a mental refreshment.

LAST night, for instance, at dinner Dodo had sat next to Lord Cookham at a mournful and pompous banquet—an experience which was apt to prostrate the strongest with an acute attack of nervous depression. But the only effect it had on Dodo was to make her study with the most eager curiosity how it was possible that anyone could be so profound a prig, and yet not burst or burn with a blue flame.

But so far from irritating Dodo, this prodigious creature merely fascinated her, and when after dinner he took his place in the center of the hearth rug, and recounted to the entire company the talk he had had with the Minister of Antiquities in Athens, and the advice he had given him with regard to the preservation of the sculpture on the Parthenon, Dodo felt that she could have listened forever in the ecstatic attempt to realize the full complacency of that miraculous mind.

THOROUGHLY refreshed but slightly intoxicated by that intellectual treat, Dodo had gone to a party at the Foreign Office, followed by a ball, and was out again riding in the Park at eight. She came back a little before ten, and found her husband morosely breakfasting in the sitting-room, with his back to the window.

"Good morning, darling," she said. "It's the divinest day, and you ought to have come out instead of sleeping off your Cookhamitis. Jack, I am sure Cookham was like that when he was born; he could never have learned to be so marvelous. He probably told his nurse in Greek how to wash and dress him before he could talk."

Dodo poured herself out some tea. "I got home at a quarter to four," she said, "and I was called at a quarter to eight, and I was out by eight and I shall have my bath after breakfast."

"What happened to your prayers?" asked Jack.

"Forgot them, you old darling. How delicious of you to ask! When I say them I shall pray that you will be less grumpy in the morning. What an unholy lot of letters there are for me! I like a lot of letters really; it shows there were a quantity of people thinking about me yesterday. When I don't get a lot, I think of the time when I shall be dead and nobody will write to me any more. Or will they write dead letters? The dead-letter office sounds as if it was for that. Oh, here's one from Lord Cookham in that

dreadful neat handwriting which leaves no room for conjecture. Why couldn't he say what he had to say last night? Oh, it's something official and he, being what he is, wouldn't talk officially at a private house. What beautiful correctness!"

Dodo turned over the page. "Well of all the pieces of impertinences!" she said. "Jack, listen! He is commanded to ask whether I will give a ball for the Maharajah of Bareilly——"

"That's not impertinent," said Jack.

"No, dear; don't interrupt. But he suggests that I send the proposed list of my guests to him for revision and addition. Did you ever hear anything like that?"

Dodo read on, and gave a shrill scream.

"AND that's not all!" she shouted. "He suggests that I should send him the choice of three dates about the middle of July and he will then inform me in due course which will be the most convenient. Is the man mad? There aren't three dates about the middle of July, and if there were I wouldn't send him them."

"What are you going to say?" asked Jack.

"I shall say that I happen to have no vacant dates about the middle of July, but that I am giving a ball on the 16th, and that I shall be delighted to ask his Indian friend, who may come to dinner first if I can find room for him. About my list of guests I shall say that I should no more dream of sending it to him for revision and addition than I should send it to my scullery-maid. And that if my friends aren't good enough for a Maharajah, he may go and dance with his own. My guests to be revised by Lord Cookham! Additions to be made by him! Isn't he quite priceless?"

Not waiting a reply, Dodo gathered up her letters.



Dodo was an admirable mimic, and she entertained the Maharajah royally—if immodestly—as befitted his station.

"Trouble will now spread for the Earl of Cookham," she remarked. "I think I shall telephone to him. He hates being telephoned to like a common person."

"May I listen?" asked Jack.

"Do, darling, and suggest insults in a low voice."

DODO sent a message that Lord Cookham was required in person at the degrading instrument and, having secured his presence, talked in her best telephone-voice, slow and calm and clear-cut.

"Good morning," she said. "I have received your letter. . . . Yes, isn't it a lovely day? I have been riding. . . . No, not writing—riding. Horse. About your letter. I am giving a ball on the 16th of July, and I shall be delighted to ask your friend. Of course I shan't give another ball for him, but if the 16th will do, there we are. And what a delicious joke of yours about my sending you a list of my guests! I think I shall ask for a list of the guests when I go to a dance. A lovely idea."

Dodo paused a moment, listening.

"I don't see the slightest difference," she said. "And I can't give you a choice of days, because I—I haven't got one to give you."

She paused again, and hastily put her hand over the receiver.

"Jack, he wants to come and talk to me about it," she whispered, her voice quivering with amusement. Then it resumed its firm telephone-tone.

"Yes, certainly," she cried. "I shall be in for the next half-hour. . . . After that? Let me see: about the same time tomorrow morning. You'll come at once then? Au revoir."

Dodo replaced the instrument, and bubbled with laughter.

"Oh, my dear! What fun!" she said. "I adore studying him. I shall get a real glimpse into his mind this morning, and if he annoys me as he did in his letter about the list, he shall get a glimpse into mine. He will probably be very much astonished with what it contains."

IT WAS not long before Lord Cookham arrived. He was pink and large and sleek, and could not possibly be mistaken for anybody else except some eminently respectable butler, in whose care the wine and the silver were perfectly safe. Dodo had not quite finished breakfast when he was announced, and proceeded with it.

"So good of you to come and see me at such short notice," she said. "Do smoke!"

He waved away the cigarettes she offered him, and produced a gold case with a coronet on it.

"With your leave, Lady Chesterford," he said, "I will have one of my own."

"Do!" said Dodo cordially. "And light it with one of your own matches. Now about my dance."

He cleared his throat exactly as if he were about to make a speech.

"The suggestion that His Highness should come to a ball given by you," he said, "originated with myself. Such an entertainment could not fail to give pleasure to him, nor his presence fail to honor you. His visit to this country is to be regarded as that of a foreign monarch, and in the present unhappy state of unrest in India—"

"It will be nice for him to get away for a little quiet," suggested Dodo.

Lord Cookham bowed precisely as a butler bows when a guest presents him on Monday morning with a smaller token of gratitude than he had anticipated.

"IN THE present unhappy state of unrest in India," he resumed, "it is important that the most rigid etiquette should be observed towards His Highness, and that he should see, accompanied by every exhibition of magnificence, not only the might and power of England, but all that is most characteristic and splendid in the life of English subjects and citizens."

"I will wear what Jack calls the family fender," said Dodo. "Tiara, you know, so tall that you couldn't fall into the fire if you put it on the hearth rug."

Lord Cookham bowed again.

"Exactly," he said. "The fame of the Chesterford diamonds is world-wide, and you have supplied a wholly apposite illustration of what I am attempting to point out. But it is not only in material splendor, Lady Chesterford, that I desire to produce a magnificent impression on our honored visitor; I want him to mix with all that is stateliest in birth, in intellect, in aristocracy of all kinds, of science, of art, of industrial preëminence, of politics, of public service. It was with this idea in my mind that your name occurred to me as being the most capable of all our London hostesses in bringing together such an assembly as will be perfectly characteristic of all that is most splendid in the social life of our nation."

These well-balanced and handsome expressions did not deceive Dodo for a moment; she rightly interpreted them as being an amiable doxology which should introduce the subject of the revision of her list of guests. She could not help interjecting a remark or two any more than a highly charged siphon can help sizzling a little, but she was confident, now that Lord Cookham was well afloat, that her remarks would not hamper the majestic movement of his incredible eloquence.

"It is in this sense that I have alluded to the honor done to you," he resumed, "by my tentative selection of you as hostess in what I am sure will constitute the culminating impression on the Maharajah's mind. You will be for that evening the representative of England herself. The date you propose—namely, the 16th of July—may, I hope, be found suitable, but I should like to be in a position to submit other dates in case it is not. Shall we therefore temporarily fix on that night or one of the two following?"

This was getting down to business, and Dodo pulled herself together.

"We will fix on nothing of the sort," she said. "My ball is on the 16th. And, do you know, to speak quite frankly, I don't care two pins whether your



Dodo wore her tall tiara of diamonds—Jack called it the Family Fender—to the Maharajah's ball.

Maharajah comes or not. I have entertained scores of Maharajahs. Last year half a dozen of them were foisted onto me."

"I have given you some slight sketch of a unique occasion," he reminded her.

"I know you have; I enjoyed it enormously. But my ball is on the 16th; you don't seem to understand that yet. And if it doesn't suit anybody he needn't come."

LORD COOKHAM took a memorandum book from his pocket. "I have, of course, been intrusted with all arrangements for his visit," he said, "and I see I have fixed nothing for the 16th."

"Very well, fix it now," said Dodo, "and let us go back to the question of the list of guests. But there is

no such question, let me tell you. I am asking my own guests. I shall be delighted to see the Maharajah (you must tell me something about him in a minute). I love having kings and queens and princes at my house, because we all are such snobs, aren't we? But I believe that this notion of my submitting my list to you is your own idea. You weren't commanded to do anything of the sort, were you?"

He drew himself up slightly. "My conduct in this as in all other such matters," he said, "has been dictated by my sense of the duties of my position."

"Same here," said Dodo. "I am the hostess and I shall do just as I please about my ball. Now I'm not going to have it stuffed up with scarecrows. A dozen fossilized Plantagenets spoil all the fun for yards

round. They look down their noses and wonder who other people are. Of course there are plenty of Plantagenets who are ducks; they'll be here, all right. But if the Angel Gabriel said he wanted to make additions to my ball, I would pull out all his wingfeathers sooner than allow him. Worse than that would be the thought of allowing you or him or anybody to cut out the name of any friend of mine because he wasn't fit to meet a Maharajah. All my friends are perfectly fit to meet anybody. So, my dear, you may put that into your own cigarette and smoke it."

PROBABLY Lord Cookham had never been so surprised, so wantonly outraged in his feelings since the unhappy day when (Continued on page 86)



Bring Flowers They Loved

Memorial Day 1921

By Brian Hooker

THERE'S a clamor of many voices,
There's a murmur of marching feet,
And a music that rejoices
Where the ranks move down the street:
Friends with the hearts of strangers,
Boys with the eyes of men,
And souls that have done with dangers
And slept, and risen again.
Among them, above them, around them,
The unseen legions throng—
With the gold of our dreams we have crowned them,
And their robes are the sound of our song.
Therefore with banners burning,
With lights and with garlands dressed,
Honor to these returning—
Honor to those at rest.

What of the many others

Forever overseas—

Lovers and sons and brothers

Like these, yet not like these?

For two shall have toiled and striven

Equal in worst and best,

And to one shall be glory given,

And to another, rest;

For two shall have trod one measure

And of one cup drunk deep,

And one shall have sweet pleasure,

And one shall have sweet sleep.

As a man makes a garden

Not for the fruits repaid,

But only to be warden

Of life his hands have made;

As a woman bears her children

Not that their loves atone,

But only to look upon them

And know them for her own—

O youth foregone, foregoing!

O dreams unseen, unsought!

God give you joy of knowing

What life your death has bought.

For our fathers gone before us,

That they have not toiled in vain;

For the mother hearts that bore us

And shall not waste their pain;

For the childhood games and laughter

And the sorrows that turn their tears

To a song in the heart hereafter

Unto the end of years—

For these, and what else unspoken

Live when a soldier dies,

You are the body broken—

You are the sacrifice.

For the flower from the clod emerging

And the fire from the cloud released,

For the wife that is more than virgin

And the man that is more than beast;

For the spirit in strange communion

With earth, yet more than earth—

The mystery of union,

The miracle of birth—

For these, and what holier dreaming

Our dust and its deeds have meant,

You are the blood redeeming—

You are the Sacrament.

Your hands confirm our manhood,

Your hearts hold women true,

And the wide eyes of children

Are clean because of you.

Through desperate wars undaunted

Our future arms retain

Your gift of fear confronted,

Your gift of conquered pain.

Stronger when foes dispute you,

Wiser when fools deny,

We who must live salute you

Who have found strength to die!

Bring flowers they loved! Let trumpets

Sound, and the feast be spread!

Shall not earth live the fairer

For their sake who are dead?

Not ashes nor any sorrow

Be borne for such as they—

Give them the golden morrow

They dwelt in yesterday!

Seeing our days inherit

What joys they dared forgo,

Surely they see and share it—

Surely they know—they know!

ARTHUR E. BECHER
1921

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The Real Ruler of Russia

By Count Ilya Tolstoy

IT WAS long after midnight. Thinking of Russia, I could not sleep. The past and present mingled together, and were peopled with dreadful specters of the slain millions. I saw them in war, heaped in trenches, scattered over battlefields. Blood shed in torrents by the Bolsheviks; blood in the Jewish pogroms. Epidemics, starvation; multitudes searching fruitlessly for sustenance, with emaciated hands and feverish looks, unable to think of anything but food and find anything but tears. Was it merely a horrible dream?

Presently a wonderful vision appeared to me. I felt myself led by a powerful, invisible hand, and I heard a voice say:

"Arise: for I will show you your country."

I arose and rode in a dream swiftly over the vast plains of Russia. Far ahead I saw great columns of black smoke, amid flames that rose from a burning village. Peasants, both men and women, ran about wildly and in despair, seeking to save what they could; children were crying.

Turning to my invisible guide, I asked the meaning of what I saw. He did not reply, except to say:

"Look again; look farther."

SUDDENLY, the picture changed completely. In place of charred ruins were well-constructed houses, shining in the sun, under new and immaculate straw roofs. I saw new cattle-sheds and stables, and

new barns stored with wheat and oats. Many people were at work, happy and contented.

I LOOKED; again the picture had changed. I saw many cities and towns, and the smoking chimneys of factories, and railways. Electric cars, automobiles, and tractors were crossing the country in every direction, and I saw myriads of people working and trading, all very busy and all very happy.

"Is this not America?" I inquired.

"No," replied the voice. "It is our Russia—the Russia of Tomorrow."

"But how could even our loved Russia produce such great wealth in so short a time?"

"Our wealth may be destroyed," he said, "but so long as I live it can easily be redeemed. My people have now been granted the opportunity to work, and what you see are the fruits of their labors. This universal prosperity has been created by the Russian people. Thousands fled from my country under the Bolshevik régime, and scattered to every part of the world. But, returning, they brought back all the knowledge they had gained abroad. This they have applied in the upbuilding of Russia. Behold, the result!"

"How are your people governed?" I asked.

"I am the real ruler of Russia," was the reply. "I have abrogated the deep-rooted laws of tyranny. Political freedom is not a positive idea. It is wholly

negative. It is the *absence* of restriction. I shall feel happy and free only when all prohibitive formulas are completely abolished. Then my power over the country will be unlimited and the Russian nation will be the greatest in the world."

"But how did you gain the power?" I inquired.

"My rule began the day that Russia was allowed to speak. I could not gain control before, because I was hindered by the 'friendly' intervention of the Allies; their aggressive drives against the Bolsheviks; the blockade."

LET me behold your face, new autocrat of Russia. Have I not gazed upon you before?"

"Oh, yes! You know me very well."

Turning my face in the direction of the voice, I saw to my amazement the sturdy figure of a simple peasant. He was clad in homespun. On his feet were plain, rough boots. A Russian fur hat covered his forehead. Outwardly, he appeared rough and gloomy; but suddenly our eyes met, and I noted in his the clear, trustful look of a child. I saw in them kindness and love, and I felt my heart grow warm towards the wondrous vision before me.

"Who are you, O savior of Russia?" I cried.

I AM the spirit of the Russian people. My power is mighty, because I live in every Russian heart. I can not be slain, for I am immortal. It was I who created Russia. It is I who will rebuild her future."

The Custom of the Family

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy



DO WOMEN really believe in fair play? Is Lady Mary Felixstowe likely to interfere when the unscrupulous Dane Montague undertakes to teach the rich young American, Jacob Pratt, a costly and undeserved lesson?

Jacob Pratt's head. One of the best-natured little bounders I ever knew."

Mason nodded.

"Fade away, Felix," he enjoined. "You're not in this show."

LORD FELIXSTOWE left the restaurant and, crossing the courtyard, seated himself in a disreputable little two-seated car jammed between two dignified limousines, in which, after a fierce and angry toot, he sped out into the Strand. With scant regard to the amenities of the traffic laws, and stonily deaf to the warning cries of a policeman, he threaded his way in and out of the stream of vehicles, shot across into Duncannon Street, and, with the blasphemous cries of a motor-omnibus driver still in his ears, pulled up before Jacob Pratt's offices at the lower end of Regent Street. Jacob, who had just returned from luncheon, welcomed him with a nod and indicated the easy-chair, into which the young man sank with the air of one who has earned repose.

"Old top," he announced, "they're getting ready to put it across you."

"Who are?" Jacob asked.

"The great Dane Montague, fresh from his City triumphs, Joe Hartwell, the American shark, and Philip Mason."

Jacob smiled a little contemptuously.

"I dare say they'd like to do me a bad turn if they could!"

THE young man extended his hand for Jacob's case, took out a cigarette and tapped it upon the desk, lighted it, and subsided still farther into the depths of his chair.

"Listen!" he continued. "This is no idle gossip I bring you. Five minutes ago I left the trio at the Milan, discussing over several empty bottles of Pommery, and a badly hurt bottle of '68 brandy, no less a subject than your undoing."

"Any specific method?" Jacob inquired.

"When I declined to join the enterprise, they dried up. All the same they mean mischief," Lord Felixstowe declared emphatically.

"But why should you think that they can hurt me?"

"Because you are on the straight and they are on the cross," was the well-considered reply. "If three men of their brains mean mischief—well, they're worth watching. They know the dirty ways and you don't. The old game, you know—a feint in the front and a stab in the back. Keep your weather eye open, Jacob. Beware of them, whether they bring gifts or thunderbolts."

"Anyway, it's very friendly of you to come and warn me," Jacob said gratefully.

"Not at all, old bean. I say, when are you going to get me a job?"

"What sort of a job do you want?"

"Your private secretary, couple of thou a year, and one of these cadaverous, ink-smudged chaps to do the work. What-ho!"

"You can go into the office and file letters, at three pounds a week, whenever you like," Jacob suggested.

The young man picked himself up in hurt fashion.

"See whether we win our heat this afternoon against the Crimson Sashes," he said. "I've a couple of ponies on, which ought to keep me going till Thursday, if we win. Shall I tool you down to Ranelagh, old chap?"

"What! In the basinette I saw you in yesterday? There were three policemen running down St. James's Street after you."

THE young man, after a violent series of explosions from his reluctantly started engine, shot into Pall Mall and disappeared in a cloud of smoke. Jacob watched him from the window with a smile upon his lips. When he resumed his seat, however, the smile had vanished. He sat with his head resting upon his left hand, idly sketching upon a corner of the blotting-pad. Presently he rang the bell for Richard Dauncey, his friend and secretary.

"Dick," he said, "Lord Felixstowe has just brought me a warning."

"A warning!" Dauncey repeated.

"It appears," Jacob went on, "that in the course of various insignificant adventures which have oc-

"Do you like me in this bathing suit?" Lady Mary inquired, balancing herself precariously.

"HERE'S one of the clan!" Montague exclaimed. "Sit down and have a drink, Felixstowe."

Lord Felixstowe, who had paused at the table on his way through the restaurant, surveyed the little party without undue enthusiasm.

"Off it today, my children," he announced. "I'm playing polo at Ranelagh this afternoon. Anyone want to back the Crimson Sashes?"

Mr. Montague stretched out his hand and drew the young man a little nearer.

"Look here, Felixstowe," he confided, "we're talking about Pratt—Jacob Pratt. You know the little devil."

"What about him?" His Lordship inquired.

"Philip, here, and Hartwell, have got it up against him hard. So have I. We think it's about time he was taught a lesson. There might be something for you out of it."

"Count me on the other side of the hedge," Felixstowe declared promptly. "I wouldn't hurt a hair of

MR. DANE MONTAGUE, the rising company promoter, was giving a luncheon party to celebrate the culmination of a successful financial swindle, and to plan further activities in the same direction. His guests were Philip Mason, the well-known man-about-town, and Joe Hartwell, the transatlantic young adventurer. After the third bottle of champagne, it transpired that the luncheon party had a further object.

Mr. Montague ordered expensive cigars and the three men's heads drew a little closer together.

"We ought to be able to put it across him," the host continued. "We've brains enough, and between us we know the ropes. The only thing is that it's pretty difficult to hurt him financially. I believe it's a fact that he's well on towards his second million."

"There are other ways," Hartwell remarked. "If I'd got him in New York I should know what to do. I guess there are back doors in this village."



They were plotting the downfall of the delightful Jacob Pratt . . . and Lady Mary hated them for it.

curred to me during the past few months, I have made enemies. Mr. Dane Montague, Philip Mason, and Joe Hartwell are out on the war-path against me." "Financially?" Dauncey asked, with an incredulous smile.

Jacob shook his head. "I think they've had enough of that. According to Lord Felixstowe, they're plotting something a little lower down. Keep an eye on me, Dick, if beautiful woman inveigles, or a ragged messenger from a starving father tries to lure me into the slums."

THE telephone tinkled at Jacob's elbow. He picked up the receiver and listened for a moment. His own share of the conversation was insignificant. "Of course you can," he said. "Certainly, I shall be here. . . . In five minutes? . . . Yes!"

He replaced the receiver. "Lady Mary Felixstowe is calling here, Dauncey," he announced. "She can be shown in at once."

Lady Mary, very smart in white muslin and a black hat, followed hard upon her telephone message. She was full of curiosity and without the least embarrassment. "Don't tell me that all your money is made in a little office like this!" she exclaimed, as she sank into the easy-chair.

"It isn't," he assured her. "It's all made in America. I simply sit here and try to keep it."

"Such a rag!" she went on. "We're going to have a picnic fortnight up at our place in Scotland. We want to know whether you'll come. Dad told me to say that there was plenty of fishing, and a grouse moor for later on. Sailing, of course."

"It sounds delightful," Jacob replied enthusiastically. "Right up in Scotland, you say? To tell you the truth, I was just wondering whether I couldn't drop out of things quietly for a week or so."

"It will be absolutely the end of us," she declared,

smiling out of her very blue eyes. "Maurice has been a perfect brute to me lately, and I have almost left off loving him. And I can tell by the look of you that you are having no luck with that obstinate Miss Bultiwell. I know we shall both fall. I'm so affectionate," she sighed.

JACOB felt suddenly soothed. Lady Mary was looking very attractive and her eyes were full of challenge.

"But tell me," he said. "Isn't it very early for you to leave town?"

She nodded. "To tell you the truth," she confided, "Dad seems to have got into terrible disgrace with all his relatives lately. Something to do with a money scheme, I think, in which they were all interested, and in which he seems to have done better than they did."

Jacob wiped the tears from his eyes. "I quite understand," he murmured. "I think this temporary isolation is an excellent idea of your father's. Sort of place, I suppose, where you get a post once a week, and no telegrams."

"You won't mind?"

"Not I!"

"And you'll come?"

"Rather! When do we start?"

"Some servants are going up today," she replied, "and I think we shall go with them by the midnight train. Poor Dad is being so worried. We'd like you to come tomorrow, or as soon as you can."

JACOB, sleepy-eyed and desperately hungry, tumbled out of the train, a few mornings later, onto a lone stretch of platform, to find himself confronted by an exceedingly pleasant sight. Only a few yards away, on the other side of some white palings, Lady Mary, in a tartan skirt, light coat, and tartan tam-o-

shanter, was seated in a four-wheeled dogcart, doing her best to control a pair of shaggy, excited ponies.

"Come along, Mr. Pratt," she called out, "and jump in as quickly as you can. These little beggars aren't properly broken. The men here will look after your luggage."

Jacob vaulted lightly over the paling and clambered up by her side.

"Capital!" she laughed. "Now I shall see what your nerves are like."

Jacob took off his hat and drew in a long breath of the fresh morning air.

"I don't think you're going to frighten me," he said. "What a country!"

THEY turned off the main road almost directly into what was little better than a cart-track, across a great open moor, dotted everywhere with huge granite stones, marvelous clumps of heather, and streaks of gorse. The sky was perfectly blue, and the wind came booming up from where the moorland seemed to drop into the sea. There were no rubber tires on the wheels, and apparently no springs to speak of on the cart. They swayed from side to side in perilous fashion, went down into ruts, over small boulders of stone, through a stretch of swamp, across a patch of stones, always at the same half-gallop. Lady Mary smiled at the enjoyment in her companion's face.

"You've passed the first test," she declared; "but then I knew you would. I brought Mr. Montague along here yesterday morning, and he cried like a child."

"Mr. Whom?" Jacob gasped.

"Mr. Montague and a friend of his. They came down with Father last night. Perfectly abominable men! I hope you won't leave me to their tender mercies for a single moment, Mr. Pratt."

To Jacob, the warmth seemed to have gone from the sunlight, and the tearing (Continued on page 78)



Then Diogenes leans over the rail and cries, "A boatload of chickens on the starboard bow!"

The Flying Highbrow

OR - Howda Write a Comic Opera

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

THERE comes a time in every human being's life when he, she or it is ambitious to write a comic opera. It is to him, her and those that this essay is dedicated. For the comic opera is so essentially the diversion of wearied souls and the average human being is so eager to contribute to the diversion of wearied souls that it is only natural that the said he, she and it would want to write a comic opera. And as they would not know how to go about it and I do, and as, furthermore, I am eager to help along the average human being, it is equally natural that I should dedicate this treatise to him or them, as the case may be. The logic of the situation is impeccable.

The first requirement of a comic opera is a theme.

even discernible. But it must exist somewhere. If the audience grasps the theme the performance is a failure and if the critics do not grasp it they pan the show. The comic opera also requires music; but any composer will set your libretto to music at so much per kilometer, and the more it reminds you of Verdi or Donizetti, the better it is.

LET us take the following for a sample theme, so that you can grasp the whole structure from the ground up.

The world's greatest philosophers, having had the laugh on their stupid fellow-creatures during their

The theme need not be plausible or

ing them himself. As for the selection of the actors who are to play the principal parts, that depends entirely upon the existing conditions in the trade at the time. If you can get David Warfield to play the part of *Diogenes*, George M. Cohan as *Socrates*, and John Barrymore or Louis Mann as *Shakespeare*, the success of your play is assured.

The curtain now rises on the first act. The crew of the *Flying Highbrow* are ranged in a line on deck with *Socrates* at one end and *Benjamin Franklin* at the other. After a few empty-ump bars by the orchestra they burst into the opening chorus:

We're the wisest guys that ever sailed the sea,
But we're getting just as weary as the dickens.
We're just about as smart as we can be,
But we'd give our molar teeth to see some chickens.

lifetime, are doomed through all eternity as a punishment to cruise the world's oceans in a big sailing-ship. They are always invisible to the human eye excepting on every twentieth February 20th, which, as you know, comes only once in eighty years—and then, on that day, may be discerned only between two and three P.M.

The S.S. *Conniptic*, carrying among its passengers the members of the Fancy Frolic theatrical company which failed in London, is wrecked in midocean by striking one of the longitudes. All the passengers manage to escape in lifeboats but, during a fog, the boat containing ten of the chorus girls and a single ham, becomes separated from the others. At exactly two P.M. on a February 20th, the fog lifts and the castaways in the solitary boat behold a weird-looking, antiquated sailing craft bearing upon its bow the name "THE FLYING HIGHBROW." A long-whiskered gink in a toga, who happens to be leaning over the rail fishing, sees them and they are brought on board.

THIS theme, of course, is only for the author's private information. The audience must not know what is going to happen. After they have paid their ten dollars to a ticket agency, coughed and sneezed their way into the theater and looked at their program, their minds must be a perfect blank. The only insight into the character of the play which the program must give them is the *dramatis personæ* or Cast of Characters, which would run like this:

Diogenes
Aristotle
Shakespeare
Dante
Socrates
Lord Bacon
Schopenhauer
Sir Isaac Newton
Benjamin Franklin
Galileo
Euclid
Flossie Beans
Tottie Sweet
Kitty Hootch
Dottie Dimple
Lotta Pep
Fulla Ginger
Swatta Fly
Carrie On
Dora Notador
Pisa Cheese
William Trelawny

Gowns by Montgomery, Ward & Co.
Lighting by Edison Co. Nautical
Effects by Meyer Wrecking Co. Cig-
arettes by G. Hosaphat. Chairs by
Acme Funeral Co.

Manager, Peter Buggins. Asst.
Manager, William Snooze. Door
Manager, Patsy Cahill. Ticket-taker,
Algernon Sweet Sherrington. Hat-
checker, Samuel De Vries. Collector
of Garnishee, Bill Donovan.

This, of course, is only a specimen verse. You can make the opening chorus just as long as you like in order to give the scene-shifters and the belated stars time to get ready. At the end of the chorus and ere the applause of the audience has subsided, *Dante* and *Euclid* step forward and do a breakdown to a quick tune, something like "The Night That Larry Was Stretched." As soon as the dance is over *Diogenes*, who, with a lantern in his hand, has been leaning over the rail, suddenly cries: "A boatload of chickens on the starboard bow."

The orchestra now breaks into waltz time and the stranded chorus girls come hopping over the rail with the solitary ham bringing up the rear. Each has a bird-cage in one hand and a hatbox in the other. They form in line in the center of the stage, begin to sway to and fro as if they had indigestion, and then burst into song:

We're the gay and giddy Fancy Frolic ladies;
We have seen all we wanted of the o-shun.
To be shipwrecked, for a chorus girl, is Hades.
We would like to see a taxicab in mo-shun.

They then begin to circle around the stage, changing their hatboxes and bird-cages from hand to hand, while the philosophic crew of the *Flying Highbrow* stand in line at the back of the stage, doing fancy steps in unison. After two or three verses of song in the above style—and when the applause has died out—the chorus girls turn around leisurely and survey their rescuers. Now follows a bit of talk which gives the musicians a chance to stretch their legs and clean their eye-glasses.

Tottie Sweet—For the love o' Mike! We struck an old man's home.

Fulla Ginger (pointing to *Socrates*)—I think that old bird's a dear.

Flossie Beans (holding up a yard of *Galileo's whiskers*)—Oh, girls! What a wonderful sofa cushion!

THIS ought to be kept up for at least ten minutes, a give-and-take fire of airy badinage between the chorus girls and the philosophers, good-natured on both sides and witty, like the above specimen. Then the music starts up a lively march, each philosopher gives his arm to a girl, and they walk off-stage—as though they were going somewhere. This leaves the ham alone on the scene. As a matter of fact he really has no part in the play. It is an unwritten law of musical comedy, however, that it must contain a sweetly sentimental song or two which need have nothing whatever to do with the plot.

The actor who sings this song is usually the personal representative of some music-publishing firm that is advertising a song which it is trying to sell. Therefore, our ham, finding himself alone on the stage, pulls down his cuffs and begins to sing:

The stars are shining,
O my love! My love!
Blue-bells are pining,
Like that above!

Before he has come to the end of the first verse *Kitty Hootch* reappears upon the scene, looks around for a moment as if she had lost her handkerchief, and then steps swiftly to his side and carries on the next verse by herself:

My heart is breaking,
O love of mine!
And I am taking
A tonic wine.

Then they clasp their arms about each other and join in the chorus:

Blue-bells! Blue-bells!
Alakazam, Blue-bells!
Silvery dells, slippery swells.
Blue-bells! Blue-bells!

And then, amid tumultuous applause, the curtain falls on the first act. You must see to it that the blue-bell song is on sale in the lobby of the theater and that you get a slice of the royalty for the privilege.

ACT II takes place in the cabin of the *Flying Highbrow*. The rise of curtain discovers *Sir Isaac Newton* alone in the room playing

solitaire. The orchestra hits a few bars of ump-tum, ump-tum and *Sir Ike*, laying down his cards, stands up and sings:

In the merry month of May
I was sitting beneath a tree
When an apple fell off a bough above
And hit the top of me.

I then began to wonder.
Why did the apple fall?
Why didn't it go up to the sky
And never come down at all?

But then, upon reflection,
A new thought cheered my soul:
Supposing instead of an apple that fell
It had been a ton of coal.

Amid the applause that follows this song *Diogenes* enters the cabin. He has shaved off his beard and clipped his hair and is arrayed in a flannel sport-suit. The following dialogue then ensues between the philosophers:

Sir Isaac Newton—Holy mackerel! Where 'd y' get that outfit?

Diogenes—D'ye remember the wreck of the good ship *Hartschaffnermarks*? Well, I picked up a couple of cases on board because I thought they contained something else. On opening them I found they contained a great quantity of weird-looking clothes like these. I gave them the ha-ha and threw them into the junk-hold. But the moment I laid eyes on that piece of cheese who accompanies these maidens I knew that it is such garments on a male that gladden their hearts.

Sir Isaac Newton—Are there any left in the junk-hold?

Diogenes—I doubt it, Ike. The boys are all down there scrambling for them.

Enter *Shakespeare*, *Bacon*, *Socrates*, *Dante*, *Aristotle*, *Benjamin Franklin*, and *Euclid* in white flannel sport-suits, their beards shaven—all dolled up. *Diogenes* advances to the center of the stage and all the others with the exception of *Sir Isaac Newton* form themselves into a semicircle behind him. *Newton* wanders about disconsolately, biting his nails and glancing enviously at the nifty costumes of his fellow-philosophers.

Diogenes (beginning to sing)—

For we're a bunch of regular guys

Chorus (from the semicircle)—

Regular guys, regular guys



Kitty Hootch and the rest climb up the ladder and disappear while the ham finishes the song.

Diogenes—

Who used to think we were terribly wise—

Chorus

Terribly wise, terribly wise—

Diogenes

Until we met some dainty chicks

Who put us next to some classy tricks

And now we know that brains are nix

So we've all become regular guys!

AND while the semicircle "vamps" the melody, *Diogenes* dances a few Russian steps, gradually working his way backward into the line of his companions and then suddenly joining them in the "vamp" while *Euclid* steps forward and takes up the song.

(Continued on page 78)



WILL H. HAYS.
POSTMASTER GENERAL.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR Will.
IN A little town.
OUT IN California.
WHERE I happen to be.
FOR A month or so.
THERE'S A little postoffice.
AND A little postmaster.
A THIN postmaster.
WHO ALWAYS looks out.
THROUGH THE little square hole.
WHERE THE letters come out.
IF THERE is a letter.
AND ALWAYS smiles.
AND IF it's a stranger.
WITH A homesick face.
THAT WHISPERS the name.
THROUGH THE little hole.
THIS LITTLE postmaster.
WILL SORT the letters.
THAT BEGIN with "A."
OR BEGIN with "B."
OR WHATEVER it is.
AND IF there's none.

IN THE stranger's name.
HE'LL ALWAYS say.
HOW SORRY he is.
AND IF tomorrow.
THE STRANGER man.
WILL CALL again.
THERE MAY be one.
AND JUST for the moment.
AS THE stranger goes.
THIS LITTLE postmaster.
WILL CEASE to smile.
AND THE other day.
I WAS standing there.
ON THE public side.
OF THE little square hole.
WHILE THE little postmaster.
WAS TELLING to me.
THE GRIEFS and joys.
OF THE job he had.
AND WHILE we talked.
A MAN came in.
A DESOLATE man.
WITH A wearied face
AND WEARIED tread.
AND THE little postmaster.
JUST SHOOK his head.
AND THEN he said.
IN DETERMINED voice.
WHEN THE man had gone.

"IF I had an idea.
"WHERE HIS folks lived.
"I'D WRITE them a letter.
"AND BURN 'em up.
"HE'S BEEN coming here.
"FOR FOUR weeks now.
"AND IN all that time.
"HASN'T GOT as much.
"AS A postal card."
AND HE added then.
"HE'S ONE of my griefs."
AND A little later.
A GIRL came in.
AND THE little postmaster.
LOOKED OUT and smiled.
AND REACHED for a letter.
AND PASSED it out.
AND THE smiling girl.
WENT ON her way.
AND WHEN she had gone.
THE POSTMASTER said.
"IT'S a sweetheart letter.
"AND COMES each day."
AND THEN he added.
"SHE'S ONE of my joys."
AND EVERY day.
THROUGH THE little square hole.
THIS LITTLE postmaster.
TAKES UNTO himself.

THE GRIEFS and joys.
OF THE little world.
THAT HE serves so well.
AND ONTO the joys.
HE ADDS a bit.
AND FROM the griefs.
HE SUBTRACTS a bit.
AND HE hasn't said.
BUT I know he fears.
THAT HIS days are few.
AT THE little square hole.
FOR I have an idea.
HE'S A Democrat.
AND I'M writing you, Will.
TO RECALL to you.
THAT ONCE on a time.
YOU SAID to me.
"IF THERE'S ever a thing.
"I CAN do for you.
"JUST LET me know."
AND BESIDES that, Will.
IT'S SUCH a little postoffice.
AND LITTLE postmaster.
THAT REALLY and truly.
IF I were you.
I'D LEAVE it alone.





I have never seen an Old Master that would compare with a first-rate chromo such as "A Yard of Roses," but I haven't the nerve to say so.

Am I a Rabbit Too?

By Walt Mason

MOST people believe they are largely endowed with moral courage. This is because they seldom impartially analyze themselves. They do not equip themselves with the family screw-driver and take their characters apart to see the wheels go round.

The poet observed that the proper study of mankind is man, and we all indorse this ukase, taking it for granted that "man" means the other fellow; the idea of studying ourselves doesn't occur to us; and so it is surprising how little we know about ourselves.

HUMAN nature has been the study of my life; but it is only recently that I have taken to studying it as it exists in myself. And the further I go in this fascinating study, the more profoundly am I convinced that I am a gold brick. I used to pride myself on my moral courage. I used to say in a loud tone of voice that I'd rather be right than be President, and I believed it; but now I know that if the choice were mine, I'd probably be inaugurated in Washington, attired in the conventional black.

It has always been my highest ambition to wear a stovepipe hat and a long black coat. I have the idea that I'd be a distinguished and commanding figure in such regalia. I have such a hat and such a coat in the house and sometimes I put them on and stand before a mirror and try to resemble Alexander looking around for more worlds to conquer. But I have never had the courage to wear the coat and hat outside of the house. I am always planning to wear them, but the sickening fear that some small boy might ask me where I got that hat deters me.

WE ARE all rabbits. We are forever doing foolish things because the other fellows are doing them, or because somebody has said it is right to do foolish things. I sometimes wonder who hands down the ordinances we blindly obey, because we haven't the courage to defy them.

It seems to me the natural and proper thing to tuck a corner of my napkin under my shirt-collar when I seat myself to eat some loaves and fishes. At home I am allowed to do this, but when I go to a restaurant with the women of the family they caution me against this barbarism, and so I get soup or soft-boiled egg all over my shirt-front. If I were not a rabbit I would laugh to scorn the warnings of the

WE ARE forever doing foolish things because the other fellows are doing them, or because somebody has said it is right to do foolish things. I wonder who hands down the ordinances we all so blindly obey, simply because we haven't the courage to defy them.

women, and put the napkin where it would do the most good. But somebody—nobody knows who—has decreed that a napkin mustn't be used that way, and I fall in line and obey the anonymous rule.

I HATE to eat away from home because I can't remember all the little rules and regulations touching table service and manners. They always give me about a dozen knives and forks and spoons, each designed for some particular service; and when my wife prods me in the ribs I know I am doing the wrong thing; I am eating soup with the pickle fork, or using the wrong spoon to peel a hard-boiled egg. Then I feel that all the guests are looking at me with amusement and disdain, and wish I could go into the kitchen and eat with the janitor.

In the country town the phonograph is considered a great blessing, it so simplifies the business of entertaining the neighbors when they come in to "spend the evening." Before the advent of the phonograph this matter of entertaining was a heart-breaking experience. The Johnsons would drop in about eight o'clock and there would be fifteen minutes of earnest conversation touching the crops and the weather, and then a few harmless games of checkers or dominoes. By nine o'clock everybody would be yawning and wishing for bedtime, but it was customary to remain until ten; and it was a frightful job putting in the time.

THE phonograph makes it easy. When the Johnsons come now, we devote the customary fifteen minutes to the weather and the crops, and then I say, "Well suppose we have a little music," and the

Johnsons say they'll be delighted; for the Johnsons are rabbits, too. They have their own phonograph, and think it worth two of mine, and they know they are going to be bored to death, but they haven't the courage to say what they think. Better suffer and endure than depart from the path of the rabbits.

When there is no company present, and I am playing for the entertainment of the family and myself I always choose records by the humbler singers—simple songs and ballads of the "Old Kentucky Home" kind. I understand such songs and such singers. I have a great collection of Green Border records. These are the records of the greatest singers in the world, principally foreigners addicted to grand opera. I don't question their greatness, but I don't like them. They seem to be working so hard, when heard through a phonograph; they make a furious noise, in which I can detect little music.

BUT when the Johnsons come and I volunteer to furnish some music, I put on the Green Border records, because I am a rabbit. I have a sneaking fear that the Johnsons might accuse me of having low and vicious tastes if I played the plain American records I like best. And when the Johnsons are at home they play fox-trot and jazz records on their phonograph, and never think of playing anything else. But now that they are away from home they profess a profound admiration for the great singers; and they sprain their faces giving the foreign pronunciation to the names of Journet, Farrar, Chopin, Ruffo, and the rest of the push. And I do the same thing, trying to leave the impression that I spent my younger years in Rome and Munich and other art centers; and we are all frauds, because we lack the courage to express our preferences.

ONE can not stand on his front porch and glance over the landscape without seeing ample evidence that we are all rabbits. I just saw Mrs. Grassfelter climbing into her limousine across the street, and I felt so sorry for her I could have cried. Why? Because she was fashionably attired.

For two or three years the fashions in women's dress have been a crime. Stern moralists are forever writing to the newspapers saying they are lewd and disgusting and responsible for much of the wicked-

ness of this era. I do not discuss them from this standpoint; my objection to them is that they make all but the young and blooming women look ridiculous. It isn't fair to establish a fashion fatal to all but the young and blooming. The radiant maidens can wear any old thing, from an apron of fig-leaves to a diver's suit, and still be charming. Nowadays the women's dresses expose the feet and ankles beneath and the neck above; and if a woman has feet like a couple of encyclopedias, and a scrawny neck, what can she do to be saved?

IN THE days when women's draperies were long and flowing Mrs. Grassfelter was a woman of imposing and dignified appearance. If she had the courage to defy the fashion she might still be imposing and dignified. But she is a rabbit, and she puts on the giddy attire of the times; and when I see her the unbidden tears rise to my eyes and stream down my furrowed cheeks until they are lost in my sideboards. For she is ridiculous, and it is a tragedy when woman becomes ridiculous. She can afford to be homely; she can even afford to be slovenly; but when she is ridiculous she is lost.

TENS of thousands of women of mature years detest the modern fashions, but not one among all the tens of thousands has the courage to defy these fashions and wear the raiment she knows is becoming. And what and where is the authority that dumps an atrocious fashion upon the womankind of the world? Why don't the female rabbits get together and do something? It is because they are rabbits.

WE ARE all forever obeying the decrees of some invisible authority. We have been told, for instance, that the works of certain ancient painters are masterpieces, and we do not question it for an instant. We invade the art galleries with bowed heads and hushed voices, and look upon dingy pictures of stodgy Madonnas and fat cherubs, and when we come away we are crying, "Wonderful! Magnificent!" And we reel off a lot of the art jargon we have committed to memory for the purpose, so people will think we know what we are talking about. I have never seen a painting by an Old Master that would compare with a first-rate American chromo, such as "A Yard of Roses," but I haven't the nerve to get up and say so when attending a meeting of our Current Events Club.

As we are led by our several and collective noses in art matters, so is it where literature is concerned.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was a determined effort to place Robert Browning upon a pedestal as the greatest modern poet. Practically every town had its Browning club, whose members carried volumes of Browning, half-pint size, in their hip pockets, and produced them upon the slightest provocation. Myriads of people racked their intellects loose trying to understand a poet who didn't understand himself. Distracted women read papers proving that Browning was the only one in his class; and grocers and paperhangers sat up all night committing inspired verses to memory, to be recited at the next meeting of the club. It was the most wonderful, the most absurd demonstration this country ever saw.

OF COURSE the Browning boom soon winked out, as it was bound to; for, while Browning had a narrow escape from greatness, he could never become popular, if all the boosters in the world were back of him. If Browning had known what he was writing about, and had been able to explain what he meant, he might have readers today; but at this writing people buy shredded codfish and canned sardines instead of Browning's poetry.

And I wonder who was back of all that foolishness?

A SOMEWHAT similar phenomenon is seen in the success of some of the "best sellers." The novels that gain such a distinction usually have some merit; but now and then there is a best seller whose popularity is hard to explain. Lacking everything in the way of literary charm, destitute of all the elements of a good book, it pursues its thundering course, breaking all the sales records. The invisible authority has said, "Be sure to read 'Dorothy Dufunny's Dilemma,'" and the rabbits all rush to the bookstore and buy it.

I BOUGHT a copy of "Dorothy Dufunny's Dilemma" when it was causing a daily riot at the bookstores, and when I had read a hundred pages I felt that the author should be in prison; for it was the weakest and silliest flapdoodle I had encountered in a long time.

The next evening there was a meeting of the Current Events Club and I was called upon to make a few timely remarks touching the living issues. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, I arose on my hind limbs and proceeded to express my real sentiments concerning "Dorothy Dufunny's Dilemma." I said it was a sad commentary upon the taste of the American people that they would spend for such a book the money that might better be employed bucking the slot machines; I pointed out that it was shaky in its



I DO NOT DARE TO WEAR OLD SHOES

I OFTEN quote those stanzas great in which these thrilling thunders roll: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." And while I quote I think it's so, I have a courage high and fine; not fear of doom or threat of woe would find me taking in my sign. I'll follow up the path I choose, regardless of the whole world's blame; and then I wear a pair of shoes that pinch my feet and make me lame. I have some good old shoes at home that do not pinch my snowy feet; in them with comfort I might roam through woodland aisle or city street. But they are badly out of date, and I must have my shoes in style; so, being master of my fate, I limp along, mile after mile. Each toe feels like a burning coal, and anguish rends my bones and thews; and, being captain of my soul, I do not dare to wear old shoes. I travel with the human flock, and keep the list of rules in view; and, though I file a feeble knock, I do just what the others do.

Walt Mason



morals, contemptible in its literary mechanism, and untrue to all phases of our national life.

I THOUGHT I was doing the club a service in putting it on guard against such a book; but my remarks were received in a frozen silence, and I soon found that I was considered incapable of appreciating the finer things in literature. I was an outcast from the club for months as a consequence. And this little instance is some explanation of the fact that we are all rabbits. It is much more comfortable to be a rabbit than to be a lion. While you travel with the rabbits, and do as they do, and believe as they believe, and take your orders from the invisible authority without a question, you are popular; but when you go through the motions of being a lion you naturally jar all the rabbits, and they let you know, in their meek, inoffensive way, that the sooner you go the quicker you will be gone.

AS YOU travel through the Middle West nowadays you will see many buildings being dismantled. The merchant princes of all our towns are standing up for Beauty.

About thirty years ago there was an architectural debauch in this country. It was a busy, prosperous time in the central states, and trade palaces were being erected by the gross. And they were the dizziest things the mind of man ever conceived. Some invisible authority handed down the ultimatum that tin trimmings were the proper thing; and so all the store buildings, and most of the residences, in a

thousand-mile stretch of territory, were decorated with the weirdest ornaments in tin and sheet iron. Towers and minarets, gargoyles and graven images, made the main streets of hundreds of towns look like a nightmare in bedlam.

WHEN this carnival of insane building was going on, there must have been hundreds of men footing the bills, who felt that such an architectural jamboree was outrageous; there must have been artists then, as there are now; there must have been men and women of good taste; but nobody protested, nobody applied for an injunction. And for thirty years uncounted towns have disfigured the landscape because somebody decreed that tin architecture was the right thing.

At last public feeling against this monstrosity has crystallized, and the gargoyles and tin statues are being torn down, and the towns are being made over so they will look less like a distiller's dream of prohibition; and I would give forty cents to know where the inspiration came from, after all these years.

Like rabbits the builders obeyed the invisible authority of thirty years ago; and like rabbits they obey the authority today.

WE ARE rabbits in so many ways, in so many things! Occasionally we are rabbits at stated times and seasons, and lions at others.

Ezra Jingleston, who lives next door, seems a very aggressive man when he is circulating around downtown. He talks in a loud, tempestuous voice, and few contradict him, for he seems to be always ready for a roughhouse. He is as terrible as an army with banners when he butts into an argument at the Last Chance garage; but when he comes home in the evening all his martial fire oozes away. Mrs. Jingleston is a small woman with a low voice, and a cold, glittering eye; and when she speaks to Ezra he jumps. He goes around his own place like a galley slave scourged to his dungeon, and his brow is bedewed with a cold sweat if his wife lifts a finger.

THEN there is Henry Gadzook, who lives just across from the Jinglestons. He is a terrible tyrant at home, and his bellowings sometimes keep the neighbors awake. His wife always has a startled look, as though she expected to dodge the fire-shovel

or a bootjack the next minute; and the children go around on tiptoe, and always seem to be looking for a place to hide. But when Henry is downtown, among the great gray masses of men, he is the soul of politeness. His courtesy is of the old French school, and he is forever bowing, with his hand on his heart. I have heard people say it would be a fine thing for our town if it had more citizens like Henry, to inculcate lessons in old-fashioned politeness; but such remarks didn't come from his wife and children.

Our worthy mayor, Philander Goosebeck, is a great orator, and it is a real pleasure to hear him denouncing the plutocrats, whom he likens to the money changers in the temple. He is primed with a lot of sickening anecdotes illustrating the iniquity of Wall Street, and he has the blueprints to prove that all our troubles may be traced to that immoral thoroughfare. Mr. Goosebeck might easily be mistaken for a lion when he rises before an audience to roast the rich man.

BUT the other day there was a washout on the railway, and a private car, containing two of the country's best-known plutocrats, was obliged to remain in our town overnight. Many of us went down to rubber for a while, so we could hand down to our descendants the fact that we had seen the private car containing those robber barons.

And while we were rubbering the barons stepped out to view the landscape, and who do you suppose was with them? Philander Goosebeck! And was he denouncing them with all the eloquence of his fiery soul?

Not so that it was visible to the naked eye. He was fawning and cringing around them disgustingly.

It was so pained and indignant that I felt like writing a poem about him; but then I reflected that I'd probably have done the same in his place.

"IF THE chances are a million to one against your ever becoming President, forget your high ambitions and make your peanut-stand a success!" Walt Mason's "I Train with the Half Gods"—in Hearst's for July.



JOHN IRVING ROMER
President Printers' Ink Publishing Co.

The first of a series of articles about the men who are holding high and advancing the shield of Truth in Advertising.

CRYSTALLIZING THE IDEA

IT was the story of one poor woman, suffering from tuberculosis, pinning every shred of hope to a worse than useless remedy, that spurred John Irving Romer to action. The woman died—aided by the remedy—and somewhere up New York State a vendor of colored water and alcohol added her last dollar to his bank account!

Nearly ten years ago—in November, 1911, John Irving Romer was turning that story over in his mind, when he chanced upon a little newspaper item to the effect that fifteen lawyers had just been disbarred, following an action taken by the Grievance Committee of the local Bar Association.

If lawyers could bar other lawyers from practice because of dishonesty, why could not advertising men prevent dishonest advertising?

The thought struck, and stuck and grew. He came definitely to the conclusion that the public not only could, but must be protected from those advertisers and merchants who deliberately misrepresented the goods they sold.

He was not alone in that thought, nor was he original. Hundreds of advertising men believed the same thing. Certainly the public, duped to the saturation point, had long been yearning for more Truth in Advertising.

And it was his crystallization of this thought that aided largely in the development of the idea that has blazoned TRUTH high upon the walls of American business.

We called on Mr. Romer a few days ago to ask him a question or two—to get at first hand some facts regarding the work which has done more to advertise advertising, and to serve the buying public, than any other one thing. As we entered his office, Mr. Romer was talking, by telephone, to a high official of a large business institution—one of the largest in America. A few words of that conversation illustrated the kind of thing that has gone steadily on for ten years. He was speaking:

"The Printers' Ink statute—Betts' bill, you know—has passed the Assembly at Albany. Your lawyers are trying to kill it in the Senate.—Well, it's got to pass!" He paused, listening, then:

"I feel sure that you'll withdraw your opposition—you cannot class yourselves

with fake oil promoters, frauds and charlatans, the only real enemies of a law that demands truth in advertising." There was a ring of metal in his voice. He continued:

"You are just afraid that some day you may make a mistake—can't you see that such a law safeguards you, puts, automatically, a check on a possibly too enthusiastic advertising department? Do you want the public to know who is opposing this law?"

There was a longer pause, and then he shot over the wire:

"Fine! I knew you would!" The opposition had capitulated, had agreed to wire "support," instead of "try to kill," to their representatives at Albany.

That illustrates the tactics, the enthusiasm, the lifetime purpose of John Irving Romer. Better business—Truth in Advertising.

Not so many years ago, the stories and evidences of dishonest advertising were as numerous as the stories of "Pat and Mike." Unfortunately few of them had the same humorous endings. Fake cancer cures, consumption remedies and investment schemes brought financial disaster, unnecessary suffering, and even death to many. Petty frauds were too numerous to mention.

Mr. Romer realized that a thorough groundwork was needed if a Truth in Advertising movement was to succeed. Accordingly H. D. Nims, lawyer, and author of "Nims on Unfair Business Competition," was invited to make a careful study of all existing statutes which might possibly have a bearing on dishonesty in advertising, or on the sale of goods under false pretenses.

Mr. Nims did! From the laws of Henry VIII to the statutes of every state in the Union, he searched—and found enough to convince him of the fact that, while a new, a model statute, might be valuable, it would be useless unless a real "police power" could be put back of it. So he reported.

To find the police was the problem. Some existing organization, fundamentally interested in advertising, seemed the logical answer, and the Associated Advertising Clubs of America filled the bill completely.

Mr. George W. Coleman was President then (in 1911), and to him went

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL

1. —GUARANTEES, without reservation, every printed statement of its merchandise advertisers.
2. —GUARANTEES their statements in transactions involving promise, purchase, service or delivery to the customer.
3. —GUARANTEES their advertised products purchased direct, or through retailers.
4. —GUARANTEES to refund your money, plus ten per cent as a fee to you for furnishing the facts in any case where, in your opinion, the advertiser or the product has not made good.

"The final aim of Truth in Advertising is to make the printed advertisement as dependable and as widely accepted as is the printed dollar bill."

Hearst's
INTERNATIONAL

Mr. Romer, with a plan and the answers to every argument against it that he could think of. He believed that publishers as well as advertisers would welcome the move. He believed that honest advertising would benefit greatly, and he knew that the public, the millions of buyers, would profit immeasurably.

Mr. Coleman was easily convinced. Plans developed rapidly. A model statute, known as the Printers' Ink Statute, was drawn by Mr. Nims. The Advertising Clubs were sounded out—and the response swept away any doubt there may have been in the minds of the most pessimistic as to the advertising man's pride of profession, or of his willingness to fight for the highest ideal obtainable—TRUTH IN ADVERTISING!

In the years that have followed the original "Vigilance Committees" of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America (now the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) have become "Better Business Bureaus." Today they number thirty or more, scattered the length and breadth of the land.

Through the Association's national Vigilance Committee, the Better Business Bureau, and through Printers' Ink, of which Mr. Romer is the head, the Model Statute has been gradually written on to the books of twenty-two states. Fifteen other states have adopted it in a modified and less effective

form—but, there is Progress! And the fight to protect the great American Consumer is still on, unabated.

Have there been prosecutions under the statute? There have, many. And each time the public and the reliable manufacturer and merchant profit. From fake "fire sales" to "Wizzard automobiles" the dishonest or misleading statement, scheme or deal, has been "nailed" until few indeed are daring to rook the public, and that not for long.

Does the public believe in, appreciate and want such service? It does, decidedly.

Not long ago, when the Printers' Ink statute was threatened at Albany, representatives of the Railroad Brotherhoods and other labor organizations assured Mr. Romer, voluntarily, that they wanted the bill passed. Their people, hundreds of thousands of men and women, wanted protection and wanted to benefit from the honest offerings of honest advertisers.

From the days of 1911, the Truth in Advertising movement has grown into a many-man job. Strong men, and able, are putting their shoulders to the wheel, everywhere. To them is due great and everlasting credit.

But to John Irving Romer, and his early associates, is largely due the credit for the inception of the Truth in Advertising idea—and they are carrying on!

**"What
Happened
to Smith
and Jones"**



THE problem of how to invest your money safely and profitably may be solved by reading our pamphlet, "Two Men and Their Money." Write for a copy.

MILLER MORTGAGE BONDS



\$100 Bonds, \$500 Bonds,
\$1,000 Bonds
7% Interest payable twice yearly
Maturities, 2 to 10 years
Partial payment accounts

G. L. MILLER & CO.
INCORPORATED ATLANTA, GA.
131 HURT BUILDING
First—The Investor's Welfare

500,000 Customers

STANDARD GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY'S annual report to be issued shortly will show remarkable development of both the parent and subsidiary companies throughout the past six year period.

The 6% Gold Notes of Standard Gas & Electric Company offer an unusual opportunity for satisfactory, long time investment and a

Yield of 9%

Ask for new descriptive circulars
HM 16 and 17

H. M. Byllesby & Co.

Chicago 208 S. La Salle St.
Providence 10 Weybosset St.
New York 111 Broadway
Boston 14 State St.

**FORMAN
FARM MORTGAGE
INVESTMENTS**

When Dreams Come True

We all desire financial independence and dream of the day on which our savings will give us a good yearly income and freedom from support by others.

You can hurry this day along by investing your monthly savings in Forman Farm Mortgage Investments, using the Forman Monthly Payment Plan.

If you follow this plan consistently for several years, you will reach your goal in a remarkably short time. Then your dreams have come true and the independence you have longed for is yours, with all the pleasures and advantages.

We will cheerfully give you detailed information. Write to-day for our booklet showing how easy it is to save by means of our Partial Payment Plan.

36 Years Without Loss To A Customer

**George M. Forman
& Company**

FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
(ESTABLISHED 1885)
11 So. La Salle St. - - - Chicago, Ill.

COUPON
GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY H. M. June, 1921
11 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way, please send copy of your booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



James R. Mellon, ex-banker and new Secretary of the Treasury, declares conditions sound in spite of the financial depression.

Buying an Income

By B. C. Forbes

WE COMPLAIN that almost everything is much dearer than it was before the war. Well, here is something that you can buy at the lowest prices since the aftermath of the Civil War.

**You can buy an income now
at bargain rates.**

If you invest your money in trustworthy income-bearing securities at this time, you can count upon two very important advantages. First, the securities you buy stand every chance of increasing in market value. Second, by the time you may want to turn some of your investments into cash, the dollars you receive will be worth, measured by merchandise, more than the sixty cents or so they are worth today.

It should be borne in mind that it does not require a large bank roll to begin buying high-grade securities these days. Good bonds can be had in denominations as small as fifty and one hundred dollars.

THE original founder of the famous Rothschild fortune is credited with having declared that he made his money by buying cheap and selling dear. You never in your lifetime had a better chance of buying cheap. Of course, pessimists can give a hundred reasons for taking a gloomy view of the outlook. If there had been no reasons for pessimism, securities wouldn't be selling at their present low prices.

When Rothschild was investing millions in French Government bonds, a friend remonstrated: "Buying French bonds! Why, the streets of Paris are running with blood!"

Rothschild replied: "If the streets were not running with blood, I couldn't buy French bonds at these prices."

There was real reason for feeling apprehensive over the outlook a year ago. Things were then booming along gaily. Prices and wages were soaring and soaring, and short-sighted business men imagined that the boom would go on and on. Those of us who try to study economic conditions foretold that trouble was being courted, because inflation was reaching the bursting-point.

TODAY this is changed. Corrective processes have been at work during the last nine months. We have descended from the clouds towards solid ground. Many commodities and raw materials have already been drastically readjusted, and others which have held back are gradually being forced into line. Wages, too, are undergoing deflation. In brief, whereas we were on the wrong track a year ago, we are now on the right track. In the highest financial and busi-

ness circles confidence is now expressed that the second half of the year will bring revival of business, employment, and prosperity.

Good securities, both stocks and bonds, should also show substantial improvement over the prices which ruled early this year.

AN EXCELLENT illustration of the way in which investments have been put on the bargain counter is afforded by what has happened in connection with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy four per cent bonds. These bonds were issued twenty years ago to yield an income of four per cent. They became due this year; and the directors were willing to give bonds yielding about seven per cent in exchange for the ones yielding four per cent.

It is not the province of this publication to give "tips" on what bonds or stocks its readers should buy. With the sole desire, however, of rendering a useful service, it will be in order to illustrate the advisability of buying an income now by presenting a little table of bonds and another table of stocks to show how generous an income yield is obtainable today on well-known securities. The reader must not feel that we recommend the issues here named as being better than hundreds of others or that we give any promise that each of these issues will increase in market value. We do believe, however, that any investor who makes a careful selection of securities at this time can buy an income at extraordinarily attractive rates, and that there is every reason to expect that the quotations for well-selected issues will improve.

LET us glance at the approximate yield on different varieties of notes and bonds. Of course, the prices may vary somewhat by the time this article reaches the reader.

	Interest Rate %	Matu- rity %	Yield about %
Short-Term Securities:			
Tide Water Oil Co.	6.5	1931	6.9
G. T. Ry. of Can., Equip. Tr.	6.5	1930	6.9
Gulf Oil Corp., Deb.	7	1933	7.2
Anaconda Copper	7	1929	8.0
Railroad Bonds:			
Chesapeake & Ohio conv.	5	1916	6.2
Missouri Pacific gen.	4	1975	7.0
St. Louis-San Fran. pr. Ln.	4	1959	6.7
Southern Railway gen.	4	1950	6.9
Public Utility Bonds:			
Commonwealth Edison, Chi. 1st.	5	1943	6.2
Cleveland Elec. Illum. 1st.	5	1930	6.4
Pacific Gas & Elec. 1st & rfg.	7	1940	7.1
Consumers Power Co., 1st & rfg.	5	1930	6.9

A GREAT many business and professional men, who are not dependent for their livelihood solely on their income from investments, prefer to buy stocks rather than

*These are not the highest-grade railroad bonds; the yield on the very best issues is considerably lower.

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bonds. They are willing to accept some degree of risk. Stocks fluctuate more than bonds, generally speaking. Therefore, there is a chance that skillfully selected stocks will advance more than bonds.

Those who have faith in the future and who are disposed to accept more or less risk in the hope of being able to earn larger profits, usually turn to common stocks. Here also the dividend yield available today is unusually generous, as the following table, composed of representative railroad common stocks and industrial and utility common stocks, shows:

COMMON STOCKS			
	Divi- dend	Price about	Yield
Railroad Stocks:			
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	\$6	79	7.6
Chesapeake & Ohio	1	58	6.9
New York Central	5	68	7.4
Southern Pacific	6	74	8.1
Union Pacific	10	115	8.7
Industrial and Utilities:			
American Bank Note	4	52	7.7
American Locomotive	6	85	7.1
American Sugar	7	91	7.7
American Tel. & Tel.	8	106	7.6
General Electric	12	134	8.9
International Harvester	7	87	8.1
National Biscuit	7	112	6.3
North American	5	58	8.6
Philadelphia Co.	3	32	9.4
U. S. Steel	5	80	6.3
Westinghouse Electric	4	47	8.5
Woolworth Co.	8	116	6.9

*To be increased to 9%.
†Including four per cent extra.

OF LATE years preferred stocks have come into vogue. They are rated between common stocks and bonds. Their dividends are paid before anything is paid on common stocks, but interest on bonds is paid

before any preferred dividends are distributed. Of course, there are some preferred stocks as well as some bonds which are more speculative than certain common stocks. The preferred stocks of large, well-managed, profitable organizations, however, embody a large measure of safety.

The following brief table gives an indication of the income obtainable on well-known railroad and industrial preferred stocks:

PREFERRED STOCKS			
	Divi- dend	Price about	Yield
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	\$5	78	6.4
Baldwin Locomotive	7	100	7.0
Bethlehem Steel 8%	8	100	7.6
Montana Power	7	96	7.3
Studebaker	7	96	7.3
U. S. Rubber 1st	8	102	7.8
U. S. Steel	7	110	6.4

SURELY it is sound sense to spend as few dollars as possible on goods when your dollars can buy relatively little of these goods, and to use your dollars in the purchasing of something which is extremely cheap and which will go on yielding you more dollars wherewith to purchase goods when these goods become cheaper.

Please do not imagine for a moment that you are a miser or that you are checking the return of prosperity by utilizing as large a part of your money as possible in buying securities rather than consumable merchandise. Every dollar you invest in railroad, utility, or industrial securities will be expended in providing employment and in developing the resources of the country. The investor is the real patriot of today.

Betting on Germany

(Continued from page 21)

the purposes and aims of the man; "syndicates" is a word that indicates plurality.

STINNES'S dream is of a unit of business. A word had to be found for what Stinnes planned; the Morgans and the Rockefellers of the earth might be satisfied with the terms that already existed in the dictionary of big business but Stinnes's dream, actually, was so much greater than theirs and his plight so much more desperate—because those men in gambling on the United States were betting their wealth on a sure thing, while Stinnes is betting all on a defeated and at-the-bottom-of-the-ladder country—that the idea he had in his mind of the business power which he as a single human being might attain, had to be given a new name. The name was found for him; the name of the organization which he hopes to build. It is, "Roof-trust."

IF ANY American business man can beat that word or the impression therein contained, that same business man has been keeping a secret from the American public, carrying around in his head a dream of power that exceeds American imagination. And yet probably not a day goes by in Germany that Stinnes does not talk of the "roof-trust" which he hopes to establish. A "roof-trust" such as Stinnes has in mind is exactly the thing that is indicated by the word.

It seems to mean, in Stinnes's mind, a trust that takes in and covers all other trusts of any kind in Germany! A "hen's-wing" trust, the Germans say, might have suited Stinnes as well as the "roof-trust." The "roof-trust," as Stinnes seems to divine it, is a trust that takes under its shelter and its control all the trusts of every kind that can be formed in Germany. It will, in Stinnes's plan, protect them in storms of commercial competition from all the other bad and dangerous trusts of the world; who hits a German trust, hopes Stinnes, will be hitting the German—and, incidentally, the Stinnes—"roof-trust," and that will be deadly. This "roof-trust," so strong that it contains every element of German business, will be unassailable.

THE day may come, indeed, in the logic of Stinnes's dream, when Germany may be no longer a nation, as we now conceive nations to be, but a gigantic and all-powerful business combination that can never be paralyzed.

And, if all indications in Germany are to be believed, Stinnes expects to be the controller of this great trust, which will exceed the government itself in power. He expects to be the head of a new kind of nation; a nation controlled by one great business unit; or, indeed, a nation consisting of and comprising one great business unit.

In order to get a clearer idea of what Stinnes evidently has in mind for Germany, if he can swing his "roof-trust" plan, we can translate into terms of American affairs exactly what would happen in the United States if the Stinnes plan went into effect there.

IN THE first place, the Sherman anti-trust law would have to be knocked into a cocked hat. Some great trust-builder would have to emerge out of the ruck of big business men and ruthlessly force every business in America into some form of trust.

In the second place—and Stinnes has actually accomplished this extraordinary thing in the so-called socialistic German republic—a law would have to be passed, making it compulsory for all industries and buying and selling corporations to enter the trusts or syndicates.

In the third place, an astonishing development would have to occur. A congress of business men would have to be formed which would have power over all business in the United States, fixing prices and wages and terms of business conduct, in every branch of American business, including even farming.

In the fourth place, a law or a constitutional amendment would have to be passed preventing either the House of Representatives, the Senate or the President himself from issuing any laws or orders having to do with business, before these laws or orders had been approved by the congress of business men.

AND there you would have a new form of government in the United States; a new kind of nation. The chances are, according to economists in Europe who have studied the Stinnes plan, that the political government, in time, would pass out of power, and with it would go politicians, who are statesmen without jobs, and statesmen, who are politicians with jobs.

Congress, the President, and perhaps even the Supreme Court itself, would be crowded out of power. For a little while, perhaps, there might be two governments in existence. One would be the political government, spending its time in merely going through the form of governing, passing the laws demanded by the congress of business men, who also would be controllers of the "roof-trust," and executing these laws. In time it would conceivably become possible and even necessary for the political government to turn all its shadowy powers over to the economic government—and a revolution would have been accomplished; a new kind of government would have come into the world.

In frequent conversations with Stinnes's friends and representatives I have made it a point to indicate the very American belief that Stinnes's plan means as novel and great

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revolution in government as that of Lenin in Russia, though of far different intent and result.

"STINNES is a reactionary," said one of his closest friends. "There is no doubt of that. He was close to the Kaiser and to the old German government. During the war he achieved vast results. Lately he launched two ships. One he named the *Hindenburg*; the other, *von Tirpitz*. His workmen struck at both plants. They refused to launch ships named after the war leaders. But Stinnes would not yield to them. He was determined to let his workmen starve rather than surrender to their radical opinions. If Stinnes has any new form of government in his mind, it will not be a government like the Lenin government. It will not be a dictatorship of the proletariat; you may be sure of that."

There is no doubt today that Germany and Stinnes are on their respective ways towards the form of government that Stinnes has in mind. It is on the establishment of something like this form of government that Stinnes is betting the billion dollars which, it is estimated, he already controls in Germany.

STINNES has gone further towards his goal than the outside world realizes; and, up to now, it has been what American business men would call a cinch. One school of business thought in Germany says that things have fallen into Stinnes's lap; this school is made up of Stinnes's friends and admirers. Another school says that Stinnes, working behind the scenes, hand and glove with whoever has been in power, whether before or after the revolution, has held the wheel and steered events in his own direction.

The first stroke of luck for Stinnes came at a conference of Socialists shortly after the armistice. These Socialists, headed by Karl Kautsky, decided that it would not be practicable or even possible to nationalize German industry. Although the Socialists were in power and to all appearances had the opportunity of carrying out the demands which they had been making ever since Karl Marx wrote his first word on socialism, they decided when they were shouldered with the responsibility of carrying out the task themselves that they could not do so. You will find Germans who will tell you that Stinnes directed the conference towards that decision.

However that may be, the decision meant that something else, aside from nationalization, must be done. German industry was shaky. Everybody in business was hunting for someone else on whom he could lean.

AND then came the idea of the "Plan Industry." By this scheme, which is now the law in Germany, business of various sorts was driven into combinations. Syndicates were made compulsory. A man who refused to enter the proper industry could be punished or driven entirely out of business. Over these syndicates are boards of managers, made up equally of business men and employees. This syndication of German business has not yet been completed, but it is going forward every day. Syndicates of the coal industry, the potash industry, and the iron industry have been entirely completed by compulsion and the various local boards of governors in these industries send representatives to the Federal Economic Council at Berlin, which is the business congress of Germany.

Other businesses are represented in this Economic Council, which is created by the "Plan Industry" law, and gradually, according to the German scheme, all business and employees in all branches of industry will have representatives in the Council. In the matters of trade, finance, and industry the Council will have the final word. The government, which, it is planned, will control all industry through the Economic Council, will itself be more or less subservient to the Council or, at the very least, be ready and willing to receive its advice.

THIS plan puts all business, so far as law-making and law-execution is concerned, into the hands of business men and the employees of business men. Thus far it has worked out that the interests of the employees run neck and neck with the interests of the employers; the conferences of the Economic Council have never yet split up in a division between employers and employees.

All of which plays directly into the hands of Hugo Stinnes. If he had arranged these things himself, if he had controlled the first Socialist congress which voted against nationalization, if he had directed the mind

of one W. von Moellendorf, once a secretary in the Department of Industry, in devising the "Plan Industry" scheme, which is now the law of Germany, he could not have done any better for himself than has been done.

And now comes the second stage in the Stinnes movement. Whether or not he had a part to play in the "Plan Industry" movement may be a question. But that he is playing a part in this second stage, is beyond any doubt. Official and commercial records prove it.

Under the government plan the trust idea is not entirely carried out. The ownership

together" with intense interest, knowing that, after the "gathering" is completed, the day will come for the formation of the last and final structure, the "roof-trust."

And after the "roof-trust," asks the average German business man and citizen, what?

IN THE interview I had with Stinnes he began by saying that he did not wish to talk. Never before had a captain of industry spoken to me so gently on such an occasion. I have heard the late J. Pierpont Morgan make a statement similar to Stinnes's refusal, with a vigor that shook the room. But

I ASKED Stinnes how far the government control of the so-called coal, iron, potash and other syndicates really went.

"The government controls the rules for buying and selling and the distribution of raw material. The syndicates themselves handle these matters and the government does not step in unless there is a disagreement."

"Who acts for the government in such matters?" I asked.

"The Federal Economic Council," he replied.

HERE Stinnes had struck the very center of the German system of governmental control of big business. The Economic Council consists of the masters of big business, sitting together, with their employees. These big business men, in a governmental capacity, are grouping together the industries of Germany, and, with governmental power, which they themselves direct, are controlling these industries and helping them keep their feet in the world's business storm.

"The control is not very severe," said Stinnes. "It has to do with the distribution of raw materials. One man in one part of Germany will need one kind of iron, another will need coal. The syndicate must see that they get these things, if possible. One man may get orders but may have no material. The order must be shifted to a man who can carry out the job, if the raw material can not be secured for the first firm."

"But the trusts," I commenced.

"They are all in the syndicate, too," he suggested.

"Do they have more power than the syndicate?"

"How can they, when they are only a part of the syndicate? But you asked me to compare our German compulsory syndicates with your American trusts. They are two different things, entirely different. That is why your country is able to try to prohibit trusts while Germany finds that she must force industry into syndicates."

And that was the last word Stinnes had to say about trusts. His German trusts, which he is building up within the syndicates, are matters which he will not discuss.

"I haven't anything to say about my own personal business," is the definite answer which he gives, in his quiet tones, to all inquirers.

LIKE all men of power Stinnes is original, though, in Germany, he is looked upon as old-fashioned. His clothes are old-fashioned, his views about the home, about the relations of the upper classes to the lower orders are old-fashioned, and he leads an old-fashioned, patriarchal life on the old family estate at Mülheim, in the Ruhr district.

He will treat a servant with the utmost politeness. I have seen him tip his hat to the elevator man in the Hotel Adlon. He invariably tips his hat, in the old-fashioned German way, to the taxi-driver who has just brought him to his destination. Servants were treated in this way in the old days in Germany, and Stinnes has not forgotten his father's teachings.

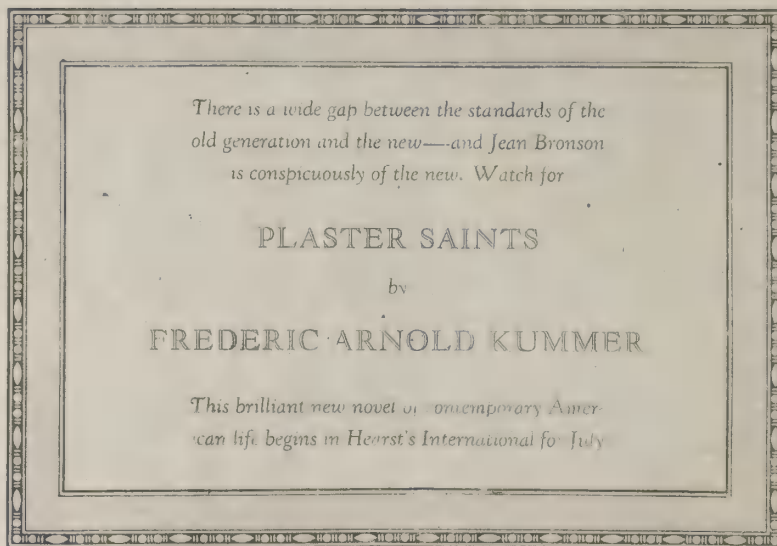
And, within a few moments after he has thus paid his respects to a servant, he will pass some great business man of Germany on the street without even a nod of recognition. If he does stop for conversation, his hat will never leave his head.

WITH Stinnes business is one thing and the amenities of life are another. Stinnes seems to inspire respect and fear purposely. He is a king of business, not fully come to his throne, but every possible subject must do him homage. There is a legend about him in Germany to the effect that he never smiles or even talks in a kindly tone to the business men of small ilk.

"That's why so many small manufacturers hate him," one of Stinnes's friends told me. "He can swallow them up at any time he chooses, and they know it."

STINNES was born to considerable wealth. His father, who had inherited coal mines from Stinnes's grandfather, died when Stinnes was twenty years old. The young man began his business career by going into the mines and working with pick and shovel and dynamite.

One of his greatest worries in those days was that he was forced to pay boat-owners on the Rhine for carrying his coal. He decided that he would have his own Rhine boats. Iron began to interest him, after he found himself able to carry it on Stinnes barges, and thus he entered the field of iron production, and, finally, manufacturing. His next



of a plant or of a company remains in the hands of its possessors, together with all the proceeds, under the government scheme, even after the company enters the compulsory syndicate.

BUT Stinnes is working on a new idea. He is buying and in other ways securing control of German industry in many lines. The companies which compulsorily form the government-controlled syndicates, Stinnes is organizing into trusts. Under these trusts, ownership and control passes into the hands of Stinnes and his associates.

As matters stand today Stinnes has only to continue in his organization of trusts until finally the government-controlled syndicates consist entirely of a few trusts and their representatives, powerful in government, if not more powerful than the government itself. There is nothing in the German law to stop him and his associates. He is on his way and the rest of the business world can only look on and watch him make the gigantic venture.

THE latest available reports in Germany indicate that Stinnes controls or is a leader in twenty-eight huge new companies, with capitalization equal to almost a billion dollars. Official figures, however, mean little. It is said of Stinnes that he buys everything that is offered to him, if the price be low enough.

In a twenty-four-hour deal, recently, he purchased the Esplanade Hotel in Berlin. He buys newspapers in Germany whenever a bargain presents itself. He has established a news-distributing agency. He has an intelligence department of his own, which extends into every country of importance in the world. Men who were engaged in the intelligence department of the German army are now in the employ of the Stinnes's commercial intelligence system.

Stinnes controls the inland navigation of Germany; nineteen out of every twenty-four barges that pass along the Rhine, under the noses of the American doughboy sentries, bear the name "Stinnes." He has helped to consolidate the German life-insurance companies. He is the master in German ocean navigation, as it exists today. In the shipyards which he controls ships are being built at enormous cost, considering the low price of the mark and the cost of raw materials, but Stinnes wants ships and he must have them.

I ASKED an enemy of Stinnes, a man who employs some 10,000 workmen and who fears that Stinnes may one day absorb his business, what he thought of the German organizer.

"He is gathering everything together, just as I might gather together the glasses on this table. He is ruthless," was the reply.

Germany is watching this "gathering to-

gether" with intense interest, knowing that, after the "gathering" is completed, the day will come for the formation of the last and final structure, the "roof-trust."

"I make it a point never to give interviews," he said, in excellent English.

"I'm speaking for a lot of interested Americans," I explained.

"What would the Americans like to know?" he asked. We were standing in a hallway of the Adlon Hotel, with people constantly passing.

"About the trusts," I replied. "You know that it is against the law in the United States to have trusts," I suggested.

"Yes, yes," he said with a slight smile.

"What is the name of that famous law?"

"The Sherman anti-trust law," I answered.

"That's it," Stinnes answered. "But you have trusts, haven't you?"

"We're not supposed to have them."

"But you do have them, *nicht wahr?*"

"Some of them are still alive," I answered.

"But what we Americans would like to know is this: In America we have a law against trusts and in Germany you have a law making trusts compulsory. If these laws are carried out, which country will be the strongest commercially? Which will have the advantage?"

"YOU mistake the German law," said Stinnes. "Our new system does not force industries into trusts. It forces them into syndicates."

"What is the difference between trusts and syndicates?" I asked.

"In the syndicates, formed with the help of the government, no owner loses his property or sees it merged into another property. He keeps his property intact. He controls it as he did before the government led him into the syndicate."

"And how does the German trust operate?" I asked.

"A property is merged into a greater property, under the trust system. The owner gets an interest in the greater property but he may lose all control of his own plant. At least he can not operate his plant as he pleases; he must follow the rules of the trust."

"In one case," I said, "the government controls the property, while the owner remains in possession. In the case of the trusts, the trust itself controls the property, and the owner loses possession? Is that the new German system?"

"Exactly," replied Stinnes.

"But aren't the trusts under control of the government, as well as the syndicates?"

"Surely," was the answer. "Because the trusts must join the syndicates. A trust is only a big business instead of a small one and the government makes no difference between trusts and other companies. The trusts of Germany are all in the government-controlled syndicates."

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step was to enter the field of electricity. He bought and merged great plants for the manufacture of electrical machinery; he forced mine-owners to enter unions and fusions, of which he became the head.

THE coming of the war found him in a difficult position. His threatening leadership was being challenged by such men as August Thyssen, a king of German industry, and the Krupps. With a quick eye, after the war had been going on for a few months, Stinnes saw that the end was not near and that it was to be a war of supplies and resources. Stinnes stepped to the front and did for Germany what Lloyd George did for England; he created unity and single control in the world of industry. Working directly under Ludendorff, Stinnes, like a magician, produced everything that Ludendorff demanded.

His riches grew with his power, during the war years. The Thyssen plants and the Krupps obeyed Stinnes's orders. Before the war was over Stinnes had placed himself at the forefront of German industrial commanders and had made himself captain of the captains of industry. He had been let into every secret of German finance and business. The war found him ready to put into play everything he had learned and everything he had gained for the purpose of putting Germany on her feet. In the same way in which he stepped to the front in war times, he came to the front in peace—and no one has dared to challenge his leadership. He is on his way—his own, precious way—towards his own precious goal, with no one to stop him. He is betting his billion not so much on Germany and her future as on his ability to restore Germany to business influence, by his own solitary efforts.

IN ORDINARY times Stinnes might possibly be a man hard to remember, hard to keep visualized in one's mind. But, standing as he does today, the most careful and at the same time the most daring and the most successful business man in Germany, a man who has staked all his past and his future on his country and its welfare, he impresses himself upon you, both when you speak with him and when you observe him, as a man well worth remembering.

His face is an exact oval; by some trick of the barber, or, perhaps by Stinnes's own preference, his whiskers are cut so that the lower contour of his face resembles in its curve the lines of his forehead. There is a

mathematical exactness about the shape of his face and head that well befits a man whose life has been sunk in the mathematical achievements of finance. There is only one irregularity about his features: his large nose is crooked in the ridge; there is a slight bend towards the left. An American business man, with such a nose, would perhaps have the reputation of having been a star full-back in his day.

THE most you can say sartorially of this gambler of untold wealth and nerve is that he makes no attempt in his dress to appear attractive. Beginning at one of the most important points, his collar, he violates fashion and the rules of *chic*. He wears a one-inch standing collar, overlapping in front. Truth to tell, it is not quite high enough, but the story goes that he has a standing order for a certain number of these collars every month. He wears a rather narrow black bow tie, which is not often in its proper place, owing to the ease with which it can climb the sheer surface of the plain collar. Having several other things to worry about than his necktie, Mr. Stinnes does not look exactly natural unless a portion of his collar shows below his black bow.

"If Stinnes succeeds," said a wit in Berlin recently, "a disarranged bow tie will become the style in Germany."

There is no doubt that Stinnes is a new kind of business man in a new kind of business world. Whether this new kind of business man succeeds will depend on whether or not the new kind of business world that exists in Germany can be made secure.

If Stinnes wins, he will have a new and a mighty power that no man has ever before swayed in business and political history. If he loses—that is, if Germany goes down into ruin—he won't find himself in any more financial difficulty than the little business man who risked only a little.

If, after looking over this man, you see nothing remarkable in him, there is still one point that is bound to astonish you.

In all his fifty-one years, he has never accepted a title or an honor or a decoration. He is only Herr Stinnes. And that, in Germany, the land of titles, makes him more extraordinary than anything else he has done.

COBB says they made him read the expedition—but not for the reason that he (or you) like to suppose! Watch for "The Bear That Hunted Me," by Irvin S. Cobb—coming soon.

Never With Lions

(Continued from page 15)

"Well, when did I say otherwise?" Maimin demanded. He searched in his upper waistcoat pocket and produced a small cigar not very much broken. "Here, Morton," he said, "Have a cigar."

MORTON almost blushed with embarrassment. In all the three years he had been working for the M. & W. Master Comedies this was the first time his Uncle Max had given any indication that he knew Morton smoked, beyond occasionally asking in a rasping tone of voice who the devil had been lighting cigarettes around there.

"Which if it wouldn't be that I knew you would claim I am eating you up with my wife's relations, Weltfisch," Maimin continued, "I would of featured Morton long since ago already."

"Is that so?" Weltfisch began. But before he could say anything more, Morton uttered a loud exclamation. Through the window he had caught sight of the Graphic Arts Studio's motor truck. And it had not arrived a moment too soon, for it was fast becoming apparent to Morton that unless he could create a diversion, his new-found popularity would be seriously impaired if not entirely destroyed by the turn the conversation had taken.

"There it is now, Uncle Max!" he cried, and the next minute an unaccustomed sound came from the direction of the studio gate.

From the expression of Weltfisch's face as he heard it, one might have supposed that he expected the attending physician to open the door and announce, "It's a boy!" At any rate, nobody unacquainted with the circumstances would have expected anybody to announce, "It's a lion," for in both volume and pitch it was not the kind of roar that ought to have proceeded from a wild beast.

It had more of a pastoral than a jungle quality.

"What's that?" Max Maimin asked. "A cow?"

"He feels a bit strange yet," Weltfisch said as he put on his hat. "Come out and look at him once."

IT IS probable that nothing short of a mastodon would have fulfilled Maimin's expectations, heightened as they were by the check with which he had recently parted. In all likelihood, he would have expressed no enthusiasm had he been confronted by the very lion after which Thorwaldsen modeled the Lion of Lucerne. To say, however, that he was disappointed in Julius is to state the matter quite feebly.

For more than five minutes he gazed upon Julius in stunned amazement, and then he turned upon his partner with a savagery of which Julius had been entirely incapable long before his kidneys had become affected. "Cutthroat! Highwayman!" he cried. "What do you mean by it?"

"What do you mean, what do I mean by it?" Weltfisch demanded.

"You know blamed well what I mean," Maimin continued. "Times ain't rotten enough in the moving-picture business but you must go to work and pay twenty-five hundred dollars for a herring like that."

Weltfisch made a gesture of despair.

"Well, if that ain't the limit, I don't know what is," he said. "He threatens to bust up the partnership on me because I want to buy a lion like the one what bit the Cyclo extra people, y'understand, then I search high and low trying to find a lion which is practically a vegetarian, understand me, and when I do find one, what is it? Am I right or wrong?"

"He looks like a vegetarian," Maimin said.

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HE HAD just seated himself at his desk with a stump of pencil and an old envelope on which he proposed to give himself the melancholy pleasure of reckoning just how much money they would lose at the rate they were going before January 1, 1922, when the door behind him opened.

"Don't let him do it," wailed a familiar voice. "Promise me you won't."

"Now listen, Yetta!" Mrs. Maimin said in deep, reassuring tones, of a profundity which in ladies of a certain age usually accompanies a ruddy complexion and a faint black mustache. "You are worrying yourself over nothing."

Here Mrs. Maimin caught sight of her husband.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" she said.

"At this time of the morning, where should I be?" Max demanded. "Also the way things is in the moving picture right now, Mommer, it don't help none that your *Mishbocha* should come round here making a big *Geschrei* and maybe scaring away a big exhibitor, supposing one should turn up here, which I admit in a market like this ain't very likely."

"She's got a right to make a big *Geschrei*," Mrs. Maimin declared, seating herself resolutely in Weltfisch's chair while Mrs. Yetta Gips, Morton's mother, sank onto a sofa and watered its upholstery with her tears.

"My only son to be eaten up by a lion yet!" she moaned.

"SAY!" Maimin exclaimed with a protesting flap of his right hand. "There's many a slip from the cup to the lip."

"For shame, Max," Mrs. Maimin said. "How could you be so heartless?"

"What do you mean—heartless?" Maimin retorted. "You've got altogether the wrong idea about lions, Mommer. There is lions and lions, which I admit that this here Daniel got a big reputation in the old country from not getting eat up by lions, whereas if them lions was anything like the lion we got outside, Daniel didn't run no bigger risk from getting eat up by them lions, than them lions did from getting eat up by Daniel."

He put on his hat.

"And if you don't believe me," he continued, "come out and give a look at him."

"Is he in a cage?" Mrs. Maimin asked tremulously as they started for the lot.

"What do you care if he would be only in a kiddy coop," Maimin replied.

BUT as a matter of fact when they reached the spot where Julius reposed, surrounded by a ring of sympathetic onlookers, the space was not even roped off. He lay upon a heap of old sacks with his eyes closed while his lean flanks twitched spasmodically. Occasionally a faint sigh escaped him.

"I suppose," Maimin commented, "he could linger like that for days."

"Linger like what?" Weltfisch demanded. "As soon as Morton comes back from the drugstore, we are going to give him a little warm whisky and water, and walk him over to the furnace room. He's tired from the trip, that's all."

"Sure he is," Krasnik's keeper agreed.

"Well," Maimin commented, "of course I was never a furrier and don't know nothing about lions, but if I wanted to be before-hand, I would make arrangements with someone who could anyhow skin him before the Health Department carts him away on us, because he don't look like he would last much longer—to me."

"He's got to look that way; otherwise how could Morton work with him?" Weltfisch protested, and turned to the two ladies for encouragement. "What do you think of a feller like that?" he asked plaintively. "I could of got lots of lions which you could really call *gefährlich*, y'understand, but out of consideration for his nephew I am going to work and spending hours shopping for a lion which is guaranteed harmless, and he acts like I would be picking his pocket yet."

FOR more than a quarter of an hour he watched without comment the efforts which Morton and Weltfisch made with the assistance of Krasnik's head-keeper and the entire staff of the M. & W. Master Comedies to force upon Julius two pints of whisky diluted with a gallon of warm water.

"Say, listen!" he said at last. "If that lion was human I wouldn't waste no time trying to give him stimulants. I'd take a chance he was religious and send for a minister."

"Just to satisfy him, Mr. Weltfisch," Krasnik's head-keeper suggested, "why don't you get Dr. Newton?"

"Who's Dr. Newton?" Weltfisch asked.

"He does all our lion work," Krasnik's head-keeper replied.

"And I suppose when he gets here, the least he finds is the matter with this lion is gallstones, and he'll want to perform an emergency operation for five hundred dollars with two trained nurses yet," Maimin said. "I don't give a nickel what he will want," Weltfisch retorted. "Go and ring him up."

"All right," Maimin said as Krasnik's head-keeper started for the telephone; "only just remember that I warned you and don't try to stick me with no doctor's bills for lions, because I wouldn't stand for it."

"You will stand for your share, whatever it may be," Weltfisch said. "You want a lion with pep and you are going to have one, and I only hope if he does any *naschen* around here, that he would go for you the very first thing."

WHEN Dr. Newton arrived, half an hour later, however, he offered slight encouragement that Julius would ever again eat as solid fare as a moving-picture manufacturer.

"You've let him go too far," he said.

He made this conclusion from the circumstance that although he had been attending Julius in a professional capacity for over six months, the lion failed entirely to recognize him. To be sure, Dr. Newton failed entirely to recognize Morton and Morton in his turn failed to recognize Dr. Newton, but these were conscious and even studied non-recognitions. In fact, from their manner nobody could have suspected that to these two conspirators, and to them alone, were due the purchase and sale of Julius. When the head-keeper had summoned Dr. Newton, however, it had been quite fortuitous, although Morton determined right then and there in due season to claim full credit for it and incidentally to secure a rake-off on the Doctor's fees.

"You mean to say he's sick?" Weltfisch exclaimed.

"Can't you see he's sick?" the Doctor asked.

"Well, he wasn't sick when he left our place," Krasnik's head-keeper protested. "He must have been taken sick sudden since he got here."

IT WAS Dr. Newton's professional instinct to meet this impertinent lay opinion with a crushing rejoinder, but as he turned to enunciate it, he was greeted with such a violent distortion of the head-keeper's left cheek, from the eyebrow down to the chin, that he immediately changed his mind.

"These attacks could come on sudden like that in a perfectly healthy lion even," he declared. "It's from the kidneys."

"The kidneys!" Weltfisch exclaimed. "Ai Gewalt!"

He turned to Maimin for sympathy. "That's just the way our bookkeeper poor Eddie Jonas, *olav hasholom*, was taken," he said.

"Except Eddie come to us in answer to an advertisement," Maimin said, "and we didn't got to pay for him no twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Well, when it comes to the kidneys, they're just the same, man and beast," Dr. Newton said. "So you should send over to the drugstore and get a case of Eagle Lithia Water."

"And suppose they don't carry it at the drugstore," Weltfisch asked.

"Then telephone over to the Eagle Lithia Water Company, 2242 South Gutierrez Street and tell 'em Dr. Newton says they should send over a couple cases right away," the Doctor replied. "And they better leave a couple cases, morning and afternoon, till I tell them to stop."

"Should we also give him every three hours a couple hogsheads beef tea, Doctor?" Maimin inquired. But the irony of his question was entirely wasted on the Doctor.

IN A case like this, red meat and the broth of red meat is poison," the Doctor declared. "The most we can do for him is to give him the lithia."

"But if we couldn't get him to take perfectly good whisky and water, Doctor, how are we going to make him drink all that lithia?" Weltfisch asked.

"Wild animals knows what's good for them and what ain't," the Doctor replied. "No human with kidney trouble would drink whisky."

"Not at thirty dollars a quart he wouldn't," Maimin commented dryly.

"Not if it was free," the Doctor continued, "whereas you take it in the jungle when a lion gets sick, he knows where the mineral springs are and drinks the water just the same like a dog will eat grass."

IT WAS on the tip of Maimin's tongue to ask the Doctor if he recommended French Lick or Mount Clemens for Julius, when Morton arrived with two bottles of Eagle Lithia Water from the corner drugstore. The Doctor emptied them into a bucket and almost immediately his theory of the self-curative instinct in the lower animals was vindicated in practice. Not only did Julius lap it up with every appearance of enjoyment, but when the bucket was emptied he licked the Doctor's hand and began to rumble internally. It sounded as though an empty freight train were crossing a trestle some ten miles away. In short, Julius was purring. A few minutes later, supported by the head-keeper and Dr. Newton, he struggled to his feet and staggered to the studio furnace room. There he sank into a profound slumber, from which



he awoke in less than two hours, apparently much refreshed. At any rate he drank almost an entire case of Eagle Lithia Water, and this marked the beginning of a steady if not rapid recovery.

DURING the next two weeks he consumed nearly thirty-five cases of Eagle Lithia Water, two hundred quarts of milk, and over a hundred dollars' worth of assorted cereals.

"By next Monday," Dr. Newton declared at the beginning of the third week, "you could start in with a little lamb broth, say a couple of gallons or so, and of course we'll keep right on with the lithia."

"For heaven's sake, how much more lithia are we going to load the cost of this picture with at twelve-fifty a case?" Maimin protested.

"We are going to load it with as much lithia as is necessary," Weltfisch announced. "By a week from Monday we will be ready to go on location, and in the meantime, I ain't going to spoil the ship for ten cents' worth of gangplank."

"You're dead right," the Doctor agreed, "and furthermore you ought to get a cage for that lion. This morning the furnace man tells me he growled at him twice."

"That don't signify nothing," Maimin said. "The feller is in bad with everybody. He's all the time getting into arguments that the Japanese should ought to be allowed to own real estate."

"Even so," Weltfisch said, "the first thing you know he's going to claim the lion bit him and the least he sues us for is ten thousand dollars, so how much would such a cage cost, Doctor?"

"You could get a good cage for a hundred dollars," Dr. Newton said.

"And in the meantime what is our carpenter shop doing that we should throw away money in the streets for lion cages yet?" Maimin asked.

"And when they get through with making such a cage, it's a profile cage with a front and one side to it," Weltfisch said.

"Then let 'em build it with a front and a back, and two sides to it," Maimin said. "Should we keep a cow and buy milk besides? An idee!"

TWO days later, Julius was conducted from his lair in the furnace room to what looked like a substantially built cage. It followed closely the lines of the most solidly constructed cage in the Lion House of the Los Angeles Zoo. In fact Maimin had sent their head camera man to make a special "still" of this particular cage, taken from three viewpoints, and so accurately had the foreman of the carpenter shop copied it, that when the same head camera man made photographs of the new cage from three similar viewpoints, nobody could distinguish them from the photographs of the original cage. It was also a masterpiece of the scene painter's art. For instance, the bars in the front of the cage were such artistic representations of iron bars, slightly flecked with rust, that they defied the closest inspection.

"And you wanted to buy a cage yet!" Maimin said to Weltfisch when they visited Julius for the first time in his new quarters.

"I GUESS we didn't get him in there a moment too soon," Weltfisch commented as he watched Julius ceaselessly prowling from one side of the cage to the other. Occasionally he would pause and



"You'd 'a' thought that lion was on a diet and couldn't eat nothing but picture actors."

survey his owners with a resentful glare. Once he bared his teeth and snarled savagely. "Listen, Weltfisch!" Maimin said, when this happened. "Don't forget to remind me I should telephone to Daiches, Levy and Daiches they should draw up a paper for Morton to sign that he releases us from all claims on account of bites and so on."

"I attended to it *schon* long since ago when I heard he growled at the furnace man already," Weltfisch replied. "And I also put a stop order on that lithia water. This here lion is getting to the stage now where if a little red meat is going to upset him any, y'understand, I am in favor we should give it to him. There's such a thing as a lion being *too* healthy—am I right or wrong?"

"Well," Maimin said as they returned to the office, "he's going to have his work cut out for him to break through *that* cage anyway."

AND for the remainder of the afternoon, whenever Julius roared, Maimin congratulated himself on his foresight in having so strong a cage constructed by the studio carpenter shop. These occasions for self-congratulation grew more and more frequent as the afternoon wore on, and by five o'clock, Julius was roaring practically without intermission.

"Say, looky here, Weltfisch," Maimin said at last. "Couldn't you ring up Newton and ask permission we should give that *behémer* some aspirin or something? The first thing you know we'll be getting arrested for keeping a nuisance on the premises."

"It's only because he feels strange in that cage," Weltfisch said. "He'll be quiet enough by tomorrow."

THIS prediction was entirely justified when Maimin and Weltfisch entered their office the following day. An agreeable silence prevailed as they opened their morning mail and it remained unbroken until the entrance of Dr. Newton a few minutes later.

"Well," the Doctor said, "how's the patient this morning?"

Maimin nodded his head sideways in the direction of the door leading to the lot.

"He's right there where you could see for yourself," he said abruptly, and glared after the Doctor until he had disappeared through the doorway. "How much does that feller charge for a house call, anyway?" he asked Weltfisch.

"For lions there ain't no such thing as office calls," Weltfisch replied.

"This is no joking matter, Weltfisch," Maimin retorted. "That feller is liable to keep on coming here at whatever he charges a call till that lion drops off from hardening of the arteries, supposing we are in business that long."

"Well, speak to him about it when he comes back," Weltfisch said.

But when Dr. Newton did come back, not ten seconds afterward, it was impossible for Maimin to make himself heard, for the Doctor was followed by almost the entire studio staff and they were all trying to talk at once.

"*Koosch!*" Weltfisch bellowed. "What is this? A barroom?"

THERE was a temporary lull in the confusion during which Morton flopped onto the sofa in the firm's office and promptly fainted. With great presence of mind, Dr. Newton drew a glass of ice-water from the cooler and dashed it into Morton's face.

"Here, what are you trying to do?" Maimin shouted. "Ruin our sofa on us?"

Dr. Newton pulled at Morton's feet till he was extended at full length with his head hanging over the edge.

"Say!" Maimin expostulated. "What do you think that is, an operating table? If he's sick call an ambulance."

"What's all the excitement about?" Weltfisch asked.

"He fainted from the disappointment," the Doctor explained.

"Disappointment?" Maimin repeated. "What disappointment?"

The Doctor turned and stared at Weltfisch. "Why, ain't you heard about Julius?" he asked.

Weltfisch grew suddenly pale. "*Shema Beni!*" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me he's dead."

"He's worse than dead," the Doctor replied. "He's gone."

"Gone!" Maimin repeated.

"Beat it," the Doctor elucidated. "Flew the coop. Made a get-away."

"Couldn't be," Maimin said. "Not with a cage like that."

THE Doctor laughed a mirthless hollow laugh, and even Morton, who had recovered sufficiently to wipe off his hair with one of the sofa cushions, smiled faintly.

"Come out and give it a look," the Doctor said, and when they at last stood in front of the cage, it became Maimin's turn to feel faint.

"Why, them Lars was made of wood!" Weltfisch cried as he surveyed the splintered remains of what had been the most attractive if not the most durable feature of Julius's habitation.

"Certainly they was wood," their designer, the foreman of the carpenter shop, retorted indignantly. "I'm a carpenter, not an iron worker."

"Maybe he is somewheres on the lot," Maimin suggested weakly.

"Look at them scratches on that fence there," the Doctor said.

Maimin and Weltfisch stared helplessly at each other. It might accurately be said that within a quarter of an hour they had both aged ten years.

"Right now," moaned Weltfisch, "that lion is probably going up and down the streets of Los Angeles, killing people by the hundreds."

The Doctor made a gesture of derision. "Forget it!" he said. "That lion probab'ly don't want to see another human being again as long as he lives. He'll beat it straight for the open country. I bet you by this time he's halfway to the Mojave Desert."

"And our twenty-five hundred dollars is there with him," Maimin almost wailed. "Oh, hush up, Uncle Max!" Morton said. "What's twenty-five hundred dollars in a case like this?"

"Hush up yourself, faker!" Max cried. "What's twenty-five hundred dollars, *sagt er*. Twenty-five hundred dollars is twenty-five hundred dollars. It's a million marks, a half a million francs and a good automobile in any kind of money. Twenty-five hundred dollars! To him it's nothing. *Schnorrer!*"

THE Doctor struck the table with his open hand. "Say, looky here!" he began. "Are you going to let me handle this or ain't you? We are all in bad, because while this here lion ain't going to attack humans exactly, there's ranch stock and goats and all that sort of thing that he can get us in the hole with for several thousand dollars, ain't there? And believe me, if someone sues on account of that lion, they'll prove that I was the doctor in charge of the case and I'm liable for an escape."

"But what can you do about it?" Weltfisch asked.

"I can prove an alibi for you, that's what I can do," the Doctor said.

Once more a pulse began to beat in Maimin's cheek. It was an unfailing symptom that Maimin was undergoing an internal struggle over parting with some money. "And how much is this alibi going to cost us?" he asked hoarsely.

"How should I know how much it will cost you?" the Doctor said.

"But what for an alibi is it?" Weltfisch inquired.

THE Doctor looked about him furtively and lowered his voice. "This is the idea," he said. "One lion looks like another lion, don't it?"

Weltfisch nodded.

"Now if that lion escaped where would a layman think it would be natural for him to go to?" the Doctor continued. "Why, back to the place where it came from—ain't that right?"

"Maybe that's where he did go to," Maimin suggested.

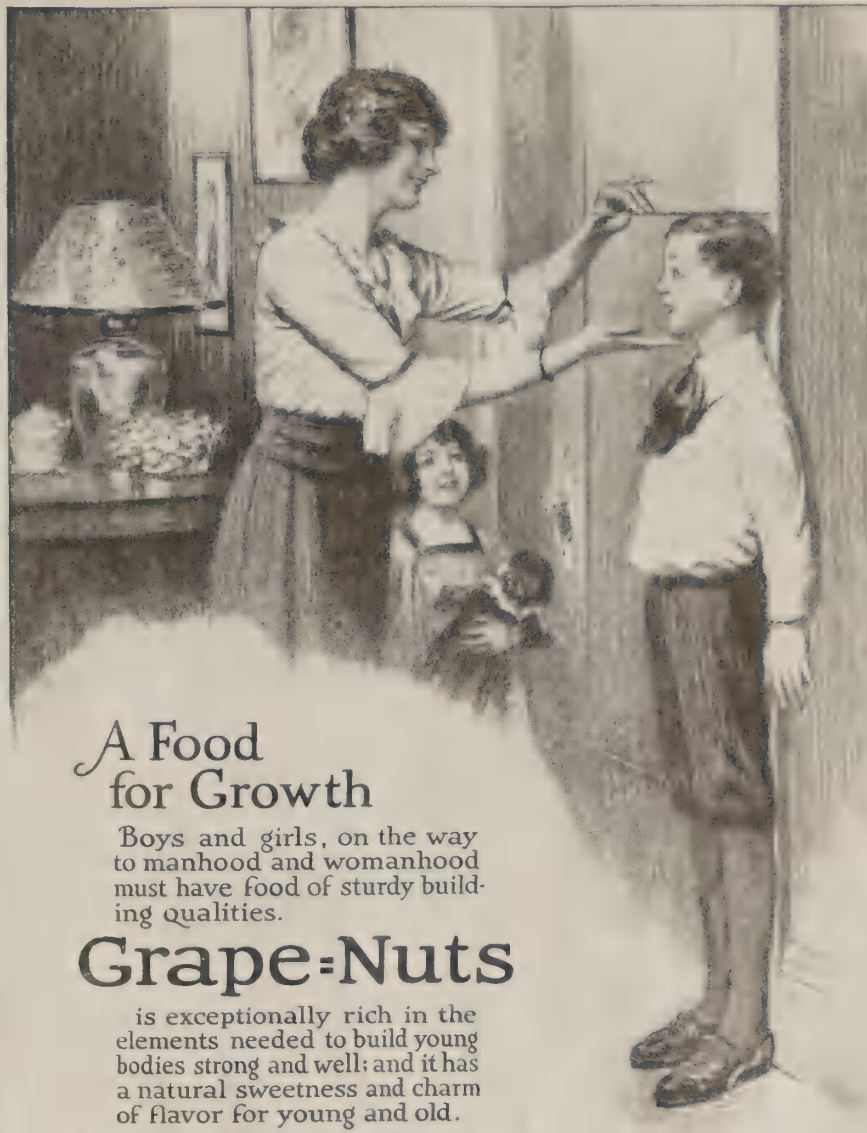
The Doctor shook his head. "Not a chance in the world," he said, "a wild animal ain't got no homing instinct because it ain't got no home." He made this statement so confidently that it convinced even Morton, who was beginning to speculate upon what profit would accrue to the Doctor by this alibi and how he, Morton, could declare himself in on it.

"Just the same, I will tell the reporters that Julius made a bee-line straight for the Graphic Arts Studios, and I will fix it with Krasnik's head-keeper that when their reporters show up there, he should point out one of Krasnik's lions as Julius, see?" the Doctor concluded.

"It's worth trying, anyway," Weltfisch commented.

The Doctor clapped his hat on his head and rose to his feet.

"I'll go right over there and I'll let you know how matters stand," he said. "And



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in the meantime, if any reporters show up here, you've got nothing to say, see?"

"And nobody else will have anything to say, neither," Maimin added, "because I'm going out to tell them people on the lot that from now on, if anyone even so much as mentions the word lion, he gets fired on the spot."

FOLLOWING the Doctor's departure, however, Maimin not only set a bad example to his employees by mentioning the word lion to Weltfisch and Morton, but he exhausted a particularly rich vocabulary to vary the word lion with synonyms that nobody had ever before dreamed of applying to a lion. In fact, he occupied the two hours which elapsed before the reporters began to arrive, with such a splendid exhibition of profane invective that even if he had desired to talk to the reporters, he would have been too hoarse to make himself understood. However, by that time Dr. Newton had returned, and his story more than satisfied the newspaper men. Not one wrote more than a quarter of a column about it. After all, there is not a great deal of news interest in a tame lion escaping from his new home and returning to his old home some two short blocks distant.

HOWEVER, it can not be said that the lack of interest in Julius shown by the public prints was reflected in the office of Maimin & Weltfisch. For more than a month the matter was discussed hourly. Sometimes the honors of the quarrel were with Maimin and sometimes with Weltfisch. There were three distinct eruptions of such violent give and take that neither side

scored particularly. These marked the payment of Dr. Newton's bill, including a hundred dollars to close the mouth of Krasnik's head-keeper, the payment of the Eagle Lithia Water Company's bill and

stock raisers in certain sections of Southern California, was the loss of twenty blooded goats and three prize Jersey cows by the La Belinda Ranch Corporation on its 774 acre ranch in the foothills near Burbank. Their partially consumed bodies were discovered early yesterday morning by ranch foreman George M. Sinsabaugh. Mr. Sinsabaugh says that the soft ground in the vicinity was covered with the tracks of a lion or lions.

B. Wilson, President of the International Gutta Percha Company of Akron, Ohio.

Dr. Marcus B. Newton, the well-known veterinary surgeon, who negotiated the sale, left Los Angeles with Mr. Wilson on the eastbound California Limited yesterday afternoon. He will spend several months in the East helping Mr. Wilson in the establishment of a Zoological Garden which Mr. Wilson will present to his native town of Tarsus, Iowa. Dr. Newton is a brother of Sigmund Neustadt, president of the Eagle Lithia Water Company, and his nephew, Benedict Neustadt, is one of the officers of the Fifth National Exhibitors, of Chicago, Ill.

MAIMIN read it on his way to the studio, and as a result of the scene which ensued when he arrived there, he was obliged to consult a throat specialist. It was almost a week before he could speak above a whisper and nearly a month before he could bring himself to address his partner even in hoarse monosyllables.

"I thought you told me that Krasnik had only eight lions besides Julius," he said at last.

"I should know how many lions that crook had," Weltfisch retorted, "and furthermore, Maimin, unless you would want me to bust up the partnership on you, don't never let me hear you nor nobody else talk about that lion again."

AS A matter of fact, neither Maimin nor Weltfisch ever did hear of Julius again, although to complete the record let it be mentioned that of the nine lions, which formed the nucleus of the Reed B. Wilson Zoological collection at Tarsus, Iowa, eight remained in excellent condition.

The ninth lion, however, strange to relate, seemed to thrive only on a restricted diet of white meats and cereals.

He was called Caesar by Dr. Newton but would answer more readily to the pre-nomen Julius.

DAN SEDGWICK flying through a blinding snowstorm—and in the cabin behind him the girl he loves, and his rival! Watch for "Beyond the Alps," by Edwin Batmer.

THE GAUDY LITTLE FISH by MILDRED CRAM

He sought refuge from her in the islands of the South Seas—and was happy till she found him.

Coming soon
in Hearst's International

finally the payment of the bill of the Mountinside Dairy for milk supplied during the convalescence of Julius.

IN THE meantime, no word came from any source of a marauding lion answering to the description of Julius until nearly six weeks after his disappearance, when Maimin picked up the morning paper and the following news item met his horrified gaze:

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
RAIDED BY LIONS

Twenty Blooded Goats Killed—Herd of Jersey Cows Decimated
Work of Mountain Predators.

Illustrating the problems which confront

pound mountain lion on the La Belinda Ranch.

WELTFISCH motored out to Burbank and viewed the remains in front of the local drugstore. It did not look in the least like Julius and much less like two hundred pounds.

Two months afterward the following news item was published in a leading Los Angeles newspaper:

Charles Krasnik, President of the Graphic Arts Studio, announces that no more productions involving the use of wild animals will be undertaken by his company. The nine lions made famous to the moving picture public through the comedies of the Graphic Arts Studio have been sold to Reed

Sir Hall Caine's
Latest Novel

The Master of Man

Continued
from page 20

position and how anxious that his son should succeed to it—it was pitiful.

He thought of Fenella, what great things they had planned to do when he became a judge; and now all their hopes had fallen to dust and ashes—it was agonizing.

Was it necessary—inevitable? Must he, for the rest of his life, be like a wrecked ship that lies at the bottom of the sea, swaying to the ground-swell below, and moaning like a lost soul to the moans of the other wrecks in the womb of the ocean? It was not as if he had injured anybody. He had done harm to nobody. Yet he must do what he had thought of. There was no help for it now.

IT WAS late. The household was asleep. The log fire he had been crouching over had fallen to ashes on the hearth. He was shivering and he got up to go to bed. Before leaving the library he sat at the desk under his mother's picture and wrote:

"Please call me at six. I must take the first train to Douglas."

He was laying this on the table on the landing, lighting his candle, and putting out the lamp, when he heard wheels on the carriage drive, and then a loud ringing at the front-door bell.

Who could have come at this time of night? Candle in hand, he went down and opened the door.

It was Joshua Scarff.

"SORRY to trouble you at this hour, Your Honor, but I had to tell you what has happened."

"What is it, Joshua?"

"There has been a fearful outbreak of lawlessness in Douglas this evening—breaking of shop-windows, looting of the houses of well-to-do people, assaults and outrages of all kinds."

"And what is the reason of it?" asked Stowell.

"Mob reason, and you know what that is, Your Honor. They say justice in the island is corrupt. If you are rich you get whatever you want. If you are poor you get nothing. A guilty man and a guilty woman have been

allowed to escape. Why? Because the man belongs to a family of 'the big ones.'"

"Who say that?"

"Old Qualtrough and Dan Baldromma."

"Baldromma? If his stepdaughter has escaped what has he to complain of?"

"Nothing, but that's not the worst, sir."

"What is?"

"The Governor has telegraphed for soldiers from across the water. They are to come over by the first boat in the morning. It's a frightful blunder, sir."

BEADS of perspiration were rolling down from Joshua's bald crown.

"There'll be bloodshed, and Manxmen won't stand for that. They've been their own masters for a thousand years. The Governor can't treat them as if they were Indian coolies."

"What do you think ought to be done?"

"That's what I've come to say, sir. I had gone to bed but I couldn't take rest, so I got Willie Dawson to drive me over. The people may be wrong about justice, but the only way to pacify them is to prove it."

"How?"

"The guilty man in this case must be given up and punished."

"Given up?"

Joshua took off his colored spectacles and wiped the damp off them.

"I thought Your Honor might know where he was. He can't be far away."

"Well?"

"He ought to be told to give himself up to the Courts to save the island from ruin. And if he won't he ought to be denounced."

"Denounced?"

"It will be a terrible ordeal—I know that, sir. Your friend! Your lifelong friend! Pity! Great pity!"

For a perceptible time Stowell did not speak. Then, in a voice which Joshua had never heard before, he said:

"Go home and go to bed, Joshua. I'll see what can be done."

JOSHUA had gone; the door had closed behind him and his wheels were dying away down the drive, but Stowell continued to stand in the hall, candle in hand and stiff as

a statue. At length he returned to the dining-room, put the candle on the table and sat before the empty hearth.

It was all over! The plan he had made for himself was impossible. There could be no resigning in secret and stealing away from the island.

He had done harm to something. He had done harm to Justice. If Justice fell down what stood up? Nothing! The man who took the law into his own hands was a criminal, and as a criminal he ought to be punished.

Punished? The shock was terrible. Was he then to give himself up? To confess publicly?

He saw himself pleading guilty to having broken prison. He heard the whole wretched story of his relation to the unhappy prisoner, and of his trying and condemning her, coming out in open court. He heard the howls of execration from the people who had hitherto praised and cheered him.

"Is there no other way?" he asked himself.

HE SAW himself in prison, in prison clothes, in the prison cell, on the prison bed, in the Keep for exercise, walled in from the world as in a roofless tomb. Above all he saw another Deemster going upstairs to sit on the bench while he lay in the vaults below.

He thought of his father and his family—four hundred years of the Ballamoars and not a stain on the name of one of them until now.

He thought of Fenella—the cruel shame he would bring on her, the destruction of her happiness. Had he the right to punish Fenella also?

The clock on the landing struck one. An owl shrieked in the plantation. He got up and strode about the room.

At length the impulses of the natural man began to fight for safety. It was the last struggle on the battlefield of his soul.

"Good God, what am I thinking about?" he asked himself.

What had he done to deserve all this? He had broken a wicked law which had no right to exist; but did that require that he should denounce himself, go to prison, degrade his father's name, break Fenella's heart and put

himself up on a gibbet for every passer-by to jeer at and spit upon?

"What madness! What rank madness!"

He thought of the thousands of "great" men in all ages of the world who had broken bad laws, and yet lived in honor and died in glory. Why should he suffer for doing the same thing? Why he and not the others? But at the next moment a mocking voice within him seemed to say:

"Go on! Go on! Issue that warrant! Let the unhappy girl who trusted you be brought back and hanged. Let the friend who loved you be arrested and tried and sent to jail for the crime you have committed. Go through all that duplicity again. Let the whole community be submerged in anarchy as the consequence of your sin. But remember, when you come out of it all, you will be a devil, and your soul will be damned."

That terrified him and he sat down by the empty hearth once more. After a while he found his hands wet under his face and heard a soft, caressing voice pleading with him:

"Victor, my darling heart! Resist this great temptation and peace will come to you. Do the right, and no matter how low you may fall in the eyes of men, you will look upon the face of God."

It was Fenella's voice—he was sure of that. Across the mountain and through the darkness of the night her pure soul was speaking to him.

The candle had burnt to the socket by this time but a new light came to him. For more than a year he had been a slave, dragging a chain of sin behind him. At every step in his wrongdoing his chain had lengthened. He must break it and be free.

"Yes, I will go up to Government House in the morning," he thought, "confess everything, and take my punishment."

It was only right, only just. And when the cruel thought came that the next time he entered the Courthouse it would be to stand in the dock, he told himself that that would be right too.

The Judge also must be judged.

GROPING his way upstairs in the darkness, he entered his bedroom and locked the door behind him. He found a fire burn-

ing, the sofa drawn up in front of it, a lamp burning on the bureau that stood at one side, and at the other the high-backed armchair in which his father used to undress for bed. He was surprised to find that the fire had been newly made up but, hearing footsteps in the adjoining bedroom, he understood.

"Poor Janet!" he thought.

His thoughts were thundering through his brain like waves in a deep cavern. He was convinced that he would never survive the ordeal that was before him. When men lived through long imprisonments it was because they had hope that the beautiful days would come again. He had no such hope, so, sitting at his bureau, he began to sort and arrange his papers like one who was going away on a long journey.

After that he wrote a letter to the Attorney-General:

DEAR MASTER: When this letter comes to your hand you will know the occasion for it. I am aware that it can not have the authority of a will but (in the absence of a more regular document) I trust the Clerk of the Rolls may find a way to act upon it as an expression of my last wishes.

I desire that Janet Curphey should be suitably provided for as long as she lives. She has been a mother to me all my life—the only mother I have ever known.

I desire that Mrs. Collister of Baldromma may have such a provision made for her as will liberate her from the tyrannies of her husband.

I desire that Thomas Vondy, formerly the Jailer at Castle Rushen, should be taken care of in any way you may consider best.

Finally, if I do not live to return home, I desire that everything else of which I die possessed should be offered to Fenella Stanley as a mark of my deep love and devotion.

I think that is all.

Having signed, sealed, and inscribed his letter, he put it in his breast pocket. Then taking a drawer out of the bureau he carried it to the sofa, intending to destroy the contents of it.

THE first thing that came to his hand was the letter which Alick Gell had given him at Derby Haven. It was marked "To be opened after we have gone," and turned out to be a memorandum to his father's executors, telling them he was leaving the island with no intention of returning to it, and asking (as his only request) that in the event of an inheritance becoming due to him, seven hundred pounds, which had been advanced to him at various times, should be repaid to "Deemster Victor Stowell—the best friend man ever had."

Feeling a certain twinge, Stowell hesitated for a moment, with the memorandum shaking in his hand, and then threw it into the fire.

There were other papers of the same kind which shared the same fate, and then up from the bottom of the drawer came a leather-bound book. It was "Isobel's Diary." Not without a struggle he had decided to destroy that also. As the sanctuary of his father's soul he could not allow it to be looked into by other eyes.

But, never having looked at it himself since the night of his father's death, he could not resist the temptation to glance through it once more before committing it to the flames.

So it's all well at last, Isobel. Your son can do without me now. He needs his father no longer. With that brave woman by his side he will go up and up. They will marry and carry on the traditions of the Ballamoars. It is the dearest wish of my heart that they should do so.

His throat throbbed. Oh, those hopes, all wrecked and dead! Going down on one knee before the fire, and holding the book on the other, he tore out page by page and burnt it, feeling as if he were burning his right hand also. He was afraid of tears and had rarely given way to them, but he was weeping like a heartbroken woman before the last page had been consumed.

THEN, taking Fenella's letters from his pocketbook, he prepared to burn them too. They brought a faint perfume, a feeling of warmth, a sense of her physical presence. Most of them were notes of no consequence—appointments to ride, drive, fish, skate, all touched by her gay railery ("Eight o'clock in the morning—is that too early for you, Vicky?"). He had preserved every scrap in

her handwriting. But one was the letter she wrote to him when he was in London, and with palpitating tenderness he held it under the lamp to read it again:

Victor, when I think of the life that is so surely before you, and that I shall walk through it by your side, perfectly united with you, sharing the same hopes and aims and desires, enjoying the same sunshine and weathering the same storms, I have a vision of happiness that makes me cry with joy.

His heart swelled like a troubled sea, and to conquer his emotion he thrust the letter hurriedly into the flames. But before it was more than scorched he snatched it back and was preparing to return it to his pocket when he bethought himself how soon it must pass into other hands with everything he carried about him. And then, turning his head away, and feeling as if he were burning his heart also, he put it into the fire.

After that he dropped back onto the sofa with feelings about Fenella that found no relief in tears. One by one the memory of the beautiful moments of their love returned to him. It was a cruel pleasure.

ALL at once came a moment of fierce rebellion. When he had told himself downstairs that in making the great renunciation of his public office he must renounce Fenella also he had not realized what it meant. It meant that never again, for as long as he lived (Fenella being impossible to him), would woman take any part in his existence.

A cold terror took possession of him at that thought. He was a man—was he for the rest of his life, if he survived his imprisonment, to be cut off from his kind, separated, alone?

Better be dead than live such a life!

Then another and still more startling thought came to him—why not? A letter to the Governor, exonerating Gell, and then it would all be over. No warrant, no trial! Why not?

OUTSIDE, the night was dark. Not a breath of wind was stirring. In the silence of earth and sky he could hear the "swish, swish" of the sea on the shingle at the top of the shore. It must be high water.

"Why not? Why not?"

His head was dizzy. He was thinking of a boat that lay among the lush grass on the sandy bank above the beach. Alick and he had often gone fishing in her. She was heavy, but he was strong—he could push her into the water.

He was himself pulling out to sea, far out, beyond the Point, to where the Gulf Stream in its long race round half the world swept by the island to the coast of Iceland. And then, as the dawn broke in the eastern heavens, he saw himself scuttling the boat and going down with her.

Why not? No one would know. The boat would lie at the bottom of the sea until she fell to pieces, and he—he would go north on the way of the great waters until he came to the feet of the frozen Jokulls, where nobody would be able to say who he was or where he came from.

No scandal! No outcry! No vulgar sensation! Just a pang to Fenella, and then the darkness of death over all.

THINKING the lamp was burning low, he was reaching out his hand to turn up the wick when a sense came of somebody being in the room with him. He looked round. All was silent.

"Is anybody there?" he asked aloud.

There was no answer. He shivered and was trying to rise when again he had the sense of somebody else in the bedroom.

"Who is it?"

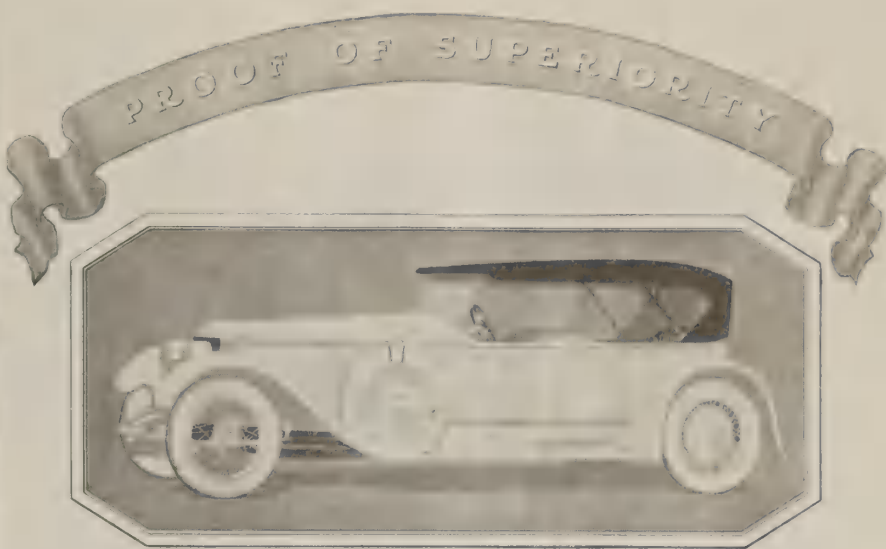
At the next moment, raising his eyes, he thought he saw his father in the armchair where he had seen him so often. The august face was the same as when he saw it last in that room, except that the melancholy eyes were now open.

"I'm ill," he thought, and he closed his eyes and put his hand over them.

But when he opened his eyes again his father was still there, looking down at him with tenderness and compassion. His brain reeled and he fell face down on the cushions of the sofa.

Then he heard his father speaking to him, gently, affectionately, but firmly, just as he used to do when he was alive.

"My son! My dear son! I know what you are thinking of doing, and I warn you not to do it. No man can run away from the consequences of his sins. If he flies from



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them in this life he must meet them in the life hereafter, and then they will be far more terrible."

"Father!"

STOWELL tried to cry aloud but could not. His father's voice ceased and at the next moment a vision flashed before him. A line of miserable-looking men was standing before an awful tribunal. He knew who they were—the unjust judges of the world who had corrupted justice. All the grandeur in which they had clothed themselves on earth was gone, and they were there in the nakedness of their shame crying:

"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!"

Stowell felt as if he were falling off the world into a void of unfathomable night. Then blindness fell upon the eyes of his mind and he knew no more.

"VICTOR! Victor!" It was Janet's voice outside the door.

"Eh?"

"Six o'clock. Didn't you want to catch the first train to town, dear?"

"Oh, yes! All right. I'll be down presently."

Stowell found it difficult to recover consciousness. He was lying on the sofa and he looked around. There was the armchair—it was empty. But the lamp on the bureau was still burning. He must have slept, for he was feeling refreshed and even strong.

Leaping to his feet he blew out the lamp and pulled back the window-curtains. It was a beautiful morning, tranquil as the sky and noiseless as the dew. Over the tops of the tall trees the bald crown of old Snaefell was bathed in sunshine.

HE FELT like another man. Life had no terrors for him now. It was just as if a curse had fallen from him in the night. No more visions! No more specters! He knew what he had to do and he would do it. There was freedom in the thought that he was going to break the chain he had dragged after him so long and save his people at the same time.

Throwing off coat and waistcoat, he washed—lashing the cold water over face and head and neck as if he were diving into one of the dubs in the glen—and then went downstairs with a strong step.

Breakfast was not quite ready, so he stepped out over the piazza to the farmyard. The cheerful place was full of its morning activities. Cows were mooring their way to the grass of the fields before barking dogs, and milkmaids were carrying their frothing pails across to the dairy.

He saluted everybody he came upon. "Good morning, Betty!" "Good morning, Mary!" The girls smiled and looked proud, but they said afterwards that the master's voice sounded as if he were saying good-by to them.

Unconsciously he was going about like a man who was taking a last look round before setting out on a long journey. He went into the stable, and Molly, his young chestnut mare, turned her head and neighed at him. He went into the empty cow-house, and four young calves in boxes licked, with their moist noses and long tongues, the hand he held down to them.

ON THE way back to the house he met Robbie Creer, who was full of another story of Mrs. Collister of Baldromma. She had "taken the ground with the ebb tide," poor woman. They had put her into the asylum. The doctors said her case was incurable. She was always saying the old Dempster came from the dead to take her Bessie out of prison.

"But what a blessed end!" said Stowell. "She'll think her daughter is in heaven, so she'll always be happy."

"It's like she will, sir," said Robbie, looking puzzled, but, going indoors for his bowl of porridge, he said to his wife:

"A mortal quare thing to say, though, and the woman in the madhouse."

Stowell ate with an appetite, Janet plying him with coffee and eggs and toasted muffins, and then young Robbie brought round the dog-cart. Janet helped him on with his light loose overcoat and went to the door with him.

He paused there, pulling on his driving-gloves and thinking what cruel pain the dear soul would suffer when she heard that night what he had done that day. At last he threw his arms about her and kissed her, saying with a gulp:

"Good-by, Mother! God bless you!"

And then he sprang up into the cart, snatched at the reins, pulled them taut, and (after the young mare had leaped on her forelegs) darted away.

AS HE approached the turn of the drive where the house is hidden by the trees he turned and looked back at it—what a home to lose! Janet, who was still at the porch, smoothing her silvery hair, thought

ARE YOU IN HER ORBIT?



Will you love this girl when you see her again? She is waiting to meet you as gay as a summer breeze. Watch for her in July

Hearst's International

he had looked back at her, and she waved her hand to him. Nobody had said a word to her, yet she knew what he had been suffering as a result of some terrible wrongdoing. She thought she knew what it was, too, and she had wept bitter tears over it.

But he had not a fault in her eyes now. Her boy! Hers all the way up since he was a child and used to run about the lawn in pinafores.

Heaven bless him! He was the best thing God had ever made.

THE train to town was full to overflowing. The north-side people, having heard of yesterday's doings, were going up to see for themselves "what them toots in Douglas" were doing.

In spite of the guard's deferential protests Stowell stepped into an open third-class carriage. It had been humming like a beehive until then, but except for a general salutation it became silent when he entered.

A draper's assistant who sat opposite handed him an English newspaper, two days old, with an article on the escape from Castle Rushen.

The incident was a disgrace to the insular administration, and if the Governor could not offer a satisfactory explanation the sooner the island's Home Rule came to an end the better for Justice.

ONE or two of the passengers tried to draw Stowell into conversation about the article, but he said little or nothing. Then some black-coated persons (well-to-do farmers and the like) gave the talk another turn.

"Still and for all," said one, "that doesn't justify such doings as there are in Douglas!" "Chut!" said another. "It isn't justice the agitators are wanting, it's robbery." "Truth enough," said a third; "it's the land they're after, and if the Governor isn't doing something soon, there'll not be an acre left at the one of us." "Give them a pig of their own sow," said a fat farmer. "You're right there, Willie. Men like Caesar Qualtrough and Dan Baldromma ought to be taken out to say and dropped overboard." "It wasn't them ones I was thinking of. They're clane dirt anyway. I mane the gorms in Douglas who are listening to them—hawkers and cadgers and the like."

Again the passengers tried to draw Stowell into the conversation, and when they found they could not get him to speak to them they spoke at him.

"Where's the big men of the island that they're not telling the people they're bringing it to wreck and ruin?"

"When a man is claver—claver uncommon—and mighty with the tongue he ought to be showing the ignorant gomerals the way they're going."

"Yes," said a little man (he was a local preacher), "when a man has the gift it's his duty to the Lord to use it."

"He must be a right man, though," said the fat farmer, "straight as a mast himself, same as some we've had at Ballamoar in the good ould days gone by."

There was silence for a moment after this, and then an old man by the opposite window was heard to whisper:

"Lave him alone, men; he knows what hour the clock is striking."

When the train reached Douglas, Stowell went off with a heavy face. It was remarked that he had not shaken hands—his father used to shake hands with everybody, high or low.

"He's his father's son for all," said the old man by the window.

Stowell walked down Athol Street and took the cable-car at the bottom of the Prospect Hill. The driver had as much as he could do to forge his way without accidents through the tumultuous throngs in the thoroughfare.

A CORDON of red-coated soldiers from Castletown was surrounding the Government offices, and a noisy crowd (including women with children) was jeering at them from the middle of the street, and shouting up at the windows above under the impression that the Governor was within.

The shops bore signs of yesterday's rioting—many having their shutters up, while the windows of others were barricaded with new boarding.

Stowell got out of the car at the terminus and made the rest of his journey afoot. At the top of the hill, where the road turns towards the Governor's house, he came upon a mass meeting. From a horseless lorrie, decorated with banners, a burly old ruffian with

shaggy gray hair (Qualtrough, M. H. K.) was speaking in a voice of thunder, while on the cross-seat by his side, Dan Baldromma was sitting with the air of a martyr.

"There's a man on this platform who has gone to prison for his principles. That's what Justice in the Isle of Man is. And that's what they would like to be doing with the lot of ye, the big ones of the island. But, gentlemen and ladies, their rotten ould ship is floating on the pumps and she'll soon be sinking."

WHEN Stowell reached the Governor's gate he paused, being out of breath and not so strong as he had imagined. From that point he could see a broad stretch of the coast, as well as the shadowy outlines of the English hills on the other side of the channel. A steamer was sailing into the bay—perhaps she was bringing the English cavalry the Governor had sent for.

The dear little island! How beautiful it looked today! And what a work he could have done for it!

Life is sweet when death is at the door. At that last moment, although he had thought his mind was made up, Stowell found that his heart was failing him. Must he go on—deliberately destroy himself, no outside power compelling him?

HALFWAY up the drive, where the trees broke clear and the long white façade of Government House became visible, he dropped his head. He was thinking of the last time he had been there and of the stinging words with which Fenella had driven him away.

When the maid opened the door, he asked for the Governor.

"Yes, Your Honor," said the maid, "but Miss Fenella wishes to see you first, sir."

Stowell's heart was beating hard when he stepped into the house.

"WE BELONG to each other, Victor. Whether you choose to die by your own hand, or decide to go to prison—I shall go with you!" See *Hearst's International* for July.

Too-Perfect Barbara

(Continued from page 12)

if I traveled about with Rodney's picture!"

She wandered thoughtfully upstairs, exhumed a folding morocco-leather frame from her dressing case, and stood looking at a man's firm, smiling face, puckered with a myriad little sun-wrinkles at the corners of the eyes.

"You're the only one I ever met who really knew how to kiss one, darling," she murmured reminiscently, carried him away, and placed him on Barbara's dressing-table. "It's only your photo, Eric dear," she went on apologetically. "I know you'd run a mile rather than be here yourself. You always hated these pie-faced brats!"

ALL through lunch she tolerated Bill with the little far-away smile of one breathing the incense that arises from cremated hopes and the white-hot ashes of youth. But afterwards, with a lingering, sympathetic touch on his arm, she made amends.

"Poor boy! You look ragged to death. Go away and mope yourself happy all alone, and I'll lend you a book that may amuse you. Come upstairs with me and fetch it. I'm thinking of lying down to rest my poor face."

While she hunted vaguely hither and thither he stood in her doorway, absorbing subconsciously the sophisticated charm of Alice and all that was hers.

"Perhaps Barbara's got it," she said at last. "I'll go and look. She lives just over the way."

Again Bill paused in the doorway, troubled this time by a quaint sensation of delicacy. Alice, in her listless explorations, knocked over a morocco-leather photograph case standing on the dressing-table. It fell with a little, forlorn crash. Retrieving it, she glanced at the portrait and struggled faintly.

"That's the man I told you about. Rather indiscreet to advertise him in her bedroom, but evidently the attraction still exists. I don't know that a hopeless passion isn't good for a girl of her robust type. Keeps her from getting at all stodgy. Well, the book isn't here, so I s'pose you can't have it. Come along, old thing."

BILL had crossed to the dressing-table and stood staring down at the unconscious face of Eric, thinking turgid and unutterable thoughts. The one clear impression seemed to be that Barbara emerged from this episode slightly more desirable—for a rival, even though hopeless, is a stimulating creature. Alice pushed him gently into the corridor.

"Run along, bless your blue eyes," she commanded, not wishing to be severed from Eric's picture for one unnecessary moment.

Returning from the vicarage, Audrey, stifled by the ecclesiastical atmosphere, turned naturally to themes of romance and passion. She observed judicially to Barbara:

"I don't know whether you're keen on Bill, my dear, but if you are let me tell you he'll want a certain amount of gingering. The army knocked a lot of old buck out of Bill. He's gone dreamy and drooping and a bit potty generally. He'll limp up to you wearily and just blither about, rather than swallow you whole, so to speak. It's a pity, but it can't be helped. I may be putting my foot in it, of course, but I thought you'd better know."

Barbara smiled back with perfect sweetness.

"It's frightfully decent of you. Bill and I are very good friends. I think the vicar's aged a lot lately, don't you?" she answered.

OUTSIDE the main entrance they found a fast and ferocious two-seated car, the property of Reggie Toplady, who seemed to have motored down for tea. Discarding her female guest with the frank materialism of youth, Audrey wandered away with him across the velvet lawn into the shadow and shelter of the park-land.

Bill, striding houseward, endeavoring to sort out his tangled reflections, came upon them by chance and stood irresolute. With a little gesture of infinite affection Audrey leaned her fair, wavy head against her lover's heart. The next moment his mouth bent down to hers as hers reached up to his. They clung to one another breathlessly as if the

end of the world might take them unawares. It was sheer and splendid youth flinging gifts for the terrible joy of giving.

Feeling that he had been cheated of life in some way he could not understand, Bill crept stealthily on his way. But he ran no risk of discovery. Audrey and Reggie were drowning in one another's eyes.

"BARBARA," said Bill after breakfast, "these people are getting on my nerves. Let's take a day off—car, picnic basket, freedom of the open road, green, sweet countryside, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Are you game, or do you insist on being tied to the joy-wheel of a house-party forever and ever, amen?"

He stood looking down at her where she sat in the great hall, cool and fresh, with a terrible sanity of outlook that just one little dash of wickedness might have redeemed. She lifted her calm face and smiled at him a perfectly frank smile, with no mystery, no hinted secrets, no nothing behind it.

"Topping—if Audrey doesn't mind." "Dare say she can endure it. I'll go and see about things. Will you be ready in half an hour?"

He strolled away, a suggested desperation in the set of his shoulders, and Alice, coming down the wide stairway in burnt orange with a lazy scarlet hat, smiled pityingly at his back. She quoted under her breath:

*"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or he's it all."*

"By tonight Barbara will be dead or victorious. I shall wear a black frock at dinner, in mourning either for Barbara or Bill, as the case may be."

BILL brought round to the entrance one of those two-seated miniature Rolls-Royces with the heart of a lion and the mechanism of an expensive watch. He installed his victim, dumped the commissariat in the boat, and whirled down the avenue like a rather lamentable Lochinvar.

They camped in a green wooded hollow of the Downs. When the soup in a vacuum flask, the chicken mayonnaise, the cream-cheese and white wine had departed, Bill said brazenly, over coffee and cigarettes:

"BARBARA, what do you think of love?" Barbara, who had been trained by her mother never to think, but to accept what her father and her brothers thought, said calmly:

"I don't know. It isn't altogether what one does think about until the time comes."

"What time?"

"The time when one falls in love, I s'pose."

"And what makes one fall in love?"

Barbara hesitated. Privately she thought it a little indecent to drag emotional matters into the light of day.

"Well, I imagine one meets a man nicer and more attractive than all other men and—one just loves him."

"That means, of course, he'd have to be—well, one of us, wouldn't he?"

She smiled indulgently. "One would hardly fall in love with the butcher or the postman, because he wouldn't be so nice as men of our sort."

Bill lighted a new cigarette carefully.

"Have you ever been in love, Barbara?" he asked after a little pause.

She looked away into the distance, even as her mother did when Sir Denzil Hawkins, the fifteenth baronet, proposed, and blushed faintly.

"I may have fancied I was once or twice. Why?"

Bill thought of the photograph on the dressing table. The feller had looked—well, not particularly tame, anyhow.

"How did you feel towards the men you fancied you were in love with?"

"That I wanted to marry them, I s'pose."

"Why?"

"Well," said Barbara desperately, "what else is there to do?"

"MARRIAGE," said Bill sententiously, "doesn't necessarily imply love. A marriage may be contracted on political, social, even commercial grounds. But love is another matter."

"Is it?"

For a moment some dim stirring of primeval instincts, implanted in her remote forerunners, occurred in the soul of Barbara. Her lips parted and her eyes shone. She forgot for one desperate moment the canons of her bringing up.

"Tell me!" she almost whispered.

"If you love a man you simply ache for the feel of his arms, marriage or no marriage. You want to belong to him more than anything in the world. You long to be just the woman in his life, to have his children, to be there for him to come back to when his fighting, or work, or whatever he does, is over. You want to be burnt up in the flame of his passion, and look after him when he's sick—a hell of desire and an ark of refuge as well."

Bill paused. A descriptive passage, not his own, occurred to him.

"When he kisses you his lips must blend into yours and the thrill run clean through you right down into your very toes," he continued softly, like a child repeating its lesson.

FOR a moment Barbara caught her breath.

She seemed to look into a promised land illumined with light too bright for undesirous eyes, yet very sweet. But discipline is discipline and the training of early years not to be despised.

"I hardly think these are the feelings a nice girl has towards a man, or cares to express at any rate," she answered a little coldly. "That sort of thing doesn't last, anyway. It's too theatrical. You aren't really serious, Bill. You'd hate a girl like that, really."

"I?" exclaimed Bill. "Why, I know one—" He stopped. "I mean, that's the only kind I could marry. I've had a lot of war and that brings you down to bedrock. And if you agreed with me— But you don't, do you? You said so just now."

"No," she answered calmly. "I'm afraid I don't. These ideas seem to me hysterical and mad. I can't look round among the people we know and find them. And one can only judge by experience."

"BARBARA," he cried, and a note of relief rang in his voice, "didn't you ever love? Are you rank with conventions?"

"I?" She seemed amused. "Why, I'm the most unconventional person in the world. Shall we move on, do you think, if we're going round by Devil's Gap?"

The little car whirled up and up to the topmost peak of the Downs where yawns the chasm of that name. At the little inn hard by Bill gave Barbara tea. She drank it restfully as she would drink tea in some calm home of her own all down the shining years. Bill thanked God privately he would not be there to see her, because he had almost made up his mind not to ask Barbara to marry him. He was so afraid she might consent.

A SOFT white mist began to settle over the surrounding hills. Presently it condensed into fine rain. Bill put up the hood of the car and they began to slide down the narrow, slippery road. He drove dreamily, for into his mind floated little pictures of Felicia Carey, her dark hair, and the wave that lay across the curve of her little head.

The rain-blurred window-screen played tricks with his vision, and the herd of cows blundered unexpectedly out of a side-lane. The little car skidded wickedly from sudden braking, bumped heavily against a cow, and shot sideways into the ditch. Something snapped; the front wheels looked drunkenly at one another as no wheels ever should.

When their insides had finished turning over they climbed out unhurt. Bill gave a swift glance at the damage and shook his head.

"The steering arm's broken. She's done in, and we're ten miles from anywhere," he said dryly. "I'm frightfully sorry, Barbara. Can you walk it?"

She smiled a little wistfully. The rain fell with steady persistence. Neither her frock nor her shoes harmonized with the weather.

"I suppose we must," she said without enthusiasm.

BILL enveloped her in an ancient raincoat from the car's locker, and they set forward doggedly. She refused a cigarette. He lighted a philosophic pipe and assumed the cheerfulness expected of men in hopeless situations. She kept reasonably dry, but her soaked shoes galled her feet and soon she limped noticeably. They covered four miserable miles and when she could obviously go no farther a road-mender's hut loomed gratefully through the gathering twilight. Bill wrenched off the padlock, opened the door and led her into shelter.

"Thank God, it's dry at any rate," he said, spread a couple of sacks on the ground and made her sit down.

"Let me take off your shoes," he went on soothingly. "As far as I can see we're here



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light, so you might as well be comfy. I'll fire in thatrazier thing in a moment. I'm frightfully sorry, but we might be worse off."

"Don't be perfectly ridiculous," she answered tartly. "Of course we can't stay here all night. Haven't you any idea what people would say?"

Bill put aside the little soaked shoes tenderly.

"Well, I'm not going to leave you alone; you can't walk, and I'm afraid I can't carry you five miles. There's nothing to do but stay where we are. After all, what can people say? We're both perfectly respectable."

HE PILED sticks into the brazier, added a few lumps of coal from the road-mender's store, and set a match to the wood. A bitter, half-tearful voice broke on his ears.

"Unless we were to be married I should never have a rag of reputation left," it said plaintively, "and as we're not going to be, I don't see how I could be worse off!"

Bill turned and looked straight at her.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"Not in the way you described this afternoon. Of course I like you quite well." She turned away and stared patiently at the driving rain, thankful that naturally wavy hair is damp-proof.

"Then you don't want to marry me. But how could you when there's that man's photograph on your dressing-table?"

"There isn't anything of the kind. Besides, what do you know about my dressing table?"

"I saw it this afternoon when Alice went into your room to look for a book. She told me about him. I know he's married and all that, but you needn't mind. I swear I'll never tell a soul. And now we understand one another so well, you must admit it's all rot about people gossiping if we do have to stay here till morning."

Barbara answered contemptuously:

"Alice is most appallingly untruthful. There is no photograph in my room. If you

saw one she must have put it there. Supposing what you say were true, do you think I should advertise it by carrying his picture about with me?"

WITH his mind's eye Bill saw again the pathetic gestures of Alice as she described Barbara's hopeless passion. His ears drank in the caressing, plausible voice. And, sitting there with Barbara in the hut, he knew that she had never loved anyone married or single, being far too carefully brought up.

"I'm sorry. Of course, she was just pulling my leg. Please don't give me away to her or I'll look such a fool," he begged.

UPON the blackest night there rises a star of comfort; into the deepest misery there steals an angel voice. So from far, far away, over the hill-tops, through the mist and rain, there quavered on the air the electric alarm of a Ford car.

With frenzied leaps Bill dashed into the road. He stood, his arms extended, shouting "Hi!" "Hullo!" and in the glare of the headlights the local doctor recognized him, poked his head out into the rain, and asked briefly: "What are you doing here, Coniston?"

For a brief second they talked as one man to another. The doctor nodded wisely. "Quite! Quite! Saw your car in the ditch. Rough luck. Not a word, my dear fellow.

Mum as the grave. Only too delighted. Nobody'll see her in the back seat."

How boundless, when so intended, is but a little space! Barbara, huddled in her corner of the car, put incalculable miles between herself and Bill. Nevertheless, his heart sang, for he was free, and surely some day, somehow, love would beckon. He thought of Audrey and Reggie Toplady, and his eyes yearned.

They entered almost furtively the discreet, empty hall. At the foot of the stairs, safe, and hallowed by the surroundings of her own order, Barbara turned and held out a hand with all the tact of her instincts and training.

"I forgive you, Bill," she said in her clear, high voice, "but somehow I don't want to see you first thing in the morning. I think I'll have breakfast in bed."

"You won't see me in the morning. There's a wire on the table addressed to me. That means a run up to town on business," he lied soothingly.

She knew he lied and respected him for it. There are no liars on earth to compare with the Best People.

Late that night, after his bath, supper, and whiskies and sodas, Bill wrote to Alice. He laid on her many curses, and the burden of explanations to his father the Earl. He said quite plainly he would never marry Barbara. He explained his unauthorized trip to London, for a stay of unknown duration. In the morning, very early,

a first-class railway carriage bore him thence.

At six p.m. he wandered diffidently into Cadogan Mews, Kensington, to find Felicia Carey, bareheaded, clad in a drab drill coat, sitting on the running-board of a car, smoking a cigarette, and arguing with her foreman. That individual, at Bill's advent, faded lugubriously into the fitting shop, for even foremen have their feelings. Bill shepherded Felicia within her six-foot-square, match-boarded office, rested his hands on her shoulders, and looked down at her.

"Well, you?" he said, not as one addressing Barbaras. "You look very darling if I may say so. And you are going to dine with me, aren't you? Please, Felicia!"

SHE dropped the cigarette-end to the floor and ground it under her heel. Then she smiled up at him preparatory to breaking his heart.

"Never, never, never any more," she said breathlessly, putting up her hands to meet his. "We mustn't, 'cause I explained it all in my letter, and I'm frightfully busy, and too grubby and dog-tired. And you won't mind, will you, or be unhappy or anything. Promise?"

She drew his face down to hers, kissed him swiftly, tore across the yard to Number 14, slammed the door behind her, and was gone.

EVEN as Bill turned fitfully away, the foreman came out from the fitting shops. He held a piece of metal in his hand and poked it with a grimy forefinger.

"No sooner do we start machinin' up a bit o' stuff than it goes West," he said pathetically. "I dunno what's coming to the world. Nothing ain't like what it used to be now, is it, sir?"

"SHEER beauty, calm, and a faint drawl are almost terrible in a young girl," Bill decided. And she thought, "What a nice plaything he'll be!" "Cecily, the Panther"—soon.

Owen Johnson's new
Lawrenceville Story

The Girl they Loved

Continued
from page 24

After a few moments Snorky began to whistle, meditating to himself, which in boyhood is always a signal that the imagination is working.

"What's the big idea now?" said Skippy, following from the corner of his eye.

Snorky rose briskly and, repairing to his closet, disappeared on all fours. A moment later he returned, with a box of large and juicy chocolate eclairs and a bottle of ginger pop, and, establishing himself at the opposite end of the table, began to enjoy himself audibly.

"The low-down hound!" said Skippy, writhing on his seat.

In his calculations, he had completely forgotten the purchase of the afternoon. In turn he rose, delved into the debris of his closet and, returning, spread before his end of the table one tin of deviled turkey (Snorky's favorite), a large piece of American cheese and a bottle of root beer.

It had now become a battle of wits, with each resolved to impress the other with the delicious satisfaction that he was experiencing and each gazing from time to time at a point directly above the other's head. There were six eclairs. Snorky ate four rapidly, licking his fingers with gusto after each.

Then he ate the fifth eclair more slowly and with some effort. Despite all his self-control Skippy's gaze could not turn from that last-surviving member of the chocolate family. He was suffering tortures, but suffering under a calm and smiling exterior.

"Hello!" said Snorky suddenly, talking to himself. "I almost forgot."

HE ROSE and left the room to Skippy and the sixth eclair. Tantalus, amid his parched seeking of a cooling draught, never suffered more anguish than Skippy sitting there before that undefended eclair, with only a gesture intervening.

"Of all the mean, dirty, contemptible tricks!" he said angrily between his teeth, revolting at this most treacherous trap. For he must not, he could not, no matter what the pain he must endure, admit defeat by falling on that eclair. He rose and went to the window. Certainly he had been mistaken in Snorky; no one who would carry a quarrel to such fiendish lengths had the largeness of spirit that he had the right to demand in a chum.

When Snorky returned, he glanced in some surprise at the untouched eclair. Then he lifted it gingerly, examined it closely to see if it contained any foreign corrupting matter, and, his appetite restored by the lapse of time, ate it with smacking relish.

SKIPPY, crouched in his chair, ground his teeth and tried to shut out the tantalizing sounds. Snorky began to hum gaily to himself. Then, proceeding across the direct line of his roommate's vision, he took up the latest photograph and contemplated it with a little exaggerated rapture. It was the last straw. Skippy's rage burst forth in a loud and insulting guffaw.

"Ha, ha!"

Snorky, to whom the advantage of the situation was now apparent, took up each photograph in turn and smiled with the pardonable pride of one who knows his own worth.

The next moment, two books went flying across the room, and Skippy, now thoroughly infuriated, stood before him, arms akimbo, a sneer on his disgusted lips.

"DON'T let me stop you. Go on, kiss it, fondle it. Put it under your pillow and hug it, you great big mooncalf! Say, why do you come to Lawrenceville, anyhow? Why don't you go to Ogontz or Dobbs Ferry?"

Then Snorky, tasting the sweets of revenge, went to the table and, picking up the pad and pencil, presented them to Skippy with a mocking bow.

Skippy's reply is not to be found even in the most up-to-date dictionaries. Furious at his roommate, the world in general, and himself most of all, he shed his clothes and dived into bed.

"Girls—faugh!" he exclaimed in disgust. And, pulling the covers over his head, he retired to his own ruminations.

TO UNDERSTAND what Skippy felt one must have known the springs of boyhood's impulse towards perfect manhood.

To Skippy a man was a completed being, who wore trousers that never bagged at the knees, neckties that never slipped below the collar button, a gold watch-chain across a fancy vest, from whose lower lip a cigarette was pendent, who possessed a

latchkey and the right to read far into the night, and who shaved once a day. The sentimental complications had escaped him. Whatever attracted man to the frizzled, giggling, smirking, smiling bipeds in skirts remained a mystery to Skippy.

All at once he had to face this problem. He had gone resolutely up the steps towards perfect manhood. He had learned the art of pressing trousers to a thin razor-edge from Snorky, who was a year his senior in boarding-school knowledge.

The necktie question was not yet settled, though every morning he subjected his throat to a strangle-hold.

He had bought a razor and twice a week, trembling and apprehensive, drew it across his maidenly cheek. He slashed himself fearfully but he did not mind that. He wore his scars proudly, a warning to all that adolescence was on him, as the young Heidelberg student flaunts his wounds.

The cigarette (known as the Demon Cigarette, the Filthy Weed, and the Coffin Nail) had been a dreadful struggle. But he had won out.

He loathed the Demon Cigarette as he abhorred tobacco in any form, but he had martyred himself until he was able to puff up the cold-air flue in the stilly reaches of the night without having to grope his way back to the bed and watch the room careen about him. He did not inhale, but he had learned to imitate the process so as to defy detection, as he exclaimed:

"Gee! It's good to fill the old lungs, isn't it?"

THESE things, by dint of concentration and courage, Skippy had achieved, not to stand ashamed in the eyes of his roommate. And, having with pain and perseverance traveled this far, he suddenly, this night, realized how much was still lacking.

Yes, there was certainly something lacking in his progress towards perfect manhood, something that Snorky had and he had not.

It was all very well to be a man, to smoke, to shave, and to have acquired the sartorial evidence. This was all very well—but others must perceive it, too! This was the point. As Snorky had done he must do. The new world to conquer was the feminine heart.

Now, Skippy had not at this moment the slightest inclination towards the lovelier sex.

He did not aspire to be a Don Juan or a Beau Brummel, but if he were to continue to room with Snorky Green he must acquire at least the appearance. He perceived this. It pained him that in the scheme of things it should be so—but a reputation he must have.

"Girls, girls! Lord, how I loathe them!" he said in a last farewell to his male independence. "What I think of a fellow who hangs around them, wears their rings and pins and carries off their handkerchiefs! But I'll be danged if I can stand any more of this conquering-hero stuff from that eyesore across the room! If it's got to be done, you bet I'll do it! I'll put it over that four-flusher, if I have to fuss every girl in Scranton!"

THE Easter vacation was ended and four hundred overfed, underslept boys had returned to spread the germs of measles, mumps, and tonsillitis among their fellows. Skippy and Snorky, having fallen hilariously into each other's arms, were proceeding with the important ceremony of the unpacking, while surveying each other with a critical eye.

"Seems to me you look quite spruced up," said Snorky when, to be more at his ease, Skippy had shed his coat and stood revealed in all the splendor of a flaming-yellow buckskin vest, with gleaming brass buttons; then particularly noting the display of jewelry in the red and yellow tie, he added: "Where did you get the fancy stuff?"

Skippy removed his scarf-pin and gazed languidly at the delicate garland of forget-me-nots. Then he yawned and said:

"I'll tell you about her some day."

SNORKY sat down on his best derby. "My aunt's cat's pants! Have I lived to see it?"

"See what?" said Skippy loftily.

"You a fusser! Skippy Bedelle wearing a girl's pin! Fan me quick!"

"Just because I haven't boasted about my conquests—" said Skippy, and he brought forth a little bundle carefully wrapped in a green bandanna handkerchief.

"What's that?" said Snorky faintly.

From beneath the protecting folds of the handkerchief appeared a white satin frame with hand painted violets rampant. Out of the violets gazed an adoring pair of eyes.

"Is that her?" said Snorky.

"Lord, no! This is only Margot," said Skippy, who inhaled the fragrance and offered the same opportunity to his chum. "Rather delicate, eh, what?"

"Smells like patchouli," said Snorky, beginning to recover.

"Patchouli? Margot? Say, what kind of females do you play around with? My girls drive their own four-in-hands and wear pearls for breakfast."

"Oh, ex-cuse me!" said Snorky with a mocking courtesy.

SKIPPY brought forth a second photograph and placed it on the bureau, and then a third. Snorky, who had begun to sulk, feigned indifference and proceeded to range his trophies on the bureau.

"This'll cheer up the window seat a bit," said Skippy in the same casual tone.

Snorky's head appeared above the trunk long enough to watch Skippy with his arms full of pillows, lace and sweet-scented, scatter them with a nonchalant gesture. But when, continuing his maneuvers, Skippy in the new revelation produced three banners emblazoned with the insignia of feminine schools, Snorky capitulated to his curiosity and, advancing to the bureau, stood in open-mouthed wonder.

"I'll be jigswiggered! Holy cats and Aunt Jemima! I never would have believed it!"

Skippy brought out a fan, spread it, and pinned it affectionately above the photograph gallery.

"I guess that'll hold him," he said to himself. "Poor old Snorky! I hope his heart is strong enough."

"Been doing quite a bit of fussing yourself," said Snorky with a new respect. "Why didn't you ever tell a fellow?"

"I never discuss women," said Skippy, dusting off the fourth photograph.

"You must have gone the pace," said Snorky in wonder.

"Oh, I looked them over quite a bit."

"But, my lord, Skippy! You can't have loved all of them?"

"Just collecting souvenirs."

AS A crowning touch, a climax long imagined, plotted, and hilariously enjoyed in prospect, he next produced before the bewildered eyes of Snorky Green, what in school-day parlance is known as a Trophy of Trophies; an incredible, amazing, inexplicable thing, a tasseled, beribboned pink and white bed cap! Snorky made a feeble gesture or two and then lay down to signify that the shock had killed him.

"Skippy! What does that mean?"

"This also is a thing I can not discuss," said Skippy, whose fondest imaginings were outdone by reality.

"Any more?" said Snorky, struggling weakly upward.

"That's all," said Skippy, who was gazing contentedly at the imposing collection. But all at once he reflected: "Hello, where in the deuce did I put her?"

He pretended to search through his trunk and valise in great concern until, Snorky's curiosity having been properly awakened, he suddenly struck his forehead.

"Of course. How silly of me!"

And diving into his inner pocket he brought forth a last tribute, encased in neat pink morocco, which he arranged in the unmistakable position of honor.

SNORKY approached on tenterhooks.

The next moment he burst out: "Mimi!"

"What, you know her?" said Skippy, surprised in turn. "Rather cute little thing."

"Look!"

On Snorky's bureau in the same place of honor was an identical photograph, a little Japanese brunette, with a descending puff and an ascending nose. They stood staring at each other, and the temperature of the room seemed to recede towards the freezing point.

"When did you meet her? How long have you known her, and how the deuce did you get her photo?" said Snorky with blazing eyes.

Skippy was in a quandary. A false step might tumble about him the glorious fabric of his new reputation. He went to his bureau and thoughtfully considered the pink morocco case stolen from his sister's collection. Revenge had been sweet, yet the impulse was still on him. He decided

that a quick conquest would be the more galling to a rival's pride.

"Oh, we waltzed about a bit, but I gave her an awful rush."

SNORKY went and sat down in a corner, elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands. Seeing thus the wreck he had caused, Skippy began to be troubled by his conscience. Suppose it really was a serious affair. Wouldn't it be nobler to surrender the fictitious conquest to his beloved friend, to adopt a sacrificial attitude and allow Snorky to go in and win her?

"I say, old boy, I'm awfully sorry; do you really care?"

"For Mimi Lafontaine? For a girl that can't tell a man from a cabbage? Ha, ha!"

All kindly feelings vanished.

"What's the good of calling yourself names?" said Skippy crushingly. He picked up the photograph and smiled at it. "Mimi is a flirt, but she has her good points."

"Look here!" said Snorky, rising in sudden fury. "There's one question has got to be answered right now."

"And pray what is that?" said Skippy, resting one elbow on the top of the bed and crossing his legs to show his perfect calm.

Snorky planted himself before the bureau and extended his hand in a furious gesture towards the lace bed cap that now adorned the top.

"DOES or does not that belong to Miss Lafontaine?"

"Anyone who would lower himself to ask such a question," said Skippy, still in a stage attitude, "does not deserve my sympathy. I would have given her up. Now I shall keep her."

"Oh, you think she cares for you, you chump?"

"I do not discuss women."

The gauntlet had been thrown down and the demon of jealousy took up his abode with the *ménage* Bedelle and Green. For a week the comedy continued, while conversation was reduced to a minimum and transmittal in writing along the lines of Skippy's imagining. Each watched the other's correspondence with a jealous eye. Whenever Skippy received a letter from home, he ostensibly hugged it to his shirt-front and, repairing to a corner, read it furtively with the pink morocco case before him. Afterward he would execute a double shuffle across the room, whistle a hilarious strain, and give every facial contortion which could express a lover's joy, while Snorky squirmed and scowled and pretended not to notice. Snorky in turn retaliated by writing long letters after hours by the light of a single candle, ruffling up his hair and breathing audibly. In the morning Skippy, passing towards the wash-stand, would see on the table a swollen envelope, addressed:

Miss Mimi Lafontaine,
Farmington,
Conn.

THESE letters troubled him. When a fellow could write over four pages it certainly must be serious, and these looked as though they held forty. The trouble was that Skippy had begun to believe in his own passion. The little Japanese brunette had become a reality to him. He had talked with her, walked with her, received the avowal of her own uncontrollable impulse towards him. In fact, at times he almost believed that he had actually held her in his arms and whirled in the dizzy intoxication of the waltzes he had announced. He even was able to feel a real pang of jealousy, a fierce and contending antagonism against Skippy, who actually knew her. Such a situation was of course fraught with too many explosive possibilities to long endure. Fortunately Fate stepped in and preserved the friendship.

A WEEK after these events, returning on a Saturday morning from the last vexations of the curriculum with the expectant thrill of the opening of the baseball season, Skippy was amazed to receive, by the hands of Klondike, the colored sweep, a scribbled note in the familiar handwriting of his sister:

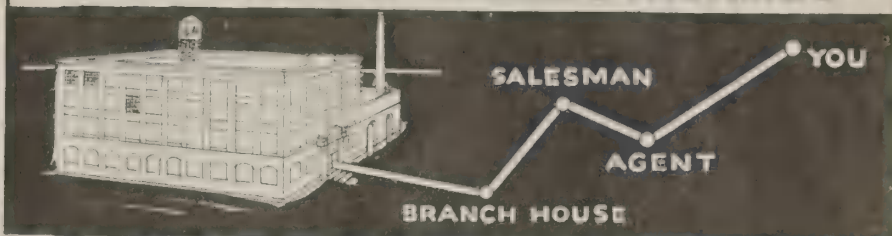
DEAR JACK:

Miss Green and I and a party of girls are down for the game. We're at the Lodge. Come right over and bring Arthur.

SIS.

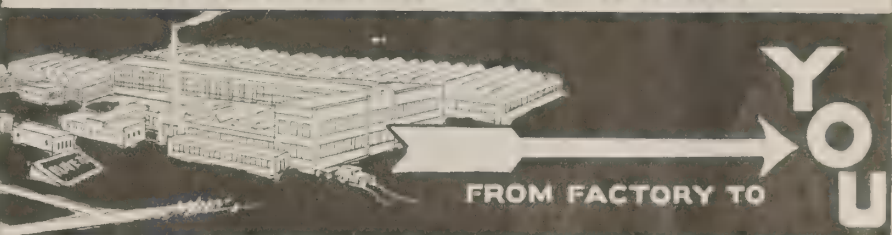
HIS first emotion was one of horror; had they been up to the room, and was his duplicity forever at the mercy of a sister's gibes? Klondike reassured him. He

THE OLD COSTLY WAY OF SELLING TYPEWRITERS



The Old Way: It added a lot to the price of a typewriter. Rents of offices in many cities, salaries, commissions and other costly practices piled up the expense.

THE NEW WAY—THE ECONOMICAL WAY



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The above illustration tells graphically how our new plan eliminates \$36 in selling costs

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That price reduction of \$36 shows the economy of selling direct from the factory. We adopted this plan during the war, when economy was so widely urged.

We no longer have numerous branch houses and offices throughout the country. We save that money that was going for rents, employees' salaries, etc. We no longer have a lot of salesmen traveling about the country. We save that money that was going for their salaries, commissions and road expenses. We dispense with other superfluous selling expenses. And thus we save \$36 in all on each machine. And that saving goes to you.

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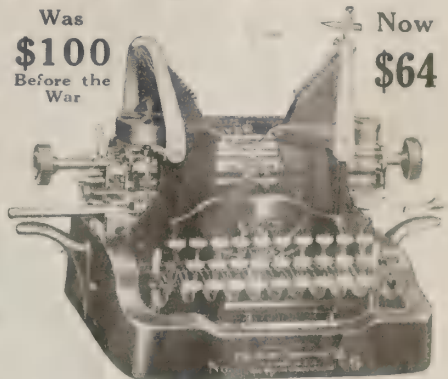
Send No Money Only the coupon

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My shipping point is _____

☐ This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your booklets: "High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your large catalog and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation or Business _____

bounded upstairs, made a hasty survey, found everything in order and hastily departed for the Lodge, after a quick plunge into the glorious buckskin vest, a struggle into a clean collar and a hurried dusting off of his shoes against the window seat. He reached the parlors of the Lodge on the heels of Snorky Green, who, being as thoroughly bored by the prospect as he, forgot the week's feud in a common misery.

"Gee! Aren't sisters the limit?"

"Well, we're in for it."

"Let's hope they clear out before dinner."

The next moment Skippy was perfunctorily pecking at the cheek of Miss Clara Bedelle and pretending to be overjoyed at the prospect of parading before the assembled school with six young ladies in tow. Then he looked up and something like a cataleptic fit went through his body.

DIRECTLY in front of him, evidently waiting for the introduction, was unmistakably Miss Mimi Lafontaine! He looked at Snorky and saw the same expression of horror over his pudgy features, as he

came up, knees shaking, to be introduced in turn.

Then to Snorky's distressed soul came the welcome sound:

"Jack, dear, I want you to meet Mimi—Miss Lafontaine."

To the amazement of sisters and friends, said Snorky, advancing with outstretched hand:

"Hello, you old Skippy!"

Skippy clung to it as to a spar in mid-stream.

"Snorky, old dear—it's all right."

"It is?"

"You bet it is!"

"What are you idiotic boys doing?" said Sister Green.

"Shall we tell?" asked Snorky roguishly.

"Women have no sense of humor," said Skippy, grinning with a great easement of the soul.

AT THIS moment they rose above the vexations of the female intrusion. They looked at each other and each comprehended the other. They were equals, equal in

imagination, in audacity and expedient. This mutual revelation cleared away all past misunderstandings and jealousies. The sense of humor was triumphant. They loved each other.

A half-hour later, having, to the utter amazement of sister No. 1 and sister No. 2, rolled hilariously, arms locked, across the campus, they lay on opposite beds, struggling weakly to master the pangs of laughter which smote them like the colic.

"Are we going to tell our real names?" said Skippy at last.

"Let's."

"You know, bo, you certainly had me going—you certainly did. And all these months, too! Snorky, I bow before you."

"Allow me," said Snorky admiringly.

"Say! You're all right, but honest now," said Skippy pointing to Snorky's bureau and the feminine galaxy, "honest, who are they?"

"WELL, of course one's my sister," said Snorky, grinning. "I swiped these three and I bought the other with the

frame. Say, I'm not worried about how you got yours, but what I'd like to know is, who inarnation belongs to that boudoir cap?"

"My grandmother, and she's a corker, too!"

They clasped hands and Snorky announced solemnly:

"Skippy, old fellow, let 'em have all their old skirts; there's nothing like the real thing, the man-to-man stuff, is there?"

"You bet there isn't."

"And say, I'm sorry about that souvenir toothbrush, honest I am, and I think you're a wonder, I do."

"Oh, that's all right. That's all right," said Skippy, embarrassed. "There's a lot of money in it, but I guess I prefer to make my pile in other ways."

VIRGINIA DABTREE had reached the age when any sort of tribute from the opposite sex caused her not the slightest irritation. Watch for Skippy in "Mosquito-Proof Socks." Coming.

A Romance of the Orange Groves of Valencia *The Torrent* Blasco Ibáñez's Novel Continued from page 9

purchase from a friend of his. In every turnover of this sort Don Jaime doubled his principal.

Every Wednesday, which was market-day in Alcira and brought a great crowd of orchard-folk to town, the street where Don Jaime lived was the busiest in the city. People came in droves to ask for renewal of their notes, each leaving a tip of several pesetas, usually, not to be counted against the debt itself. Others, humbly, timidly, as if they had come to rob the grasping Shylock, would ask for loans, and the strange thing about it, as the malicious noted, was that all these people, after leaving everything they owned in Don Jaime's hands, went off content, their faces beaming with satisfaction, as if they had just been rescued from a danger.

And so, quietly, leisurely, tranquilly, Don Jaime got possession of a field here, then another there, then a third between the two, and in a few years he had rounded out a beautiful orchard of orange trees, with virtually no expenditure of capital at all.

A WELL-PLACED loan to a spendthrift eldest son finally made him the proprietor of the fine city mansion which came to be known as "the Brull place." From that date he began to hobnob with the large real-estate owners of the city, who, though they despised this upstart, made a small place for him in their midst. Then he set himself to the task of marrying off his son and sole heir, Ramón, an idling ne'er-do-well, who was always getting into trouble and upsetting the tranquil comfort that surrounded old Brull as he rested from his plunderings.

Ramón had wanted to join the Army; but every time he referred to what he called his vocation, his father would fly into a rage. No, he wanted to see his son free and influential, continuing the conquest of the city, completing the family greatness of which he had laid the foundations, getting power over people much as he himself had got power over money. Ramón must become a lawyer, the only possible career for a man destined to rule others. Ramón spent several years in Valencia without getting beyond the elementary courses in Common Law. The cursed classes were held in the morning, you see, and he had to go to bed at dawn—the hour when the lights in the pool rooms went out. Besides, in his quarters at the hotel he had a magnificent shotgun—a present from his father—and homesickness for the orchards made him pass many an afternoon at the pigeon traps where he was far better known than at the University. Born for action and excitement, Ramón simply couldn't concentrate on books!

FINALLY old Brull made up his mind to tolerate the escapades of his son no longer, and he made him give up his studies.

For some time past Don Jaime had had his eye on the daughter of a friend of his. He would marry Ramón to Bernarda—an ugly, ill-humored, yellowish, skinny creature—but sole heiress to her father's three beautiful orchards. Ramón did as his father bade him. Brought up with all the ideas of a rural skinflint, he saw no reason why any decent person should object to marrying an ugly bad-tempered woman, so long as she had plenty of money.

THE father-in-law and the daughter-in-law understood each other perfectly. The old man's eyes would water at sight of that stern, long-faced Puritan, who never had much to say in the house but went into high dudgeon over the slightest waste on the part of the workmen, scolding the farm hands for the merest oversight in the orchards, haggling and wrangling with the orange drummers for a centime more or less per hundredweight. That new daughter of his was to be the solace of his old age!

Ramón began his upward career by winning a seat in the *ayuntamiento*, and soon was an outstanding figure there. Along with all his combativeness, he sought to win friends by a lavish hand that was his father's torment. He did "favors," assured a living, that is, to every loafer and bully in town. He got able-bodied men exempted from military service; he winked at corruption in the city councils that backed him, although the perpetrators deserved to go to prison; he saw to it that the constabulary was not too energetic in running down the *rodgers*, the "wonders" who, for some well-placed shot at election time, would be forced to flee to the mountains. No one in the whole country dared make a move without the previous consent of Don Ramón, whom his adherents always respectfully called their chief.

OLD Brull lived long enough to see Ramón reach the zenith of his fame. That scoundrel was realizing the old man's dream: the conquest of the city, ruling over men where his father had got only money! And, in addition Don Jaime lived to see the perpetuation of the Brull dynasty assured by the birth of a grandson, Rafael, the child of a couple who had never loved each other, but were united only by avarice and ambition.

Old Brull, the grandfather, died like a saint. Every cleric in the city helped to waft his soul heavenward with clouds of incense at the solemn obsequies. And, though the rabble—that is, the political opponents of the son—recalled those Wednesdays long before when the flock from the orchards would come to let itself be fleeced in the old Shylock's office, all the really safe and sane people—people who had something in this world to lose—mourned the death of so worthy and industrious a man, a man who had risen from the lowest estate and had been able to accumulate a fortune by hard work, honest hard work!

IN RAFAEL'S father, Ramón, there still remained much of the wild student who had caused so many tongues to wag in his youthful days. But his doings with peasant girls were more easily hushed up now. Since affairs with such lowly women cost very little money, Doña Bernarda pretended to know nothing about them. She did not love her husband much. She was leading the narrow self-centered life of the country-woman who feels that all her duties are fulfilled if she remains faithful to her mate and saves his money.

By a noteworthy anomaly she, who was so stingy, so thrifty, so ready to start a squabble on the public square in defense of the family money against day laborers or middlemen, was tolerance itself towards the lavish expenditures of her husband in maintaining his political sovereignty over the district. Every election opened a new breach

in the family fortune. Fistfuls of pesetas would be distributed among the most recalcitrant, and debts canceled—all at Don Ramón's expense, of course! And his wife, who wore a calico wrapper to save on clothes and stinted so much on food that there was hardly anything left for the servants to eat, would be arrayed in splendor when the day for the contest came around, ready in her excitement to help her husband throw the entire house through the window, if need be.

This seeming generosity, however, was all pure speculation on her part. The money that was being scattered so madly broadcast was simply a "loan." Some day she would get it back with interest. Already her piercing eyes were caressing the tiny dark-complexioned, restless little creature on her knees, seeing in her son Rafael the privileged heir-apparent who would one day reap the harvest from all such family sacrifices.

DON RAMÓN contemplated this squandering impassively, proud that people should be talking of his generosity as much as of his power.

The patio of the Brull mansion was the throne of his sovereignty.

There he "administered" justice, decided the fate of families, settled the affairs of towns—all in a few offhand but short and decisive words, like one of those ancient Moorish kings who in that selfsame territory, centuries before, legislated for their subjects under the open sky. On market-days the patio would be thronged. Carts would stop in long lines on either side of the door. All the hitching posts along the streets would have horses tied to them, and inside, the house would be buzzing like a beehive with the rustic chatter of that gentry.

DON RAMÓN would give them all a hearing, frowning gravely meanwhile, his chin on his bosom and one hand on the head of the little Rafael at his side—a pose copied from a chromo of the Kaiser petting the Crown Prince.

But never did any crown prince grow up amid the respect and the adulation heaped upon little Don Rafael. At school the children regarded him as a superior being who had condescended to come down among them for his education.

When, at the year's end, Rafael, escorted by his mother and half a dozen women who had witnessed the exercises, would come home, gleaming with medals and with his arms full of diplomas, he would stoop and kiss his father's hard, bristly hand; and that claw would caress the boy's head and absent-mindedly sink into the old man's vest pocket—for Don Ramón expected to pay for all welcome favors.

"Very good," the hoarse voice would murmur. "That's the way I like to see you do. . . Here's a dollar."

AND not till the following year would the boy again know what a caress from his father meant. On certain occasions, playing in the patio he had surprised the austere old man gazing at him fixedly, as if trying to foresee his future.

Don Andrés, Ramón's most loyal adherent and friend, took charge of settling Rafael in Valencia when he began his university studies. The dream of old Don Jaime, disillusioned in the son, would be fulfilled in the third generation!

"This one at least will be a lawyer!" said Doña Bernarda, who in the old days had imbibed Don Jaime's eagerness for the university degree which seemed to her like a title of nobility for the family.

And lest the corruption of the city should lead the son astray as it had Don Ramón in his student days, she used to send Don Andrés frequently to the capital, and write letter after letter to her Valencian friends, particularly to a canon of her intimate acquaintance, asking them not to lose sight of the boy.

BUT Rafael was good behavior itself: a model boy, a "serious" young man, the good canon assured the mother. The distinctions and the prizes that came to him in Alcira continued to pursue him in Valencia; and besides, Don Ramón and his wife learned from the papers of the triumphs achieved by their son in the debating society, a nightly gathering of law students in a university hall, where future Solons wrangled on such themes as "Resolved, That the French Revolution was more of a good than an evil," or "Resolved, That Socialism is superior to Christianity."

"What a boy!" the priests of Alcira would say to Doña Bernarda. "What a silver tongue! You'll see; he'll be a second Manterola—a Webster or a Bryan, as it were!"

And whenever Rafael came home for the holidays or on vacation, each time taller than before, dressed like a fashion plate and with mannerisms that she took for the height of distinction, the saintly mother would say to herself with the satisfaction of a woman who knows that it means to be homely:

"What a handsome chap he's getting to be! All the rich girls in town will be after him. He'll have his pick of them."

EVERY time the student came home his father gave him the same silent caress. In course of time the dollar had been replaced by a hundred-peseta note, but the rough claw that grazed his head was falling now with an energy ever weaker, and seemed to grow lighter with the years.

Rafael, from long periods of absence, noted his father's condition more clearly than the rest. Don Ramón was ill, very ill. He was as straight and tall as ever, as austere and imposing, and as little given to words. But the old man was growing thinner. His fierce eyes were sinking deeper into their sockets. There was little left except his massive frame.

HE HAD enough strength left for one more caress the day when, escorted by Don Andrés, Rafael entered with his degree as a Doctor of Law. He gave the boy his shotgun—a veritable jewel, the admiration of the entire district—and a magnificent horse. And as if he had been waiting around just to see the realization of old Don Jaime's ambition, which he himself had not been able to fulfill, he passed away.

All the bells of the city tolled mournfully. The party weekly came out with a black border a palm wide; and from all over the district folks came in droves to see whether the powerful Don Ramón Brull, who had been able to rain upon the just and unjust alike on this earth, could possibly have died like any other human being.

WHEN Doña Bernarda found herself alone, and absolute mistress of her home, she could not conceal her satisfaction. Now they would see what a woman could do!

She counted on the advice and experience of old Don Andrés, her husband's trusted lieutenant, who was closer than ever to her now; and on the prestige of Rafael, the young lawyer who bade fair to sustain the reputation of the Brulls.

THE truth was that Rafael took little interest in "the party." He looked upon it as one of the family properties, the title to which no one could dispute. He confined his personal activities simply to obeying his mother's directions. The only time he entered into any voluntary relation with "the party" was when he took his pen in hand and manufactured for the Brull weekly a series of articles on "Law and Morality" and "Liberty and Faith"—the rehashings of a faithful, industrious plodder at school, prolix commonplaces seasoned with what metaphysical terminology he remembered and which, from the very reason that nobody understood it, excited the admiration of his fellow-partisans. They would blink at the articles and say to Don Andrés:

"What a pen, eh? Just let anyone dare to argue with him! . . . Deep, that noddle, I tell you!"

Nights, when his mother did not require him to call at the home of some influential voter who must be kept content, Rafael spent reading, not, as in Valencia, books lent him by the canon, but works that he bought himself. These years of random reading, unrestrained by the scruples and the fears of a student, gradually and quietly shattered many of Rafael's firm beliefs. They broke the mold in which the friends of his mother had cast his mind and made him dream of a broader life than the one known to those about him. French novels transported him to a Paris that far outshone the Madrid he had known for a little in his graduate days. Love stories awoke in his youthful imagination an ardor for adventure and involved passions in which there was something of the intense love of indulgence that had been his father's besetting sin.

More and more he came to dwell in the fictitious world of his reading, where there were elegant, perfumed, clever women, practicing a certain art in the refinement of their vices. The uncouth, sunburned orchard-girls inspired him with revulsion as if they had been women of another race, creatures of an inferior genus. The young women of the city seemed to him peasants in disguise, with the narrow, selfish, stingy instincts of their parents. They knew the exact market price of oranges and just how much land was owned by each aspirant to their hand; and they adjusted their love to the wealth of the suitor and regarded it as the test of breeding to appear implacable towards everything not fashioned to the mold of their petty life of prejudice and tradition.

For that reason Rafael was deeply bored by his colorless, humdrum existence, so far removed from that other, purely imaginative life which rose from the pages of his books and enveloped him with an exotic, exciting perfume.

Such preoccupations made life as a party leader, tied down to the petty interests of a constituency, quite unthinkable! At the risk of angering his mother, he began to flee the Club and his noisy henchmen, to court the solitude of the hills and fields. There his imagination could range in greater freedom, peopling the roads, the meadows, the orange groves with creatures of his fancy, often conversing aloud with the heroines of some grand passion, carried on along the lines laid down by the latest novel he had read.

ONE afternoon towards the close of summer Rafael had climbed the little mountain of San Salvador, which lies close to the city. From that eminence he was fond of looking out over the vast domains of his family. For all the inhabitants of that fertile plain were—as Don Andrés said whenever he wished to emphasize the party's greatness—like to many cattle branded with the name of Brull.

As he went up the winding stony trail, Rafael thought of the mountains of Assisi, which he had visited with his friend the canon, a great admirer of the Saint of Umbria. It was a landscape that suggested asceticism. Craggy of bluish or reddish rock lined the roadway on either side, with pines and cypresses rising from the hollows, and extending black winding snaky roots out over the fallow soil. At intervals, white

shrines with tiny roofs harbored mosaics of glazed tiles depicting the Stations on the *Via Dolorosa*. The pointed green caps of the cypresses, as they waved, seemed bent on frightening away the white butterflies that were fluttering about over the rosemary and the nettles. The parasol-pines projected patches of shade across the burning road, where the sun-baked earth crackled and crumbled to dead dust under every footstep.

REACHING the little square in front of the hermitage, he rested from the ascent, stretching out full length on the crescent of rubble-work that formed a bench near the sanctuary. There silence reigned, the silence of high hilltops. From below, the noises of the restless life and labor of the plain came weakened, softened, by the wind, like the murmuring of waves breaking on a distant shore. Among the prickly-pears that grew in close thicket behind the bench insects were buzzing about, shining in the sun like buds of gold.

Rafael surrendered to the charm of the exquisite scene. With reason had it been called "Paradise" by its ancient owners. Moors from the magic gardens of Bagdad, who, accustomed as they were to the splendors of "The Thousand and One Nights," had gone into ecstasies, nevertheless, on beholding for the first time the wondrous *ribera* of Valencia.

Throughout the great valley, orange groves, extending like shimmering waves of velvet, hedges and inclosures of lighter green, cutting the crimson earth into geometric figures; clumps of palms spurring like jets of verdure upward towards the sky, and falling off again in languorous swoons; villas blue and rose-colored, nestling in flowering gardens; white farmhouses half concealed behind green swirls of forest; spindling smokestacks of irrigation engines, with yellow sooty tops; Alcira, its houses clustered on the island and overflowing to the opposite bank, all of whitish, bony hue, pockmarked with tiny windows; beyond, Carcagente, the rival city, girdled in its belt of leafy orchards; off towards the sea, sharp, angular mountains, with outlines that from afar suggested the fantastic castles imagined by Doré; and in land, the towns of the upper *ribera* floating in an emerald lake of orchard, the distant mountains taking on a violet hue from the setting sun that was creeping like a bristly porcupine of gold into the hot vapors of the horizon.

BEHIND the hermitage all the lower *ribera* stretched, one expanse of rice-fields drowned under an artificial flood; then Sueca and Cullera, their white houses perched on those fecund lagoons like towns in landscapes of India; then, Albufera, with its lake, a sheet of silver glistening in the sunlight; then, Valencia, like a cloud of smoke drifting along the base of a mountain range of hazy blue; and, at last, in the background, the halo, as it were, of this apotheosis of light and color, the Mediterranean—the palpitant azure Gulf bounded by the Cape of San Antonio and the peaks of Sagunto and Almenara, that jutted up against the sky-line like the black fins of giant whales.

AS RAFAEL looked down upon the towers of the crumbling convent of La Murta, almost hidden in its pine-groves, he thought of all the tragedy of the Reconquest and almost mourned the fate of those farmer-warriors whose white cloaks he could imagine as still floating among the groves of those magic trees of Asia's paradise. It was the influence of the Moor in his Spanish ancestry. Christian, clerical even, though he was, he had inherited a melancholy, dreamy turn of mind from the very Arabs who had created all that Eden.

He pictured to himself the tiny kingdoms of those old *valis*; vassal districts very like the one his family ruled. But instead of resting on influence, bribery, intimidation, and the abuse of law, they lived by the lances of horsemen as apt at tilling the soil as at capering in tournaments with an elegance never equaled by any chevaliers of the North. He could see the court of Valencia, with the romantic gardens of Ruzafa, where poets sang mournful strophes over the wane of the Valencian Moor, while beautiful maidens listened from behind the blossoming rose-bushes. And then the catastrophe came. In a torrent of steel, barbarians swept down from the arid hills of Aragon to appease their hunger in the bounty of the plain—the *almogávares*—naked, wild, blood thirsty savages, who never washed. And as allies of this horde, bankrupt Christian noblemen, their worn-out lands mortgaged



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State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. H. Waldo, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Hearst's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, K. M. Goode, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Kendall Banning, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, R. H. Waldo, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Arthur Brisbane, 238 William St., New York, N. Y.; Lina Strauss, 27 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.; George J. Gould, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; E. H. Gary, 856 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 37 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; George W. Perkins, Estate 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James Speyer, 1638 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: Columbia Trust Company, 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Arthur Brisbane, 238 William St., New York, N. Y.; Lina Strauss, 27 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.; George J. Gould, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; E. H. Gary, 856 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 37 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; George W. Perkins, Estate 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James Speyer, 1638 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Richard H. Waldo, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1921. K. J. Moore, Notary Public, New York County, New York Co. Clerk's No. 343, New York Co. Register's No. 3144. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.) [SEAL]

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to the Israelite, but good cavalymen, withal, armored, and with dragon-wings on their helmets; and among the Christians, adventurers of various tongues, soldiers of fortune out for plunder and booty in the name of the Cross—the "black sheep" of Christian families. And they seized the great garden of Valencia, installed themselves in the Moorish palaces, called themselves counts and marquises, and with their swords held that privileged country for the King of Aragon, while the conquered Saracens continued to fertilize it with their toil.

"VALENCIA, Valencia, Valencia! Thy walls are ruins, thy gardens graveyards, thy sons slaves unto the Christian. . . ." groaned the poet, covering his eyes with his cloak.

And Rafael could see, passing like phantoms before his eyes (leaning forward on the necks of small, sleek, sinewy horses, that seemed to fly over the ground, their legs horizontal, their nostrils belching smoke), the Moors, the real people of Valencia, conquered, degenerated by the very abundance of their soil, abandoning their gardens before the onrush of brutal, primitive invaders, speeding on their way towards the unending night of African barbarism.

WHILE he was thinking of all these dead things, life in its feverish imitation surrounded him. A cloud of sparrows was darting about the roof of the Hermitage. On the mountain-side a flock of dark-fleeced sheep was grazing, and when any of them discovered a blade of grass among the rocks, they began calling to one another with a melancholy bleating.

Rafael could hear the voices of some women who seemed to be climbing the road, and from his reclining position he finally made out two parasols gradually rising to view over the edge of his bench. One was of flaming red silk, skillfully embroidered and suggesting the filigreed dome of a mosque; the second, of flowered calico, was apparently keeping at a respectful distance behind the first.

THE two women entered the little square and, as Rafael sat up and removed his hat, the taller, who seemed to be the mistress, acknowledged his courtesy with a slight bow, went on to the other end of the esplanade, and stood, with her back turned towards him, looking at the view. The other sat down some distance off, breathing laboriously from the exertion of the climb.

Who were these women, Rafael wondered. He, who knew the whole city, had never seen either of them before.

The one seated near him was doubtless the servant of the other—her maid or her companion.

RAFAEL'S interest drifted to the lady. His eyes rested on the back of a head of tightly gathered golden hair, as luminous as a burnished helmet; on a white neck, plump, rounded; on a pair of broad, lithe shoulders, hidden under a blue silk blouse, the lines tapering rapidly and gracefully towards the waist; a gray skirt, finally, falling in harmonious folds like the draping of a statue, and under the hem the solid heels of two shoes of English style incasing feet that must have been as strong and as agile as they were tiny.

The lady called to her maid in a voice that was sonorous, vibrant, velvety, though Rafael could catch only the accented syllables of her words, that seemed to melt together in the melodious silence of the mountain-top. The young man was sure she had not spoken Spanish. A foreigner, almost certainly!

She was expressing admiration and enthusiasm for the view, talking rapidly, pointing out the principal towns that could be seen, calling them by name. The names were the only words that Rafael could make out clearly. Who was this woman whom he had never seen, who spoke a foreign language and yet knew the *ribera* well? Perhaps the wife of one of the French or English orange dealers established in the city! Meanwhile his eyes were devouring that superb, that opulent, that elegant beauty which seemed to be challenging him by its very indifference to his presence.

THE keeper of the hermitage issued cautiously from the house—a peasant who made his living from visitors to the heights. Attracted by the promising appearance of the strange lady, the hermit came forward to greet her, offering to fetch water from the cistern, and to unveil the image of the miraculous virgin in her honor.

The woman turned around to answer the man, and that gave Rafael an opportunity to study her at her leisure. She was tall, ever so tall—as tall as he, perhaps. But the impression her height of stature made was softened by a grace of figure that revealed strength allied to elegance. A strong body, sculpturesque, supported a head that engaged the young man's rapt attention. A hot mist of emotion seemed to cloud his vision as he looked into her large eyes, so green, so luminous! The golden hair fell forward upon a forehead of pearly whiteness,



veined at the temples with delicate lines of blue. Viewed in profile, her gracefully molded nose, quivering with vitality at the nostrils, filled out a beauty that was distinctly modern, piquantly charming. In those lineaments, Rafael thought he could recognize any number of famous actresses. He had seen her before. Where? . . . He did not know. Perhaps in some illustrated weekly! Perhaps in some album of stage celebrities! Or maybe on the cover of some match-box—a common medium of publicity for famous European belles. Of one thing he was certain: at sight of that wonderful face he felt as though he were meeting an old friend after a long absence.

THE recluse, in hopes of a perquisite, led the two women towards the door of the hermitage, where his wife and daughter had appeared, to feast their eyes on the huge diamonds of the strange lady.

He opened the door of the tiny church, which was as cool and gloomy as a cellar. At the rear, on a baroque altar of tarnished gold, stood the little statue with its hollow cloak and its black face.

Rapidly, by rote almost, the good man recited the history of the image. The *Virgin del Lloch* was the patroness of Majorca. A hermit had been compelled to flee from there, for a reason no one had been able to discover—perhaps to get away from some Saracen girl of those exciting, warlike days! And to rescue the Virgin from profanation he brought her to Alcira, and built this sanctuary for her. Later people from Majorca came to return her to their island. But the celestial lady had taken a liking to Alcira and its inhabitants. Over the water, and without even wetting her feet, she came gliding back. Then the Majorcans, to keep what had happened quiet, counterfeited a new statue that looked just like the first. All this was gospel truth and as proof, there lay the original hermit buried at the foot of the altar, and there was the Virgin, too, her face blackened by the sun and the salt wind on her miraculous voyage over the sea.

THE beautiful lady smiled slightly, as she listened. The maid was all ears, not to lose a word of a language she but half understood, her peasant eyes traveling from the statue to the hermit and from the hermit to the statue, plainly expressing the wonder she was feeling at such a portentous miracle. Rafael had followed the party into the shrine and taken a position near the fascinating stranger. She, however, pretended not to see him.

"That is only a legend," he ventured to remark, when the rustic had finished his story. "You understand, of course, that nobody hereabouts accepts such tales as true."

"I suppose so," the lady answered coldly. "Legend or no legend, Don Rafael," the recluse grumbled, somewhat peevish, "that's what my grandfather and all the folk of his

day used to say, and that's what people still believe. If the story has been handed down so long, there must be something to it."

THE patch of sunlight that shone through the doorway upon the flagstones was darkened by the shadow of a woman. It was a poorly clad orchard worker, young, it seemed, but with a face pale, and as rough as wrinkled paper, all the crevices and hollows of her cranium showing, her eyes sunken and dull, her unkempt hair escaping from beneath her knotted kerchief. She was bare-

foot, carrying her shoes in her hand. She stood with her legs wide apart, as if in an effort to keep her balance. She seemed to feel intense pain whenever she stepped upon the ground. Illness and poverty were written on every feature of her person.

The recluse knew her well, and as the unfortunate creature, panting with the effort of the climb, sank upon a little bench to rest her feet, he told her story briefly to the visitors.

She was ill, very, very ill. With no faith in doctors who, according to her, "treated her with nothing but words"; she believed that the *Virgin del Lloch* would ultimately cure her. And, though at home she could scarcely move from her chair and was always being scolded by her husband for neglecting the housework, every week she would climb the steep mountain-side, barefoot, her shoes in her hand.

THE sick woman, kneeling before the altar without releasing her hold upon her shoes, the heels of her feet, which were bruised and bleeding from the stones, showing from under her skirts, repeated a refrain. Her voice had a weak and hollow sound, like the wail of a child. Her sunken eyes, misty with tears, were fixed upon the Virgin with a dolorous expression of supplication. Her words came more tremulous and more distant at each couplet.

The beautiful stranger was plainly affected at the pitiful sight. Her maid had knelt and was following the singsong rhythm of the chant, with prayers in a language that Rafael recognized at last. It was Italian.

"What a great thing faith is!" the lady murmured with a sigh.

"Yes, *signora*; a beautiful thing!" said Rafael.

Rafael tried to think of something brilliant on the grandeur of faith from Saint Thomas or one of the other "sound" authors he had studied. But he ransacked his memory in vain. Nothing! That charming woman had filled his mind with thoughts for other than quotations from the Fathers!

The couplets came to an end. With the last stanza the sick woman, after several abortive efforts, rose painfully to her feet. At the church door she collapsed from pain. The recluse placed her on his chair and ran to the cistern to get a glass of water. The Italian woman, her eyes bulging with fright, leaned over the poor woman, petting her: "*Poverina! Poverina! . . . Coraggio!*" The invalid, rallying from her swoon, opened her eyes and gazed vacantly at the stranger, not understanding her words but guessing their tender meaning.

WITHOUT speaking, the lady stepped out to the *plazoleta*, deeply moved, it seemed, by what she had been witnessing. Rafael followed, with affected absent-mindedness, somewhat ashamed of his insistence, yet at the same time looking for an opportunity to renew their conversation.

On finding herself once more in the presence of that wonderful panorama, where the eye ran unobstructed to the very limit of the horizon, the charming creature seemed to breathe more freely.

"Good God," she exclaimed, as if speaking to herself. "How sad and yet how wonderful! This view is so beautiful. But that woman! . . . That poor woman!"

"She's been that way for years, to my personal knowledge," Rafael remarked, pretending to have known the invalid for a long time, though he had scarcely ever deigned to notice her before. "Our peasants are queer people. They despise doctors, and refuse their help, preferring to kill themselves with these barbarous prayers and devotions, which they expect will do them good."

"But they may be right, after all!" the lady replied. "Disease is often incurable, and science can do for it about as much as faith—sometimes even less. . . . But here we are, laughing and enjoying ourselves while suffering passes us by, rubs elbows with us even, without our noticing!"

RAFAEL was at a loss for reply. The stranger was silent for a time her gaze fixed upon the horizon. Then around her attractive sensuous lips, through which two rows of shining, dazzling teeth were gleaming, the suggestion of a smile began to play, a smile of joy at the landscape.

"How beautiful this all is!" she exclaimed, without turning towards her companion. "How I have longed to see it again!"

At last the opportunity had come to ask the questions he had been so eager to put: and she herself had offered the opportunity!

"Do you come from here?" he asked, in a tremulous voice, fearing lest his inquisitiveness be scornfully repelled.

"Yes," the lady replied, curtly.

"Well, that's strange. I have never seen you—"

"There's nothing strange about that. I arrived only yesterday."

"Just as I said! . . . I know everyone in the city. My name is Rafael Brull. I'm the son of Don Ramón who was mayor of Alcira many times."

AT LAST he had let it out! The poor fellow had been dying to reveal his name, tell who he was, pronounce that magic word so influential in the district, certain it would be the "Open Sesame" to that wonderful stranger's favor! After that, perhaps, she would tell him who she was! But the lady commented on his declaration with an "Ah!" of cold indifference. She did not indicate that his name was even known to her, though she did sweep him with a rapid, scrutinizing, half-mocking glance.

Rafael blushed, feeling he had made a false step in volunteering his name with the pompousness he would have used toward some bumpkin of the region.

PAINFUL silence followed. Rafael was anxious to get out of his plight. That glacial indifference, that disdainful courtesy, which, without a trace of rudeness, still kept him at a distance, hurt his vanity to the quick. But since there was no stopping now, he ventured a second question:

"And are you thinking of remaining in Alcira very long?"

Rafael thought the ground was giving way beneath his feet. Another glance from those green eyes! But, alas, this time it was cold and menacing, a livid flash of lightning refracted from a mirror of ice.

"I don't know," she answered, with a deliberateness intended to accentuate unmistakable scorn. "I usually leave places the moment they begin to bore me." And, looking Rafael squarely in the face, she added, with freezing formality, after a pause:

"Good afternoon, sir."

LEFT alone, Rafael burst into rage! And aggressively, menacingly, addressing his own ego as though it were a henchman cringing terror-stricken in front of him, he muttered:

"You imbecile! . . . You lout! . . . You peasant! You provincial ass!"

Without replying to the good evening from the recluse and his family, the heir of Don Ramón, the hope of the district, strode furiously down the mountain, in hopes of meeting the woman again, somewhere, sometime, he knew not when nor how.

THOUGH Rafael in his humiliation is slow to discover it, the strange history of this beautiful woman is already common talk in the village. See *Hearst's International* for July.



Professor William Romaine Newbold, Dean of the School of Philosophy, University of Pennsylvania. To him belongs the credit of having discovered Bacon's cryptic key to a series of comments which may effect a revolutionary change in our ideas of the state of science in the Middle Ages.

Kircher is reminded in Marci's letter that the Bacon book is the same one purchased by Emperor Rudolph II for the small fortune of 600 Imperial golden ducats. Of this fact Marci was assured by one Dr. Raphael, a French-Polish courtier of the Hapsburg régime, whose official duty kept him writing poems and eulogies on every state occasion. He had taught Bohemian to Emperor Ferdinand III (1637) and to Emperor Ferdinand II (1620), and he was also at the court of Emperor Rudolph. So, here is an eye-witness who actually examined the Bacon manuscript.

IT IS not necessary to go too far into the method adopted by Mr. Voynich in establishing the identity of his valuable manuscript. Rudolph came to the throne in 1576, and gathered around him the cream of the scientific world: state affairs were as nothing to him in comparison with his association with such men as he called to his court at Prague: Kepler and Tycho Brahe, for whom he built an observatory; De la Cluse, who worked in his botanical garden; Matthioli, the famous botanist of Italy; even Cornelius Drebbel was there, discussing the theories of the submarine boat, and Octavianus Strada, who, it is sometimes thought, had formulated the principles of the modern telegraph. There was Libavius, father of modern chemistry, and other pioneers from everywhere in Europe.

One more step: John Dee, noted astrologer to Queen Elizabeth, was also at the court of Rudolph as a royal spy. A great mathematician, translator of Euclid, he was required in his official post to write in cipher to his royal mistress. He remained in Prague

Mr. Lansing's Peace Conference Chronicle

for a League of Nations. He did not show me a copy of the plan or even mention that one had been put into writing.

The only opportunity that I had to learn more of the President's plan for a League before arriving in Paris was an hour's interview with him on the U. S. S. George Washington some days after we sailed from New York.

IN SPITE of the fact that his position on the Peace Delegation was so summarily ignored, Mr. Lansing from time to time volunteered suggestions and sent memoranda to the President. He put himself on record as being unalterably opposed to the use of armed force in the League of Nations. But his memorandum to the President on this subject—like a goodly portion of his other communications—received, he says, neither oral nor written reply. "At that time I assumed that his failure to mention my letter in any way was because his visits to royalty exacted from him so much of his time that there was no opportunity to give the matter consideration. . . ." concludes Mr. Lansing.

FROM the time of his arrival in Paris [he continues] President Wilson held almost daily conversations with the leading foreign

The Romance of the New 600-Year-Old Bacon Manuscript

(Continued from page 17)

from 1583 to 1588. Into his hands fell one of the greatest nests of Bacon manuscripts.

Now the cipher has been discovered and the truth of six hundred years ago is coming out! It is a technical solution, this one hit upon by Dr. Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania; the alphabetical principle is simple enough; but complications arise in its development. There are tucked away texts within texts; the letters used are built up of individual strokes of the scribe's brush, and each separate one of these strokes constitutes letters of his text. One has to use a reading glass, and even then care must be taken to disentangle the fine stroke of a pen from some filament in the parchment. What seems to be running ink now and again may be a purposeful flow, while the greasy surface of the page may necessitate unusual dabs of the pen.

When Dr. Newbold first realized that he had found the secret of the cipher, he would not rely on the mere mathematical correctness of the symbols to bring meaning to the curious lines of writing. He rightly suspected himself of overenthusiasm, for one may be obsessed with a scheme to such a degree as to read into the text what is being looked for. So he set about finding some facts that might be proven—facts not familiar probably to him, but demonstrable. He says: "I read certain statements of fact unknown to me both in the manuscript and in the alchemical text, and these I have verified. Among the revelations were: the annular eclipse of September 5 (O.S.), 1200, observed by Bacon at Oxford; the appearance of a comet, December 5 (O.S.), 1273; and the location of the Great Nebula of Andromeda, which Bacon observed with a reflecting telescope, and of which he has left a drawing in the manuscript. I have also found Bacon's name in four places in the manuscript."

HERE is fundamental proof. It remains now for Dr. Newbold to establish fully his principle of cipher; with it he has translated Bacon's own description of how he devised his devilish disguise, and the two dresses are practically the same. Texts are tucked away in different parts of each of the 116 numbered leaves. You find in one illustration a star and its neighboring cluster, revealing that Bacon used a telescope of high power. But if you will examine the star more closely with Dr. Newbold's key, you find that every point of the star is dripping with hidden text, stroke upon stroke of letters.

What is the contents of this strange manuscript? It may be a treatise on the prolongation of life; it may be a notebook containing commentary on all subjects, from heretical doctrines of the descent of souls from the stars to lecture comments on embryology. It is, nevertheless, an astounding evidence of the modern mind of the medieval monk, and that is enough to justify the furor the discovery has made among scientists.

It is calculated that when the work is done—after a period of many years—Bacon's manuscript will require ten volumes for adequate translation and annotation.

Like most of these ecclesiastics, Bacon's mind was colored by the theology of the time. For instance, sin to him is an obstruction to the scientific spirit, and all that is discoverable of natural science only affords greater clarity in the understanding of God. This, in itself, is not an unmodern attitude, although the twentieth century unfortunately does not produce the saints known to the thirteenth!

In other words, the more we observe with clear eye—one of Bacon's pet hobbies was optics, and no one of his contemporaries knew better the structure of the eye and the theory of vision than he—the more understanding we shall have of God's handiwork and, therefore, of Him. It is sound theology, known in the fundamentals not only to the early Christian church, but to pagan philosophy as well. That is why the scholastics were such devoted students of Aristotle, even if they read him in faulty translation.

BACON had the truly modern research mind; he wanted to go to the source and see for himself. Though he consulted authorities, he was not held enslaved by them; he saw for himself. It is now to be expected that his alchemistic recipe for the making of base metal into gold, and his spurious chemical discussions, will, through Dr. Newbold's cipher, turn out to be a valuable commentary on his time. We shall be able to see his own century through his own eyes; new light may be thrown on the few facts of his career—the active period of not more than twenty years—after which he sought to preserve from decoration the outcome of his investigations.

This newly explored manuscript, therefore, not only invites a reconsideration of Roger Bacon as one of the surprising figures of the past but it makes us revise our dates in history, even as he was desirous of revising the calendar for the better ordering of the spiritual affairs of the church. For, scientist though he was, he still was medieval enough to believe that the soul generates animal life, whereas the stars create the spiritual; in his most scientific drawings one finds the sweep of destiny entering the fertilized ovum, the destiny of the child going hand in hand with its physical evolution.

I CAN not see that, even with the most modern telescope, we have gone so far away from astrology; nor can I, in our chemical and bacteriological work, detect any great cleavage from ancient alchemy. We find Bacon, from evidence furnished by the drawings in this new manuscript, competing with our present-day advanced medical men; there are hints in some of the diagrams that our pharmaceutical books may be put to blush by Bacon's knowledge of herbs and roots. We find Bacon writing on the prolongation



Wilfrid M. Voynich, medical scholar. Mr. Voynich has an international reputation as a collector of and dealer in medieval manuscripts. He holds the Bacon manuscript at a value of over one hundred thousand dollars, and he is eager that the manuscript should fall only into the hands of a purchaser who will consider it a public trust.

of life and examining into gland structure, just as we today are experimenting with grafting of new glands for old. We find Bacon outlining the methods of embryology, when only yesterday it seems we ourselves were announcing it as a new field of investigation. We find Bacon evincing advanced methods of vivisection, bringing to bear on tissue and fluid—not a mere magnifying glass, known at the time, but a series of lenses long before the compound microscope was invented, and showing, by the detail he discovered, that he was acquainted with methods of specimen-staining which are entirely modern.

It may be that Antony Leeuwenhoek, the Dutch inventor of the modern microscope, had read Bacon; that Galileo and Kepler had wondered at his astronomical tables and charts; that Goethe and Darwin, in their theories of evolution—a term which, in 1800, sounded strange and spelled anatema to the religious—had followed Roger Bacon of six centuries before.

ALL this is possible. There is every likelihood that the revival of interest in Bacon—due to the deciphering of Mr. Voynich's manuscript—will drag him out of his ecclesiastical obscurity into the glare of his rightful modern atmosphere. Roger Bacon, the most advanced man of science, born in 1210 or thereabouts. There is no telling, had he been endowed by some one of our modern research foundations, had he been relieved of holy orders and the obligations attached thereto, how far he would have gone. And, in consequence, how far in advance of our times we ourselves should be today.

A Personal Narrative

statesmen. It would be of little value to speculate on what took place at these interviews, since the President seldom told the American Commission of the meetings or disclosed to them, unless possibly to Colonel House, the subjects which were discussed. . . . Colonel House, the President's collaborator in drafting the Covenant, if he was not, as many believed, the real author, was the only American with whom Mr. Wilson freely conferred and to whom he confided the progress that he was making in his interviews with the foreign statesmen, in many of which interviews the Colonel was present. It is true that the President held an occasional conference with all the American Commissioners, but these conferences were casual and perfunctory in nature and were very evidently not for the purpose of obtaining the opinions and counsel of the Commissioners. There was none of the frankness that should have existed between the Chief Executive and his chosen agents and advisers. The impression made was that he summoned the conferences to satisfy the *amour propre* of the Commissioners rather than out of any personal wish to do so.

The consequence was that the American Commissioners, other than Colonel House, were kept in almost complete ignorance of the preliminary negotiations and were left to gather such information as they were able from the delegates of other Powers, who, naturally assuming that the Americans possessed the full confidence of the President, spoke with much freedom.

THE American Delegation as a whole can not, according to Mr. Lansing, be regarded as having even any remote connection with the success or failure of the Peace Conference. Mr. Wilson never held a conference with the American Commissioners, says Mr. Lansing, from the first meeting of the Commission on the League of Nations until the afternoon before the report was to be laid before the Peace Conference. The report was then already in print—and in twelve hours the President would be on his way to the United States! The Secretary of State expressed himself throughout as being "in favor of a speedy Peace, and a treaty which should exist independent of the proposed League of Nations Covenant. The President was, of course, of the exactly opposite conviction."

The Book of the Month Continued from page 29

WHATEVER evils [says Mr. Lansing] resulted from the failure of the Paris Conference to negotiate promptly a preliminary treaty—and it must be admitted they were not a few—must be credited to those who caused the delay. The personal interviews and secret conclaves before the Commission on the League of Nations met occupied a month and a half. Practically another half month was consumed in sessions of the Commission. The month following was spent by President Wilson on his visit to the United States explaining the reported Covenant and listening to criticisms.

It is conservative to say that between two and three months were spent in the drafting of a document which in the end was rejected by the Senate of the United States and was responsible for the non-ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. In view of the warnings that President Wilson had received as to the probable result of insisting on the plan of a League which he had prepared and his failure to heed the warnings, his persistency in pressing for acceptance of the Covenant before anything else was done makes the resulting delay in the peace less excusable.



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The Green Goddess

(Continued from page 27)

Crespin—Are any here now?

Watkins (evasively)—I really couldn't say, sir. 'Is 'Ighness will be here directly. If you'll excuse me, sir—

BUT Lucilla arrives before the Rajah, garbed in a very fascinating and unmistakably expensive gown.



"Have you any idea what it has meant to me, Lucilla, to see you another man's wife?"

Rajah (evasively)—Time enough to talk of that when you have rested and recuperated after your adventure. You will do me the honor of dining with me this evening? I trust you will not find us altogether uncivilized.

Lucilla—Your Highness will have to excuse the barbarism of our attire. We have nothing to wear but what we stand up in.

Rajah—Oh, I think we can put that all right. Watkins! (An unmistakably British butler appears instantly on the Rajah's call.)

Watkins—Your 'Ighness?

Rajah—You are in the confidence of our Mistress of the Robes. How does our wardrobe stand?

Watkins—A fresh consignment of Paris models come in only last week, Your 'Ighness.

Rajah—Then I hope, madam, that you may find among them some rag that you will deign to wear.

BECAUSE there is nothing else for them to do, the stranded party accepts the invitation of this suave Rajah of Rukh—but they are distinctly nervous and uncomfortable, filled with a strange sense of foreboding. "I don't half like our host, Traherne," says the Major. "There's too much of the cat about him—or the tiger." But they are borne in state to the palace—a palace and fortress in one—gorgeously furnished in European fashion and mysteriously supplied with the most exotic of luxuries. While Lucilla is taken in charge by the mistress of the wardrobe to be dressed in one of the Rajah's Paris gowns, Traherne and Major Crespin attempt, without much success, to quiz the English butler.

CRESPIN (gruffly)—Hallo! You there! What's your name! Just come here a minute, will you?

Watkins (who is putting the finishing touches on the elaborate dinner table)—Meaning me, sir?

Crespin—Yes, you, Mr.—Mr.—

Watkins—Watkins is my name, sir.

Crespin—Right-ho! Watkins. Can you tell us where we are, Watkins?

Watkins—They calls the place Rukh, sir.

Crespin—Yes, yes, we know that. But where is Rukh?

Watkins—I understand these mountains is called the 'Imalayas, sir.

Crespin—Damn it, sir, we don't want a lesson in geography!

Watkins (with exaggerated servility)—No, sir? My mistake, sir.

Traherne (conciliatingly)—Major Crespin means that we want to know how far we are from the nearest point in India.

Watkins—I really couldn't say, sir. Not so very far, I desay, as the crow flies.

Traherne—Unfortunately we're not in a position to fly with the crow. How long does the journey take?

Watkins—They tell me it takes about three weeks to Kashmir.

Crespin—They tell you! Surely you must remember how long it took you?

Watkins—No, sir, excuse me, sir—I've never been in India.

Crespin—But if you haven't been in India, how the hell did you get here?

Watkins—I came with 'Is 'Ighness, sir, by way of Tashkent. All our dealings with Europe is through Russia.

Traherne—But it's possible to get to India direct, and not by way of Central Asia?

Watkins—Oh, yes! It's done, sir, but I'm told there are some tight places to negotiate—like the camel and the needle's eye as you might say.

Crespin (lowering his voice)—Tell me, my man—is His Highness—h'm—married?

Watkins—Oh, yes, sir! Very much so, sir.

Crespin—Children?

Watkins—He has fifteen sons, sir.

Crespin—The daughters don't count, eh?

Watkins—I've never 'ad a hopportunity of counting 'em, sir.

Crespin—Your master spoke of visits from European ladies—do they come from Russia?

Watkins (cautiously)—From various parts, I understand, sir—mostly from Paris.

CRESPIN (in amazed admiration)—My eye, Lu! What a ripping frock!

Lucilla (excitedly)—I've had an excursion into the Arabian Nights.

Rajah (coming in with catlike tread and going at once to Lucilla)—Pray forgive me, madam, for being the last to appear. (Suavely humorous) The fact is, I had to hold a sort of Cabinet Council—with regard to questions arising out of your most welcome arrival.

Crespin—May we hope, Rajah, that you were making arrangements for our return?

Rajah (courteously but firmly)—Pray, pray, Major, let us postpone that question for the moment. First let us fortify ourselves; after dinner we will talk seriously. (Turning to Lucilla) If you are in too great a hurry to desert me, must I not conclude, madam, that you are dissatisfied with your reception?

Lucilla—How could we possibly be so ungrateful, Your Highness? Your hospitality overwhelms us.

Rajah (looking at Lucilla with obvious appreciation of her beauty)—I trust my Mistress of the Robes furnished you with all you required?

Lucilla—With more than all. She offered me a bewildering array of gorgeous apparel.

Rajah—I am glad. I had hoped that perhaps your choice might have fallen on something more—(His gestures indicate that he had hoped she would choose a gown a trifle more décolleté.) But no—I was wrong—Madam's taste is irreproachable.

AN EXQUISITE dinner, perfectly planned and served, together with the Rajah's extremely courteous treatment of his guests, and his brilliant conversational powers convince them that this strange monarch of the Himalayas is a sophisticated man of the world. But his attitude towards Lucilla is undisguisedly Oriental. Paying her compliments, he nevertheless makes his fiendish intentions perfectly clear.

RAJAH (complacently)—Since the news has spread that three Feringhis [Englishmen] have dropped from the skies precisely at the time when three princes of the royal house are threatened with death at the hands of the Feringhi government, my subjects have got it into their heads that you have been

personally conducted hither by the goddess. . . . In my eyes, of course your arrival is the merest coincidence (bowing to Lucilla) a charming coincidence.

Crespin (dumfounded)—Then I don't see how—

Rajah (coolly)—We are approaching the crux of the matter—remember that, though I am what is commonly called an autocrat, there is no such thing as real despotism. All government is by consent of the people. It is very stupid of them to consent—but they do. I have studied the question—I took a pretty good degree at Cambridge—and I assure you that, though I have absolute power over my subjects, if I delied their prejudices they could upset my throne tomorrow. The point is, Major, that the religion of my people has not yet emerged from the Mosaic stage of development: it demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—a life for a life.

Lucilla (completely bewildered)—You would kill us?

Rajah (bowing deferentially)—Not I, madam—the High Church party.

Traherne (indignantly)—Does your goddess demand the life of a woman?

Rajah—Well, on that point she might not be too exacting. If Madam would be so gracious as to favor me with her—society—

Lucilla (turning in terror to her husband and Doctor Traherne)—Promise you won't leave me alone! If we must die, let me die first.

Rajah (imperturbably)—Pray understand me, madam. Dr. Traherne reproached me with lack of consideration for your sex, and I hinted that, if you so pleased, your sex should meet with every considera-

tion. I gather that you do not so please? (Regretfully) Well, I scarcely hoped you would—I do not press the point. But the suggestion remains open. And now I'm afraid I've been talking a great deal; you must be fatigued. . . . (Significantly) My brothers' execution is fixed for the day after tomorrow.

Lucilla—Then the day after tomorrow—

Rajah—Yes. At sunset. But meanwhile, I hope you will regard my poor house as your own. This is Liberty Hall. My tennis courts, my billiard-room, my library are all at your disposal. I should advise you not to pass the palace gates—it would hardly be safe, for popular feeling, I must warn you, runs very high. Besides, there are three hundred miles of almost impassable country between you and the nearest British post.

Lucilla (appealingly)—Prince, I have two children. If it weren't for them, don't imagine that any of us would beg a favor at your hands. But for their sakes won't you instruct your agent to communicate with Simla and try to bring about an exchange—your brothers' lives for ours?

Rajah—I am sorry, madam, but that is impossible. No whisper of your presence here must ever reach India, or—forgive the vulgarity—my goose is cooked.

Lucilla (hopelessly)—The thought of my children does not move you?

Rajah—My brothers have children—does the thought of them move the Government of India? No. Madam, I am desolated to refuse you, but you must not ask for the impossible.

Lucilla—Doesn't it strike you that, if you drive us to desperation, we may find means of cheating your goddess? What is to prevent me from throwing myself from that loggia?

Rajah—Nothing, dear lady, except that clinging to the known, and shrinking from the unknown, that all of us feel, even while we despise it. Besides, while there is life, there is hope. You can't read my mind. For anything you can tell, I may only be playing a little joke upon you. I hope you have observed that I have a sense of humor.

BUT the next morning the Crespins and Dr. Traherne grow increasingly certain that their sacrifice to the Green Goddess is indeed "no joke." Preparations are going forward for the religious celebration, and native priests and their fanatical followers are doing cere-

monial chants and dances in honor of the coming event. When Lucilla appeals for mercy the Rajah tries once more to bargain with her.

RAJAH (gently)—Why should I have the will, at the risk of all I possess, to save Major Crespin and Dr. Traherne? Major Crespin is your husband—does that recommend him to me? Forgive me if I venture to guess that it doesn't greatly recommend him to you? Dr. Traherne is an agreeable man—I dare say a man of genius.

Lucilla—If you kill him—if you cut short his work—you kill millions of your own race, whom he would have saved.

Rajah (coolly)—I don't know that I care very much about the millions you speak of. Life is a weed that grows again as fast as death mows it down. At any rate he is an Englishman, a Feringhi—and may I add, without indiscretion, that the interest you take in him—oh, the merest friendly interest, I am sure!—does not endear him to me? One is, after all, a man, and the favor shown to another man by a beautiful woman—*(As Lucilla draws back resentfully)* Please, please, Mrs. Crespin, bear with me if I transgress your Western conventions. Can I help being an Oriental? But believe me, I mean no harm. I feel for you, Mrs. Crespin; I do, indeed. I would do anything—I know what it must mean for you to be torn from your children—

Lucilla (heartbrokenly)—My babies, my babies! Prince, if I write them a letter of farewell, will you give me your word of honor that it will reach them?

Rajah (suavely)—Ah, there, madam, you must pardon me. I have already said that the last thing I desire is to attract the attention of the Government of India.

Lucilla—I will say nothing to show where I am, or what has befallen me. You shall read it yourself.

Rajah—An ingenious idea! You would have it come fluttering down out of the blue upon your children's heads, like a message from a Mahatma. Very charming. But, the strength of my position, you see, is that no one will ever know what has become of you. You will simply disappear in the uncharted seas of the Himalayas, as a ship sinks with all hands in the ocean. No, madam, I can not risk it. . . . *(Thoughtfully)* I could not undertake to send a letter to them—but it would be very easy for me to have them carried off and brought to you here.

Lucilla—What do you mean?

Rajah—I mean that, in less than a month, you may have your children in your arms—if—

Lucilla—If?

Rajah (deferentially)—If—oh, in your own good time, of your own free will—you will accept the homage it would be my privilege to offer you.

Lucilla—That!

Rajah (insidiously)—You have the courage to die, dear lady—why not have the courage to live?

BUT Lucilla has little leisure to consider so impossible a price for her safety. For Major Crespin gets access to the Rajah's private wireless station and sends through a call for help. The Rajah catches him in the act, shoots—and

his victim dies instantly. The Major's body is laid on the altar of the Green Goddess and the preparations for the sacrifice of the two remaining captives go forward as before—and there is no help from outside and no chance of escape. The very hour of the ceremony is upon them before Traherne, hopeless, tells Lucilla what he has so long kept silent about.

TRAHERNE (desperately)—I meant to have left it all unspoken, but—we have only one moment on this side of eternity. Do you think it is with a light heart that I turn my back upon the life of earth and all it might have meant for you and me—for you and me, Lucilla!

Lucilla—Yes, Basil, for you and me.

Traherne—Do you know what it has meant to me to see you another man's wife, bound to him by ties I couldn't ask you to break. It has been hell!

Lucilla—Yes, I know. I have known from the beginning.

Traherne (taking her in his arms for one blissful instant)—Oh, Lucilla, haven't we been fools, fools! We have sacrificed all the glory and beauty of life! We may be going to some pale parody of life; but in our cowardice we have killed love forever and ever.

Lucilla—No Basil. Don't call it cowardice. Not even your love could have made up to me for my children.

Traherne—Oh, my dear! Oh, my dear!

Lucilla—See, the sun has gone; the shadow is upon us. Good-by, dear love.

BUT when Lucilla is led to the altar of the Green Goddess she hesitates, a moment and then flings herself at the feet of the Rajah, now clad in the magnificent robes of his high priesthood.

LUCILLA—Let him go, send him back to India unharmed, and— it shall be as you wish.

Rajah (triumphantly)—So! You will do for your lover what you wouldn't do to have your children restored to you. *(Seizing her)* Look me in the eyes, and tell me that you honestly intend to fulfill your part of the bargain. . . . I knew it. You are playing with me. Madam, I am not to be played with. The confiding barbarian is not so simple as you think. No woman has ever tried to trick me that has not repented it. You think, when you have to pay up, you'll put me off with your dead body. Let me tell you, I've no use for you dead—I want you with all the blood in your veins, with all the pride in that damned sly brain of yours. I want to strip off the delicate English lady, and come down to the elemental woman. *(As he crushes Lucilla in his arms the whirring of airplanes is heard. He looks up coolly.)* How many men does each of these humming-birds carry? I count six planes in all—say a score of men. I think we can cope with that number.

Cardew (landing his plane and approaching)—Are we in time? Dr. Traherne? Mrs. Crespin? And—Major Crespin?

Traherne—Major Crespin is dead!

Cardew—Then it was his body I saw in the square?

Traherne—He was shot—shot while transmitting our message.

Cardew—Ah? By— *(Looking at the Rajah)* Who are you, sir?

Rajah—I am the Rajah of Rukh. Who are you?

CARDEW—Flight-Lieutenant Cardew. I have the honor of representing His Majesty the King-Emperor. I am directed to demand that you instantly surrender his subjects forcibly detained by you.

Rajah (sterily)—Demand? I am willing to discuss terms—

Cardew (harshly)—We make no terms with murderers.

Rajah (significantly)—You know that three of my subjects are to die today at the hands of your Government?

Cardew (noncommittally)—So I understand.

Rajah—You are not empowered to make me any offer with respect to them?

Cardew—None whatever.

Rajah—Your Government does not, for instance, propose to exchange them for this gentleman and lady?

Cardew—Certainly not.

RAJAH (suavely)—Then things must take their course. Your arrival, Lieutenant Cardew, has interrupted—temporarily—a solemn rite of our national religion. You and your friends have arrived in time to take part in it. I will postpone it till they have landed and are in my possession! Meanwhile I regret the necessity of putting you under constraint. *Thud!*

Cardew—My friends in the other planes have no intention of landing. And if they get no signal from me within three minutes of my landing they will— *(Sound of an explosion)*

Rajah (disconcerted)—Bombs!

Cardew (coolly)—Exactly—bombs!

Rajah—If you have killed one of my people, sir, no power on earth can save you or them—

CARDEW—Easy, easy, Rajah! There is no harm done—yet. That bomb fell in the forest. It was only a slight demonstration of what we can do. But unless you immediately hand over this lady and gentleman, and the body of Major Crespin, and let me signal that fact to my squadron commander, the next bomb—well, if you are wise, there won't be a next bomb. What do you say?

Rajah (promptly)—I am afraid I must confess Lieutenant Cardew, that my game is up. To prevent a brutal massacre of my subjects, I give in. Barbarous Asia bows to civilized Europe.

Cardew—Then you will assign them an escort through the crowd while I signal.

Rajah—It only remains for me to speed the parting guests. I don't flatter you my hand, for you would not take it. But I hope we may one day renew our acquaintance—oh, not here! I plainly foresee that I shall have to join the other kings in exile. Perhaps we may meet in Petrograd or Berlin, and talk over old times. *(Graciously)* Good-by. . . . Good-by, Mrs. Crespin. My love to the children. *(Philosophically when the whirring of planes tells him they are gone)* Well, well, she'd probably have been a damn nuisance.

in 1917. Garber is fond of painting those near and dear to him, as various other canvases from his hand attest.

That "The Orchard Window" is a picture which will endure and is a picture which never will become "old-fashioned." is an opinion that may well be advanced. This picture has not, perhaps, the immediate appeal of the earlier "Tanis," but its beauty and charm grow with its consideration, and merits a high place in our appreciation. In whatever Garber paints, there enters no note of affectation, no deviation from his own sincere enthusiasm for his subject, whether he is working on such a picture as "The Orchard Window" or upon one of his wondrously beautiful landscapes.

Garber paints with his mind as well as with his brush, and his is a mind that rejects pettiness and mere prettiness; that is to say, "prettiness" as opposed to beauty in its finest sense. That Garber is an ardent lover of nature, every one of his pictures bears witness. This love of nature is far from being a superficial one. His vision carries him to the heart of things, and the cup of his art is dipped in the fountain of living things, bringing its precious content to our refreshment.

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feels, but which, perhaps, it is not so easy to define. The same spirit is to be found in the pictures of Emory Albright, a Chicago artist, and again in the canvases of a sufficient number of contemporary American painters to give foundation to the claim of nationalism in our art.

DANIEL GARBER is one of our foremost figure and landscape painters. His young daughter posed for the figure in this picture. I imagine it was painted in that sylvan retreat at Lumberville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where the artist has his summer studio. It is one of the most delectable spots in America, and posterity may well be grateful to Garber for having perpetuated, as he has done in many of his remarkable landscapes, the present-day aspect of this lovely and characterful countryside locality.

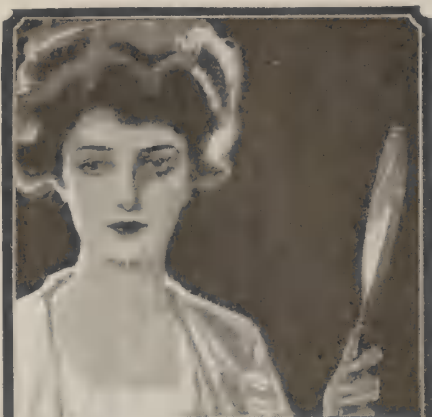
Close to the house which Garber shows in "The Orchard Window," the background, as seen through the glass of the closed window, reveals a veritable bit of native landscape portraiture. Little sprigs of fern, yellow coreopsis, saxifrage, a pink posy or two, and to the right the leaves of the "Cen-

(Continued from page 28)

tury Plant" so dear to our traditions, enter the composition.

TO HANDLE a simple subject without the slightest commonplaceness in design or treatment is a difficult thing indeed to accomplish. Garber has done this admirably. In "The Orchard Window" you will find nothing wanting in conception, expression, and execution. Technically it was no easy thing to utilize blue to so great an extent and still preserve clarity even in the deepest tones. It is not possible for any half-tone reproduction of this picture completely to convey a sense of the subtle play of light on the figure which one finds in the original. The shadows in the reproduction must appear somewhat heavy, and where one here sees the hand almost as a silhouette of solid dark color, the original gives the sense, not of heavy opacity, but of living tissue in deep shadow, well molded and vital.

Garber's beautiful "Tanis," a portrait of his little daughter standing against a blaze of outdoor light, won the First Altman Prize at the National Academy of Design Exhibition



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HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

The Flying Highbrow

(Concluded from page 53)

Euclid—
I used to count up four and four—
Chorus—
Four and four; four and four.
Euclid—
And when it went wrong I got awfully
sore—
Chorus—
Awfully sore; awfully sore.
Euclid—
I must have been an awful hick
For I got stuck on arithmetic,
But now the thought of it makes me sick
For I'm a regular guy!

HE REPEATS the performance of *Diog-
enes* and is followed by *Dante* who,
after capering about the front of the stage
for a moment, breaks out thus:

Dante—
In days of old I lived in hell—
Chorus—
Lived in hell; lived in hell—
Dante—
Because of a girl that I loved well—
Chorus—
I loved well; I loved well.
Dante—
But now I've got a sudden hunch,
I'll take a dozen girls to lunch
And I'll make love to all the bunch;
For I'm a regular guy.

NEXT comes *Shakespeare*, who does a
lively buck-and-wing dance and then
breaks out thus:

Shakespeare—
When I was alive I couldn't see—
Chorus—
I couldn't see, I couldn't see—
Shakespeare—
Whether to be or not to be—
Chorus—
Not to be, not to be.
Shakespeare—
But those Fancy Frolic gals—gee whiz!
They prove that life is a serious biz;
There ain't no was; there's only is.
For I'm a regular guy.

IN THIS same manner all the others go
through the performance, those in the
rear keeping up the vamping and the or-
chestra playing a catchy ump-itty-ump-
itty-ump-itty-ump.

Now the chorus girls come upon the scene
in new costumes—it is never necessary in
comic opera to explain where they got them—
each pairs off with a philosopher and they
dance a Virginia reel. As they file out of the
cabin, ostensibly to go on deck, *Galileo*
enters, his long beard trailing upon the floor
behind him.

Sir Isaac Newton, who all this time has
been glowering upon the singers and dancers,
turns to the newcomer with a sneer.

Newton—Well, Stick-in-the-mud, why
aren't you dolled up like the rest?
Galileo—There weren't enough of those
costumes to go round. Schopenhauer and I
were left flat.
Newton—Where's Schoppy?
Galileo—Search me. The last I saw of him
he was going up on deck swearing he'd chuck
that bunch of females overboard.
Newton—Isn't Socrates a sight in that get-
up with his whiskers shaved off?
Galileo (sighing)—Ike, I know it ain't
dignified, but when I gaze on them lallapaloo-
sas, I'd shave off my back teeth for a tuxedo.
Newton (sternly)—You'd better come out
on deck and look at the stars. Your bean is
evaporating.

OF COURSE this conversation must be
stretched out, because the act has to last
at least three-quarters of an hour. I'm
merely sketching the essence of what is
necessary, so to speak.

As these two philosophers wander out of
the cabin, the ham enters and, since there
is no one on the stage to take any inter-
est in him, he has to sing. So he pulls

down his cuffs, nods to the leader of the
orchestra, and begins:

Last night I dreamed of you-u-u-u-u,
With eyes so blue, so blue-oo-oo-oo.

And while he is singing *Kitty Hootch*
appears again, looking around to see where
she had left her chewing-gum, and, slyly,
she sneaks into his song and they tackle the
rest together.

The nightingale was calling,
The cost of beef was falling,
The income tax is appalling,
But our hearts are always true-oo-oo!

When the applause has subsided they
break away from each other and he makes
love to her.

Ham—Oh, kid! When I look into your
eyes my heart does a regular shimmy.

Kitty—How many girls have you told that
to?

Voice (from outside the cabin)—Pooh!

Ham—On the level, girlie, you're the only
sweet patootie for me. Let us beat it away
from this morgue and get married.

Kitty—Do you really mean that, my
darling?

Voice (from outside)—Pooh!

(Enter *Diogenes* in search of an honest needle.)

Diogenes—Say, all the thread came out of
the seam of my trousers.

Kitty—Who is that person who is always
saying "pooh"?

Diogenes—Oh, that's Schopenhauer. He's
up on the poop deck.

NOW all the girls and philosophers return
to the cabin and march around through
a dizzy maze while the spotlight throws
changing colors upon them. The philoso-
phers sing a chorus, thus:

We love you, pretty maidens,
We'd like to have you stay.
Let's all get spliced on the quarter-deck
And we'll never let you get away.

The girls make a deep curtsy and sing
the response.

We love you, dear old fossils,
And we really would like to stay.
But we'd all get the willies on this lonesome
tub;
It's not in it with Broadway.

This song and colored lighting effect will
make such a hit that it is best, at this point,
to lower the curtain, while the lowering is
good. Thus we come to Act Three—one of
the best things we ever did.

THE scene is laid in the wireless room of
the *Flying Highbrow*. *Benjamin Frank-
lin* is sitting at the transmitter, listening
in on messages from five continents. He
turns to the audience and starts to sing:

I graft in on the wireless
Morning, noon and night,
And the things I hear, from far and near,
Just fill me with delight:

"I won't be home till Tuesday."
"We went into bankruptceee-e-e."
"My answer is 'No.'" "Can you spare
some dough?"
"Ireland must be free."

Oh, Marconi is a wonder,
He deserves both fame and pelf.
But if you are sore or have troubles galore,
Why not keep them to yourself?

Amid the applause which follows this song,
one of the chorus girls rushes in.

Chorus girl—That *Diogenes* gives me a pain.
He wants me to marry him.

Franklin—Why not?

Second chorus girl (prancing in)—Well, of all the
nerve! That *Shakespeare* asked me to marry him.

One after another they all come in, com-
plaining that one of the philosophers has
proposed marriage to them. Then they
form in line and sing a song of complaint,
doing a little tap dance all the while.

I'd rather marry a sho-fer true,
Or a clothing salesman from Kalamazoo,
Than any guy over seventy-two,
No matter how smart he wuz.

Just as the applause of the audience dies
out *Aristotle*, *Lord Bacon*, *Dante*, and *Diog-
enes* enter, carrying, respectively, a fiddle,
a banjo, a drum, and a saxophone, and strike
up a lively jazz tune. One after another of
the girls steps forward and does her special
dance, winding up with *Lotta Pep*—who has
been held in the background for this scene—
and who now gives an exhibition of her
famous *Paranoiac Prance*.

AT THIS juncture you must not give the
audience a chance to applaud. If they
do and insist upon an encore the actors may
miss their supper dates. So, just as the
famous dance is about to come to an end,
the wireless apparatus begins to flash and
crackle and *Ben Franklin* jumps from his
chair.

Franklin—An airplane is in our midst! They
are sending a wireless to the Stock Exchange
asking for the closing prices.

At this breathless moment the ham enters
upon the scene, holds up his hand for silence,
pulls down his cuffs, and nods to the leader
of the orchestra. He sings:

Oh, once I had a mother;
I was her darling lad.
She ran off with a plumber,
Which made my father mad.

After he has sung three verses of this song
the roof of the wireless cabin is torn off by a
grappling hook trailing behind an invisible
airplane. An instant later a rope ladder
falls into the room.

The girls make a rush for it and, one after
another, climb up and disappear, the ham
bringing up the rear. The philosophers
stand looking upward, open-mouthed, at
their vanishing guests. Then *Schopenhauer*
bursts into the room and this hasty dialogue
ensues:

Schopenhauer—Are they gone?
Aristotle—Alas, yes!
Schopenhauer—Thank God!

The philosophers gather in a solemn line,
sadly shaking their heads and begin to sing
the finale:

'Twas just an intermezzo
That came in our dreary lives.
We were a lot of boobs to think
Those chickens would be our wives.

For we're a bunch of dead ones
And we're through with petticoats.
Let us stick to wisdom and science;
Let the live ones be the goats.

And now, amid deafening applause, the
curtain goes down and you make a rush for
the box-office to watch the treasurer count
the receipts.

THAT, when all is said and done, is one
of the best ways to write a comic opera.
It is always safer, however, not to undertake
it until you have an independent income.

HE CAUGHT his first glimpse of *Ma-
rianna* in the subway, stared, and set out
to follow her—for the first time in his life a
masquer! Watch for *Bruno Lessing*—coming.

The Custom of the Family

(Continued from page 51)

wind was no longer bringing him joy. Up
above him, the long white front of *Kelsoton*
Castle had come into view. His wonderful
holiday, then, had come to this—that he
must walk, minute by minute, in fear of his
liberty, perhaps his life. He was to spend
the days he had looked forward to so much,
in this lonely spot with the men who were his
sworn enemies. He looked behind him for a

moment. The train by which he had come
had disappeared long ago across a dark
stretch of barren moor. Escape, even if he
had thought of it, was cut off.

"I gather that you don't care much for
Mr. Montague, either," she remarked, flick-
ing one of the pony's ears.

Jacob roused himself.
"Not exactly my choice of a holiday com-
panion," he admitted.

She leaned towards him.
"You are only going to have one compan-
ion," she told him. "I have demanded your
head upon a charger—or rather your body
in tennis flannels—for the rest of the day.
The others are all going for a picnic."

"Is that fellow Maurice somebody coming down?" Jacob asked anxiously.

"He hasn't even been asked," she assured him, with a flash of her blue eyes. "Here we are at the first lodge. Now for a gallop up the avenue."

THE Marquis in kilts, the very prototype of the somewhat worn Scottish chieftain of ancient lineage, welcomed his visitor on the threshold, from which the great oak doors had been thrown back.

"So sorry we haven't the bagpipes," he apologized, as he shook Jacob's hand. "We shall get into form in a day or two. Now you'll have a bath and some breakfast, won't you? Your things will be up in a few moments. You'll find some old friends here," he added, as he piloted Jacob across the huge, bare hall; "but my daughter tells me that she claims you for tennis—today, at any rate."

JACOB was never quite sure as to the meaning of that day, on which he and Lady Mary were left almost entirely alone, and the others, starting for an excursion soon after breakfast, did not return until an hour before dinner. They played tennis, bathed, played tennis again, lounged in a wonderful corner of a many-hundred-year-old garden, and afterwards sailed for a couple of hours in a little skiff which Lady Mary managed with the utmost skill. Sunburnt, tired, but completely happy, Jacob watched the returning carriages with scarcely an atom of apprehension.

"I think," he declared, "that this has been one of the happiest days of my life."

"That is a great deal to say, Mr. Pratt." She seemed suddenly to have lost her high spirits. He looked at her almost in surprise. A queer little impulse of jealousy crept into his brain.

"You are tired," he said, "—or is it that you are thinking of someone else?"

She shook her head.

"I felt a little shiver," she confided. "I don't know why. I loathe those two men. Father has here, and I have an idea, somehow, that they don't like you."

"I have more than an idea about that," he answered, half lightly. "I believe they'd murder me if they could. You'll protect me, won't you, Lady Mary?"

"I will," she answered, quite gravely.

Nevertheless, the rest of the day passed without any untoward event.

Jacob was about to take off his dinner-coat that night when he heard a soft yet firm knocking at his door. The old fears rushed back. It was well past midnight. The great house seemed strangely silent. The servant's wing was far out of hearing. Jacob felt a curious sensation of friendliness. The knocking was repeated. He hesitated for a moment and then crossed the room.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"I, your host," was the low reply, "Delchester. Let me in for a moment, Pratt."

JACOB unlocked the door, opened it to admit his host, and closed it again. Somewhat to his surprise, the Marquis himself turned the key. He was looking grave and a little perturbed.

"Pratt," he said, "you will forgive my intrusion, but you are a guest in my house and I feel that I have a somewhat painful duty to perform."

"Painful?" Jacob repeated.

"Painful because it will seem like a breach of hospitality, which it is not," the Marquis continued. "I am here, Pratt, to beg that you will leave my house early tomorrow morning."

"But I have only just arrived!" Jacob exclaimed. "What have I done?"

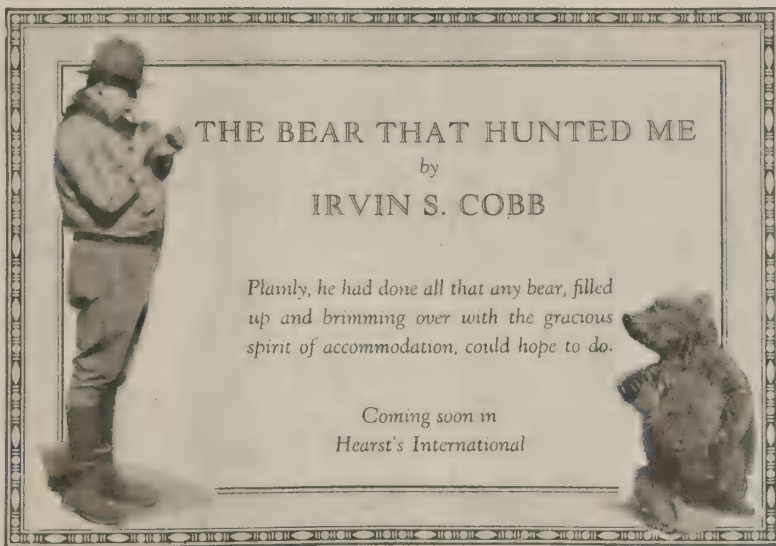
"You have done nothing," his host assured him. "Your deportment has been in every respect exemplary and, believe me, I regret very much the position I am obliged to take up. But let me add that it is entirely in your own interests. I have become aware of certain designs on the part of Mr. Dane Montague and his friend, which would make your further stay here, to say the least of it, dangerous."

"This is very kind of you, Lord Delchester," Jacob said, "but doesn't it seem to you that, if this is the case, the persons

who ought to leave are Mr. Dane Montague and Hartwell?"

"You are quite right," the Marquis acknowledged. "You are absolutely right. But I will be frank with you. I am under great obligations to Mr. Dane Montague, obligations which I expect will be increased rather than decreased. I am exceedingly anxious not to quarrel with him. I can not possibly countenance the scheme which he and his friend have on foot against you, so under the circumstances my only alternative is to beg you to leave by the first train tomorrow morning."

JACOB sighed. Somehow or other, the dangers which had failed to materialize had become small things.



"I can only do as you desire, Marquis," he consented. "For myself, I am not afraid. I am perfectly content to take my chance."

The Marquis shook his head.

"There is too much cunning on the other side," he declared. "The struggle would not be equal. You will be called at six o'clock, and I shall give myself the pleasure of breakfasting with you at half-past six downstairs. And I have a further favor to ask you. I do not wish my wife or daughter to be aware of the circumstances which have led to my having to make you this regrettable request. I should be glad if you would write a line, say to my daughter, regretting that you are compelled to return to town on business."

Jacob sighed once more, sat down, and wrote as desired. His host thrust the note into his pocket.

"I wish you good night, Mr. Pratt," he said. "We shall meet in the morning, and, if I might ask it, would you make as little noise as possible in your movements? I do not wish those fellows to know that you are leaving until you are safe in the train. Your luggage can be sent after you."

The Marquis made a dignified exit, and Jacob, with a shrug of the shoulders, undressed and tumbled into bed. On the whole, he was surprised to find that his chief sensation was one of disappointment.

WHEN he was called in the morning and the sunshine filling the room, he felt half inclined to make a further appeal to his host's hospitality. The Marquis gave him little opportunity, however. He was fully dressed, and presided with dignity at a bountiful breakfast. He was looking a little tired, and he confessed that he had slept badly.

"I find myself," he told Jacob, as the meal was concluded, "in an exceedingly painful situation. I have never before had to ask a guest to leave my house, and I resent very much the necessity."

"I am willing to take my risk," Jacob suggested.

The Marquis shook his head.

"You do not know what the risks are," he answered. "I do. Come and walk outside with me, Mr. Pratt. We have half an hour before we leave. My people were more than ordinarily punctual."

They strolled down towards the sea. Jacob asked curious questions about the little tower, and the Marquis unfastened a rope which held a flat-bottomed boat.

"I will take you across the channel," he proposed, "and we will visit it. We have never had a visitor yet who has departed without seeing the keep. As a matter of fact, it is far older than the house, and quite a curiosity of architecture."

They crossed the tidal channel, the Marquis paddling with slow but graceful strokes. Arrived on the other side, he secured the boat and led the way up a precipitous ledge to a nail-studded door, which he opened with a key from a bunch which he had drawn from his pocket.

"The downstairs rooms are scarcely safe," he said, "there is so much fallen masonry, but the one I am going to show you is our great pride. You will find our visitor's book there."

HE PRECEDED his guest up a circular staircase, lighted only by some narrow slits in the walls. At the top he opened another door and Jacob stepped into a great bare room. At the farther end, through a broad aperture, was a magnificent view of the open sea. Jacob stepped forward to peer out. As he passed across the room, through another aperture, facing landwards, he saw the dog-cart driven out of the stable yard, down the avenue, towards the moorland road which led to the station.

"Hullo," he called out, "isn't that my carriage?" He turned around. He was alone in the room, and from outside came the ominous sound of the key turning in the lock. He strode towards it and shouted through the grating which was let into the top part of the door.

"Hie! Lord Delchester!"

The Marquis's face appeared on the other side of the grating. He carefully shook the door, to be sure that it was locked.

"Mr. Pratt," he said, "you enter now upon a new phase of your stay at Kelsoton Castle. If you look around the walls, you will find the initials of your predecessors carved in many different forms. I trust that you will make yourself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances."

"Am I a prisoner?" Jacob asked.

The Marquis coughed.

"I prefer to follow the example of my ancestors and look upon you as a hostage awaiting ransom."

"Then all that talk of yours about getting me out of danger was buncombe!"

"Your phraseology is offensively modern, but your conclusions are correct," the Marquis acknowledged. "We could think of no other way in which you might be induced to enter the prison tower of Kelsoton, bearing in mind your suspicions of Montague and Hartwell."

JACOB stood on tiptoe and looked through the bars. The mien of the Marquis was as composed as his tone. A paste stone in the buckle which fastened his tartan, glittered in the dim light.

"Lord Delchester," he said, "I have only a commoner's ideas of hospitality. Is it in accordance with your sense of honor to decoy and imprison a guest in order to subject him to ill-treatment from a couple of curs like Montague and Hartwell?"

The Marquis was unperturbed.

"My dear Mr. Pratt," he replied, "conduct which would perhaps not commend itself to you, with your more limited outlook, has been hallowed to the members of my family by the customs of a thousand years. The great Roderick Currie, my grandfather many times removed in the direct line, invited here once seven lairds of the neighboring country for some marriage celebrations. You will find their initials carved somewhere near the right-hand window. Four of them escaped with the loss of half their estates. The remaining three, I regret to say, were unreasonable. Two of them were drowned and one was stabbed."

"What are the terms of my release?" Jacob demanded.

"It is not within my province to discuss financial details," the Marquis answered stiffly. "Mr. Montague will probably visit you during the day. I bid you good morning."

JACOB watched the departure of his host through a slit in the wall, with fascinated eyes. Then he took stock of his surroundings. The walls, which, to judge from the slits, were about three feet thick, were of rude granite. There was no fireplace, no

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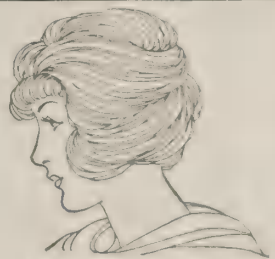


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chair, no furniture of any sort. The floor was of cold stone. The place in itself was enough to strike a chill into one's heart. One huge aperture looked out upon the open sea, sloping down towards it. The other, much narrower, commanded a view of the house. There was nothing else to discover. He counted his cigarettes and found sixteen, with an ample supply of matches. He lighted one, and, taking off his coat for a seat, sat upon the floor and leaned back against the wall.

IN ABOUT two hours and a half, the house began to show some signs of life. In about three hours, Jacob's heart gave a little jump as he saw Lady Mary scramble down the little piece of shelving beach and examine the rope by which the boat was secured. She lifted one of the oars, which was still wet, and then without hesitation turned and hurried back to the house. In less than half an hour, he saw her mounted on a rough but useful-looking pony, cantering down the drive. Somehow or other, she seemed to him, even at that moment, like a messenger of hope. An hour later, Montague and Hartwell came strolling down, smoking huge cigars. The latter unfastened the rope and paddled clumsily across. A few minutes later, Jacob heard the turning of the keys in the lock of the outer door, and their footsteps ascending the stairs. Montague peered in through the bars. A little cloud of tobacco smoke blew into the place.

"Well, Jacob, my Napoleon of finance, how goes it?" he inquired lightly.

"If you'll step inside for two minutes, I'll show you," Jacob answered.

Mr. Dane Montague chuckled.

"I have never graduated in the fistic arts myself," he confessed. "Besides, once bit, twice shy, you know. We are going to put this little thing through without any unnecessary risk."

"What is it?" Jacob demanded.

"Money?"

"Money comes in all right," Hartwell muttered from behind, in an evil tone, "but I guess there's something else coming to you before you quit, Pratt."

"Why don't you come in and give it me then?" Jacob asked. "You're a bigger man than I am, by a long way."

"We're going to wait a bit," Hartwell retorted with a chuckle. "You've been living a little high, Jacob Pratt. We think your system wants lowering."

"You're not talking business yet, then?"

"Not just yet, my dear friend," Montague interposed. "It seems a shame to have taken a dislike to so amiable a gentleman, but the fact remains that we do not like you, Joe Hartwell and I. Once or twice you have been too clever for us. We want to linger over the time when we are just a little too clever for you. So *au revoir*, Jacob Pratt, until after lunch."

THEY came again after lunch, redolent of food and drink and tobacco.

"What about a cold chicken and a pint of Mumm, eh?" Montague suggested through the bars.

"Go to hell!" Jacob, who had forgotten his early breakfast and liked his meals regularly, retorted.

They indulged in a few other pleasantries, which Jacob cut short with an abrupt question.

"How long is this tomfoolery going on?" he demanded. "What's the end of it all going to be?"

Montague, with his unpleasant, leering face, was pushed away from behind the grating. Hartwell took his place.

"You're going to be paid out for that upper-cut you gave me, for one thing," he announced. "We're going to wait until you're tamed, and then you're going to be thrashed within an inch of your life. After that, there's a little estate of the Marquis's round here you might like to buy. We've got the agreement all drawn out."

"And after that," Montague shouted, "God knows what will happen to you!"

THE afternoon wore on. Towards five o'clock, Jacob, who was sitting in a corner, holding his head, was conscious of a strange sound from seawards. He hurried over to the other window. In a little dinghy, tossed like a cork by the heavy swell, he could see Lady Mary, in an exceedingly becoming bathing dress, trying to balance herself with an oar against the side of the precipitous cliff.

"Are you in there?" she called out.

"Hullo!" Jacob answered. "I should think I am!"

She leaned down and picked up a sea-fishing rod. Jacob was terrified as he saw her swaying backwards and forwards.



"You're thinking of someone else," said Jacob, with a queer little impulse of jealousy.

"Be careful!" he shouted.

"I'm all right," she assured him. "If I get a ducking, don't be afraid. I'm out for a swim, anyway. If I can cast inside the opening there, can you reach it?"

"If it's anything to eat, I will," he promised.

"Here goes, then!"

At the fifth or sixth attempt, a package, wrapped in oilskins, landed inside the aperture. Jacob, lifting himself from the floor, reached it at once, undid the fastening, and sent the line clear.

"Don't go away," she cried. "Whisky coming."

"Angel!" he shouted.

"May take me some time," she called back. "I've had to take out a joint of the rod to carry the weight."

At the third attempt, a couple of flasks, tied together, came clattering into the aperture. Jacob pounced upon them with joy.

"There's some water there," she told him. "Throw all the paper away. I'll be round again in the morning before anyone's up, at about five o'clock. Don't let them scare you. I'm doing things."

"Bless you!" he called out.

"Do you like this bathing-suit, or do you prefer the one I wore yesterday?"

"You look divine," he answered. "So do these beef sandwiches."

"What luck those apertures slope downwards," she said, "or you couldn't see me!"

"The luck of my life," he agreed, with his mouth full.

"Do you know why they do slope downwards?" she asked.

"No idea."

"So that prisoners, when they get tired of it, can roll down into the sea."

"I shan't be tired of this for a long time," he assured her.

THERE was a pause. Jacob ceased eating for a moment to gaze with admiration at the girl in the boat, carried up and down by the swell, but balancing herself always with an amazing confidence.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry about this," she called up.

"Seems a trifle feudal," he replied. "What will be done with my remains?"

"You eat your sandwiches and don't worry," she insisted. "I told you I was doing things. If they get violent I'll take a hand. . . . I'll have to get back unless I want to be swamped."

JACOB ate half his sandwiches, drank a good deal of whisky and water, and took a little exercise. He then had a nap, woke up, and finished his sandwiches with an amazingly good appetite, had another whisky and water and thrust the flask into his pocket. He lighted a cigarette, doubled up his coat, and was lounging against the wall when he heard the key once more turn in the lock of the downstairs door. There was the sound of ascending footsteps, and presently Montague's glittering shirt-front appeared through the grating. Joe Hartwell again was by his side. They peered in.

"Cheerio!" Jacob exclaimed.

Montague was a little taken aback.

"You're bearing up pretty well," he observed.

"What have I got to bear up about?" Jacob demanded. "I've just had a good meal."

Montague regarded his prisoner with a gleam of admiration in his face.

"You're a well-plucked un, Pratt," he observed.

"What a saddle of mutton we've just had for dinner!"

"Nothing to the sirloin I've just had," Jacob rejoined.

Joe Hartwell pushed a flask of water and a hunk of bread through the grating.

"Here," he said, "do you feel like giving a tinner for a whisky and soda?"

"I'm not thirsty, thanks," Jacob replied, collecting his supper. "These will make an excellent meal for me."

"He's a little wonder," Montague muttered.

"Nothing to be done with him tonight," Hartwell growled. "Let's leave the little blighter."

JACOB slept amazingly well. He was awakened by the sound of a soft and insistent whistle below. He sprang up and looked through the aperture. The wind had dropped in the night. Eastwards were long bars of amber and mauve, piercing the faint mist. Below, Lady Mary scarcely rocked in her boat.

"Well, dear guest," she called up, "how was the spare-room bed?"

"Hard," he admitted. "Never mind, I've slept like a top."

"Listen," she continued. "It's such a wonderful morning that I've brought you quite a stock. No one comes in the room, do they?"

"They daren't," Jacob answered tersely.

"I'm sending you up some nails and string. What you can't eat or drink now you can let hang down! And listen! I'm sending you something else up. Don't use it unless they get brutal."

"They're waiting for me to lose strength!" Jacob chuckled. "I never felt so fit in my life. How high is it from this window?"

"Thirty feet."

"Why shouldn't I make a dive for it?" he suggested.

"Because there are sunken rocks everywhere around," she replied. "I couldn't get here myself unless I knew the way. Now, then, get ready."

ONE by one, a flask of coffee, two packets of sandwiches, a small box of nails and some string reached him. And last of all a small revolver, fully charged.

"Got everything?" she asked.

"Rather!" he answered. "How is your hospitable father?"

"A little impatient," she answered. "He is going to sell you a couple of thousand acres of moor and a tumble-down manse, for thirty thousand pounds."

"Is he?" Jacob asked. "Shall I be able to wear kilts and have a bagpipe man?"

"There are no feudal rights," she told him. "Besides, I don't think you'd look well in kilts."

"Well, there isn't going to be any thirty thousand pounds," Jacob declared.

She took out her oars.

"I hope some day you'll make up to me for all this," she said. "I seem to spend the whole of my time looking after you."

"If it weren't for that fellow Maurice!" Jacob shouted, as she disappeared.

THEY left him alone that day until after luncheon. Through the landward aperture, Jacob saw a motorcar arrive, containing a single passenger. Later on, he watched three men step into the boat and paddle towards the tower—Montague, Hartwell, and a brawny, thick-set companion, whose profession was unmistakable. Jacob sat facing the door with his hand behind his back. Some slices of bread and a bottle of water were pushed through the grating as before.

"What about luncheon, Jacob?" Montague demanded. "Chicken pie and cold sirloin of beef, eh?"

"I did better than that," Jacob replied. "I've had paté-de-foie-gras sandwiches. Wish you fellows wouldn't disturb my after-luncheon nap."

Hartwell pushed his companion on one side.

"Jacob Pratt," he said, "chuck your bluff for a moment, if you can. You fancy yourself some as a boxer, don't you?"

"You ought to know what I can do!"

"Well, here's a chance for you," was the bitter reply. "We've a gentleman from Glasgow—the Glasgow Daisy, they call him—come down to amuse you."

The door was opened and closed again. A very fine specimen of bull-necked, sandy-haired prize-fighter came about a yard into the place and stood grinning at Jacob.

"Gov'nor," he announced, "I've got to give you a hiding, but I'd never have taken the job on if I'd known you were a bantam-weight. Better come on and get it over. I shan't do more than knock you about a bit."

"I don't think you'll even do that," Jacob replied, without moving.

The man grinned and removed his coat. Jacob held out his little revolver.

"I'll give you till I count ten to get outside," he said.

The man stopped and turned towards the grating.

"Ere," he called out, "see that, gov'nor?"

"Don't be afraid," Hartwell replied, "it isn't loaded."

The prize-fighter took a step forward.

"... ten," concluded Jacob, who had been counting all the time.

There was a sharp report and a yell of pain. The prize-fighter, hopping on his right leg and holding his left ankle, seized a bar of the grating.

"If you don't let me out, I'll pound you both into a jelly!" he shouted. "I've a good mind to do it now."

THEY let him out, and Jacob was left alone without a glimpse even of Lady Mary, until after dinner. Then the Marquis came slowly down, smoking a cigarette, paddled himself over, looking around all the time with the air of one enjoying the scenery and the beautiful evening, and finally presented himself at the other side of the grating.

"Mr. Pratt," he said, "I am sorry that you did not appreciate your friends' little effort to provide you with some amusement in the way of your favorite sport."

"Thank you," Jacob replied. "I don't fight professional heavyweights."

The Marquis scrutinized Jacob through the grating with some surprise.

"You seem to be keeping very fit," he observed.

"Doing me a lot of good, this change of diet," Jacob assured him. "We all eat too much."

"Nevertheless," the Marquis proceeded, "we feel that it is time this was ended. I have a fancy to have you for a neighbor, Mr. Pratt. The Lasswade Moor Estate, adjoining mine, is yours for thirty thousand pounds. I have the agreement in my pocket. Tomorrow the price will be thirty-five thousand, and the next day forty thousand. And,

by the bye, we have decided to stop the daily supplies of bread and water. You thrive too well on it."

"Just as you like," was the careless rejoinder. "I can do with or without food."

The Marquis coughed. "You will permit me to say, Mr. Pratt, that your courage moves me to the profoundest admiration. I trust that after this little business negotiation is concluded, I shall have the privilege of your friendship for many years to come."

"You're rather boring me," Jacob said mildly. "I want to get on with my initials. I'm doing them in Old English."

"I should be sorry to interfere with so courteous a duty," the Marquis remarked, and departed.

JACOB looked through the aperture on the landward side and through the mist he first dimly saw Montague approaching. Behind came another figure, rapidly gaining on him. Montague stooped to unfasten the boat. His pursuer scrambled down the beach and Jacob recognized Lord Felixstowe.

"Hi, you!" the latter cried.

Montague turned around. The newcomer stood by his side.

"I'll relieve you," the latter said. "Hand over the key."

Montague hesitated.

"Three seconds," Lord Felixstowe pronounced calmly.

Montague exceeded the time and fell with his head in the water. His assailant took the key from his pocket, as he lay writhing upon the sand, unfastened the rope and paddled across the channel. A moment later the door was opened. Jacob advanced to meet his friend.

"Jacob, old thing!"

"Felixstowe! By Jove, I'm glad to see you!"

"You're looking pretty fit, old chap, except for the beard."

"Thanks to Lady Mary," Jacob told him. "She's been feeding me with a fishing-rod from the seaward side."

"Good little sport! Shall we beat it? Got a car waiting, and we can catch the morning train."

They descended the steps in silence. Montague was sitting up on the sands with both

hands pressed over his eye, as they landed. He shrank back when he saw Jacob.

THEY approached the front door, where the motorcar was standing. The Marquis strolled out to meet them, with a pleasant smile. He was entirely free from embarrassment and he addressed Jacob courteously.

"Mr. Pratt," he said, "the fortune of war has changed. Breakfast is served in the dining-room. Might I suggest a bath and a shave?"

Jacob lost his head.

"You blamed rascal!" he exclaimed.

The Marquis's eyebrows were slightly elevated. Otherwise he was unmoved.

"My dear sir," he rejoined, with a gently argumentative air. "of course I am a rascal. Every one of my family, from the days of the Highland robber who founded it, has been a rascal. So are you a rascal, when the opportunity presents itself. We all fight for our own hand in varying ways. A touch of my ancestry has evolved this little scheme, whose lamentable failure I deplore. A touch of your ancestry, my dear Mr. Pratt, would without a doubt induce you to dispose of some of those wonderful oil shares of yours in a hurry to a poorer man, if you thought their value was going to decline. Just now I am faced with failure. I do not lose my temper. I offer you freshly broiled trout, a delicious salmon, some eggs and bacon, and hot coffee."

JACOB looked at Lord Felixstowe, and Lord Felixstowe looked at him. Up from the landing-stage came Lady Mary, singing gaily.

"What about it, old dear?" Felixstowe asked. "We can catch the eleven-twenty."

"Call it tribute," the Marquis suggested ingratiatingly. "the tribute of the beaten foe. My servant shall attend you at the bathroom, Mr. Pratt. Do not keep us waiting longer than you can help. And remember, between ourselves—between gentlemen—not a word to the Marchioness or Lady Mary."

ON SHIPBOARD bound for America, Jacob meets Sybil Bultivell—with Captain Penhavent!—and almost gets done out of \$600,000. Watch for "The Cunning of Lord Felixstowe."

Knots in Shakespear

(Continued from page 35)

BUT let us assume that Shakespear punctuated his script. From it the scrivener copied out the parts for the actors, and made a legible prompt copy. That the scrivener respected Shakespear's stops and "followed copy" exactly is against even modern experience; and in the XVI-XVII *fin de siècle*, when scribes were proud of their "clergy" and tenacious of their technical authority, the scrivener would punctuate as he thought Shakespear (whom he would despise as an amateur) ought to have punctuated and not as he did or did not punctuate. The copies so produced were then marked at rehearsal in all sorts of ways by all sorts of people for all sorts of theatrical purposes. Thus marked, they were fair-copied again by a scrivener—possibly the same, possibly another—for the printer.

NOW, as all authors know, the printer who does not consider that punctuation is his special business, and that authors know nothing about it (they mostly know very little), has not yet been born. Besides, the printer of that period would have the tradition that his page should look well, and that the letterpress should not be disfigured as in modern books by wide spaces between sentences and words and letters, or by awkward-looking stops. And so we get two opinionated scribes, a whole company of actors and stage officials, and a tradition-ridden compositor between Shakespear's holograph and the printed page.

Even if it could be proved that Shakespear corrected the proofs of the best Quarto texts I should still defy any modern editor to follow them stop for stop without publicly washing his hands of all responsibility for them.

THIS does not mean that there is not a case, and a very strong case, for making facsimiles of the earliest printed texts. A glance through any of the facsimiles already published will discover points at which

changes made by modern editors are changes for the worse. But when the utmost has been said that can be said for the readings of the Quartos and the Folio, no middle course is open to a modern editor between a photographic reproduction and a text doctored precisely as the conventional editions have been doctored.

If the editor be Mr. Granville Barker, so much the better: he will test the questionable passages on the stage, and retain readings that a mere man of letters would tamper with. If the editor be Mr. William Poel, he will print the text in the way that best suggests his divination of its proper delivery. He will run the words together in rapid passages, and bring out keywords in ways undreamt of by Heming and Conell. Such editions would be much more valuable and interesting than superfluous repetitions of existing editions made in the study; but they would not be a whit more "standard" or authentic. Neither edition could be called a standard edition except by the courtesy which allows every theater to call itself "The Theater Royal." And the question which of the two famous Shakespearian producers was the more unscrupulous Vandal would never be settled.

NOW may I be allowed a suggestion of my own? Why not try to make a record of our language as it is spoken today on the stage classically? We have in Forbes-Robertson an actor whose speech is unchallengeable in every English-speaking land, not only in Oxford and the west-end of London, but in American states where the dialect of Oxford and the west-end is received with shouts of derisive laughter. It does not matter how Forbes-Robertson pronounces this or that vowel: his speech will carry any Englishman or North American anywhere.

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learn to qualify himself as a speaker for the most dignified employment. Well, why not begin with an edition of "Hamlet" in which this Robertsonian speech shall be recorded by phonetic spelling?

I AM aware that this cannot be done completely except by using Bell's Visible Speech, which nobody but Mr. Graham Bell and perhaps a few others can read; but by eking out the ordinary alphabet with a few letters turned upside down, and coming to a clearly stated understanding as to the meaning of those which remain right side up, it is quite possible to make a very useful record, supplemented by the existing phonographic records of which Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson can specify the defects exactly. Such a phonetic edition of "Hamlet" could be fairly described as a standard "Hamlet," valid for its day. In England the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature could justify its existence by undertaking this work. But American enterprise moves more rapidly than the Academic Committee ever moved even when most of its members were under seventy. If I were America I should not wait for it.

AS TO the text, by all means let Mr. Poel's points, and Mr. Granville Barker's point, be considered in editing it. But I implore Mr. Poel to dismiss from his mind the notion that there are two punctuations: a grammatical and an oral. The two are the same.

The authorized version of the Bible, punctuated by preachers for preachers, is as oral as it is grammatical. What people call grammatical or literary punctuation is simply unskilled punctuation: the work of writers who pepper a page with commas, and disfigure it with dashes, leaving the printer to supply the semicolons, which he does with a conviction that it is wrong to have two in the same sentence, and that colons are of the nature of sacred music.

MY OWN punctuation, which is as definite as the multiplication table, is founded on the best Bible usage (the Bible is not consistently stopped throughout) and on the distinctions I find it necessary and possible to make; and it is both grammatical and oral.

But I must repeat that the notation at my disposal can not convey the play as it should really exist: that is, in its oral delivery. I have to write melodies without bars, without indications of pitch, pace, or timbre, and without modulation, leaving the actor or producer to divine the proper treatment of what is essentially word-music.

I turn over a score by Richard Strauss, and envy him his bar divisions, his assurance that his trombone passages will not be played on the triangle, his power of giving directions without making his music unreadable.

WHAT would we not give for a copy of "Lear" marked by Shakespear "somewhat broader," "always quieter and quieter," "amiably," or, less translatable, "mit grossem Schwung und Begeisterung," "mit Steigerung," much less Meyerbeer's "con esplosione," or Verdi's ffffff and pppppp, or cantando or parlando, or any of the things that I say at rehearsal, and that in my absence must be left to the intuition of some kindred spirit.

It will be seen now, I hope, that this discussion about the punctuation of the Shakespear Quartos raises the much more serious question of making the great invention of reading and writing really effective and educational. It is at present a wretched makeshift. Children are taught to read at great expense; and they can not open their mouths without proving that the sound of their noble nativespeech has never been conveyed to them. They see on paper the words of their poets, and repeat them in the voices of their slums.

MEN whose noses were rubbed ruthlessly into books and copybooks every day for nine years at elementary schools are

unemployable as butlers or west-end shop assistants because they can not form a grammatical sentence or utter a sound that is admissible in cultivated society. Others, cultivated in country houses, and educated at Eton and Oxford, have their speech represented by their Oxford's greatest phonetic expert as follows:

Tell mi not in monf nambaz
Laif iz bat on emti driim
Po dhə sowl iz ded: dhət slambaz
Aend thingz aa not whot dheijim.

TO TURN this into coster's cockney, all that is necessary is to change "tell" into "t'yoll," "laif" into "lawf," "aa" into "aw," and "dhei" into "dhy." Ask Forbes-Robertson to declaim the verse, and you will hear something quite different from either: to wit, the English language in the only form that has a right to call itself standard. But this English will be dead presently if we will not take the trouble and have not the artistic conscience to provide it with a notation. At most, I suppose, we shall continue to dispute whether "labour" or "labor" is the correct spelling, in crude ignorance of the fact that both inaccuracies are merely confessions of our inability to write the obscure vowel that is the commonest sound in our language.

AS TO enabling me to hand down my plays as Sir Edward Elgar can hand down his "Falstaff," I see no chance of that in literature. Perhaps the phonograph may be able to do something for me before I die: otherwise, like Shakespear, I shall take the secret of their performance to the grave with me and with it almost all their artistic value, leaving posterity (if it troubles itself about them) to gnaw the cold bones of their intellectual skeletons.

G. B. S. has a penchant for piquant criticism of one sort or another. Watch for his point of view on a very different question, in his next article—coming soon in *Hearst's International*.

Angels in an Almond Grove

(Continued from page 39)

valley far to the south the Prince Ming built a vast palace of pink marble, set splendid gardens round it, and compassed it about with a lofty wall of milk-white porcelain.

Here he retired with the little Duke. The marble palace was indescribably magnificent: the gardens were a paradise of gorgeous flowers, deep groves, and brilliant birds; but all the hundred officers were men, and the boy's tutors and instructors were aged mandarins famed no less for their austerity than for their wisdom.

IN THIS seclusion the Duke Chang was brought up in absolute ignorance of woman's existence. From the treatises that he studied all mention of woman was deleted. The discourses of the wise, aged, and austere mandarins ignored woman wholly.

He prospered. He grew strong and comely. In all the exercises practiced by the noble youth of China he soon excelled his teachers.

And the Prince, his father, regarding him as he swam his horse across the mountain river, as he outfenced some veteran swordsmen, or as he calmly awaited with poised spear the savage onrush of the boar, would murmur with satisfaction to himself:

"My life was wrecked by a woman, but no woman shall ever so much as quicken by a single stroke the serene heartbeats of my son."

BUT one afternoon the guards set round his domain brought Prince Ming alarming news. The Emperor's favorite dancing girl, the capricious and beautiful Ylang-Li, had penetrated the secluded valley with her gay retinue, and, as she had heard many tales of his marble palace's splendor, she craved permission of the Prince to visit it on the morrow.

Prince Ming, in great perturbation of mind, caused horses to be saddled and set off straightway with the Duke and a handful of attendants. He could not refuse hospitality to the Emperor's favorite; but he could at least hide his son away until all peril was past. Accordingly in the waning afternoon light he led his little party by a wild, secluded trail up into the mountains.

"Whither are we hurrying?" the Duke Chang asked.

"To our mountain lodge beside the glacier," his father answered. "Tomorrow we will hunt the eagle there."

Then, at a sudden turning, he drew up his horse with a sharp exclamation.

Below lay a glade gemmed with red and white wild-flowers. A tiny cataract showered its snows down a black cliff; an almond grove in full blossom moved gently in the breeze; and under the falling petals of the almond trees a tall girl walked between two girl attendants, a hand upon the shoulder of each.

SHE was very beautiful, that tall girl. Through the shimmering silk of her raiment her figure's loveliest contours were visible. Her walk had the harmony of divine music; sweeter than music sounded her fresh laughter; and the soft beams of her merry eyes stirred the heart, as music does, with vague emotions of delight and pain.

The Prince turned hurriedly to his son. Pale, with parted lips, the youth gazed at the three maidens walking and laughing under the white almond trees in the pink glow of the sunset.

"On!" cried Prince Ming, spurring his horse. "On!"

The young Chang looked back.

"Look not back!" the Prince thundered.

"On!"

A peal of laughter sounded from the grove.

"Father," said the Duke tremulously, "are those gracious beings angels?"

"Angels? They are devils!" cried the Prince. "Hate and shun them as you hate and shun dishonor. Once in their power they would tear your flesh from your bones with red-hot pincers, they would break your teeth with ivory hammers, and thrust the long gold pins from their hair through your eyeballs."

The young Duke sighed and again looked back.

"Dare to look back but once more," said the Prince, drawing a jade-handled dagger from his girdle, "and to save you from a worse fate I will bury this dagger in your heart."

The Duke made no answer. His chin sunk on his bosom, he ascended the steep path to the lodge in silence. He sat in silence, eating nothing, at the rude board. In silence he retired to his chamber. Here the Prince left him with a trusty guard.

THREE days later, having suitably entertained the Emperor's dancer—in Ylang-Li he recognized without surprise the tall girl of the almond grove—Prince Ming ascended once again to the mountain lodge. Disquieting news awaited him there. The young Duke would touch no food. He refused to hunt or ride or climb. Hour after hour he sat at his chamber window, now wringing his hands as in despair, now uttering passionate sighs.

The Prince, terrified, bore him down to the palace and summoned in hot haste the most learned physicians of his household. The learned physicians, having examined their noble patient, gave him huge, bitter pills to swallow and brown, vile-smelling draughts to drink. No change, however, manifested itself in his condition.

All day long he sat, his dress disordered, beside his window. Rapidly, as if a flame consumed him, he grew weaker and paler. Sometimes he was heard to murmur:

"Red-hot pincers—gold pins thrust through the eyeballs. Horrible! And yet—"

LATE one night, unable to sleep in his anxiety and grief, the Prince Ming was walking in the palace gardens when he heard a suspicious sound. Advancing cautiously, he beheld his son in the act of casting a silken ladder over the high porcelain wall. The youth was dressed in pilgrim garb as for a journey. A gray cloak covered his robes of glittering brocade; he carried a staff in his hand, and a pilgrim's scrip hung at his girdle.

The ladder was soon fixed. The Duke Chang ascended it swiftly. Then he drew it up after him.

The Prince stepped from the shadow and cried:

"My son, my son, what can this mean?"

From the high wall the Duke looked down piteously in the moonlight at his distracted father.

"Oh, Father," he said, in a voice broken with sobs, "oh, Father, that tallest devil!"

And, descending the ladder on the other side, Duke Chang began his pilgrimage.

MEN who saw his infatuation laughed at him. Surely no woman so beautiful could love a man so disfigured! Watch for "The Blue Anchor"—coming soon in *Hearst's International*.

Hearst's International June 1921

Smiling John Chinaman

(Continued from page 40)

her off as anawakening sleeper does a bothersome fly.

No colonizer in the world compares with her. Her people are slipping into Siberia by the thousands. At first they are hewers of wood and bearers of water; then they become the small retailers; then the wholesalers; then the big merchants. Throughout Eastern Asia and in many of the islands it has come about just this way—the world fights while China trades and colonizes and propagates.

They work like a great family of ants attacking a sleeping enemy; slowly, methodically, endlessly they creep over their victim. Nothing daunts them—nothing can stop them. They're a superior race. They're the only race in the history of the world that has ever completely absorbed the Jews. It's a clean record.

Some 2,000 years ago there was a great Jewish colony in China. Today every trace of it is gone. Great China slowly, patiently digested it.

A YOUNG American missionary named Jimmy Hunter, who used to be champion quarter-miler of the University of Illinois, took me for a week's trip into the country to the north of Peking to study the common country folks. All one needs to do is to go five miles away from the railway or a treaty city to drop back 5,000 years into the very center of ancient China.

We had nowhere particular to go and nothing particular to see. We just jogged our way through deep-rutted mud roads from one old walled village to another. At night we would stop in the village inn and after our supper wander on "downtown" and into the grocery store and sign up in the old stove league for a game or two.

Dried peppers and rows of onions and knick-knacks hung down from the low ceiling. Usually there was a counter, and behind it, next the wall, open bins for sugar and rice and ground wheat and spices. Most of the purchases amounted to only a penny or two—China, after all, is very poor and the margin of existence is such a narrow one. But the store was the village club and all the old fellows with their thick skirts and padded short jackets wandered on downtown just as they do everywhere else in the world.

I SUPPOSE I enjoyed those hours sitting on a homemade chair propped against the wall, talking through a sympathetic interpreter to common China, as much as I have any hours in my life. We talked about crops and they told me most of the farmers around there—they all lived in the village and went out to their bits of ground to work—owned a couple of acres each and rented an acre or two more from old Chang Tong and that they had to give half what they raised for rent.

"I've got a son in an American mission school," one old fellow with a shaggy beard told me with great pride. "He wants to go to America to more school in two years."

IT WAS the West and more particularly America creeping in slowly but surely. And China needs America. That was the one great discovery I made in this little invasion of common China—that and the fact that these were ordinary human beings who suffered from ordinary ills and dreamed ordinary dreams and wanted to get ahead so their sons and their families could have a little better place in the community.

"What's worrying me," Jimmy Hunter said one morning as we passed a dozen "razor-backs" that were half head and half legs, "is how I can improve the swine in this part of the country. These pigs are nothing but bone and bristle—what they need is some good American stock crossed with theirs."

IT WAS the new type of American missionary in China talking. There's a saying over here now that it's harder to be sent to China as a missionary than to get into the United States consular service. I don't vouch for that but I vouch for the statement that the new missionary is not worrying about propagating religion but about instilling ideas of clean living and sanitation and independence and patriotism among young Chinese.

No foreign influence has more than scratched China so far. The country is so

large and so old and its superstitions are so ancient and its customs so deep-rooted that for China to change would be almost like Nature altering her features.

In the home life the man is still the one master and lord. The woman's place is distinctly a secondary one. Her great task is to bear male children who will worship the memory of their father. If a woman fails to bear children, then the master can get himself either Wife No. 2 or Divorce No. 1, and marry again. And marriages, incidentally, are always performed in the home of the bridegroom—again the men show their superior place.

VERY, very slowly some of these customs are changing—and the American missionaries have had more to do with these changes than all the other foreign influence in China put together. Civilizations that have existed for hundreds and thousands of years necessarily have developed tremendous powers of resistance, and they resist good innovations as well as evil ones.

This old civilization of China, I repeat, has hardly been scratched. Take, for instance, the province of Shantung that the Germans had marked off for their own until the Japanese grabbed it as their share of the spoils of the war. There are 30,000,000 Chinese in this one province and I suppose altogether possibly 3,000 Japanese. A German-built railroad runs from the German-built city of Tsingtao on the coast back to Tsinan-Fu, the capital. It is a scratch on the surface of Shantung.

THE 30,000,000 go peacefully ahead, planting their wheat and weaving their hair nets. To the millions of farmers in their thousands of hidden villages it doesn't matter a great deal whether the Germans or the Japanese or the Fiji Islanders own and operate that scratch of steel across Shantung.

The days I was there the anti-Japanese boycott was booming and China was not using the railroad. Merchants were having their goods shipped by the wheelbarrow route instead of by the railroads. Day and night the road paralleling the railway track echoed with the ceaseless squeak of the high, single-wheeled barrows teaching Japan that it was better business to treat China fairly. Coolies walked the dusty miles between stations rather than contribute copper pennies to the hated Japanese. These were the coolies of the cities—those of the country hardly knew there was such a thing as a railroad.

The very oppression and domination by Japan, I felt, was doing something that nothing else could do—it was tending to awaken China to the necessity of unity and patriotism and modernization. The boycott was shaking China from her lethargy.

Even these sleepy, lost villages were beginning to feel it a little. It was getting into the Army, too.

I SMILE when I think about this wonderful Army of China. Chinese soldiers will give you a laugh twenty-four hours a day—there are 1,300,000 of them, and that's 1,300,000 laughs. You see them everywhere.

Troops, according to China, are for local power and not for real fighting. Judged by the number of soldiers under arms, China this minute is one of the most military nations in the world—but she isn't to be taken seriously, except locally. And locally she is anything but the pacifist country she's cracked up to be.

AMERICA brought China into the war. Liberal China, that has always been friendly with America, wanted to be with us—and the militarists saw a chance to get the great national army they had dreamed of. So China was swung into the war on August 14, 1917. Before this Japan had bought a hold on the military politicians of Peking and the then Premier, Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, leader of the Anfu Club, had dissolved Parliament, opening afresh the old struggle between the North and the South.

The result of all this was that China, officially in the war, borrowed money and raised a special national army of some 400,000. The patriotic men of the Government wanted this army sent to France so that it would give China an advantageous position at the peace table; but the ambitious



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military politicians wanted the army only to hold their own power.

America refused to lend them money to build up this fighting force, and so they turned to Japan. In the year 1918 alone, twenty-nine loans, all on secret agreements, aggregating \$123,200,000 were made by Japan. In the forty-eight months preceding September, 1918, fifty-one loans, totaling \$300,000,000, were made by Japan.

MOST of this money went for military purposes and resulted in the formation of a great Northern army that has been more or less under the direct influence of Japanese military officers. This army kept the corrupt and inefficient Peking officials in power and drew tighter the strangle-hold that Japan has on the Chinese Government. It kept the 400,000,000 people of China under the heel of the Peking militarists and the different military governors, and in turn held these military politicians under the spell of Japan.

CHINA today is really less of a republic than Japan is—and Japan today is merely an echo of the Germany of Bismarck. The government, instead of being a responsible democracy, is nothing short of a military autocracy—or rather a collection of military autocracies. It is uncontrollably decentralized to the extent that the real power rests in some twenty Tu-chuns or military governors of provinces, each of whom has his own army and belongs to some clique of fellow Tu-chuns that controls combinations of different Tu-chuns.

And they have 1,300,000 of these non-fighting soldiers of theirs, drawing six silver dollars a month which they mostly don't get and living off the fat and lean of the land by streaks.

MOST of this is a pessimistic picture for a nation that some day is going to take its rightful place as the great nation of tomorrow. But China is going to win because today China is reeking with revolutions. There's every sort of revolution that the world has ever known, except a fighting revolution, going on there this very second. As fast as she can she is tearing down the great walls of tradition and ignorance and stupidity and letting in the winds of truth and hope and justice from the West. And just as fast as she can she is loosening the foot-binding that has bound her to an outworn past with all its stupid cruelties.

IN THE spring of 1920, the first five girl students were permitted to enroll in the Government University in Peking. Not an item that would make the front page of very many American dailies but one of far more real significance than most first-page stories. It was a harbinger of the emancipation of Chinese women. Here were Chinese girls fighting their way before the public gaze as the full equals of men. And more than one of the old-timers sat and pulled at their stringy beards and heaved a sigh for the sure-coming day when they'd have to do away with Wives No. 2, 3 and 4, not to mention concubines from No. 1 on up.

WHAT with the H. C. of L., all this takes money, so only the wealthier can go in for this sort of business. The 300,000,000 live pretty much like the 99 per cent anywhere else in the world—specially, happily, faithfully. They ask only that their wives—one for each man—present them with sons who will worship their memories and carry on the good name of the family.

THE war that cut so deeply into imports from Europe and shot prices sky-high started the factory-building by the Chinese, but it was the Japanese boycott that added impetus to the movement. In the all-important matter of cotton yarn and cotton goods, for instance, the Chinese have at present 1,000,000 spindles of their own in operation and

they have 800,000 new ones ordered. The British owners have 400,000 spindles and the Japanese 350,000 spindles. It is clear that the situation is well in the hands of the Chinese.

AT FIRST one would gather that once China becomes industrially awake no Western country with her high wage charge could compete with her. But this theory fails to withstand the acid test. Chinese factory labor is cheap but it gets just about what it is scientifically worth; the cost of manufacturing a yard of piece goods in China is as much as it is in New England where the wage scale is ten times as great. The answer lies in the inefficiency of factory management and the inefficiency of the labor. A Chinese cotton-mill worker will attend 150 spindles while an American expert will care for eight or ten times that number.

Despite an apparently unlimited supply of raw labor from the uncouth millions in China's hinterland the rumbling of coming labor trouble can already be heard. Last summer most of the cotton mills of Shanghai were closed down for three days on account of a strike.

It wasn't an organized or even a led strike; the workers just talked it over among themselves and one bright day all the mothers and children quit cold. They wanted a raise of three cents a day—so they struck for three days and got their increase. The next time they'll want a six-cent raise and they'll form a union in order to get this.

But the great revolution in China is the

one that centers about the student movement. This is the heart and head and hope of Young China. It is the biggest thing in this great country and in fact it is the most tremendous, dramatic thing that has happened to China in fifty generations. It is bigger than the Boxer rebellion and more promising and vital than the revolution itself.

Starting on May 4, 1919, at a great mass meeting of the students in Peking held to protest against the report that the Japanese Minister had requested the dismissal of Dr. C. T. Wang and Wellington Koo, as members of the Chinese Delegation at Paris, it suddenly, almost unconsciously developed into the flaming fire of protest that has swept all China.

That May day the coals of resentment against Japan burned bright and before nightfall the students had attacked and torn down the house of Tsao Ju-ling, then Minister of Finance and Communications and believed to be the guiding spirit of Japan's Peking intrigues, and had sent Chang Chung Hsiang, Minister to Japan, to the hospital. Thirty-two of the students were arrested and thrown in jail. The next day a general strike was ordered.

THE President of China issued a mandate at once forbidding the assembling of students and the Chancellor of the University was dismissed. On May 6 the Peking Students' Union was formally organized and on the 24th a general strike of all students in the city was called. On June 3 the 10,000 student agitators spread over Peking with their soap-boxes. By nightfall 3,000 were arrested and the Peking Government University was turned into a prison.

The next day 10,000 students were again sent out to tell the people of Peking what was going on, and more were arrested. Then the merchants and common folks of Shanghai stuck their oars into the fight. For ten days even the beggars and the prostitutes struck and not a wheel turned in the great city of Shanghai. The Government, trembling and afraid, was whipped to a whisper and promptly dismissed Tsao Ju-ling, Chang Chung Hsiang, and Lu Tsung Yu as demanded by the students.

THIS fighting part all happened in Shanghai. The Peking students who had started the barrage had permitted Shanghai to do the charging

but now they were forming and coming up as reserves. But the Government apologized and the schools were closed for the summer vacation. And over every part of China and into the smallest villages spread these students bearing the message of a new China and instilling hate of an old Japan.

The famous Twenty-one Demands that Japan forced China to agree to in 1915, coupled with all the aggressions of Japan before and after, brought on the boycott that these hundreds of thousands of students so gallantly championed and propagandized.

Millions of Chinese villagers and coolies who knew Japan only as a name were swung into the most intense, bitter hate against her. In Shantung, as I have already described, hundreds of thousands of Chinese walked or rode on squeaky high-wheeled barrows, rather than pay one cent of tariff to the railroad that Japan had grabbed. Yangtai river steamers flying Japanese flags plied up and down the river empty—in five months during the latter part of 1919, their average cargo per trip dropped from 154 tons per trip to less than five tons, and they carried practically no passengers at all.

DURING the year that the boycott was pushed Japan's loss was fully 40 per cent of her gross trade with China and in certain sections the decrease was fully 90 per cent.

THE student leaders are still willing to carry on their fight against the inefficient, unpatriotic Government at Peking and to fight Japan with the boycott or any other weapon possible,

but it is the broader vision of their great task that is inspiring them at present.

They have established scores of free night primary schools for poor children and factory workers and they are giving their own precious time as teachers. They are going into the villages and cities during their vacations and hours off and preaching ideas of sanitation and health and right living. They are actually, physically reaching down and pulling China out of the past.

In their dream of cultural reformation they vision a breaking of all the old traditions and customs that bind China to so much that is unworthy in her old civilization. The "literary revolution" is a big part of this. Started before the present student movement in an attempt to make the spoken language the written language in place of the old difficult and scholarly literary language, the literary revolt has been given force by the students.

TODAY more than 300 little student publications are being printed in the style of the spoken language—a year ago there were only three liberal papers. The work is going ahead to do away with the thousands of Chinese characters and substitute a phonetic alphabet of thirty-nine letters as against our own of twenty-six.

All in all, it is a brand-new China that these students are sacrificing for; a China where public opinion will have a place; a China of good citizens with a good Government; a China of unbound feet and emancipated women; a China of revolutions; and a China that some day will have no fear of Japan and will be able to take her place in the family of nations as the great peace lovers of the world.

THE nations of the West must recognize all this and change their whole viewpoint regarding China. England and France and Russia and Germany and Italy must completely revise all their ideas about this great land of the East.

For a hundred years Europe has bullied and abused China, just as she has bullied and abused the half-billion other yellow, black, and brown men of the East and Near East. And China, like the rest of the dominated races of the world, is getting tired of it all. Only America has treated her fairly. Following the Boxer uprising in 1900, America was the one country that turned back to China the huge indemnities exacted. (The last three years the foreign diplomatic ministers in Peking have compelled the poor, bankrupt country to pay to the powerless ex-Russian legation that is a hold-over of the old Czar days and represents no one, the annual Boxer indemnity amount.)

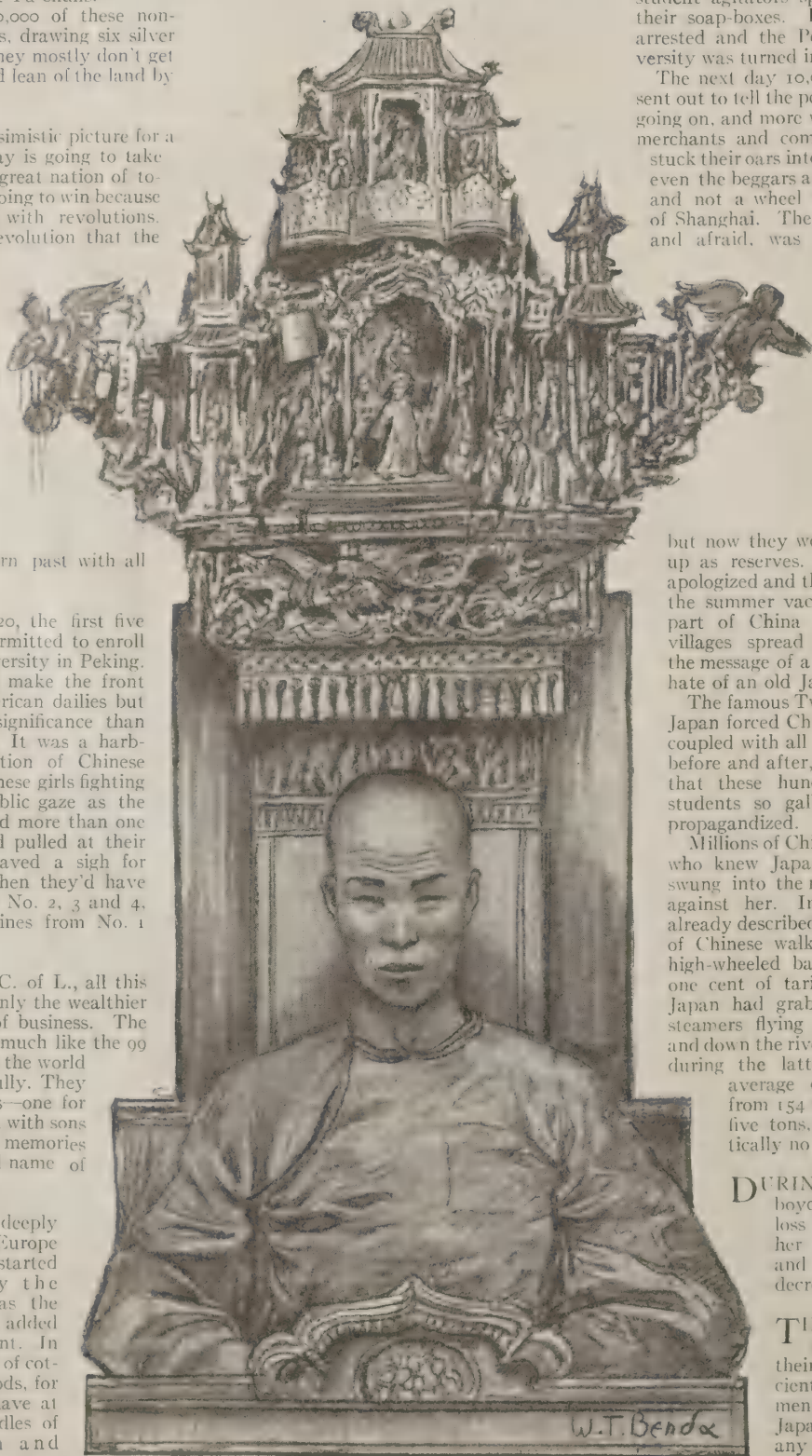
CHINA has been fought over and quarreled over and split up into spheres of influence just about long enough. Fortunately for the West she is at this moment more anti-Japanese than she is anti-anything else. But the West must not forget that the Chinese are yellow men and they have a great bond of color to link them with the yellow men of Japan.

It was at a private dinner in Shanghai—a wonderful Chinese dinner of thirty dishes—and one of China's finest minds and wisest men was speaking in a confidential and intimate way to me: "Our delegates at the Peace Conference made a great mistake when they did not sink all this Shantung argument and stand strongly behind Japan in her demand for racial equality."

THIS man knew the history of the white invasion of China. He knew of the British Opium War, and the grab for ports and the fights for concessions and the haggling and bullying and browbeating by European diplomats and business concerns. He was tired of it. He wanted the great yellow and brown races of Asia to assert their rights and break the strangle-hold that Europe had on them.

CHINA is at the crossroads and America is the one great nation whom she trusts and loves. We can show her the right road—the trail that will help her develop herself, help her teach herself, help her protect herself and yet keep her the great peace-loving, gentle, kindly, smiling country that she is.

A FOURTEEN-year-old kid who should have been in school—had there been any school for him! One of the Sentinels of Civilization—in Frazier Hunt's next article—coming soon.



Paul and the Purple Pig

(Continued from page 38)

come to the same decision about me. Certainly he was cheerful and charming as we sat together at our light noontime meal.

"THE rooms look lovely, dear," he approved when our repast was over. "I hope you did not tire yourself out polishing everything up for my return."

"No, indeed," I assured him. "I have kept the place spick and span all the time. For I had little else to do but that and my painting."

"You have had no recreation, I bet," he accused, "since your return from Westchester."

"I have not needed any," I said. "Don't I look very well?"

"You're pale," he answered. "I know just how you've been applying yourself to one thing, and to that only. Listen! You are to get no dinner for us here tonight. We'll go out somewhere to feed."

"All right," I agreed. "Let's go to one of the real Village places—shall we?"

I suggested this rather than a conventional uptown restaurant. I had a sudden desire and reaching out for a return of the glamour this locality and this life had held for me three years ago. Paul was here as then; we had the same cozy rooms; we had our art; we had each other. Why need I—or he—be different from what we were then? As one sees with pain something which was once precious slipping out of reach, I made a frantic mental clutch for that which used to mean all of life to me.

"Paul, dear, shall we?" I repeated. "Why, of course, if you want to," he replied.

"I have had no larks of any kind, you see," I went on to explain. "And what you said about the weather reminded me that spring slipped away without my knowing it, and that midsummer is here and we are down in the dear little old Village that we've both loved so. Why, I did not even have a glow from the Fires of Spring this year," I added softly.

WOMEN are born actresses, and I did not experience the thrill that quivered in my voice. Three years ago I would not have simulated a sentiment I did not feel.

As I spoke, Paul glanced suddenly at his picture of me.

"The Fires of Spring!" he mused aloud. "You have changed since that was painted," he observed musingly.

I caught my breath. "Have I changed much?" I demanded.

Paul tried to laugh off his mistake. "Oh—you look more mature, that's all," he said. "You are as charming as ever, my dear—with a bow, and his hand upon his heart."

I tried to laugh at his teasing, but I was none the less hurt.

"Yes," he went on, "we'll go to a real Bohemian restaurant. What do you say to the Purple Pig?"

"That will be all right," I agreed, determined to ignore his unfortunate speech.

"Well, if Bohemianism is what you are after, you'll get it there in bunches," Paul declared.

EIGHTEEN months ago I had accompanied Paul to the Purple Pig, then just opened to catch the curious folk whom magazine and newspaper stories had attracted to Greenwich Village. Tonight, as we came in sight of the restaurant, I recalled the jolly time we had had here with Drake Hoagland, Sibyl Morton, and a few others whom we termed "kindred souls." I know now that my desire to return this evening to the shabby, bizarre resort, was an unrecognized effort on my part to capture again a phase of life that seemed suddenly to have grown distasteful to Paul and me.

We entered the dingy door under the shadow of the elevated railroad. In the bare front room, a few couples sat at small tables, all sipping drinks. At the top of a flight of steps leading down into a lower basement, a group of guests were disputing the statement of a shabby hat-check boy who repeated, parrot-like:

"No tables inside just now, folks; no tables inside."

From below came the sound of a piano pounded frantically. Now and then the instrument was drowned by vociferous singing and howling.

THE guardian stationed at the head of the stairway bowed as Paul slipped something into his hand, and we were permitted to descend. A moment later we were crossing the thickly sawdusted floor of the inner shrine of the Purple Pig to a table set by a wall of unfinished brick and mortar.

A slovenly waiter tossed down before us a menu, soiled and spattered. While Paul ordered our dinner, I looked about me.

Originally this room had been a cellar. In one corner the furnace still stood, now covered with cobwebs and dust, but in cold weather the only apparatus for heating the restaurant. The tables, without cloths, were nearly all occupied. Some of the men and women seated at them were eating; all were drinking, when not singing or otherwise using their voices to the height of their lung-power.

On the brick walls were distorted frescoes, laid on, apparently, with the brush of a house-painter. Deformed purple pigs seemed to form the motif of the decorative scheme.

AT LAST our dinner was brought to us, and we ate it in partial silence. The food was good, and it was past our usual hour for our evening meal. Conversation in the din that surrounded us was well-nigh impossible.

"It's very noisy," I observed in a moment of comparative quiet.

"It always is noisy here," Paul informed me. "The crowd that hangs out in this joint is made up chiefly of clerks or buyers from Squeedunk, or other small towns. They want to be dashing and original—which means to their conventional minds filling themselves with Burgundy, and yelling until their throats are sore."

"I thought you liked this place," I said, surprised at his tone.

"I used to," he answered curtly.

THE pale, long-haired musician at the piano banged hard on the keys, and the crowd began to roar the popular song he played. A woman at the far end of the room arose, wine-glass in hand, and paced down the aisle between tables, keeping time to the music, meanwhile singing loudly and off-key.

Men clutched at her as she passed. One or two of them kissed her violently. She paused as she reached our table, and, with one hand, caught at Paul's thick black hair.

"Little boy needs a barber," she giggled, blinking through the tobacco haze that filled the room. "Those long beautiful locks must be cut."

Paul pulled away from her with a grin, but, as she leaned nearer him and tried to put her arm about his neck, a dark frown came quickly to his face and he pushed her off, muttering something I could not hear. The woman only laughed and moved on.

DURING the hour before we left the Purple Pig the racket increased in direct ratio to the quantity of cheap Burgundy imbibed. Men and women diners wandered from table to table, bestowing endearments and caresses upon entire strangers. No one seemed to object or to consider the performance as out of the ordinary. After a while, at a table near ours, a man rose, and, with a maudlin laugh, swung a girl up among the bottles and glasses.

"Give us a song, Bab!" he called.

The girl sang, and there flashed across my mind a vision of the night I had met Paul Mora—the gay crowd, animated, as I then thought, with the pure joy of freedom. I recollected my thrill at the lack of what I had termed "stupid convention," at the merriment—merriment like this! I looked about the room now, and felt nauseated.

"I'm sick of this!" Paul declared, rising abruptly. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," I confessed miserably, "I am sick of it!"

We talked little as we went back to our studio that night. Nor, in the days that we spent together, did we ever refer again to the evening at the Purple Pig.

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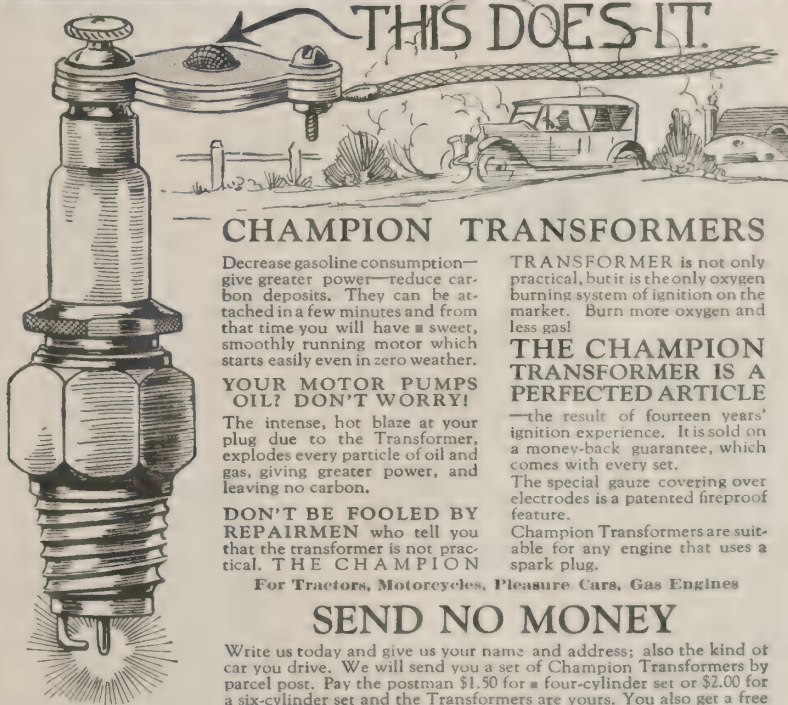
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Dodo and the Maharajah

(Continued from page 47)

he had been birched at Eton for telling lies, which subsequently proved to be true. Just as on that tragic occasion his youthful sense of his own integrity had rendered it impossible for him to conceive that the head-master should lift up his hand against his defenselessness, so now, even as Dodo's tongue dared to lash him with these stinging remarks, he could hardly believe that it was indeed he who was being treated in so condign a manner. And she had not finished yet, apparently.

ON HER side Dodo had (quite unexpectedly to herself) lost her temper. It was a thing extremely rare with her, but when she did lose it, she lost it with enthusiastic completeness. She proceeded.

“I appear to astonish you,” she said, “and it is a very good thing for you to be astonished for once. Are you giving this ball, or am I? If you, ask your guests yourself, and don't ask me. Try to get together a wonderful and historic gathering for your Maharajah on the night of the 16th and see who comes to you to make history, and who comes to me. What you wanted to do was to patronize me, and make yourself Master of the Ceremonies, and allow me to have this old Indian for my guest as a great favor. Who is this Maharajah of Bareilly, anyway, that for the sake of getting him into my house I should submit to your insufferable airs? Who is he?”

AFTER the first awful shock was over, Lord Cookham conducted himself (even as he had done on that occasion at Eton) with the perfect calm that distinguished him. He appeared quite unconscious of the outrage committed on him, and answered Dodo's direct question in his usual manner.

“As a youth he was sent to Oxford,” he said, “where I had the honor of being a contemporary of his. I had been asked, in fact, to put him in the way of knowing interesting people and directing his mind, by example rather than precept, towards serious study. I was asked in fact to look after him and influence him in the way one young man can influence another slightly his junior. After leaving Oxford he spent several years in England, and was quite well known, I believe, in certain sections of London society. Personally I rather lost sight of him, for he went in for sport, and, in fact, a rather more frivolous mode of life than suited me. Pray do not think I blame him in any way for that. He succeeded to his principality only a few weeks ago, on the death of his father—”

Dodo had stood up during her impassioned harangue, but now she sat down again. All her anger died out of her face, and her eyes grew wide with the dawning of a stupendous idea.

“It can't possibly be that you are alluding to Jumbo?” she asked.

“That, I believe, was the nickname given him at one time,” said Lord Cookham, “in allusion to the—”

Dodo put both her elbows on the table, and went off into peals of inexplicable laughter; she rocked backwards and forwards in her chair, and the tears streamed from her eyes. For a long time she was perfectly incapable of speech, for at every effort to control her mouth into the shape necessary for articulate utterance, it broke away again.

“Oh, oh! I must stop laughing!” she gasped. “Oh, it hurts! . . . My ribs ache; it's agony! What am I to do? But Jumbo! All this fuss about Jumbo! Jumbo was one of my oldest friends. How could I guess that he had become the Maha-ha-ha-rajah of Bareilly? Oh, Lord Cookham, I apologize for all I've said, and for all I've laughed. It's too silly for anything! But why didn't you say it was Jumbo at once, instead of being so pomp—no, I don't mean that. I don't know what I mean.”

Dodo collected herself, wiped her eyes, drank a little tea, choked in the middle and eventually pulled herself together.

“JUMBO!” she said faintly. “Is it possible that you never knew that Jumbo used to be absolutely at my feet? I suppose that belonged to the time when he was frivolous, and you lost sight of him. My dear, he used to send me large pearls, which I was obliged to send back to him, and then he sent them again. What they cost in registered parcel post baffles conjecture. What's his address? I must write to him at once. He would think it too odd for words if I gave a dance and didn't ask him. I wonder he has not been to see me already. When did he get to London?”

“Last night only,” said Lord Cookham. “He's staying at—”

At that moment the telephone bell rang. “I believe in miracles,” said Dodo, rushing to it.

“Yes, who is it?” she said. “You're talking to Lady Chesterford.”

There was a second's pause, and the miracle came off.

“Jumbo, darling,” she said, “how delicious of you to ring me up on your very first morning! I should have been furious if you hadn't. Oddly enough I've been talking about you for the last hour without knowing it, because you've been and gone and changed your name to Bareilly. What? . . . Yes, of course, my dear: come round in half an hour, and I'll take you out, and you shall write your name wherever you please, and then you'll come back and have lunch with me. What a swell you've become! Where's Bareilly? I don't believe you know. Shall I have to curtsy when I see you? . . . This evening? No, dear, I can't dine with you this evening, because I'm engaged, and I never throw anybody over . . . Yes, afterwards if

you like. . . . Alhambra? Yes, take a box there, and I'll come on there as soon as ever I can. We'll make more plans when we meet. Oh, by the way put down at once that you're dining with me on the 16th, and I've got a ball afterwards in honor of you. . . . What?”

Dodo glanced at Lord Cookham. “Yes, Lord Cookham has told me that he hasn't made any engagements for you that night,” she said. “He'll put it down in his book, so there won't be any mistake. . . . What?”

Dodo put the receiver back on its hook, tried to be grave and once more broke down.

“I must send you away,” she said, “because I'm beginning to laugh again, and I must have my bath. And it's all settled quite satisfactorily, isn't it? Oh, dear me! What a funny morning we are having!”

Dodo made a heroic effort with herself and gave a loud croak as she swallowed the laughter that was beginning to make her mouth twitch again. Lord Cookham disregarded that, even as he had disregarded the telephone.

“GOOD-BY, Lady Chesterford,” he said. “Your instructions to me then are that His Highness will dine with you and go to your dance on the 16th. I will have the honor of conveying them to the proper quarter.”

He did not look at her as he spoke, but addressed the air about a foot above her head. For a moment's silence, in which, no doubt, her soul shriveled, his austere gaze remained there. When she answered him, her voice trembled so much, that he felt he had been almost unnecessarily severe.

“Yes, that's it,” she said. “What a nice talk we've had! Delicious of you to have spared me half an hour.”

SHE went out into the hall with him. Even as her footman opened the door for his exit, a motor drew up, and a huge and gorgeous figure stepped out. She saw Lord Cookham bow low, hat in hand, and next moment Jumbo caught sight of her, and bounded up the steps into her house.

“My dear, what fun!” she said. “How are you, Jumbo? You're ever so welcome, though I did tell you to come in half an hour and not three minutes. Oh, it's all been too killing! I'll tell you every word as soon as I'm ready. Go into my room and wait. I'm ever so glad to see you.”

Dodo was an admirable mimic. Jumbo, rolling about on the sofa, almost fancied he was back at Oxford again being influenced by Lord Cookham.

“DON'T be absurd, Father,” wailed Dorothy. “We're practically engaged!”—which surprised one man as much as the other. “*Sitting It Out*,” by W. B. Maxwell—coming soon.

They'd Rather Be He

(Continued from page 34)

JUSTICE WHITE'S term is for life, and he is reckoned among the really great justices in the history of the Court. But gathering years and impaired health move him, it is said, to lay down the cares and responsibilities of his great office.

The exceedingly interesting story current at the Capital is that Justice White would have resigned a year ago but he was unwilling to have President Wilson appoint his successor. In the beginning a Democrat and an ardent advocate of the former President, the Chief Justice, intensely a Constitutionalist, came to differ with Woodrow Wilson's view of that great instrument and upon several Constitutional constructions.

ANOTHER branch of the Capital story is that Justice White, always a devoted admirer of ex-President Taft, in nearer accord with Mr. Taft's legal views and grateful for his own appointment at Taft's hands, was loyally anxious to bring about Mr. Taft's selection as his successor. Knowing that there was no likelihood of Wilson appointing Taft, he decided to hold on until the coming of an executive more favorable to the Taft suggestion.

Mr. Hughes, just now Secretary of State and with a fine impression of his soundness

and ability in that office already created, would, according to his friends, lay down the distinguished position of Harding's “prime minister” willingly to realize his ambition of presiding over the Supreme Court.

It is even said that this phase of the matter has been fully considered at the White House and Mr. Hughes's successor in the State Department has already been decided upon in the person of Albert Fall of New Mexico, now Secretary of the Interior.

Therefore, if the general expectation proves correct that before the Supreme Court adjourns for its summer vacation in July its distinguished Chief Justice will resign, it is pretty safe to say that the lifetime and fervent ambition of one of these three great Republican leaders will be permitted to wrap the illustrious ermine of its central chair about his shoulders.

THE dull grind of economics—tax and tariff—tariff and tax—appears to be the inevitable program for the summer in Congress. Four great committees including at least 135 men will do all the work—and the 300 members of the House and twenty-seven in the Senate will idle and speak away

the summer, taking weeks, adjourning by “gentlemen's agreement” for three days at a time, and killing the days until the great committees are ready to report. A few cheerful optimists believe that with Harding's influence it is possible to push this program to a conclusion by August and adjourn for a three months' vacation in early September. But the majority of the experienced are preparing for an entire summer in Washington with the extra session running into the regular session beginning in December.

THERE are those who see trouble ahead in the very extreme of Harding's desire to preserve harmony. In the President's great desire to hold his great majority together there is the danger that continual compromises may drive the great organization on the rock of division. The very necessity of action—prompt, wise and vigorous—to meet the stern conditions of the times—with such intense and really arrogant opinions at variance on many of the great issues, will require all of the President's great tact and kindness to unify the thundering majority into some action to satisfy the needs of a great people who expect so much—and really need so much of active remedy. The President's hour of trial is rapidly drawing near.

Flowing Gold

in her lap; she bent closer and regarded them fixedly. The Juno-like daughter also stared down at the display with fascination.

After a moment Allegheny spoke, and her speaking voice was in pleasing contrast to the nasal notes of that interrupted song.

"Are them *real* dimons?" she queried, darkly.

"Oh, yes! And most of them are of very fine quality."

"Pa never told us a word," breathed the mother. "He's *allus* up to some trick."

"Please examine them. I want you to look them all over," Gray urged.

MRS. BRISKOW acted upon this invitation only after she had dried her hands, and then with trepidation. Gingerly, reverently she removed a ring from its resting place and held it up to the light. "My! Ain't it sparkly?" she gasped after an ecstatic pause.

Again the girl spoke, her eyes fixed defiantly upon Gray. "You could fool us, easy, 'cause we never saw *real* dimons. We've *allus* been too pore."

The man nodded. "I hope you're not disappointed in them and I hope you are going to see and to own a great many finer ones."

"We've never seen noth—anything, nor been anywhere, yet." It was Mrs. Briskow speaking. "But we're goin'. We're goin' lots of places and we're goin' to see everything wuth seein', so Pa says. Anyhow, the children is. First off, Pa's goin' to take us to the mountains." The mother faced the visitor at this announcement and for a moment she appeared to be gazing at a vision, for her wrinkled countenance was glorified. "You've seen 'em, haven't you, Mister?"

"Mountains? A great many," Allegheny broke in. "I dunno's these dimons is just what I expected 'em to be. They are and—they ain't. I'm kind of disapp'inted."

Gray smiled. "That is true of most things that we anticipate or aspire to. It's the tragedy of accomplishment—to find that our rewards are never quite up to our expectations."

"Do they cost much?"

"Oh, decidedly! The prices are all plainly marked. Please look them over."

Ma Briskow did as urged, but the shock was paralyzing: delight, admiration, expectancy gave place to horrified amazement at the figures upon the tags. She shook her head slowly, and made repeated sounds of disapproval. "Tse! Tse! Tse! Why, your Pa's crazy! Plumb crazy!"

ALTHOUGH the mother's principal emotion for the moment was aroused by the price marks, Allegheny paid little attention to them and began vainly fitting ring after ring to her fingers. All were too small, however; most of them refused to pass even the first joint and Gray realized now what Gus Briskow had meant when he wrote for rings "of large sizes." Eventually the girl found one that slipped into place and this she regarded with complacent admiration.

"This one'll do for me," she declared. "And it's a whopper!"

Gray took her hand in his; as yet it had not been greatly distorted by manual labor, but the nails were dull and cracked and ragged, and they were inlaid in deep mourning. "I don't believe you'll like that mounting," he said gently. "It's what we call a man's ring. This is the kind women usually wear." He held up a thin platinum band of delicate workmanship which Allegheny examined with frank disdain.

"Pshaw! I'd bust that the first time I hoed a row of 'taters," she declared. "I got to have things stout, for me."

"But," Gray protested in even a milder voice, "you probably wouldn't want to wear expensive jewelry in the garden."

Miss Briskow held her hand high, admiring the play of light upon the facets of the splendid jewel; then she voiced a complacent thought that has been variously expressed by other women better circumstanced than she:

"If we can afford to buy 'em, I reckon we can afford to wear 'em."

FOR perhaps half an hour the women tried on one piece of jewelry after another, exclaiming, admiring, arguing; then the mother realized with a start that meal-time was near and that the men-folks would soon be home. Leaving Allie to entertain their guest, she hurried out, and the sound of splitting kindling, the clatter of stove lids, the rattle of utensils came from the kitchen.

Gray retired to the patent rocker; Miss Briskow settled herself upon a straight-backed chair and folded her capable hands in her lap; an oppressive silence fell upon the room. Evidently the duties of hostess lay with crushing weight upon the girl, for her face became stony, her cheeks pale, her eyes glazed; the power of speech completely failed her and she answered Gray with nods

and the tragedy of such profound ignorance smote the man sharply. Here was a girl of at least average intelligence, and of a sensitive make-up; a girl with looks, too, in spite of her size, and no doubt a full share of common sense—perhaps even talents of some sort—yet with the knowledge of a child. For the first time, he realized what playthings of Fate are men and women, how completely circumstances can make or mar them, and what utter paralysis results from the strangling grip of poverty.

HISTORY has it that during the Middle Ages, there flourished an association known as Comprachicos—"child-buyers"—which traded in children. The Comprachicos bought little human beings and disfigured their features, distorted their bodies, fashioned them into ludicrous, grotesque, or hideous monstrosities for king and populace to laugh at, and then resold them. Soft, immature faces were made into animal likenesses; tender, unformed bodies were put into wicker forms or porcelain vases and allowed to grow; then, when they had become things of compressed flesh and twisted bone, the wicker was cut, the vase was broken, leaving a man in the shape of a bottle or a mug. That is precisely what environment does.

In the case of Allegheny Briskow, poverty, the drought, the grinding hardships of these hard-scrabble Texas counties, had dwarfed the intellect, the very soul of a splendid young animal. Or so, at least, Gray told himself. It was a thought that evoked profound consideration.

NOW that the girl was beginning to lose her painful embarrassment, she showed to somewhat better advantage and no longer impressed him as bovine, stolid, almost stupid; he could not but note again her full young figure, her well-shaped, well-poised head, and her regular features, and the pity of it seemed all the greater by reason thereof. He tried to visualize her perfectly groomed, clad in a smart gown molded over a well-fitting corset, with her feet properly shod and her hair dressed—but the task was beyond him. Probably she had never worn a corset, never seen a pair of silk stockings.

He thought, too, of what was in store for her and wondered how she would fit into the new world she was to enter. Not very well, he feared. Might not this prove to be the happiest period of all her new life, he asked himself. As yet the wonder and the glory of the new estate left room in her imagination for little else: the mold was broken, but the child was not conscious of its bottle shape. Nevertheless, the shape was there. When that child learned the truth, when it heard the laughter and felt the ridicule, what then? He could not bring himself to envy Allegheny Briskow.

"FIRST off, Ma and me are goin' over to Dallas to do some tradin'," the girl was saying. "After that we're goin' to the mountains."

"Your mother mentioned mountains."

"Yep. Her and Pa have *allus* been crazy about mountains, but they never seen 'em. That's the first thing Ma said when Number One blowed in. When we saw that oil go over the crown block, and when they told us that black stuff was really oil, Ma busted out cryin' and said she'd see the mountains, after all then she wouldn't mind if she died. Pa, he cried, too, we'd *allus* been so pore. . . . You see, Ma's kind of marked about mountains—been that way since she was a girl. She cuts out stories and pictures of 'em. And that's how me and Buddy come to be named Allegheny and Ozark. But we never expected to see 'em. The drought burned us out too often."

Allegheny and Ozark! Quaint names. "Times must have been hard." The last remark was intended only as a spur.

"HARD!" There was a pause; slowly the girl's eyes began to smolder, and as she went on in her deliberate way memory set a tragic shadow over her face. "I'll say

Can't eat—can't sleep—can't smoke!

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or shakes of her head. The most that he could elicit from her was brief "yeps" and "nopes." It was not unlike a "spirit-reading," or a ouija-board seance. He told himself, in terms of the oil-fields, that here was a dry well—that the girl was a "duster." Having exhausted the usual commonplace topics in the course of a monologue that induced no reaction whatever, he voiced a perfectly natural remark about the wonder of sudden riches. He was, in a way, thinking aloud of the changes wrought in drab lives like the Briskows', by the discovery of oil. He was surprised when Allegheny responded.

"Ma and me stand it all right, but it's an awful strain on Pa," said she.

"Indeed?"

The girl nodded. "He's got *more* nutty notions!"

GRAY endeavored to learn the nature of Pa's recently acquired eccentricities, but Allie was flushing and paling as a result of her sudden excursion into the audible. Eventually, she trembled upon the verge of speech once more; then, she took another desperate plunge. "He says folks are going to laugh at us *with* us, and—and rich people have got to *act* rich. They got to be elegant." She laughed loudly, abruptly, and the explosive nature of the sound startled her as greatly as it did her hearer. "He's going to get somebody to teach Buddy and me how to behave."

"I think he's right," Gray said quietly.

"Why he's sent to Fort Worth for a piano, already, and for a lady to come out for a coupla days and show me how to play it." There was another black hiatus in the conversation. "We haven't got a spare room, but—I'm quick at learnin' tunes. She could bunk in with me for a night or two."

Gray eyed the speaker suspiciously, but it was evident that she was in sober earnest,

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they was hard! Nobody but us nesters knows what hard times is. Out west of here they went three years without rain and all around here people was starvin'. Grown folks was thin and tired, and children was sickly—they was too peaked to play. Why, we took in a hull family—wagon-folks. Their hosses died and they couldn't go on, so we kep' 'em—till we burned out.

"I don't know how we managed to get by except that Pa and Buddy are rustlers and I can do more'n a hired man. We *never* had enough to eat. Stuff just wouldn't grow. The stock got bonier and bonier and finally died, 'count of no grass and the tanks dryin' out. And all the time the sun was a-blazin' and the dust was a-blowin' and the clouds would roll up and then drift away and the sun would come out hotter'n ever. Day after day, month after month we waited, eighteen, I think it was. People got so they wouldn't pray no more, and the preachers moved away. I guess we was as bad off as them pore folks in Beljium. Why, even the rattlesnakes pulled out of the country. Somehow the papers got hold of it and lime-by some grub was shipped in and give around, but—us Briskows didn't get none. Pa'd die before he'd beg."

THE girl was herself now; she was talking naturally, feelingly, and her voice was both deep and pleasing. "The thinner Ma got, the more she talked about the mountains, where there was water—cool, clear water in the cricks—and timber on the hills. Timber with green leaves on it. And grass that you could lay down in and smell. I guess Ma was kind of feverish. We was drier'n a lime-burner's boot when the rain did come. I'll never forget we all stood out in it and soaked it up. It was wonderful, to get all wet and soaky and not with sweat."

Then on top of that the oil came, too. It *must* have been wonderful."

"Yep. Now we're rich. And buyin' dimons, and pianas, and coin' to Dallas for pretty fixin's. Seems kinda dreamy." Allegheny Briskow closed her eyes; her massive crown of damp, disordered hair drooped backward, and for a moment Gray was able, unobserved, to study her.

SHE had revealed herself to him, suddenly, in the space of a few moments, and the revelation added such poignancy to his previous thoughts that he regarded her with a wholly new sympathy. There was nothing dull about this girl. On the contrary, she had intelligence and feeling. There had been a rich vibrance to her voice as she told of that frightful ordeal, a dimness had come into her eyes as she spoke of her mother gabbling feverishly of the green hills and bubbling brooks; she had yearned maternally at mention of those wretched little children. No, there was a sincere emotional quality concealed in this young giantess, and a sensitiveness quite unexpected.

Gray remained silent until she opened her eyes, then he said: "When you and your mother come to Dallas to do your shopping, won't you let me take you around to the right shops and see that you get the right things?" Then, prompted by the girl's quick resentment, he added hastily, "—at the right prices?"

Allie's face cleared. "Why, that's right nice of you," she declared. "I—I reckon we'd be glad to."

GUS BRISKOW was a sandy, angular man; a ring of air-holes cut in the crown of his faded felt hat showed a head of hair faded to match the color of his headgear; his greasy overalls were tucked into boots and a ragged Joseph's coat covered his flannel shirt. Both the man and his make-up were thoroughly typical of this part of the country, except in one particular: Pa Briskow possessed the brightest, the shrewdest pair of blue eyes that Calvin Gray had ever seen, and they were surrounded by a network of prepossessing wrinkles.

He came directly in to greet his visitor, then said:

"I never expected you'd come way out here an' bring your plunder with you. Ma says you got a hull gripful o' dimons."

"I have, indeed," Gray pointed to the

glittering display still spread out upon the varicolored counterpane. Briskow approached the bed and gazed curiously, silently down at the treasure; then his face broke into a sunshiny smile. He wiped his hands upon his trouser legs, and picked up a ring. But instead of examining the jewel, he looked at the price-mark, after which his smile broadened.

Ozark had entered behind his father, and his sister introduced him now. He was a year or two younger than Allegheny,



Gray engaged the young behemoth in a scuffle . . . and laid him out.

but cast in the same heroic mold. They formed a massive pair of children indeed, and, as in her case, a sullen distrust of strangers was inherent in him. He stared coldly, resentfully, at Gray, mumbled an unintelligible greeting, then rudely turned his back upon the visitor and joined his father.

The elder Briskow spoke first, and it was evident that he feared to betray lack of conservatism, for he said with admirable restraint:

"Likely-lookin' lot of trinkets, eh, Bud?"

Buddy grunted. After a moment he inquired of Gray: "How much is that hull lot wuth, Mister?"

"Close to a hundred thousand dollars."

Brother and sister exchanged glances; the father considered briefly, smilingly; then he said:

"With oil at three an' a quarter, it wouldn't take long for a twelve-hundred-barler to get the hull caboodle, would it?"

"Is your well producing twelve hundred barrels a day?"

"Huh!" Briskow, Junior, grinned at his sister, exposing a mouth full of teeth as white and as sound as railroad crockery, but his next words were directed at Gray. "We got four wells and the porest one is makin' twelve hundred bar'l."

THE guest's mental calculations as to the Briskow royalties were interrupted by an announcement that dinner was ready, whereupon the father announced:

"Mister, it looks like you'd have to stay overnight with us, 'cause I got important business after dinner an' I wouldn't trust Ma to pick out no jewelry by herself—them prices would skeer her to death. We're ignorant people and we ain't used to spendin' money, so it'll take time for us to make up our minds. Kin you wait?"

"I'll stay as long as you'll keep me," Gray declared heartily.

A moment later, having learned that a place at the table had been set for his driver as well as for himself, Gray stepped out to summon the man and to effect the necessary change in his arrangements. He was not

surprised to find the chauffeur with nose flattened against a pane of the front-room window, his hands cupped over his eyes. Ignoring the fellow's confusion at being discovered, Gray told him of his change of plan, and instructed him to drive back to Ranger and to return late the following afternoon. Then he led the way towards the kitchen.

THAT stay at the Briskows' turned out to be less irksome than the visitor had anticipated, for the afternoon was spent with Buddy, examining the Briskow wells and others near by. Incidentally, it was an interesting experience and Gray obtained a deal of first-hand information that he believed would come in handy. Buddy's first mistrust was not long in passing, and once Gray had penetrated his guard, the boy was captivated, completely.

When Gray offered him a cigarette, Buddy rudely took the gold case out of his hand and examined it; then he laughed in raucous delight.

"Gosh! I never knew men had *purty* things. I—I'm goin' to get me one like that."

"Do you like it?"

"Gee! It's swell."

"Good! I'll make you a present of it."

Buddy stared at the speaker in speechless surprise. "What—what for?" he finally stammered.

"Because you admire it."

"Why—it's solid gold, ain't it?"

"To be sure."

"How much d'it cost?"

"My dear fellow," Gray protested, "you shouldn't ask questions like that. You embarrass me."

BUDDY examined the object anew, then he inquired: "Say! Why'd you offer to gimme this?"

"I've just told you." Gray was becoming impatient. "It is a custom in some countries to present an object to one who is polite enough to admire it."

"Nobody never give *me* a present," Buddy said. "Not one that I wanted. I never had *nothing* that I didn't have to have, and couldn't get along without. This cigarette case is worth more'n all the stuff I ever owned, an' I'm sure obliged to you."

He replaced the article in Gray's hand.

"Eh? Won't you accept it? Why not?"

"I? Oh, I dunno."

Gray pondered this refusal for a moment before saying, "Perhaps you think I'm—trying to make a good impression on you, so you'll buy some diamonds."

"Mebbe." Buddy averted his eyes. He was in real distress.

"Um-m! I ought to punch your head." Gray slipped the case into young Briskow's pocket. "I don't have to bribe people. Some day you'll realize that I like you."

"Honest?"

"Cross my heart."

The boy laughed in frank delight; his brown cheeks colored; his eyes sparkled.

Gray made the conquest doubly secure by engaging the young behemoth in a scuffle and playfully putting him on his back. Defeat, at other hands than Gray's, would

have enraged Ozark to the point of frenzy; it would have been considered by him as an indignity and a disgrace. Now, however, he looked upon it as a natural and wholly satisfactory demonstration of his idol's supreme prowess, and he roared with delight at being bested. Gray promptly taught him the wrestling trick by which he had accomplished the feat and flattered the boy immensely by refusing to try his skill again.

After the supper things had been cleared away that evening and the dishes washed, the family adjourned to the front room and again examined the jewelry. It was an absorbing task, and they did not hurry it. Not until the following afternoon, in fact, did they finally make their selections, and then they were guided almost wholly by the good taste of their guest. Gray did not exploit them; on the contrary, his effort was to limit their extravagance. But in this he had little success, for Pa Briskow had decided to indulge his generous impulses to the full and insisted upon so doing. The check he finally wrote was one of five figures.

When it drew near the time for him to leave and he announced that the driver of his hired car had been instructed to return for him, there was protest, loud and earnest, from the Briskows, father and son. Buddy actually sulked at being denied the pleasure of driving his hero to town in the new car and told about a smooth place on a certain detour where he could "get her up to sixty mile an hour."

"If it was longer, she'd do a hundred," he declared.

PA BRISKOW was worried for the security of the diamonds and assured Gray that it was unsafe to trust those service-car drivers.

But the latter, seeing a threat to his carefully matured plans, refused to listen.

"There's one thing you can do for me," he told them. "You can give me a pint of cream."

"Cream? What for?" The family regarded him with amazement.

"I'm fond of it. If you have no cream, milk will do."

"Pshaw! I'll put up a hull basket of lunch for you," Mrs. Briskow declared. "Buddy, go kill a rooster, an' you, Allie, get them eggs out of the nest in the garden, an' a jar of them peach preserves, while I make up a pan of biscuits."

"WELL, did you land them hicks?" It was Gray's driver speaking. Through the gloom of early evening he was guiding his car back towards Ranger. The road was the same they had come, but darkness had invested it with unfamiliar perils, or so it seemed, for the headlights threw every rock and ridge into bold relief and left the holes filled with mysterious shadows.

"I made a good sale," the passenger declared. With pride he announced the size of the Briskow check.

"Jever see a dame the size of that gal?" A short laugh issued from the driver.

"She'd clean up in vawdeville, wouldn't she? Why, she could lift a ton, in harness! And hoein' the garden, with their coin! It's like a woman I heard of: they got a big well on their farm and she came to town to do some shoppin'; somebody told her she'd ought to buy a present for her old man, so she got him a new handle for the ax. *Gawd!*"

A FEW miles farther on, the fellow confessed: "I wasn't crazy about comin' for you tonight. Not after I got a flash at what's in that valise."

"No?"

"You're takin' a chance, stranger."

"Nothing new about that." Gray remained unperturbed. His left arm was behind the driver; with it he clung rigidly to the back of the seat as the car plunged and rolled. "Frequently we are in danger when we least suspect it. Now you, for instance."

"Me?" The man at the wheel shot a quick glance at his fare.

"You probably take more chances than you dream of."

"How so?"

"Um-m! These roads are a menace to life and limb; the country is infested with robbers—"

"Oh, sure! That's what I had in mind. Joy-ridin' at night with a hatful of diamonds is my idea of a sucker's amusement. Of course, we won't 'get it'—"

"Of course! One never does."
"Sure! But if we should, there's just one thing to do."

"Indeed?" Gray was pleasantly inquisitive, but it was plain that he suffered no apprehensions. "And that is—"

"Sit tight and take your medicine."

"I never take medicine."

The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I do, when it's put down my throat. I been stuck up."

"Really!"

"Twice. Tame as a house-cat, me—both times. I s'pose I'll get nicked again sometime."

"And you won't offer any resistance?"

"Not a one, cull."

"I'm relieved to be assured of that."

For a second time, the driver flashed a glance at his companion. It was a peculiar remark and voiced in a queer tone. "Yes? Why?"

"Because—" Gray slightly shifted his position; there was a movement of his right hand—the one farthest away from the man at the wheel—and simultaneously his left arm slipped from the back of the seat and tightly encircled the latter's waist. He finished in a wholly unfamiliar voice. "Because, my good man, you are now held up for the third time and it would distress me to have to kill you."

THE driver uttered a loud grunt, for something sharp and hard had been thrust deeply into that soft, sensitive region overlying his liver, and now it was held there. It was unnecessary for Gray to order the car stopped; its brakes squealed, and it ceased its progress as abruptly as if its front wheels had fetched up against a stone wall.

"Hey! What the—"
"Don't try to heel me with your elbow," Gray warned sharply. "Now, up with 'em—you know. That's nice."

The faces of the men were close together. Gray's was blazing; the driver's was stiff with amazement and stamped with an incredulous grimace. Paralyzed for the moment with astonishment, he made no resistance, not even when he felt that long muscular left arm relax and the hand at the end of it go searching over his pockets.

Gray was grim, mocking; some vibrant, evil quality to his voice suggested extreme malignity at full cock, like that unseen weapon the muzzle of which was buried beneath the driver's short-ribs. "Ah! You go armed, I see. A shoulder holster, as I suspected. I knew you had nothing on this side." Seizing his victim's upstretched right hand with his own left, he gave it a sudden fierce wrench that all but snapped the wrist, and at the same instant he reached across and snatched the concealed weapon from its resting place. He flung the chauffeur's body away from him; there was a sharp click as he swiftly jammed the barrel of the automatic back and let it fly into place.

The entire maneuver had been deftly executed; even yet the object of the assault was speechless.

"NOW then"—the passenger faced about in his seat and showed his teeth in a smile—"it is customary to permit the condemned to enjoy the last word. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I—got this to say. It's a hell of a joke—" the man exploded.

"Do I act as if I were joking?"

"If you think it's funny to jab a gun in a man's belly when he ain't lookin'—"

"A gun? My simple friend, you have—or had—the only gun in this party, and you may thank whatever gods you worship that you didn't try to use it, for—I would have been rough with you. Oh, very rough! I might even have made you eat it. Now, inasmuch as you may be tempted to embellish this story with some highly imaginary details, I prefer that you know the truth. This is the 'gun' I used to stick you up." With a rigidly out-thrust thumb, Gray prodded the driver in the side. "Simple, isn't it? And no chance for accidents." The speaker's shoulders were shaking.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Not a doubt of it!" chuckled the other. "Especially if you follow in the course you have chosen. And a similar fate will overtake your pal, Mallow. By the way, is that his right name? . . . Never mind, I know him as Mallow. A shallow, trusting man and, I hope, a better judge of diamonds than of character. As for me, I look deeper than the surface and am seldom deceived in people—witness your case, for example. I knew you at once for a crook. It might save you

several miles of bad walking to tell me where Mallow is waiting to high-jack me . . . No?"

"I DUNNO what you're ravin' about," growled the unhappy owner of the automobile. "But, believe me, I'll have you pinched for this."

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is ingratitude—And what bad taste to prattle of prosecution! I shan't steal your car; it needs too much overhauling. And I abominate cheap machines. It is true that I'm one pistol to the good, but in view of the law against carrying lethal weapons, surely you won't prefer charges against me for removing it from your person. Oh, not that! It seems to me that I'm treating you handsomely, for I shall even pay you the agreed price for this trip, provided only you tell me where you expect to meet Mr. Mallow."

"Go to hell!"

"Very well. Oblige me now by getting out. . . . And make it snappy!"

The driver did as directed. Gray pocketed the automatic, slipped in behind the steering-wheel and drove away into the night, followed by loud and earnest objurgations.

HE WAS still smiling cheerfully when, a mile farther on, he brought the car to a stop and clambered out. Passing forward into the illumination of the headlights, he busied himself there for several moments before resuming his journey.

For the first time in a long while, Calvin Gray was thoroughly enjoying himself. Here was an enterprise with all the possibilities of a first-class adventure, and of the sort, moreover, that he was peculiarly qualified to cope with. He possessed enough hazard to lend it the requisite zest, and it was sufficiently unusual to awaken his keenest interest; he experienced an agreeable exaltation of spirit but no misgivings whatever as to the outcome, for he held the commanding cards. Little remained, it seemed to him, except to play them carefully and to take the tricks as they fell. He had not the slightest notion of permitting Mallow to lay hands upon that case of jewels.

THERE was no mistaking the road, but Gray did not bother to stick to the main-traveled course when detours or shortcuts promised better going, for he knew full well that Mallow would be waiting, if at all, in some place he was bound to pass. It was an ideal country for a hold-up, lonely and lawless. Derrick lights twinkled over the mesquite tops, and occasionally the flaming red mouth of some boiler gaped at him or the foliage was illuminated by the glare of gas flambeaux—vertical iron pipes at the ends of which the surplus from neighboring wells was consumed in what seemed a reckless wastage. Occasionally, too, a belated truck thundered past, but the traffic was pretty thin.

At last however, Gray beheld some distance ahead the white glare of two stationary lights. The road was narrow and sandy here, and shut in by banks of underbrush: as he drew nearer, a figure stepped out and stood in silhouette until his own lights picked it up. The figure waved its arms, and called attention to the car behind—evidently broken down. Here then, the drama was to be played.

Gray brought his machine on at such a pace and so close to the man in the road that the latter was forced to step aside; then he swung it far to the right brought it back with a quick twist of the steering-wheel and killed his motor. He was now in the ditch and outside the blinding glare of the opposing headlights; the stalled machine was in the full illumination of his own lamps.

CONTRARY to Gray's expectations, the car in the road was empty and the man who had hailed him was a stranger. As the latter approached, he inquired:

"What's wrong?"

"Out of gas, I guess. Anyhow, I—" The speaker noted that there was but one new arrival, where he had expected two, and the discovery appeared to nonplus him momentarily. He stammered; involuntarily he turned his head. Gray looked in the same direction, but without changing his position, and out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed a new figure emerging from the shadows behind him. Very clever! But at least his unexpected handling of his own car had made it necessary for both men to approach him from the same side.

While the first stranger continued to mumble, Gray sat motionless, keenly conscious, meanwhile, of that other presence

closing in upon him from the rear. He simulated a violent start when a second voice cried:

"Don't move. I've got you covered."

"MY GOD!" Gray twisted about in his seat and exposed a startled countenance. A masked man was standing close to the left running-board, and he held a revolver near Gray's head: the apparition appeared to paralyze the unhappy traveler, for he still tightly clutched the steering-wheel with both hands.

"Just sit still." The cloth of the mask blew outward as the words issued: through the slits, two malevolent eyes gleamed. "Act pretty and you won't get hurt."

"Why! It's—it's Mr. Mallow!" Gray hitched himself farther around in his seat and leaned forward in justifiable amazement. "As I live it's you, Mallow!" Both highwaymen were in front of him, now, and shoulder to shoulder: he made sure there were no others behind them.

"Shut up!" Mallow snapped. "Frisk him, Tony, and—"

THE command was cut short by a startled, throaty cry—a hoarse sound of astonishment and rage—and simultaneously a strange, a phenomenal thing occurred. An unseen hand appeared to strike down both Mallow and his accomplice where they stood, and it smote them, moreover, with appalling force and terrifying effect. One moment they were in complete mastery of the situation; the next they were groveling in the road, coughing, sneezing, barking, retching, blaspheming poisonously. Baffled fury followed their first surprise. Mallow tore the mask from his face and groped blindly for the weapon he had dropped, but before he could recover it, pain mastered him and he fell back, clawing at himself, rubbing at his eyes that had been stricken sightless. He yelled, Tony yelled. Then upon the startled night there burst a duet of squeals and curses, a hideous medley of mingled pain and fright, at once terrifying and unnatural. Both bandits appeared to be in paroxysms of agony. From Tony issued sounds that might have issued from the throat of a woman in deadly fear and excruciating torment. Mallow's face had been partially protected, hence he was the lesser sufferer; nevertheless, his eyes were boiling in their sockets, his lungs were ablaze, ungovernable convulsions ran over him.

THE men understood vaguely what had afflicted them, for they had seen Gray lift one hand from the wheel and out of that hand they had seen a stream of liquid, or a jet of aqueous vapor, leap. It was too close to dodge. It had sprung directly into their faces, vaporizing as it came, and at its touch, at the first scent of its fumes, their legs had collapsed, their eyes had tightly closed and every cell in their outraged bodies had rebelled.

It was as if acid had been dashed upon them, destroying in one blinding instant all power for evil. With every breath, now, a new misery smote them. But worse than this torture was the monstrous nature of their affliction. It was mysterious, horrible: they believed themselves to be dying and screamed in abysmal terror of the unknown.

GRAY squeezed again the rubber bulb that he had carried in his hand these last several miles, ejecting from it the last few drops of its contents, then he opened the car door, stepped out of it and stood over his strangling victims. He kicked Mallow's revolver off the road and, holding his breath, relieved the other high-jacker of his weapon. This he flung after the first; then he withdrew himself a few paces and lighted a cigarette for a raw, pungent odor offended his nostrils. Both of the bawling bandits reeked of it, but their plight left him indifferent. They reminded him of a pair of horses he had seen disemboweled by a bursting shell, but he felt much less pity for them.

His lack of concern made itself felt finally. Mallow, who was the first to show signs of recovery, struggled to his feet and clung blindly towards the automobile. He clawed to it, sick and shaking; profanely he appealed for aid.

"So! It is Mr. Mallow," Gray said. "Fancy meeting you here!"

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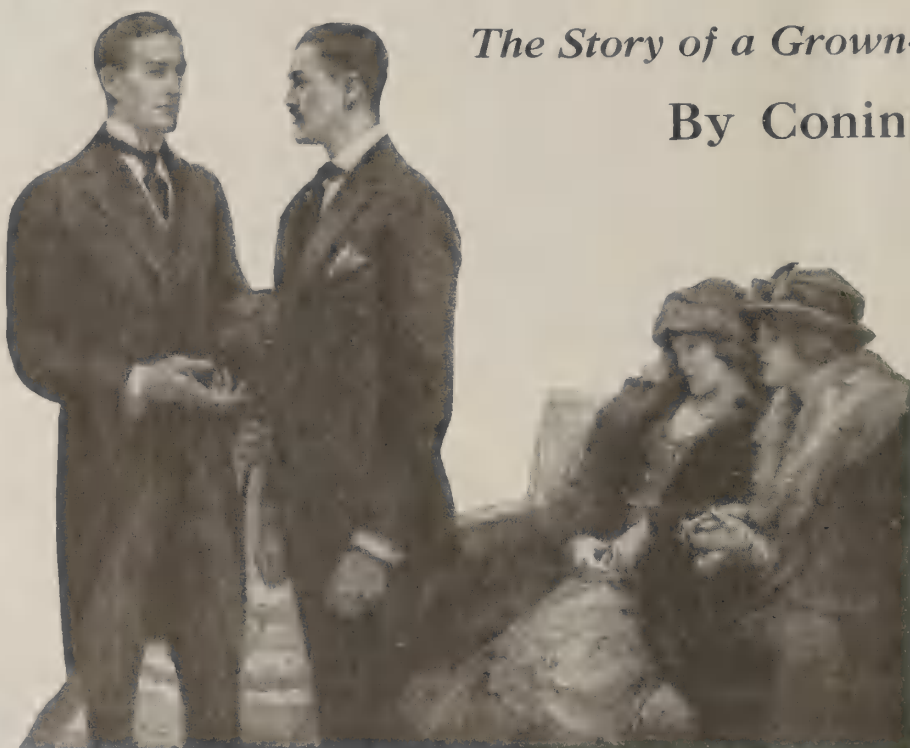
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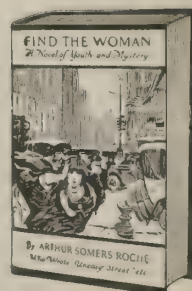
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